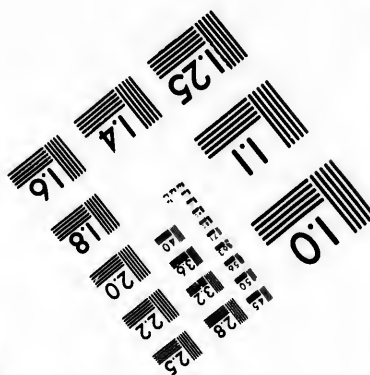
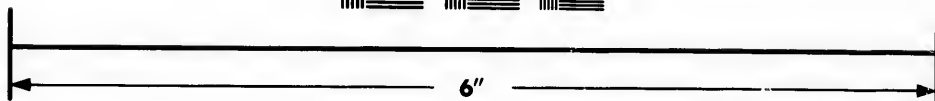
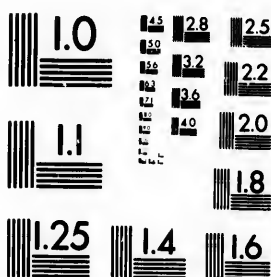


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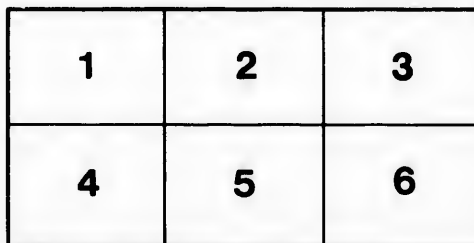
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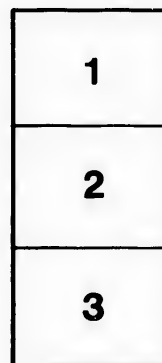
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MOORISH CHRONICLES.

CHRONICLE OF FERNAN GONZALEZ.

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PREFACE.

SOME apology may seem necessary for present-
ing 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 liter-
ary plan devised, the manuscript lay neglect-
ed among the author's papers until the year 1831,
when he revised and enlarged it for the Family
Library of Mr. John Murray. Circumstances pre-
vented 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 indisposi-
tion, by again revising the manuscript, profiting
in so doing by recent lights thrown on the sub-

ject by different writers, and particularly by Dr.
Gustav Weil, the very intelligent and learned
librarian of the University of Heidelberg, to
whose industrious researches and able disquisi-
tions, 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 scaffold-
ing of references and citations, nor depart from
the old English nomenclature of oriental names.

SUNNYSIDE, 1849.

W. I.

* Mohammed der Prophet, sein Leben und seine
Lehre. Stuttgart, 1843.

PRELIMINARY

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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 Arabians"—the "lost tribes."

The permanent population of the peninsula is described, by the same authorities, to Kahtan or Qahtan, a descendant in the fourth generation from Shem. His posterity spread over the southern part of the peninsula and along the Red Sea. Harah, one of his sons, founded the kingdom of Yemen, where the territory of Araba 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 Modad, 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 Joctan.

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, O that Ishmael might live before thee! And God said, As for Ishmael, I have heard thee. Behold, I have blessed him, and will make him fruitful, and will multiply him exceedingly: *twelve princes* shall he beget, and I will make him a great nation" (Genesis 17: 18, 20).

These twelve princes with their tribes are further spoken of in the Scriptures (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 Nabathai who inhabited Stony Arabia; while the name of Kedar is occasionally

* Besides the Arabs of the peninsula, who were all of the Shemitic 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 disinterring 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 Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar." Both appear to have been the progenitors of the wandering or pastoral Arabs; the free 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 land of spices, perfumes, and frankincense; the Sabæa of the poets; the Sheba of the sacred Scriptures. They were among the most active mercantile navigators of the eastern seas. Their ships brought to their shores the myrrh and balsams of the opposite coast of Berbera, 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 Phœnician ports of the Mediterranean, and thence distributed to the western world.

The camel has been termed the ship 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 the prophets show the importance, in scriptural times, 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 with thee in lambs, and rams, and goats; in these were they thy merchants. The merchants of Sheba and Raamah occupied in thy fairs with chief of all spices, and with all precious stones and gold. Haran, and Canneh, and Eden,* the merchants of Sheba, Asshur, and Chelmad, were thy merchants." And Isaiah, speaking to Jerusalem, says: "The multitude of camels shall cover thee; the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come; they shall bring gold and incense. . . . All the flocks 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. Yemen, 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 the other class of Arabs, the rovers of the desert, the "dwellers in tents," that the most numerous of the two, that the national character was preserved in all its primitive vigour and freshness. Nomadic in their habits, pasturing in their occupations, and acquainted by experience and tradition with all the hidden resources 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 in the days of the patriarchs; encamping wherever they could find date-trees for shade, and succenance and pasturage 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 Sheikh 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 same family, was not strictly hereditary, but depended upon the good-will 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 an enemy; in choosing the place of encampment, and in receiving and entertaining strangers. Yet, even in these and similar privileges, he was controlled by the opinions and inclination 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 six to eight hundred, when the tents are but few, they are pitched 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 others. In winter, when water and pasture never fail, 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 guests 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 Assria, 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 soon found ourselves in the midst of wide-spreading 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 asses and mules, laden with black tents, huge caldrons, and variegated carpets; aged women and men, no longer able to walk, tied on the heap of domestic furniture; infants crammed into saddlebags, their tiny heads thrust through the narrow opening, balanced on the opposite side; back by kids or lambs tied on the close-fitting Arab shirt; young girls clothed only in the close-fitting Arab shirt which displayed rather than concealed their graceful

* Haran, Canna, and Aden, ports on the Indian Sea.

angers. Yemen, too, being the other parts of Arabia, was empty of the spacious, untrampled and subdued.

Another class of Arabs, the "dwelling in tents," being the two, that the nation in all its primitive habits in their habits, pastoral and acquainted by experience with the hidden resources of the desert, life, roaming from those wells and sources of their forefathers; and encamping where they were for shade, and safety for their flocks, and herding their abode where they were exhausted.

They were divided and subdivided into petty tribes or families. The Emir, the representative of whose spear, planted in the sign of command, he continued for many generations, was not strictly bound upon the good-will of the tribes, and another of them in his place. His power depended upon his personal force reposed in him. He was conducting negotiations with his tribe against the place of encampment, entertaining strangers, and similar proceedings, and opinions and inclinations.

dering Arabs, says Barthelemy, three or four days on the air cattle have consumed the place, the tribe removes to the grass again springing up. The encampments vary from six to eight hundred, and they are pitched in a circle, numbers in a straight line, especially along a river, behind as many others, and pasture never fail, the over the plain in parties of with an interval of half an hour each party. The Sheikh, on which enemies or guests oppose the former, and to the Sheikh's principal business, sticks his lance into the tent, and ties his horse in the camel's repose at night. — *Arabians*, vol. i. p. 33.

ive of the Arabs of Arabia, in a great degree, to me describe the appearance of the new pastures. We are in the midst of wide-spreading. As far as the eye could reach, and in front, still the long lines of asses and camels, huge caldrons, and various men and men, no longer able of domestic furniture; the ways, their tiny heads thrust up, balanced on the animal's back, on the opposite side of the close-fitting Arab shirt, in concealed their graceful

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 members of the same tribe acknowledge a common ancestor, called the Sheikh of Sheikhs, who, whether encamped in a rock-built castle, or encamped with his flocks and herds in the desert, might assemble under his standard all the scattered branches on any emergency affecting the common weal.

The multiplicity of these wandering tribes, each with its petty 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 the 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 arms. None could excel him in the use of 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 transportation of his merchandise, he was more apt to lay contributions on the caravan or plunder it outright in its toilsome progress through the desert. All this he regarded as a legitimate use of arms; looking down upon the gainful sale of traffic as an inferior race, debased by sorcery and pursuits.

Each 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 sinewy, 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 lasting; a proud and daring spirit was stamped 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 flowers 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 apologue and parable.

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

known him, mothers with their children on their shoulders; boys driving flocks of lambs; horsemen armed with their long tufted spears, scouring the plain on their fleet mares; riders urging their dromedaries with their short hooked sticks, and leading their high-bred steeds by the halter; colts galloping among the strong—such was the motley crowd through which we had to wend our way. — *Luyard's Nineveh*, i. 4.

* Genesis 16 : 12.

broken bread with him, might repose securely beneath the inviolable sanctity of his tent.

In religion the Arabs, in what they term the Days of Ignorance, partook largely of the two faiths, the Sabeian and the Magian, which at that time prevailed over the eastern world. The Sabeian, however, was the one to which they most adhered. They pretended to derive it from Sabi the son of Seth, who, with his father and his brother Enoch, they supposed to be buried in the pyramids. Others derive the name from the Hebrew word, Saba, or the Stars, and trace the origin of the faith to the Assyrian shepherds, who as they watched their flocks by night on their level plains, and beneath their cloudless skies, noted the aspects and movements of the heavenly bodies, and formed theories of their good and evil influences on human affairs; vague notions which the Chaldean philosophers and priests reduced to a system, supposed to be more ancient even than that of the Egyptians.

By others it is derived from still higher authority, and claimed to be the religion of the antediluvian world. It survived, say they, the deluge, and was continued among the patriarchs. It was taught by Abraham, adopted by his descendants, the children of Israel, and sanctified and confirmed in the tablets of the law delivered unto Moses amid the thunder and lightning of Mount Sinai.

In its original state the Sabeian faith was pure and spiritual; inculcating a belief in the unity of God, the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments, and the necessity of a virtuous and holy life to obtain a happy immortality. So profound was the reverence of the Sabeians for the Supreme Being, that they never mentioned his name, nor did they venture to approach him, but through intermediate intelligences or angels. These were supposed to inhabit and animate the heavenly bodies, in the same way as the human body is inhabited and animated by a soul. They were placed in their respective spheres to supervise and govern the universe in subserviency to the Most High. In addressing themselves to the stars and other celestial luminaries, therefore, the Sabeians did not worship them as deities, but sought only to communicate their angelic occupants as intercessors with the Supreme Being; looking up through these created things to God the great Creator.

By degrees this religion lost its original simplicity and purity, and became obscured by mysteries, and degraded by idolatries. The Sabeians, instead of regarding the heavenly bodies as the habitations of intermediate agents, worshipped them as deities; set up graven images in honor of them, in sacred groves and in the gloom of forests; and at length enshrined these idols in temples, and worshipped them as if instinct with divinity. The Sabeian faith too underwent changes and modifications in the various countries through which it was diffused. Egypt has long been accused of reducing it to the most abject state of degradation; the statues, hieroglyphics, and painted sepulchres of that mysterious country, being considered records of the worship, not merely of celestial intelligences, but of the lowest order of created beings, and even of inanimate objects. Modern investigation and research, however, are gradually rescuing the most intellectual nation of antiquity from this aspersion, and as they slowly lift the veil of mystery which hangs over the tombs of Egypt, are discovering that all these apparent objects of adoration were

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 Sabeian 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 misconduct or captivity. Motives of unnatural policy, therefore, may have mingled with their religious feelings, in offering up female infants as sacrifices to their idols, or in burying them alive.

The rival sect of Magians or Guebres (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 creed, like that of the Sabeians, was originally 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 or good, and Ahriman, the principle or angel 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 hymns directly to the Deity, in what they conceived to be his residence, the sun. They revered this luminary as being his abode, and as the source of the light and heat of which all the other heavenly bodies were composed; and they kindled fires upon the mountain tops 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 Sabeians, 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.

To the tenets of these two sects reference is made in that beautiful text of the wisdom of Solomon: "Surely 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 Sabeian, 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 preach Christianity among the heathens, he "went into Arabia." The dissensions, also, which rose in the Eastern church, in the early part of the third century, breaking it up into sects, each persecuting the others as it gained the ascendancy, drove many into exile into remote parts of the East; filled the deserts of Arabia with anchorites, 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 them 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 overrun and conquered 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.

CHAPTER II.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE OF MAHOMET—HIS INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD.

MAHOMET, the great founder of the faith of Islam, was born in Mecca, in April, in the year 569 of the Christian era. He was of the valiant and illustrious tribe of Koreish, of which there were two branches, descended from two brothers, Haschem and Abd Schems. Haschem, the pro-

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OF MAHOMET—HIS INFANCY.

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He was of the valiant Koreish, of which there descended from two brothers, and, Haschem, the pro-

cessor of Mahomet, was a great benefactor of Mecca. This city is situated in the midst of a barren and stony country, and in former times was often subject to scarcity of provisions. At the beginning of the sixth century Haschem established two yearly caravans, one in the winter to South Arabia or Yemen; the other in the summer to Syria. By these means abundant supplies were brought to Mecca, as well as a great variety of merchandise. The city became a commercial mart, and the tribe of Koreish, which engaged largely in these expeditions, became wealthy and powerful. Haschem, at this time, was the guardian of the Caaba, the great shrine of Arabian pilgrimage and worship, the custody of which was confided to none but the most honorable names and families, in the same manner, as in old times, the temple of Jerusalem was intrusted only to the care of the Levites. In fact the guardianship of the Caaba was connected with civil dignities and privileges, and gave the holder of it the control of the sacred city.

On the death of Haschem, his son, Abd al Motallib succeeded to his honors, and inherited his patriotism. He delivered the holy city from an invading army of troops and elephants, sent by the Christian princes of Abyssinia, who at that time held Yemen in subjection. These signal services rendered by father and son confirmed the guardianship of the Caaba in the line of Haschem, to the great discontent and envy of the line of Abd Scems.

Abd al Motallib had several sons and daughters. Those of his sons who figure in history were: Abu Taleb, Abu Lahab, Abbas, Hamza, and Abdallah. The last named was the youngest and best beloved. He married Amina, a maiden of a distant branch of the same illustrious stock of Koreish. So remarkable was Abdallah for personal beauty and those qualities which win the affections of women, that, if Moslem traditions are to be credited, on the night of his marriage with Amina, two hundred virgins of the tribe of Koreish died of broken hearts.

Mahomet was the first and only fruit of the marriage thus sadly celebrated. His birth, according to similar traditions with the one just cited, was accompanied by signs and portents announcing a child of wonder. His mother suffered none of the pangs of travail. At the moment of his coming into the world, a celestial light illumined the surrounding country, and the new-born child, raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed: "God is great! There is no God but God, and I am his prophet." Heaven and earth, we are assured, were agitated at his advent. The Lake Sawa shrank back to its secret springs, leaving its borders dry; while the Tigris, bursting its bounds, overflowed the neighboring lands. The palace of Khosru the King of Persia shook to its foundations, and several of its towers were toppled to the earth. In that troubled night the Kadhi, or Judge of Persia, dreamt, in a dream, a ferocious camel conquered an Arabian courser. He related his dream in the morning to the Persian monarch, and interpreted it to portend danger from the quarter of Arabia.

In the same eventful night the sacred fire of Zoroaster, which, guarded by the Magi, had burned without interruption for upward of a thousand years, was suddenly extinguished, and all the idols in the world fell down. The demons, or evil genii, which lurk in the stars and the signs of the zodiac, and exert a malignant influence over the children of men, were cast forth by the pure

angels, and hurled, with their arch leader, Eblis, or Lucifer, into the depths of the sea.

The relatives of the new-born child, say the like authorities, were filled with awe and wonder. His mother's brother, an astrologer, cast his nativity, and predicted that he would rise to vast power, found an empire, and establish a new faith among men. His grandfather, Abd al Motallib, gave a feast to the principal Koreishites, the seventh day after his birth, at which he presented this child, as the dawning glory of their race, and gave him the name of Mahomet (or Muhamed), indicative of his future renown.

Such are the marvellous accounts given by Moslem writers of the infancy of Mahomet, and we have little else than similar fables about his early years. He was scarce two months old when his father died, leaving him no other inheritance than five camels, a few sheep, and a female slave of Ethiopia, named Barakat. His mother, Amina, had hitherto nurtured him, but care and sorrow dried the fountains of her breast, and the air of Mecca being unhealthy for children, she sought a nurse for him among the females of the neighboring Bedouin tribes. These were accustomed to come to Mecca twice a year, in spring and autumn, to foster the children of its inhabitants; but they looked for the offspring of the rich, where they were sure of ample recompense, and turned with contempt from this heir of poverty. At length Haléma, the wife of a Saadite shepherd, was moved to compassion, and took the helpless infant to her home. It was in one of the pastoral valleys of the mountains.*

Many were the wonders related by Haléma of her infant charge. On the journey from Mecca, the mule which bore him became miraculously endowed with speech, and proclaimed aloud that he bore on his back the greatest of prophets, the chief of ambassadors, the favorite of the Almighty. The sheep bowed to him as he passed; as he lay in his cradle and gazed at the moon it stooped to him in reverence.

The blessing of heaven, say the Arabian writers, rewarded the charity of Haléma. While the child remained under her roof, everything around her prospered. The wells and springs were never dried up; the pastures were always green; her flocks and herds increased tenfold; a marvellous abundance reigned over her fields, and peace prevailed in her dwelling.

The Arabian legends go on to extol the almost supernatural powers, bodily and mental, manifested by this wonderful child at a very early age. He could stand alone when three months old; run abroad when he was seven, and at ten could join other children in their sports with bows and arrows. At eight months he could speak so as to be understood; and in the course of another month could converse with fluency, displaying a wisdom astonishing to all who heard him.

At the age of three years, while playing in the fields with his foster-brother, Masroud, two angels in shining apparel appeared before them. They laid Mahomet gently upon the ground, and Gabriel, one of the angels, opened his breast, but without inflicting any pain. Then taking forth his heart, he cleansed it from all im-

* The Beni Sad (or children of Sad) date from the most remote antiquity, and, with the Katan Arabs, are the only remnants of the primitive tribes of Arabia. Their valley is among the mountains which range southwardly from the Tayef.—Burckhardt on the Bedouins, vol. ii. p. 47.

purity, wringing from it those black and bitter drops of original sin, inherited from our forefather Adam, and which lurk in the hearts of the best of his descendants, inciting them to crime. When he had thoroughly purified it, he filled it with faith and knowledge and prophetic 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 mysterious light which had continued down 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 renewed radiance from the features of Mahomet.

At this supernatural visitation, it is added, was 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 Haléma and her husband, they were alarmed lest some misfortune should be impending over the child, or that his supernatural visitors might be of the race of evil spirits or genii, which haunt the solitudes of the desert, wreaking mischief on the children of men. His Saadite nurse, therefore, carried him back to Mecca, and delivered him to his mother Amina.

He remained with his parent until his sixth year, when she took him with her to Medina, on a visit to her relatives of the tribe of Adij, 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 her 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 Abd al Motâlleh, in whose household he remained for two years, treated with care and tenderness. Abd al Motâlleh 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 Taleh, and bequeathed Mahomet to his especial protection. The good Abu Taleh took his nephew to his bosom, and ever afterward was to him as a parent. As the former succeeded to the guardianship of the Caaba at the death of his father, Mahomet continued for several years in a kind of sacerdotal 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; Adam on a mountain of the island of Serendib, or Ceylon; Eve in Arabia on the borders of the Red Sea, where the port of Joddah 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, it is said, raised his hands and eyes to heaven, and implored the clemency of God; entreating that a shrine might be vowed in his honor, and that he might be allowed to be placed in a spot similar to that at which he had been worshipped when in Paradise, and round which the angels used to move in adoring processions.

The supplication of Adam was effectual. 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 thenceforth turned when in prayer, and round it he daily made seven circuits in imitation of 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, an angel revealed to them a spring or well of water, near the ancient site of the tabernacle. This was the well of Zem Zem, held sacred by the progeny of Ishmael to the present day. Shortly afterward two individuals of the gigantic race of the Amalekites, in quest of a camel which had strayed from their camp, discovered this well, and, having slaked 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 proper 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 rebuild the Caaba, on the precise site of the original tabernacle of clouds. In this pious work he was assisted by his father 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 brought them a stone, about which traditional accounts are a little at variance; by some it is said to have been one of the precious stones of Paradise, which fell to the earth with Adam, and was afterward lost in the slime of the deluge, until retrieved by the angel Gabriel. The more received tradition is, that it was originally the guardian angel appointed to watch over Adam in Paradise, but changed into a stone and ejected thence with him at his fall, as a punishment for not having been more vigilant. This stone Abraham and Ishmael received with proper reverence, and inserted it in a corner of the exterior wall of the Caaba, where it remains to the present day, devoutly kissed by worshippers each time they make a circuit of the temple. When first inserted in the wall it was, we are told, a single jacinth of dazzling whiteness, but became gradually blackened by the kisses of sinful mortals. At the resurrection it will recover its angelic form, and stand forth a testimony before God in favor of those who have faithfully performed the rites of pilgrimage.

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these sacred objects within its walls, was
many ages before the rise of Mahomet-
Paradise, and was the resort of pilgrims from all parts
of Arabia. So universal and profound was the
feeling respecting this observance, that
months in every year were devoted to the rites
of pilgrimage, and held sacred from all violence
of warfare. Hostile tribes then laid aside their
weapons, took the heads from their spears; traversed
the dangerous deserts in security; thronged
the gates of Mecca clad in the pilgrim's garb;
and their seven circuits round the Caaba in imi-
tation of the angelic host; touched and kissed the
precious black stone; drank and made ablu-
tions at the well Zem Zem in memory of their an-
cestor Ishmael; and having performed all the
primitive rites of pilgrimage returned home
sweety, again to resume their weapons and their
en.

Among the religious observances of the Arabs
these their "days of ignorance;" that is to
be before the promulgation of the Moslem doc-
trines fasting and prayer had a foremost place.
They had three principal fasts within the year;
one of seven, one of nine, and one of thirty days.
They prayed three times each day; about sunrise,
noon, and about sunset; turning their faces in
direction of the Caaba, which was their kebla,
point of adoration. They had many religious
ceremonies, some of them acquired in early times
from the Jews, and they are said to have nurtured
superstition and emotional feelings with the book of Psalms,
which a book said to be by Seth, and filled with
pious discourses.

Brought up, as Mahomet was, in the house of
the guardian of the Caaba, the ceremonies and
traditions connected with the sacred edifice may
have given an early bias to his mind, and inclined
him to those speculations in matters of religion by
which it eventually became engrossed. Though
his Moslem biographers would vainly persuade us
his high destiny was clearly foretold in his child-
hood by signs and prodigies, yet his education
seems to have been as much neglected as that
of ordinary Arab children; for we find that he
was not taught either to read or write. He was
a thoughtful child, however; quick to observe,
prone to meditate on all that he observed, and
possessed of an imagination fertile, daring, and
creative. The yearly influx of pilgrims from
all parts made Mecca a receptacle for all
kinds of floating knowledge, which he appears to
have imbibed with eagerness and retained in a
precious memory; and as he increased in years,
his more extended sphere of observation was gradu-
ally opened to him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE JOURNEY OF MAHOMET WITH THE CARAVAN 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 of Arabia. His uncle Abu Taleh, too,
besides his sacerdotal character as guardian of the
Caaba, was one of the most enterprising mer-
chants of the tribe of Koreish, and had much to

do with those caravans set on foot by his ancestor
Hasehem, which traded to Syria and Yemen.
The arrival and departure of those caravans,
which thronged the gates of Mecca and filled its
streets with pleasing tumult, were exciting events
to a youth like Mahomet, and carried his imagi-
nation to foreign parts. He could no longer re-
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 bethought 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 halts of the caravan.
The vast solitudes of the desert, in which that
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 clothed them with tales of enchantment,
mingled up with wonderful events which hap-
pened in days of old. In these evening halts of
the caravan, the youthful mind of Mahomet doubt-
less imbibed many of those superstitions of the
desert which ever afterward dwelt in his memory,
and had a powerful influence over his imagina-
tion. 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 in-
habited 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. Hav-
ing 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 prove the divinity of his
mission 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 Thamud-
ites were convinced by the miracle, and were
converted by the prophet from their idolatry;
the greater part, however, remained in unbel-
ief. 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 re-
turning 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 in return she yielded
milk enough to supply the whole tribe. As, how-
ever, she frightened the other camels from the
pasture, she became an object of offence to the
Thamudites, who hamstrung and slew her. Upon
this there was a fearful cry from heaven, and great
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, inasmuch 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 Eylā, situated near the Red Sea. This place, he was told, had been inhabited in old times by a tribe of Jews, who lapsed into idolatry and profaned the Sabbath, by fishing 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 already 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 continual 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 noontide 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 of religion. 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

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

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 the monk should be eager to prevent his hopes for convert, 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 repaired 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 seen in his room; and through them 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 statuary and an idolater.

"And Abraham said unto his father Azer, 'Why dost thou take graven images for gods? Verily, they and thy people are in error.'

"Then was 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 of a certainty is the Lord.' But the sun also set. 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 CAUJAH.

MAHOMET was now completely launched in active life, accompanying his uncles in various expeditions. At one time, when about sixteen years of age, we find him with his uncle Zohier, 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 and

* Mischât-ul-Masâbih, vol. ii. p. 312.

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 replaced. A dispute arose among the chiefs of the various tribes, as to which was entitled to perform so august an office, and they agreed to abide by the decision of the first person who should enter by the gate al Harâm. That person happened to be Mahomet. 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, whence 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 distant journeys with the caravans. 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 journeyings, 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, rife as we have shown them with fanciful superstitions, had furnished aliment for his enthusiastic reveries. Since his marriage with Cadijah, also, he had a household oracle 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 pretender to astrology. He is worthy of note as being 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 chief of which, Hôbal, was from Syria, 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 magic.

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 belief, deduced from all that he had learned and meditated, 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 supreme 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 repeatedly been corrupted and debased by man, and especially corrupted by idolatry; wherefore a succession of prophets, each inspired by a revelation from the Most High, had been sent from time to time, at distant periods, to restore it to its original purity. Such was Noah, such was Abraham, such was Moses, and such was Jesus Christ. Each of these the true religion had been reinstated upon earth, but had again been vitiated by the followers. The faith as taught and practised by Abraham when he came out of the land of Chaldaea seems especially to have formed a religious standard in his mind, from his veneration for the 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, and 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 bustle 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 anchorites of the desert, he would remain days and nights devoted to prayer and meditation. In this way he always passed the month of Ramadhan, 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 ecstasies and trances. For six months successively, according to one of his historians, he had constant dreams bearing on the subject of his waking thoughts. Other he would lose all consciousness of surrounding objects and lie upon the ground as it insensible. Cadijah, who was sometimes 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 mockingly. Some of his adversaries have attributed them to epilepsy, but devout Moslems declare them to have been the workings of prophecy. Already, say they, the intimations of the Most High began to dawn, though vaguely, on his spirit, and his mind labored with conceptions too great for mortal thought. At length, say they, which had hitherto been shadowed out 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 the famous revelation took place. Accounts are given of it by Moslem writers as it received from

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the month of Ramadhan in the cavern of
Mount Hara, endeavoring by fasting, prayer, and
solitary meditation, to elevate his thoughts to the
contemplation of divine truth. It was on the
night called by Arabs Al Kader, or the Divine
Destiny; a night in which, according to the Koran,
angels descend to earth, and Gabriel brings down
the decrees of God. During that night there is
silence on earth, and a holy quiet reigns over all
nature until the rising of the morn.

As Mahomet, in the silent watches of the night,
was wrapped in his mantle, he heard a voice call
upon him; uncovering his head, a flood of
light strove upon him of such intolerable splendor
that he swooned away. On regaining his senses,
he beheld an angel in a human form, which, ap
proaching from a distance, displayed a silken cloth
covered with written characters. "Read!" said
the angel.

"I know not how to read!" replied Mahomet.
"Read!" repeated the angel, "in the name of
the Lord, who has created all things; who created
man from a clot of blood. Read in the name of
the Most High, who taught man the use of the
pen, who sheds on his soul the ray of knowledge,
and teaches him what before he knew not."

Upon this Mahomet instantly felt his under
standing illumined with celestial light, and read
what was written on the cloth, which contained
the decrees of God, as afterward promulgated in
the Koran. When he had finished the perusal,
the heavenly messenger announced, "Oh, Mahom
ed, a verity, thou art the prophet of God! and
I am his angel Gabriel."

Mahomet, we are told, came trembling and
agitated to Cadijah in the morning, not knowing
whether what he had heard and seen was indeed
true, and that he was a prophet decreed to effect
that reform so long the object of his meditations;
or whether it might not be a mere vision, a delu
sion of the senses, or, worse than all, the apparit
ion of an evil spirit.

Cadijah, however, saw everything with the eye
of faith, and the credulity of an affectionate wom
an. She saw in it the fruition of her husband's
wishes, and the end of his paroxysms and priva
tions. "Joyful tidings dost thou bring!" ex
claimed she. "By him, in whose hand is the soul
of Cadijah, I will henceforth regard thee as the
prophet of our nation. Rejoice," added she, see
ing him still cast down; "Allah will not suffer
thee to fall to shame. Hast thou not been loving
to thy kinsfolk, kind to thy neighbors, charitable
to the poor, hospitable to the stranger, faithful to
thy word, and ever a defender of the truth?"

Cadijah hastened to communicate what she had
heard to her cousin Waraka, the translator of the
Scriptures; who, as we have shown, had been a
household oracle of Mahomet in matters of religio
n. He caught at once, and with eagerness, at
this miraculous annunciation. "By him in whose
hand is the soul of Waraka," exclaimed he;
"thou speakest true, oh Cadijah! The angel who
has appeared to thy husband is the same who, in
days of old, was sent to Moses the son of Amram.
His annunciation is true. Thy husband is indeed
a prophet!"

The zealous concurrence of the learned Waraka
is said to have had a powerful effect in fortifying
the dubious mind of Mahomet.

Note.—Dr. Gustav Weil, in a note to *Mohammed
the Prophet*, discusses the question of Mahomet's be
ing subject to attacks of epilepsy; which has gener

ally been represented as a slander of his enemies and
of Christian writers. It appears, however, to have
been asserted by some of the oldest Moslem biograp
hers, 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 con
vulsion, during which perspiration would stream from
his forehead in the coldest weather; he would lie with
his eyes closed, foaming at the mouth and bellowing
like a young camel. Ayesha, 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, in Mecca, before the
Koran was revealed to him. Cadijah feared that he
was possessed by evil spirits, and would have called
in the aid of a conjurer to exorcise them, but he for
bade her. He did not like that any one should see
him during these paroxysms. His visions, however,
were not always preceded by such attacks. Harith
Ibn Haschem, it is said, once asked him in what man
ner the revelations were made. "Often," 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 what he has re
vealed." Some of his revelations he professed to re
ceive direct from God, others in dreams, for the
dreams of prophets, he used to say, are revelations.

The reader will find this note of service in throwing
some degree of light upon the enigmatical career of
this extraordinary man.

CHAPTER VII.

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

For a time Mahomet confided 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 Kalb. 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. Several years
afterward his father, hearing of his being in
Mecca, repaired thither and offered a considera
ble sum for his ransom. "If he chooses to go
with thee," said Mahomet, "he shall go without
ransom; but if he chooses to remain with me,
why should I not keep him?" Zeid preferred to
remain, having ever, he said, been treated more
as a son than as a slave. Upon this, Mahomet
publicly adopted him, and he had ever since re
mained with him in affectionate servitude. Now,
on embracing the new faith, he was set entirely
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 fol
lowers and dependents.

The early steps of Mahomet in his prophetic
career were perilous and doubtful, and taken in
secrecy. He had hostility to apprehend on every
side; from his immediate kindred, the Koreishites
of the line of Haschem, whose power and pros
perity were identified with idolatry; and still more
from the rival line of Abd Schems, who had long
looked with envy and jealousy on the Haschem
ites, 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 will be found one of the most persevering and powerful opponents of Mahomet.*

Under these adverse circumstances the new faith was propagated secretly and slowly, inasmuch that 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, Rokaia, so that they were doubly allied. Abu Lahab, however, was also allied to the rival line of Koreish, having married Omm Jemil, sister of Abu Sofian, and he was greatly under the control of his wife and his brother-in-law. He reprobated what he termed the heresies of his nephew, as calculated to bring disgrace upon their immediate line, and to draw upon it the hostilities of the rest of the tribe of Koreish. Mahomet was keenly sensible of the rancorous opposition of this uncle, which he attributed to the instigations of his wife, Omm Jemil. He especially deplored it, as he saw that it affected the happiness of his daughter Rokaia, 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 hallucination; and the foremost among these scoffers was his uncle's wife, Omm Jemil, the sister of Abu Sofian.

The result of this disordered state of mind and body was another vision, or revelation, commanding him to "arise, preach, and magnify the Lord." 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 Koreishites of the line of Haschem to meet him on the hill of Safa, in the vicinity of Mecca, when he would unfold matters important to their welfare. They assembled there, accordingly, and among them came Mahomet's hostile uncle, Abu Lahab, and with him his scoffing wife, Omm Jemil. Scarce 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 so idle an errand, and caught up a stone, would have hurled it at him. Mahomet turned upon him a withering look, caught the hand thus raised in menace, and predicted doom to the fire of Jehennam; with the assurance that his wife, Omm Jemil, would bear the burden of thorns with which the fire would be kindled.

The assembly broke up in confusion. Abu Lahab and his wife, exasperated at the curse directed to them, compelled their son, Otha, to retaliate his wife, Rokaia, and sent her back weeping to Mahomet. She was soon indemnified, however, by having a husband of the true faith, eagerly taken to wife by Mahomet's zealous disciple, Othman Ibn Affan.

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 those of his immediate line.

"Oh, children of Abd al Motâlleh," cried he with enthusiasm, "to you, of all men, has Allah vouchsafed these most precious gifts. In my name I offer you the blessings of this world, and endless joys 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 outbreak 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 ungraciously received by his kindred and friends, they found favor among the people at large, especially among the women, who are ever prone to believe a persecuted cause. Many of the Jews, also, followed him for a time, but when they found that he permitted his disciples to eat 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 Kubeis, sanctified by traditions concerning Hagar and Ishmael, were his favorite places of preaching, and Mount Hara was his Sinai, whither he retired occasionally, in the solitude of excitement and enthusiasm, to return from his solitary cave with fresh revelations of the Koran.

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

* Niebuhr (Travels, vol. ii.) speaks of the tribe of Harb, which possessed several cities and a number of villages in the highlands of Hedjas, a mountainous range between Mecca and Medina. They have castles on precipitous rocks, and harass and lay under contribution the caravans. It is presumed that this tribe takes its name from the father of Abu Sofian, as did the great line of the Omeyyades from his grandfather.

* By an error of translators, Ali is made to accompany his offer of adhesion by an extravagant threat against all who should oppose Mahomet.

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time, awful forerunners of the troubles about
agitate the world. In Constantinople, at that
the seat of Christian empire, were several
astorous births and prodigious apparitions,
which struck dismay into the hearts of all be-
lievers. 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 an-
cient mother of wonders, gave birth to two hide-
ous forms, seemingly man and woman, which
rose out of its waters, gazed about them for a time
in a 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
dread and baleful rays. During a moonless night
a lurid light glowed throughout the heavens,
and bloody lances glittered in the sky.

All these, and sundry other like marvels, were
interpreted into signs of coming troubles. The
loyal servants of God shook their heads mourn-
fully, predicting the reign of antichrist at hand ;
the vehement persecution of the Christian faith,
the great desolation of the churches; and to such
men who have passed through the trials and
tribulations of the faith, adds the venerable Padre
Benedicta, it is given to understand and explain
these mysterious portents, which forerun disasters
of the church; even as it is given to ancient
seers to read in the signs of the air, the heav-
ens, and the deep, the coming tempest which is to
overwhelm their bark.

Many of these sainted men were gathered to-
gether before the completion of their prophecies.
Here, seated securely in the empyreal heavens,
they may have looked down with compassion upon
the troubles of the Christian world; as men on the
same heights of mountains look down upon the
calamities which sweep the earth and sea, wrecking
ships, and rending lofty towers.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUTLINES OF THE MAHOMETAN FAITH.

THOUGH it is not intended in this place to go
into the doctrines promulgated by Mahomet,
it is important to the right appreciation of his
character and conduct, and of the events and cir-
cumstances set forth in the following narrative, to
state their main features.

It must be particularly borne in mind that Ma-
homet 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 to us, and that
which hath been sent down unto Abraham and Ish-
mael 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
urgency 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 the same 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 codes, and intended to reform 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 Arabian word,
implying submission to God. To this leading
dogma was added, "Mahomet is the prophet of
God ;" an addition authorized, as it was main-
tained, by the divine annunciation, and important
to procure a ready acceptance of his revelations.

Besides the unity of God, a belief was inculcated
in his angels or ministering spirits ; in his proph-
ets ; in the resurrection of the body ; in the last
judgment and a future state of rewards and pun-
ishments, and in predestination. Much 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 imbibed
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
Aslama, which signifies salvation. The Christians
form from it the term Islamism, and the Jews have
varied it into Ismailism, which they intend as a re-
proach, and an allusion to the origin of the Arabs as
descendants of Ishmael.

From Islam the Arabians drew the terms Moslem
or Muslem, and Musulman, a professor of the faith
of Islam. These terms are in the singular number
and make Musلمان in the dual, and Musلمان in the
plural. The French and some other nations follow the
idioms of their own languages in adopting or trans-
lating the Arabic terms, and form the plural by the
addition of the letter s ; writing Musلمان and Mu-
sulmans. A few English writers, of whom Gibbon is
the chief, have imitated them, imagining that they
were following the Arabian usage. Most English
authors, however, follow the idiom of their own lan-
guage, writing Moslem and Moslems, Musلمان and
Musulmen ; this usage is also the more harmonious.

‡ The Mishnu 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 Hakkodish, a learned Jewish Rabbi, during the
reign of Antoninus Pius, the Roman Emperor.

The Jerusalem Talmud and the Babylonish Tal-
mud are both commentaries on the Mishnu. The
former was compiled at Jerusalem, about three hun-
dred years after Christ, and the latter in Babylonia,
about two centuries later. The Mishnu is the most
ancient record possessed by the Jews except the Bible.

* Koran, chap. ii.

† Derived from the Arabic word Kora, to read or
recite.

greatest that had been sent before the time of Mahomet, to reform the law; but all idea of his divinity was rejected as impious, and the doctrine of the Trinity was denounced as an outrage on the unity of God. Both were pronounced errors and interpolations of the expounders; and this, it will be observed, was the opinion of some of the Arabian sects of Christians.

The worship of saints and the introduction of images and paintings representing them, were condemned as idolatrous lapses from the pure faith of Christ, and such, we have already observed, were the tenets of the Nestorians, with whom Mahomet is known to have had much communication.

All pictures representing living things were prohibited. Mahomet used to say that the angels would not enter a house in which there were such pictures, and that those who made them would be sentenced, in the next world, to find souls for them, or be punished.

Most of the benignant precepts of our Saviour were incorporated in the Koran. Frequent almsgiving was enjoined as an imperative duty, and the immutable law of right and wrong, "Do unto another as thou wouldst he should do unto thee," was given for the moral conduct of the faithful.

"Deal not unjustly with others," says the Koran, "and ye shall not be dealt with unjustly. If there be any debtor under a difficulty of paying his debt, let his creditor wait until it be easy for him to do it; but if he remit it in alms, it will be better for him."

Mahomet inculcated a noble fairness and sincerity in dealing. "Oh merchants!" would he say, "falsehood and deception are apt to prevail in traffic, purify it therefore with alms; give something in charity as an atonement; for God is incensed by deceit in dealing, but charity appeases his anger. He who sells a defective thing, concealing its defect, will provoke the anger of God and the curses of the angels."

"Take not advantage of the necessities of another to buy things at a sacrifice; rather relieve his indigence."

"Feed the hungry, visit the sick, and free the captive if confined unjustly."

"Look not scornfully upon thy fellow man; neither walk the earth with insolence; for God loveth not the arrogant and vainglorious. Be moderate in thy pace, and speak with a moderate tone; for the most ungrateful of all voices is the voice of asses."*

* The following words of Mahomet, treasured up by one of his disciples, appear to have been suggested by a passage in Matthew 25: 35-45:

"Verily, God will say at the day of resurrection, 'Oh sons of Adam! I was sick, and ye did not visit me.' Then they will say, 'How could we visit thee? for thou art the Lord of the universe, and art free from sickness.' And God will reply, 'Knew ye not that such a one of my servants was sick, and ye did not visit him? Had you visited that servant, it would have been counted to you as righteousness.' And God will say, 'Oh sons of Adam! I asked you for food, and ye gave it me not.' And the sons of Adam will say, 'How could we give thee food, seeing thou art the sustainer of the universe, and art free from hunger?' And God will say, 'Such a one of my servants asked you for bread, and ye refused it. Had you given him to eat, ye would have received your reward from me.' And God will say, 'Oh sons of Adam! I asked you for water, and ye gave it me not.' They will reply, 'Oh, our supporter! How could we give thee water, seeing thou art the sustainer of the

idolatry of all kinds was strictly forbidden; deed it was what Mahomet held in most abhorrence. Many of the religious usages, however prevalent since time immemorial among Arabs, to which he had been accustomed from infancy, and which were not incompatible with the doctrine of the unity of God, were still retained. Such was the pilgrimage to Mecca, including all the rites connected with the well of Zem Zem, and other sacred places in the vicinity; apart from any worship of the idols by which they had been profaned.

The old Arabian rite of prayer, accompanied rather preceded by ablution, was still continued. Prayers indeed were enjoined at certain hours the day and night; they were simple in terms of phrase, addressed directly to the Deity with certain inflections, or at times a total prostration of body, and with the face turned toward the Kaaba or point of adoration.

At the end of each prayer the following verse from the second 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 worn as amulets. "God! There is no God but He, the living, never living; he sleepeth not, neither doth he slumber. To him belongeth 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 burden to him. He is the High, the Mighty."

Mahomet was strenuous in enforcing the importance and efficacy of prayer. "Angels," said he, "come among you both by night and day; at which those of the night ascend to heaven, and God asks them how they left his creatures. We found them, say they, at their prayers, and we 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 wild notions derived from other sources; while the joys of the Moslem hereafter, though partly spiritual, were clogged and debased by the sensualities of earth, and infinitely below the ineffable purity and spiritual blessedness the heaven promised by our Saviour.

Nevertheless, the description of the last day, contained in the eighty-first chapter of the Koran, and which must have been given by Mahomet 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 foal 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 hell will burn fiercely; and the joys of paradise will be made manifest."

universe, and not subject to thirst?' And God will say, 'Such a one of my servants asked you for water, and ye did not give it to him. Had ye done so, he would have received your reward from me.'"

was strictly forbidden; Mahomet held in most of the religious usages, however immemorial among the Arabs, had been accustomed to were not incompatible with the unity of God, were still the pilgrimage to Mecca, connected with the Caaba, and other sacred places from any worship of the deity profaned.

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In prayer the following verses of the Koran were recited: "Great beauty in the eyes of God, and on gold and silver or on stones worn as amulets." God but He, the living, the ethereal, neither doth he see the heavens, and the earth contain. Who shall intercede in his permission? He knoweth, but no one can come to his knowledge but that which he willeth. He extendeth over the heavens and to sustain them both is the High, the Mighty." "Angels," said he, "prayer, both by night and day; and might ascend to heaven, and they left his creatures. V. at their prayers, and we are."

The Koran respecting the resurrection, were in some respects Christian religion, but were notions derived from the joys of the Moslem heaven, were clogged and debased of earth, and infinitely below spiritual blessedness by our Saviour.

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ect to thirst?" And God servants asked you for water to him. Had ye done so, your reward from me."

"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 day, and by the darkness of the night, and by the dawn of the day, these are not the words of an angel, but of an angel of dignity and power, who possesses the confidence of Allah, and is rewarded by the angels under his command. Neither is your companion, Mahomet, distracted. He is the celestial messenger in the light of the clear vision, and the words revealed to him, are intended as an admonition unto all creatures."

Koran.—To exhibit the perplexed maze of contradictory doctrines from which Mahomet had to acquire the tenets 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 expressed but three different persons or relations, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, all forming but one substance, as a man consists of body and soul.

The Arians, from Arius, an ecclesiastic or Alexandrian 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 were Jacobites.

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

The Collyridians were a sect 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 collyris, whence they derived their name.

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

The Ebionites, from Ebion, a converted Jew who lived in the first century, were also a sect of Judaizing 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 being born 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 Gnostics, Manichees, and Marcionites, who took their names from learned and zealous leaders; and the Docetes and Gnostics, who were subdivided into various sects of subtle enthusiasts. Some of these asserted the immaculate purity of the Virgin Mary, affirming that her conception and delivery were

effected like the transmission of the rays of light through a pane of glass, without impairing her virginity; an opinion still maintained strenuously in substance by Spanish Catholics.

Most of the Docetes asserted that Jesus Christ was of a nature entirely divine; that a phantom, a mere form without substance, was crucified by the deluded Jews, and that the crucifixion and resurrection were deceptive mystical 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 requit him of 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 KOREISHITES—MAHOMET'S DAUGHTER ROKAIA, WITH HER UNCLE OTMAN, AND A NUMBER OF DISCIPLES TAKE REFUGE IN ABYSSINIA—MAHOMET IN THE HOUSE OF ORKHAM—HOSTILITY OF ABU JAHL; 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 pointed with a sneer at him as he passed, exclaiming, "Behold the grandson of Abd al Motâlleb, 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 and 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 courtesan of Mecca, who seems to have rivalled in lasciviousness 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 several of the tribe of Koreish who had equal claims to the paternity. The infant was declared to have most resemblance to Aass, the

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

Nature had lavished her choicest gifts upon this natural child, as if to atone for the blemish of his birth. Though young, he was already one of the most popular poets of Arabia, and equally distinguished 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 humorous madrigals; which, falling in with the poetic taste 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 elevated in language, so incontrovertible 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."

They demanded, however, more palpable evidence; miracles addressed to the senses; that he 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 nothing more than a man sent by God as an apostle. Had angels, said he, walked familiarly on earth, an angel had assuredly been sent on this mission; but woeful had been the case of those who, as in the present instance, doubted his word. They would not have been able, as with me, to argue, and dispute, and take time to be convinced; their perdition would have been instantaneous. "God," added he, "needs no angel to enforce my mission. He is a sufficient witness between you and me. Those whom he shall dispose to be convinced will truly believe; those whom he shall permit to remain in error will find none to help their unbelief. On the day of resurrection they will appear blind, and deaf, and dumb, and grovelling on their faces. Their abode will be in the eternal flames of Jehennam. Such will be the reward of their unbelief."

"You insist on miracles. God gave to Moses the power of working miracles. What was the consequence? Pharaoh disregarded his miracles, accused him of sorcery, and sought to drive him and his people from the land; but Pharaoh was drowned, and with him all his host. Would ye tempt God to miracles, and risk the punishment of Pharaoh?"

It is recorded by Al Maalem, an Arabian writer, that some of Mahomet's disciples at one time

joined with the multitude in this cry for miracles, and besought him to prove, at once, the divinity of his mission, by turning the hill of Sata into gold. Being thus closely urged, he bowed himself to prayer; and having finished, assured his followers that the angel Gabriel had appeared to him, and informed him that, should he grant his prayer, and work the desired miracle, he would be disbelieved it would be exterminated, by the multitude, therefore, who appeared to be a stiff-necked generation, he would not expose them to destruction: so the hill of Sata was permitted to remain in its pristine state.

Other Moslem writers assert that Mahomet departed from his self-prescribed rule, and wrought occasional miracles, when he found his reason unusually slow of belief. Thus we are told that at one time, in presence of a multitude, he caused him a bull, and took from his horns a scroll containing a chapter of the Koran, just sent down from heaven. At another time, while he was in public, a white dove hovered over him, and alighting on his shoulder, appeared to whisper in his ear; being, as he said, a messenger from the Deity. On another occasion he ordered the ear before him to be opened, when two jars were found, one filled with honey, the other with milk, which he pronounced emblems of the abundance promised by heaven to all who should obey his law.

Christian writers have scoffed at these narratives, suggesting that the dove had been tutored to the task, and sought grains of wheat which it had been accustomed to find in the ear of Mahomet; that the scroll had previously been tied to the horns of the bull, and the vessels of milk and honey deposited in the ground. The truer course would be to discard these miraculous stories altogether, as fables devised by mistaken zealots, and such they have been pronounced by the ablest of the Moslem commentators.

There is no proof that Mahomet desecrated any artifices of the kind to enforce his doctrine, or establish his apostolic claims. He appears to have relied entirely on reason and eloquence, and to have been supported by religious enthusiasm in this early and dubious stage of his career. His earnest attacks upon the idolatry which had prevailed and superseded the primitive worship of the Kaaba, began to have a sensible effect, and alarmed the Koreishites. They urged Abu Taleb to silence his nephew or to send him away; but finding their entreaties 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, imploring him 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 on my left, yet, with 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 as yet unconverted, 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 descendants of Hasehem and Abd al Motalleb to aid

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phelling their kinsman from the persecution of
the rest of the tribe of Koreish; and so strong is
the family tie among the Arabs, that though it
was protecting him in what they considered a
dangerous heresy, they all consented excepting
his uncle, Abu Lahab.

The animosity of the Koreishites became more
and more virulent, and proceeded to personal
outrage. Mahomet was assailed and nearly
killed in the Caaba, and was rescued with diffi-
culty by Abu Beker, who himself suffered per-
sonal injury in the alray. His immediate family
became objects of hatred, especially his daughter
Fatima and her husband, Othman Ibn Affan.
Such of his disciples as had no powerful friends
to protect them were in peril of their lives. Full
of anxiety for their safety, Mahomet advised them
to leave his dangerous companionship for the
present, and take refuge in Abyssinia. The nar-
rowness of the Red Sea made it easy to reach the
African shore. The Abyssinians were Nestorian
Christians, elevated by their religion above their
barbarous neighbors. Their najashee or king
was reputed to be tolerant and just. With him
Mahomet trusted his daughter and his fugitive
disciples would find refuge.

Othman Ibn Affan was the leader of this little
band of Moslems, consisting of eleven men and
four women. They took the way by the sea-coast
to Jeddah, a port about two days' journey to the
east of Mecca, where they found two Abyssinian
residents at anchor, in which they embarked, and
sailed for the land of refuge.

The event, which happened in the fifth year of
the mission of Mahomet, is called the first Hجرة
or flight, to distinguish it from the second Hجرة,
the flight of the prophet himself from Mecca
to Medina. The kind treatment experienced by
the fugitives induced others of the same faith to
follow their example, until the number of Moslem
refugees in Abyssinia amounted to eighty-three
men and eighteen women, besides children.

The Koreishites finding that Mahomet was not
to be silenced, and was daily making converts,
passed a law banishing all who should embrace
his faith. Mahomet retired before the storm, and
took refuge in the house of a disciple named Orkham,
situated on the hill of Safa. This hill, as
has already been mentioned, was renowned in
Arabian tradition as the one on which Adam and
Eve were permitted to come once more together,
after the long solitary wandering about the earth
which followed their expulsion from paradise. It
was likewise connected in tradition with the for-
tunes of Hagar and Ishmael.

Mahomet remained for a month in the house of
Orkham, continuing his revelations and drawing
to him secretaries from various parts of Arabia. The
animosity of the Koreishites followed him to his re-
treat. Abu Jahl, an Arab of that tribe, sought
him out, insulted him with opprobrious language,
and even personally maltreated him. The outrage
was reported to Hamza, an uncle of Mahomet, as
he returned to Mecca from hunting. Hamza was
a proselyte to Islamism, but he was pledged to
protect his nephew. Marching with his bow un-
strung in his hand to an assemblage of the Kore-
ishites, where Abu Jahl was vaunting his recent
triumph, he dealt the boaster a blow over the head
that inflicted a grievous wound. The kinsfolk of
Abu Jahl rushed to his assistance, but the brawler
stood in awe of the vigorous arm and fiery spirit
of Hamza, and sought to pacify him. "Let him
alone," said he to his kinsfolk; "in truth I have
treated his nephew very roughly." He alleged in

palliation of his outrage the apostasy of Ma-
homet; but Hamza was not to be appeased.
"Well!" cried he, fiercely and scornfully, "I
also do not believe in your gods of stone; can you
compel me?" Anger produced in his bosom
what reasoning might have attempted in vain.
He forthwith declared himself a convert; took the
oath of adhesion to the prophet, and became one
of the most zealous and valiant champions of the
new faith.

CHAPTER X.

OMAR BEN AL KHATTAB, NEPHEW OF ABU JAHL,
UNDERTAKES TO REVENGE HIS UNCLE BY
SLAYING MAHOMET—HIS WONDERFUL CON-
VERSION TO THE FAITH—MAHOMET TAKES
REFUGE IN A CASTLE OF ABU TALEB—ABU
SOFIAN, AT THE HEAD OF THE RIVAL BRANCH
OF KOREISHITES, PERSECUTES MAHOMET AND
HIS FOLLOWERS—OBTAINS A DECREE OF NON-
INTERCOURSE WITH THEM—MAHOMET LEAVES
HIS RETREAT AND MAKES CONVERTS DURING
THE MONTH OF PILGRIMAGE—LEGEND OF THE
CONVERSION OF HAMID THE WISE.

THE hatred of Abu Jahl to the prophet was in-
creased 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 bold,
and his very walking-staff struck more terror into
beholders than another man's sword. Such are
the words of the Arabian historian, Abu Abdal-
lah Mohamed Ibn Om al Alwakedi, and the subse-
quent 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 Ma-
homet, who was still in the house of Orkham, and
to strike a poniard to his heart. The Koreishites
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 Koreishite, to whom he imparted his de-
sign. The Koreishite was a secret convert to Is-
lamism, 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?" de-
manded Omar with astonishment. "Even so,"
was the reply; "thy sister Amina and her hus-
band Seid."

Omar hastened to the dwelling of his sister,
and, entering it abruptly, found her and her hus-
band reading the Koran. Seid attempted to con-
ceal 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 would have plunged his
sword into it, had 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?
In despite of thee and thy violence, I will persevere
in the true faith. Yes," added she with fervor,
"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 down the Koran to inflict misery on 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.

He pursued his way to the house of Orkham, but with an altered heart. Knocking humbly at the door, he craved admission. "Come in, son of al Khattab," exclaimed Mahomet. "What brings thee hither ?"

"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 nor molest the prophet, being deterred by the looks 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 protection," 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 Mahomet, that his uncle, Abu Taleb, feared they might attempt the life of his nephew, either by treachery or open violence. 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 Hasmehites, 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 hesitations of the prophet to throw discredit, not merely upon such of his kindred as had embraced the faith, but upon the whole line of Hasmeh, who, though dissenting from his doctrines, had, through mere clannish 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 to his own line the honors of the city so engrossed by the Hasmehites. 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 holding any intercourse, even of bargain or sale, with the Hasmehites, until they should deliver up their kinsman, Mahomet, for punishment. This decree, which took place in the seventh year of what is called the mission of the prophet, was written on parchment and hung up in the Caaba. 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 beleaguered occasionally by the Koreishites, 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 sacred 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 venture from their stronghold and return to Mecca. Protected also by the immunity 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 made many converts, who, on their return to their several homes, carried 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 bin Masey, surnamed the Wise on account of his vast knowledge and erudition ; for he is represented as deeply versed in magic and the sciences, and acquainted with all religions, to their very foundations, having read all that had been written concerning them, and also acquired practical information, for he had belonged to them all by turns, having been Jew, Christian, and one of the Magi. It is true, he had had more than usual time for his studies and experience, having, according to Arabian legend, attained to the age of one 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, Satiha, whom he must have begotten in a ripe old age ; and for whom he was putting up prayers at

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tes, and by others of his followers, although faith, drew on them the wrath of the Koreishites, and the tribe. Abu Sofian, the father of the prophet, discredited, not merely as had embraced the line of Haschem, whose doctrines, had, through his protection, he. It is said that a Sofian arose, not merely for religious scruples, but was ambitious of transferring the honors of the city to his family. The last messenger, Abu Taleh, in the face of persecution, and a refuge, was seized upon adherents, as a pretext for the rest of the tribe, by holding any man, or sale, with the Hadul deliver up their knowledge. This doctrine, the seventh year of what the prophet, was written in the Caaba. It related to great straits, being in the stronghold of refuge. The fortress was usually by the Koreishites, its rigor, and to prevent its pilgrimage, however, repair from all parts of the transient relief to the. During that sacred season, all law and usage, among the were suspended, and temporary peace to was given. Times Mahomet and his from their stronghold and acted also by the immunity met would mingle among and pray; propounded his revelations. In this acts, who, on their own, carried with them the sacred regions. Among these, the princes or heads had an influence on their ends give a pompous and the conversion of one of it was attended by some as recorded of Mahomet, an abbreviated insertion, was Habib Ibn Malek, account of his vast knowledge is represented as deep in the sciences, and as, to their very boundaries, had been written, consequently practical, intended to them all by turning in, and one of the Magi, more than usual time of, having, according to, to the age of one hundred, now came to Mecca, a host of twenty thousand, in a youthful daughter, begotten in a ripe old, as putting up prayers at

the Caaba, she having been struck dumb and deaf, and blind, and deprived of the use of her limbs.

Abu Sofian and Abu Jahl, according to the legend, thought the presence of this very powerful, ignorant, and very wise old prince, at the head of so formidable a host, a favorable opportunity to effect the ruin of Mahomet. They accordingly informed Habib the Wise of the heresies of the pretended prophet, and prevailed upon the venerable prince to summon him into his presence, at his encampment in the Valley of Flints, to defend his doctrines, in the hope that his errand in error would draw upon him banishment or death.

The legend gives a magnificent account of the coming forth of the idolatrous Koreishites, in general array, on horseback and on foot, led by Abu Sofian and Abu Jahl, to attend the grand assemblage in the Valley of Flints; and of the organization in which they were received by Habib the Wise, seated under a tent of crimson, on a gem of ebony, inlaid with ivory and sandalwood, and covered with plates of gold.

Mahomet was in the dwelling of Cadijah when he received a summons to this formidable tribunal. Cadijah was loud in her expressions of alarm, and his daughters hung about his neck, weeping and lamenting, for they thought him going to certain death; but he gently rebuked their fears, and bade them trust in Allah.

Unlike the ostentatious state of his enemies, Abu Sofian and Abu Jahl, he approached the scene of trial in simple guise, clad in a white garment, with a black turban, and a mantle which had belonged to his grandfather Abd al Motallib, and was made of the stuff of Aden. His hair shined below his shoulders, the mysterious light of prophecy beamed from his countenance; and though he had not anointed his beard, nor used any perfumes, excepting a little musk and camphor for the hair of his upper lip, yet wherever he passed a bland odor diffused itself around, being, say the Arabian writers, the fragrant emanations from his person.

He was preceded by the zealous Abu Beker, clad in a scarlet vest and a white turban, with his mantle gathered up under his arms, so as to display his scarlet slippers.

A silent awe, continues the legend, fell upon the vast assemblage as the prophet approached. Not a murmur, not a whisper was to be heard. The very brute animals were charmed to silence; and the neighing of the steed, the bellowing of the ox, and the braying of the ass were mute.

The venerable Habib received him graciously: His first question was to the point. "They tell you that I pretend to be a prophet sent from God? Is so?"

"Even so," replied Mahomet. "Allah has sent me to proclaim the veritable faith."

"Good," rejoined the wary sage, "but every prophet has given proof of his mission by signs and miracles. Noah had his rainbow; Solomon his mysterious ring; Abraham the fire of the furnace, which became cool at his command; Isaac the ram, which was sacrificed in his stead; Moses his wonder-working rod, and Jesus brought the dead to life, and appeased tempests with a word. If, then, thou art really a prophet, give us a miracle in proof."

The adherents of Mahomet trembled for him when they heard this request, and Abu Jahl clapped his hands and extolled the sagacity of Habib the Wise. But the prophet rebuked him with scorn. "Peace! dog of thy race!" exclaimed

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! thou hast brought hither thy daughter, Satiha, deaf 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 beautiful than the moon in an unclouded night.

The second miracle demanded by Habib was still more difficult. It was that Mahomet should cover the noontide heaven 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 whole light of day. The moon was then seen straying from her course and wandering about the firmament. By 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 wavering motion, like a flaming sword; giving him the salutation of peace, and hailing 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 unbelief, exclaiming 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 Abulfela, nor are they maintained by any of the graver of the Moslem writers; but they exist in tradition, and are set forth with great prolixity 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 BAN OF NON-INTERCOURSE MYSTERIOUSLY DESTROYED—MAHOMET ENABLED TO RETURN TO MECCA—DEATH OF ABU TALEH; OF CADIJAH—MAHOMET BETROTHS HIMSELF TO AYESHA—MARRIES SAWDA—THE KOREISHITES RENEW THEIR PERSECUTION—MAHOMET SEEKS AN ASYLUM IN YATIF—HIS EXPULSION THENCE—VISITED BY GENII IN THE DESERT OF NAKILAH.

THREE years had elapsed since Mahomet and his disciples took refuge in the castle of Abu Ta-

leb. The ban or decree still existed in the Caaba, cutting them off from all intercourse with the rest of their tribe. The sect, as usual, increased under persecution. Many joined it in Mecca; murmurs arose against the unnatural feud engendered among the Koreishites, and Abu Sofian was made to blush for the lengths to which he had carried his hostility against some of his kindred.

All at once it was discovered that the parchment 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 removal 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 Koreishites 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 Koreishites exulted in the defeat of the Christian Greeks, whose faith, being opposed to the worship of idols, they assimilated 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 overcome the latter in the course of a few years."

The zealous and believing Abu Beker 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 Beker staked one hundred camels, but made the time nine years. The anecdote is 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. The whole, if true, 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 Islam creed, to secure a blissful resurrection.

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

Abulleda, 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, "I die in the faith of Abd al Motâlleb." Commentators have sought to reconcile the two accounts by asserting that Abd al Motâlleb, in

his latter days, renounced the worship of idols, and believed in the unity of God.

Scarce three days had elapsed from the death of the venerable Abu Taleb, when Cadijah, the faithful and devoted wife of Mahomet, sank into the grave. She was sixty-five years of age. Mahomet wept bitterly at her tomb, and clothed 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 Horara, by the assurance from the angel Gabriel that a new palace was allotted to Cadijah in Paradise as a reward for her great faith and her early services to the cause.

Though Cadijah had been much older than Mahomet at the time of their marriage, and in the bloom of years when women are desired 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 plural number of wives, to give her a rival in his house. When, however, she was laid in the grave, and the transport of his grief had subsided, he sought to console himself for her loss by entering again into wedlock, and henceforth indulged in a plurality of wives. He permitted, by his law, ten wives to each of his followers; but did not confine himself to that number; for he observed that the prophet, being 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 Cadijah, 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 married state. He was merely betrothed to her, therefore, and postponed their 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 of those whom he subsequently married. All these had been previously experienced in wedlock; Ayesha, he said, was the only one who came a pure unspotted virgin to his arms.

Still, that he might not be without due solicitude while Ayesha was attaining the marriageable age, he took as a wife Sawda, the widow of Sokran, one of his followers. She had been betrothed to his daughter Fatima, and was one of the faithful who fled into Abyssinia from the early persecutions of the people of Mecca. It is pretended that, while in exile, she had a mysterious intimation 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 with the prophet.

The marriage, whether predicted or not, was one of mere expediency. Mahomet never loved Sawda with the affection he manifested for his other wives. He would even have put her away in after years, but she implored to be allowed the honor of still calling herself his wife; proffering

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that, whenever it should come to her turn to
pare the marriage bed, she would relinquish her
right to Ayesha. Mahomet consented to an ar-
rangement which favored his love for the latter,
and Sawda continued, as long as she lived, to be
Mahomet's wife.

Mahomet soon became sensible of the loss he
sustained in the death of Abu Taleh, who
had been not merely an affectionate relative, but
a zealous and powerful protector, from his great
influence in Mecca. At his death there was no

power to check and counteract the hostilities of Abu
Suhail and Abu Jahl, who soon raised up such a
storm of persecution among the Koreishites 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 Me-
cca, inhabited by the Thakifites, or Arabs of the
tribe of Thakel. It was one of the favored places
of Arabia, situated among vineyards and gar-

dens. Here grew peaches and plums, melons
and pomegranates; figs, blue and green, the ne-
cessary producing the lotus, and palm-trees
with their clusters of green and golden fruit. So
rich were its pastures and fruitful its fields, con-

trasted with the sterility of the neighboring des-
erts, that the Arabs fabled 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 had
possessions there. He could not have chosen a
more place of refuge. Tayef was one of the
strongholds of idolatry. Here was maintained in
its full force the worship of El Lat, one of the fe-
male idols already mentioned. Her image of
stone was covered with jewels and precious
stones, the offerings of her votaries; it was be-
lieved to be inspired with life, and the interces-

son of El Lat was implored as one of the
daughters of God.
Mahomet remained about a month in Tayef,
seeking in vain to make proselytes among its in-
habitants. When he attempted to preach his
doctrines, his voice was drowned by clamors.
More than once he was wounded by stones
thrown at him, and which the faithful Zeid en-
deavored in vain to ward off. So violent did the
popular fury become at last that he was driven
from the city, and even pursued for some dis-
tance beyond the walls by an insulting rabble of
sages and children.

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 visi-
tations which appear always to have occurred in
favour or agitated moments, when we may sup-
pose him to have been in a state of mental excite-
ment. It was after the evening prayer, he says,
in a solitary place in the valley of Naklah, be-
tween Mecca and Tayef. He was reading the
Koran, when he was overheard by a passing com-
pany of Gens or Genii. "These are spiritual be-
ings, some good, others bad, and liable like man
to future rewards and punishments. 'Hark!
give ear,'" said the Genii one to the other. They
paused and listened as Mahomet continued to
read. "Verily," said they at the end, "we have
heard an admirable discourse, which directeth

unto the right institution; wherefore we believe
therein."

This spiritual visitation consoled Mahomet for
his expulsion from Tayef, showing that though
he and his doctrines might be rejected by men,
they were held in reverence by spiritual intelli-
gences. At least so we may infer from the mention
he makes of it in the forty-sixth and seventy-second
chapters of the Koran. Thenceforward he
declared himself sent for the conversion of these
genii as well as of the human race.

NOTE.—The belief in genii was prevalent through-
out the East, long before the time of Mahomet. They
were supposed to haunt solitary places, particularly
toward nightfall; a superstition congenial to the
habits and notions of the inhabitants of lonely and
desert countries. The Arabs supposed every valley
and barren waste to have its tribe of genii, who were
subject to a dominant spirit, and roamed forth at
night to beset the pilgrim and the traveller. When-
ever, therefore, they entered a lonely valley toward
the close of evening, they used to supplicate the pre-
siding spirit or lord of the place to protect them from
the evil genii under his command.

Those columns of dust raised by whirling eddies of
wind, and which sweep across the desert, are sup-
posed to be caused by some evil genius or sprite of
gigantic size.

The serpents which occasionally infest houses were
thought to be often genii, some infidels and some be-
lievers. Mahomet cautioned his followers to be slow
to kill a house serpent. "Warn him to depart; if he
do not obey, then kill him, for it is a sign that he is a
mere reptile or an infidel genius."

It is fabled that in earlier times the genii had ad-
mission to heaven, but were expelled on account of
their meddling propensities. They have ever since
been of a curious and prying nature, often attempting
to clamber up to the constellations; thence to peep
into heaven, and see and overhear what is going on
there. They are, however, driven thence by angels
with flaming swords; and those meteors called shoot-
ing stars are supposed by Mahometans to be darted
by the guardian angels at these intrusive genii.

Other legends pretend that the earth was originally
peopled by these genii, but they rebelled against the
Most High, and usurped terrestrial dominion, which
they maintained for two thousand years. At length,
Azazel, or Lucifer, was sent against them and defeat-
ed them, overthrowing their mighty king Ghan ben
Ghan, the founder of the pyramids, whose magic
buckler of talismanic virtue fell subsequently into the
hands of king Solomon the Wise, giving him power
over the spells and charms of magicians and evil
genii. The rebel spirits, defeated and humiliated,
were driven into an obscure corner of the earth.
Then it was that God created man, with less danger-
ous faculties and powers, and gave him the world for
a habitation.

The angels according to Moslem notions were cre-
ated from bright gems; the genii from fire without
smoke, and Adam from clay.

Mahomet, when in the seventy-second chapter of
the Koran he alludes to the visitation of the genii in
the valley of Naklah, makes them give the following
frank account of themselves:

"We formerly attempted to pry into what was
transacting in heaven, but we found the same guard-
ed by angels with flaming darts; and we sat on some
of the seats thereof to hear the discourse of its inhabi-
tants; but whoso listeneth now finds a flame prepared
to guard the celestial confines. There are some
among us who are Moslems, and there are others who
swerve from righteousness. Whoso embraceth Islam-
ism seeketh the true direction; but those who swerve
from righteousness shall be fuel for the fire of Jehen-
nam."

CHAPTER XII.

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

AN asylum being provided for Mahomet in the house of Muteb Ibn Adi, one of his disciples, he ventured to return to Mecca. The supernatural visitation of genii in the valley of Naklah 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 if 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 nor hooting of owls. The very waters ceased to murmur, and the winds to whistle; all nature seemed motionless and dead. In the mid 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 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 jacinths and radiant as stars. It had eagle's wings all glittering with rays of light; and its whole 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, bestride me when he visited his son Ishmael? Oh Mahomet! 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 seal 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 Jehennam is on his left hand, into which all shall be thrust who oppose his doctrines."

"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 an animal approached and submitted to be mounted, then rising with Mahomet on his back, it 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 thy 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 on a second time, "Stop, oh Mahomet! descend and make the prayer with two inflections."

They descended, 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 bore 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 ravishing 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 allurements; 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 gate 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 many more of the prophets. After he had prayed 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

Borak!" exclaimed Mahomet, "intercession thou shalt earn."

He uttered these words than he submitted to be mounted on his back, it soared the mountains of Mecca.

Like lightning between heaven and earth, Gabriel cried aloud, "Son of Adam, rise to the earth, and make the elections of the body."

In the earth, and having made

well beloved of my soul," said Mahomet, "thou command me to pray."

Mount Sinai, on which God dwells."

They again passed rapidly to the earth, until Gabriel called a stop, oh Mahomet! descend with two inclinations."

Mahomet prayed, and again didst thou command me to

Jerusalem, where Jesus the Son of

our course through the air, we arrived on the right, exclaiming, "a moment, that I may speak of the beings I am most devoted to."

forward, and Mahomet felt that it was not with him but with God, the all-powerful

now heard on the left, calling like words to tarry; but forward, and Mahomet turned before him a daimel of raiment with all the luxury and

She beckoned him with alacrity a moment, oh Mahomet! she. "I, who, of all beings, I love thee." But still Borak, Mahomet tarried not; consider with him to stay his course, powerful and glorious.

If, however, to Gabriel, "I have heard?" said he, "this who has beckoned to

Mahomet, was the voice of a messenger to him, all thy nation to Judaism.

the voice of a Christian; if not, thy people would have

the world, with all its riches, and its pleasures; hadst thou listened, thou wouldst have chosen the pleasures than the bliss of eternity, which had been doomed to perdition.

On his course, they arrived at Jerusalem, where, Mahomet tarried not; he had heard the prophets before him had been entering the temple he found

Moses, and Isa (Jesus), and others. After he had prayed for a time, a ladder of light appeared, until the lower end

for foundation stone of the temple, the stone of Jacob. Aided

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? Gabriel. Then he is welcome! and the gate was opened.

This first heaven was of pure silver; and in its magnificent vault the stars are suspended by chains of gold. In each star an angel is placed, to prevent the demons from sealing the sacred abodes. As Mahomet entered an ancient man approached him, and Gabriel said, "Here is your 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 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 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 ear of Allah each morning with his melodious chant. All creatures on earth, save man, were awakened by his voice, and all the fowls of the kind chant hallelujahs in emulation of his song."

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 ceremonies. It was all studded 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 constantly writing and blotting out.

"This, oh Mahomet," said Gabriel, "is Asraf, the angel of death, who is in the confidence at Allah. In the book before him he is continually writing the names of those who are to be

* There are three to which, say the Moslem doctors, God always lends a willing ear: the voice of him who reads the Koran; of him who prays for pardon; and of this cock who crows to the glory of the Most High. When the last day is near, they add, which 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 Reverend Doctor Humphrey Prideaux, Dean of Norwich, in his Life of Mahomet, accuses him of having stolen this wonderful cock from the tract Bava Bamma of the Babylonish Talmud, "wherein," says he, "we have a story of such a prodigious bird, called Borak, standing with his feet on the earth, reaching up to the heavens with his head, and the whole orb of the sun, and causeth a total eclipse thereof. This is the Chaldee paraphrast on the Psalms says is a cock, and that he crows before the Lord; and the Chaldee paraphrast on Job tells us of his crowing every morning before the Lord, and that God giveth him wisdom for that purpose."

born, and blotting out the names of those who have lived their allotted time, and who, therefore, instantly die."

They now mounted to the fourth heaven, formed of the finest silver. Among the angels who inhabited it was one five hundred days' journey in height. His countenance was troubled, and rivers of tears ran from his eyes. "This," said Gabriel, "is the angel of tears, appointed to weep over the sins of the children of men, and to predict the evils which await them."

The fifth heaven was of the finest gold. Here Mahomet was received by Aaron with embraces and congratulations. The avenging angel dwells in this heaven, and presides over the element of fire. Of all the angels seen by Mahomet, he was the most hideous and terrific. His visage seemed of copper, and was covered with wens and warts. His eyes flashed lightning, and he grasped a flaming lance. He sat on a throne surrounded by flames, and before him was a heap of red-hot chains. Were he to alight upon earth in his true form, the mountains would be consumed, the seas dried up, and all the inhabitants would die with terror. To him, and the angels his ministers, is intrusted the execution of divine vengeance on infidels and sinners.

Leaving this awful abode, they mounted to the sixth heaven, composed of a transparent stone, called Hasala, which may be rendered carbuncle. Here was a great angel, composed half of snow and half of fire; yet the snow melted not, nor was the fire extinguished. Around him a choir of lesser angels continually exclaimed, "Oh Allah! who hast united snow and fire, unite all thy faithful servants in obedience to thy law."

"This," said Gabriel, "is the guardian angel of heaven and earth. It is he who dispatches angels unto individuals of thy nation, to incline them in favor of thy mission, and call them to the service of God; and he will continue to do so until the day of resurrection."

Here was the prophet Musa (Moses), who, however, instead of welcoming Mahomet with joy, as the other prophets had done, shed tears at sight of him.

"Wherefore dost thou weep?" inquired Mahomet. "Because I behold a successor who is destined to conduct more of his nation into paradise than ever I could of the backsliding children of Israel."

Mounting hence to the seventh heaven, Mahomet was received by the patriarch Abraham. This blissful abode is formed of divine light, and of such transcendent glory that the tongue of man cannot describe it. One of its celestial inhabitants will suffice to give an idea of the rest. He surpassed the whole earth in magnitude, and had seventy thousand heads; each head seventy thousand mouths; each mouth seventy thousand tongues; each tongue spoke seventy thousand different languages, and all these were incessantly employed in chanting the praises of the Most High.

While contemplating this wonderful being Mahomet was suddenly transported aloft to the lotus-tree, called Sedra, which flourishes on the right hand of the invisible throne of Allah. The branches of this tree extend wider than the distance between the sun and the earth. Angels more numerous than the sands of the sea-shore, or of the beds of all the streams and rivers, rejoice beneath its shade. The leaves resemble the ears of an elephant; thousands of immortal birds sport among its branches, repeating the sublime

verses of the Koran. Its fruits are milder than milk and sweeter than honey. If all the creatures of God were assembled, one of these fruits would be sufficient for their sustenance. Each seed incloses a houri, or celestial virgin, provided for the felicity of true believers. From this tree issue four rivers; two flow into the interior of paradise, two issue 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 innumerable lamps, 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. "Hast 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 seventy 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 its glory. 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 again met with 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. "Thinkest thou to exact five 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.

By the ladder of light he descended to 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,

is chiefly according to the words of the historians Abulfeda, Al Bokhari, and Abo Horeira, and given more at large in the Life of Mahomet by Gagnier. The journey itself has given rise to endless commentaries and disputes among the doctors. Some affirm that it was no more than dream or vision of the night, and support the assertion by a tradition derived from Ayesha, wife of Mahomet, who declared that, on the night in question, his body remained perfectly still, and it was only in spirit that he made his nocturnal journey. In giving this tradition, however, she did not consider that at the time the journey was said to have taken place, Ayesha was still a child, and, though espoused, had not become the wife of Mahomet.

Others insist that he made the celestial journey bodily, and that the whole was miraculously effected in so short a space of time that, on his return, he was able to prevent the complete turn of a vase of water which the angel Gabriel had struck with his wing on his departure.

Others say that Mahomet only pretended to have made the nocturnal journey to the temple of Jerusalem, and that the subsequent ascent to heaven was a vision. According to Abul Joseph, the nocturnal visit to the temple was testified by the patriarch of Jerusalem himself. "At the time," says he, "that Mahomet sent an envoy to the emperor Heraclius, at Constantinople, inviting him to embrace Islamism, the patriarch was in the presence of the emperor. The envoy having related the nocturnal journey of the prophet, the patriarch was seized with astonishment, and informed the emperor of a circumstance coinciding with the narrative of the envoy. 'It is my custom,' said he, 'never to retire to rest at night until I have fastened every door of the temple. On the night here mentioned, I closed them according to my custom, but there was one which was impossible to move. Upon this, I sent the carpenters, who, having inspected the door, declared that the lintel over the portal, and the edifice itself, had settled to such a degree that it was out of their power to close the door. I was obliged, therefore, to leave it open. Early in the morning at the break of day I repaired thither, and behold, the stone placed at the corner of the temple was perforated, and there were vestiges of the place where Al Borak had been fastened. Then, said I, to those present, this portal would not have remained fixed unless some prophet had been here to pray.'"

Traditions go on to say that when Mahomet narrated his nocturnal journey to a large assembly in Mecca, many marvelled yet believed, some were perplexed with doubt, but the Korishites laughed it to scorn. "Thou sayest that thou hast been to the temple of Jerusalem," said Abu Jahel, "prove the truth of thy words by giving a description of it."

For a moment Mahomet was embarrassed by the demand, for he had visited the temple in the night, when its form was not discernible; suddenly, however, the angel Gabriel stood by his side, and placed before his eyes an exact type of the sacred edifice, so that he was enabled instantly to answer the most minute questions.

The story still transcended the belief even of some of his disciples, until Abu Bekr, seeing them wavering in their faith, and in danger of backsliding, roundly vouched for the truth of it in reward for which support, Mahomet gave him the title of Al Seddek, or the Truth-teller, by which he was thenceforth distinguished.

XAVIER 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 RECEPTION AT MEDINA.

The fortunes of Mahomet were becoming darker
 darker in his native place. Cadijah, 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
 stranger on the hospitality of those whom his own
 doctrines had involved in persecution. If worldly
 advantage had been his object, how had it been
 managed? Upward of ten years had elapsed since
 he had announced his prophetic mission; or ten
 long years of enmity, trouble, and misfortune.
 He persevered, and now, at a period of life
 when men seek to enjoy in repose the fruition of
 their labours, rather than risk all in new schemes for
 the future, we find him, after having sacrificed near
 his fortune, and friends, prepared to give up
 his home and country also, rather than his religious

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 hard-minded were unwilling to befriend one ostracized by the powerful of his native place.

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 Madyeh. This city, since called Medina, is about two hundred and seventy miles north of Mecca. Many of its inhabitants were Jews and heretical Christians. The pilgrims in question were Arabs of the ancient and powerful tribe of Karailites, and in habits of friendly intercourse with the Keneedites and Nageerites, two tribes inhabiting Mecca who claimed to be of the sacerdotal line of Aaron. The pilgrims had heard of their Jewish friends explain the mysteries of their faith, and talk of an expected Messiah. They were moved by the eloquence of Madyeh, and struck with the resemblance of his doctrines to those of the Jewish law; inasmuch as 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 at deadly feud with the Awsites, another powerful tribe of that city, and advised him to deter his coming until they should be at peace. He consented; but on the 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 townsmen. 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 Saad Ibn Maad, a prince or chief of the Awsites, and Osaïd 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 aided 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 Medina, led by Musab bin Omeir, 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 Al Akaba. His uncle Al Abbas, 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 warnings and entreaties were in vain : a solemn compact was made between the parties. Mahomet demanded that they should abjure idolatry, and worship the one true God openly and fearlessly. For himself he exacted 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; in imitation, 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 men-acing them with punishment. The sound of this voice, heard in the darkness of the night, inspired 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 Koréishites, 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 appellation 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, inasmuch that Mahomet, seeing a crisis was 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 Sofian, 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 chief of the Koreishites 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 people of Medina, and return 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 a violent and pragmatistical old man, a stranger from the province of Nedja, 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 put Mahomet to death. To this all agreed, and as a means of sharing the odium of the deed, and withstanding 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, that they might either detain thee in bonds, 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 dwelling of Mahomet, he was apprised of the impending danger. As usual, the warning is attributed to the angel Gabriel, but it is probable it was given by some Koreishite, less bloody-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 him while sleeping, 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 demanded, "Where is 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 of the faithful Ali had wrapped himself in his mantle and taken his place upon the couch. The miraculous account is, that he opened the door silently, as the Koreishites stood before him, scattering a handful of dust in the air, eastward, blindness upon them that he walked through the midst of them without being perceived. This is added, is confirmed by the verse of the eighth chapter of the Koran : "We have thrown blindness upon them, that they shall not see."

The most probable account is, that he crept over the wall in the rear of the house, with the help of a servant, who bent his back to 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 : and 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 the foot of Mount Thor. Scarce were they in the cave when they heard the sound of pursuit. Abu Beker, though a brave man, quaked at the fear. "Our pursuers," said he, "are many as we are but two." "Nay," replied Mahomet, "there is a third ; God is with us." And the Moslem writers relate a miracle, dear to the minds of all true believers. By the time, say they, that the Koreishites reached the mouth of the cavern, an acacia-tree had sprung up before it, the spreading branches of which a pigeon had made its nest, and laid its eggs, and over the whole a spider had woven its web. When the Koreishites beheld these signs of undisturbed quiet, they concluded that no one could 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 Asama, the daughter of Abu Beker, brought them food in the dusk of the evenings.

On the fourth day, when they presumed that their 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. Avoiding the main road usually taken by the caravans, they bent their course nearer to the coast of the Red Sea. 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 repeated the assurance, "Be not troubled ; Allah is with us." Soraka was a grim warrior, with shagged iron gray hair and naked sinewy arms, rough with hair. As he overtook Mahomet, his horse reared and fell on him. His superstitious mind was struck with an evil sign. Mahomet perceived the state of his feelings, and by an eloquent appeal wrought in him to such a degree that Soraka, filled with contrite feelings, and turning back, his horse's head, his troop suffered him to proceed on his way unmolested.

The fugitives continued their journey without further interruption, until they arrived at Koudhill 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, the air was pure and salubrious. Hence, too, the city was supplied with fruit ; the hill and its

escape from the house and wrapped himself in his mantle upon the couch. The Moslems, that he opened the door, and the Khorasaniites stood before it, and a cloud of dust in the air, cast such a shadow that he walked through it without being perceived. Told by the verse of the poet: "We have thrown you into the account is, that he, in the rear of the house, bent his back to the

mediately to the house of Al-Kaswa, and he fled for instant flight. He should take refuge in a cave at an hour's distance from here until they could proceed in the mean time the fugitives should secretly bring the booty while it was yet far from the foot by the light of the stars they found themselves in. Scarcely were they out of the sound of pursuit, a brave man, quaked and said he, "are many?" "Nay," replied Mahomet, "God is with us!" And he relate a miracle, dear to the Moslems. By the time, say the Moslems, he reached the mouth of the cave, he had sprung up before the eyes of which a pigeon had laid its eggs, and over it woven its web. When these signs of undisturbedness that no one could reach them; so they turned and searched in another direction. By miracle or not, the fugitives were discovered three days undiscovered in the cave. The daughter of Abu Beker, at the dusk of the evenings, when they presumed to be asleep, the fugitives were discovered. Medina, on camels which had brought in the night, the main road usually taken, and their course nearer to the city. They had not proceeded far when they were overtaken by Soraka Ibn Ma'eq. Al-Kaswa, by the number of the fugitives, repeated the assurance, "Allah is with us." Soraka, with shagged iron gray beard, rough with hair. As his horse reared and fell, his mind was struck with the sight perceived the state of the fugitives. A frequent appeal wrought up that Soraka, filled with awe, and turning back, to proceed on his way.

continued their journey until they arrived at Kuba, from Medina. It was a town of inhabitants of the city, and of the sick and infirm, and of the salubrious. Hence, from the fruit; the hill and its

being covered with vineyards, and with the date and lotus; with gardens producing figs, pomegranates, figs, and apricots; and being irrigated with streams.

On arriving at this fruitful spot, Al Kaswa, the daughter of Mahomet, crouched on her knees, and did not go no further. The prophet interpreted it as a favorable sign, and determined to remain at Kuba, and prepare for entering the city. The place where his camel knelt is still pointed out by the 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 place, beside which Mahomet reposed under the shade of the trees, and into which he dropped his ring. It is believed still to remain there, and is given sanctity to the well, the waters of which are conducted by subterraneous conduits to Medina. At Kuba he remained four days, residing in the house of an Awsite named Colthum Ibn Hakeem. While at this village he was joined by a distinguished chief, Boreida Ibn Huseib, with his followers, all of the tribe of Saham. These were the profession of faith between the hands of Mahomet.

Another renowned proselyte who repaired to Mahomet at this village, was Salman al Parsi (a Persian). He is said to have been a native of a small place near Ispahan, and that, on passing one day by a Christian church, he was so struck by the devotion of the people, and the solemnity of the worship, that he became disgusted with the idolatrous faith in which he had been brought up. He afterward wandered about the coast, 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.

Salman rose to power in after years, and is named by the unbelievers of Mecca to have assailed Mahomet in compiling his doctrine. This is related to in the sixteenth chapter of the Koran. Verily, the idolaters say, that a certain man assumed to compose the Koran; but the language of this man is Ajami (or Persian), and the Koran is in the pure Arabian tongue.*

The Moslems of Mecca, who had taken refuge at the time before in Medina, hearing that Mahomet was at hand, came forth to meet him at Kuba; among these was the early convert Talha, and Zuhair, the nephew of Cadijah. These, seeing the travel-stained garments of Mahomet and Abu Beker, gave them white mantles, with which they made their entrance into Medina. Numbers of Ansa'rians, or auxiliaries, of Medina, who had taken their compact with Mahomet in the preceding year, now hastened to renew their vow of allegiance.

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

The renowned and learned Humphrey Prideaux, a son of Divinity and Dean of Norwich, in his Life of Mahomet, confounds this Salman the Persian with Salaf Ibn Salam, a learned Jew; by some called Salaf Ben Salan in the Hebrew dialect, and by others Abdallah Salan; 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, in which he expounded the main principles of his faith, he mounted his camel Al Kaswa, and set forth for that city, which was to become renowned in after ages as his city of refuge.

Boreida Ibn al Huseib, 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 Beker. "Oh apostle of God!" cried Boreida, "thou shalt not enter Medina without a standard;" so saying, he unfolded his turban, 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 cavalcade. Most of them had never seen Mahomet, and paid reverence to Abu Beker 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 his native city, with a price upon his head, enter Medina, more as a conqueror in triumph than 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; here he was hospitably received, 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 Khorasaniites. He arrived weary and wayworn, his feet bleeding with the roughness of the journey.

Within a few days more came Ayesha, and the rest of Abu Beker's household, together with the family of Mahomet, conducted by his faithful freedman Zeid, and by Abu Beker'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 622d year of the Christian era.

CHAPTER XIV.

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

MAHOMET soon found himself at the head of a numerous and powerful sect in Medina; partly made up of those of his disciples who had fled from Mecca, and were thence called Mohadjerins or Fugitives, and partly of inhabitants of the place, who on joining the faith were called Ansa'rians or Auxiliaries. Most of these latter were of the powerful tribes of the Awsites and Khazradites, which, though descended from two brothers, Al Aws and Al Khazraj, 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 Khazradites 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 preach his doctrines, 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 knelt opposite 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, and to the scanty and precarious means of its votaries. The walls were of earth and brick; the trunks of the palm-trees recently felled, served as pillars to support the roof, which was framed of their branches and thatched with their leaves. It was about a hundred ells square, and had three doors; one to the south, where the *Kebla* was afterward established, another called the gate of Gabriel, and the third the gate of Mercy. A part of the edifice, called *Soffat*, was assigned as a habitation to such of the believers as were without a home.

Mahomet assisted with his own hands in the construction of this mosque. With all his foreknowledge, he little thought that he was building his own tomb and monument; for in that edifice his remains are deposited. It has in after times been repeatedly enlarged and beautified, but still bears the name *Mesjed al Nebi* (the Mosque of the Prophet), from having been founded by his hands. He was for some time at a loss in what manner his followers should be summoned to their devotions; whether with the sound of trumpets, as among the Jews, or by lighting fires on high places, or by the striking of timbrels. While in this perplexity, a form of words to be cried aloud was suggested by Abdallah, the son of Zeid, who declared that it was revealed to him in a vision. It was instantly adopted by Mahomet, and such is given as the origin of the following summons, which is to this day heard from the lofty minarets throughout the East, calling the Moslems to the place of worship: "God is great! God is great! There is no God but God. Mahomet is the apostle of God. Come to prayers! come to prayers! God is great! God is great! There is no God but God." To which at dawn of day is added the exhortation, "Prayer is better than sleep! Prayer is better than sleep!"

Everything in this humble mosque was at first

conducted with great simplicity. At night it was lighted up by splinters of the date-tree; and was some time before lamps and oil were introduced. The prophet stood on the ground and preached, leaning with his back against the trunk of one of the date-trees, which served as pulpit. He afterward had a pulpit or tribune erected, which he ascended by three steps, so as to be elevated above the congregation. Tradition asserts that when he first ascended this pulpit, the deserted date-tree uttered a groan; whereupon, for consolation, he gave it the choice either to be transplanted to a garden again to flourish, or to be transferred to paradise, there to yield fruit after life, to true believers. The date-tree chose the latter, and was subsequently buried beneath the pulpit, there to await its blissful resurrection.

Mahomet preached and prayed in the pulpit sometimes sitting, sometimes standing and leaning on a staff. His precepts as yet were peaceful and benignant, inculcating devotion to God and humanity to man. He seems to have emulated for a time the benignity of the Christian faith. "He who is not affectionate to God's creatures, and to his own children," would he say, "God will not be affectionate to him. Every Moslem who clothes the naked of his faith, or be clothed by Allah in the green robes of paradise."

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, 'Oh, God, is there anything of thy creation stronger than these mountains?' And God replied, 'Iron is stronger than the mountains; it breaks them.' 'And is there anything of thy creation stronger than iron?' 'Yes; fire stronger than iron, for it melts it.' 'Is there anything of thy creation stronger than fire?' 'Yes; water, for it quenches fire.' 'Oh Lord, is there anything of thy creation stronger than water?' 'Yes; wind; for it overcomes water and puts it in motion.' 'Oh, our Sustainer! is there anything of thy creation stronger than wind?' 'Yes; good man giving alms; if he give with his right hand and conceal it from his left, he overcomes all things.'"

His definition of charity embraced the widest circle of kindness. Every good act, he would say, was charity. Your smiling in your brother's face was charity; an exhortation of your fellow man to good 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 the 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 the dead in the grave, will ask, 'What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?'"

"Oh prophet!" said one of his disciples, "my mother, Omm-Sad, is dead; what is the reward of 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 dug a well in his mother's name, and she was saved. "This well is for my mother, that its rewards reach her soul."

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from Mohammed Prop. 32

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Charity of the tongue also, that most important and least cultivated of charities, was likewise earnestly inculcated by Mahomet. Abu Jaraiya, an inhabitant of Basrah, coming to Medina, and being persuaded of the apostolical office of Mahomet, entreated him some great rule of conduct. "Speak evil of no one," answered the prophet. "From that time," says Abu Jaraiya, "I never abuse any one, whether freeman or slave."

The rules of Islamism extended to the courtesies of life. Make a *salam* (or salutation) to a person on entering and leaving it. Return the salute of friends and acquaintances, and wayfarers on the road. He who rides must be the first to make the salute to him who walks; he who walks to him 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 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, however, there showed but little hostility to the new faith, considering it far better than the old one. 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 favorable disposition. With some of them Mahomet made covenants of peace, and trusted to them in time to accept him as their promised Messiah or prophet. Biassed, 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 ordinances. 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 Kiblah or sacred point toward which they turned their faces in the act of devotion; the Sabæans toward the north star; the Persian fire-worshippers toward the east, the face of the rising sun; the Jews toward their holy city of Jerusalem. Hitherto Mahomet had prescribed nothing of the kind; but now, out of reverence to the Jews, he made Jerusalem the Kiblah 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 weakness and debility languished after the home which 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 of them and as many of the inhabitants of Medina. Two persons thus linked together were obliged to stand by each other in weal and woe; it was a tie, which knit their interests more closely even than that of kindred, for they were to be true 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 Mecca 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 their country, and employed their substance and their persons in fighting for the faith, and they 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 ALI—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 Rokaia was still an exile with her husband, Othman Ibn Affan, in Abyssinia; his daughter Zeinah had remained in Mecca with her husband, Abul Aass, who was a stubborn opposer 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 some one to supply the place of his deceased wife Cadijah.

"Oh Omar," said he one day, "the best of 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 she guards his right in property in honor."

He now turned his eyes upon his betrothed spouse Ayesha, the beautiful daughter of Abu Beker. Two years had elapsed since they were betrothed, and she had now attained her ninth year; an infantine age, it would seem, though the female form is wonderfully 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 extolled by Arabian writers as one of the four perfect women with whom Allah has deigned 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 espousals. Medina resounded with festivity, and blazed 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 hand 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 the bride consisted of two skirts, one head-tire, two silver armlets, one leathern 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 two successive days."

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 burst of feeling—"never did God give me a better! 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 ANNOUNCED AS THE INSTRUMENT OF FAITH—FIRST FORAY AGAINST THE KOREISHITES—SURPRISAL OF A CARAVAN.

WE come now to an important era in the career of Mahomet. Hitherto he had relied on argument and persuasion to make proselytes, enjoining 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 diverged from the celestial spirit 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 by nothing but aggravated injury and insult. His greatest persecutors had been those of his own tribe, the Koreishites, especially those of the rival line of Abd Schems, whose vindictive chief, Abu Sufyan, had now the sway of Mecca. By their virulent 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 fugitive seeking an asylum, and craving merely 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 power. They mingled 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 great purpose, and that he was called upon by divine command to use it. Such at least is the purport of the memorable manifesto which 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 or 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 shed 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 be blotted out, and they will be transported to paradise, there to revel in eternal pleasures in the arms of black-eyed houris."

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 Islamism of a sudden from a religion of meekness and philanthropy, to one of violence and the sword. They were peculiarly acceptable

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the Arabs, harmonizing with their habits, and
encouraging their predatory propensities. Vir-
ally pirates of the desert, it is not to be won-
dered at that, after this open promulgation of the
gospel of the sword, they should flock in
troops to the standard of the prophet. Still no
doubt 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
universal dominion dawning upon his mind. Still
it will be found that the tribute thus exacted was
secondary to his ruling passion, and mainly ex-
cited 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, be-
longing to his implacable enemies the Koreishites.
The three first were headed by Mahomet in per-
son, but without any material result. The fourth
was confided to a Moslem, named Abdallah Ibn
Jasch; who was sent out with eight or ten reser-
ved followers on the road toward South Arabia.
It was now the holy month of Radjab, sacred
from violence and rapine, Abdallah had sealed
his orders not to be opened until the third day.
The orders were vaguely yet significantly worded.
Abdallah was to repair to the valley of
Radjab, 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 Radjab, he descried the caravan, consisting of
several camels laden with merchandise, and con-
ducted by four men. Following it at a distance,
he sent one of his men, disguised as a pilgrim, to
ascertain. From the words of the latter the Kore-
ishites supposed his companions to be like himself,
pilgrims bound to Mecca. Besides, it was the
month of Radjab, when the desert might be trav-
eled in security. Scarce had they come to a
halt, however, when Abdallah and his comrades
saw them, killed one, and took two prisoners;
the fourth escaped. The victors then returned to
Mecca with their prisoners and booty.
All Medina was scandalized at this breach of
the holy month. Mahomet, finding that he had
returned too far, pretended to be angry with Ab-
dallah, and refused to take the share of the booty
allotted to him. Confiding in the vagueness of his
instructions, he insisted that he had not com-
mitted 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 follow-
ing passage of the Koran:

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

Having thus proclaimed divine sanction for the
act, Mahomet no longer hesitated to take his
share of the booty. He delivered one of the pris-
oners on ransom; the other embraced Islamism.

The above passage of the Koran, however sat-
isfactory it may have been to devout Moslems,
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 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 Ma-
homet 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 out-
rage, 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 still darker shades to this transac-
tion; which altogether shows how immediately
and widely he went wrong the moment he de-
parted from the benevolent spirit of Christianity,
which he at first endeavored to emulate. World-
ly passions and worldly interests were fast getting
the ascendancy over that religious enthusiasm
which first inspired him. As has well been ob-
served, "the first drop of blood shed in his name
in the Holy Week displayed him 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 de-
termined 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 Mohadjerins, or exiles from
Mecca; sixty-one Awsites, and a hundred and
seventy Khazradites. 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 Rokaia from their
exile in Abyssinia, and would have joined the en-
terprise, 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 among those of the
mountainous districts. The settled inhabitants of
Hedjaz and Yemen are not much in the habit of keep-
ing horses. The tribes most rich in horses are those
who dwell in the comparatively fertile plains of Meso-
potamia, on the banks of the river Euphrates, 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, then 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 divert the water therein, so that they might resort thither to slake their thirst, out of reach of the enemy.

In the mean time Abu Sofian, having received early intelligence that Mahomet had sallied 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 Otha, her brother Al Walid, her uncle Shaiba, and all the warriors of her kindred, to arm and hasten to the relief of her husband. The brothers, too, of the Koreishite slain by Abdallah 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 embarked 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 old 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 footprint. 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. On 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 coast of the Red Sea until he considered himself out of danger. He then sent another messenger to meet any Koreishites that might have sallied forth, and to let them know that the caravan was safe, and they might return to Mecca.

The messenger met the Koreishites when in full march. On hearing 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 reconnoitre 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; not one of them will fall without slaying his man. 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 with 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 on in the expectation of little fighting and much plunder, and were dismayed at the thought of such an overwhelming host; but Mahomet had 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, a 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 take to Medina in case of defeat.

The vanguard of the enemy entered the valley panting with thirst, and hastened to the stream to drink; but Hamza, the uncle of Mahomet, sprang 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 Otha, the father-in-law of Abu Sofian, and Al Walid, his brother-in-law. The third challenger was Shaiba, the brother of Otha. 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 the tribe.

Three warriors of Medina stepped forward and accepted their challenge; but they cried, "No! Let the renegades of our own city of Mecca advance, if they dare." Upon this Hamza and Al Walid, the uncle and cousin of Mahomet, and Obaidah Ibn al Hareth, 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 Otha. 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, first merely stood on the defensive, maintaining their position on the rising ground, and galling the enemy with flights of arrows whenever they sought to slake their intolerable thirst at the stream below. Mahomet remained in his hut on the hill, accompanied by Abu Beker, 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 enemy: "Fight, and fear not," cried he; "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

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put his foot upon his breast, and while
the fiery veteran was still uttering imprecations
curves on Mahomet, severed his head from
his body.
The Koreishites now gave way and fled. Sey
remained dead on the field, and nearly the
number were taken prisoners. Fourteen
Moslems were slain, whose names remain on re
as martyrs to the faith.

This signal victory was easily to be accounted
for on natural principles; the Moslems being
fresh and unwearied, and having the advantage
of rising ground, and a supply of water; while
the Koreishites were fatigued by a hasty march,
weighed with thirst, and diminished in force, by
the loss of numbers who had turned back to
Mecca. Moslem writers, however, attribute this
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 rush
ing 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
poet who was attending sheep on an adjacent
hill. "I was with a companion, my cousin,"
said the peasant, "upon the fold of the moun
tain, watching the conflict, and waiting to join
in the conquerors and share the spoil. Sud
denly we beheld a great cloud sailing toward us,
and within it were the neighing of steeds and
sounding of trumpets. As it approached, squad
rons of angels sallied forth, and we heard the ter
rible voice of the archangel as he urged his mare
forward. 'Speed! speed! oh Haizum!' At
such awful sound the heart of my companion
beet with terror, and he died on the spot; and I
myself high shared his fate."*

When the conflict was over, Abdallah Ibn Ma
homet brought the head of Abu Jahl to Mahomet,
and eyed the grisly trophy with exultation, ex
claiming, "This man was the Pharaoh of our
nation. The true name of this veteran warrior
was Anru Ibn Hasham. The Koreishites had
given him the name of Abu 'thoem, or Father of
Madam, on account of his sagacity. The Mos
lems had changed it to Abu Jahl, Father of Folly.
The latter appellation has adhered to him in his
story, and he is never mentioned by true believers
without the ejaculation, "May he be accursed of
God!"

The Moslems who had fallen in battle were
generally interred; as to the bodies of the Ko
reishites, they were contemptuously thrown into a
pit which had been digged for them. The ques
tion was how to dispose of the prisoners. Omar
was for striking off their heads; but Abu Beker

* This miraculous aid is repeatedly mentioned in
the Koran, e.g. :

"God had already given you the victory at Beder,
when ye were inferior in number. When thou saidst
unto the faithful, Is it not enough for you that your
Lord should assist you with three thousand angels, sent
down from heaven? Verily, if ye persevere, and fear
God, and your enemies come upon you suddenly,
your Lord will assist you with five thousand angels,
distinguished by their horses and attire."

"O true believers, ye slew not those who were
slain at Beder yourselves, but God slew them.
Neither didst thou, O Mahomet, cast the gravel into
their eyes, when thou didst seem to cast it; but God
did it."—*Said's Koran*, chap. lii.

advised that they should be given up on ransom.
Mahomet observed that Omar was like Noah, who
prayed for the destruction of the guilty by the delu
ge; but Abu Beker was like Abraham, who in
terceded for the guilty. He decided on the side
of mercy. But two of the prisoners were put to
death; one, named Nadhar, for having ridiculed
the Koran as a collection of Persian tales and
fables; the other, named Okba, for the attempt
upon the life of Mahomet when he first preached
in the Caaba, and when he was rescued by Abu
Beker. Several of the prisoners who were poor
were liberated on merely making oath never again
to take up arms against Mahomet or his followers.
The rest were detained until ransoms should be
sent by their friends.

Among the most important of the prisoners
was Al Abbas, the uncle of Mahomet. He had
been captured by Abu Yaser, a man of small sta
ture. As the bystanders scoffed at the disparity
of size, Al Abbas pretended that he really had
surrendered to a horseman of gigantic size,
mounted on a steed the like of which he had never
seen before. Abu Yaser would have steadily
maintained the truth of his capture, but Mahomet,
willing to spare the humiliation of his uncle, in
timated that the captor had been aided by the
angel Gabriel.

Al Abbas would have excused himself from
paying ransom, alleging that he was a Moslem in
heart, and had only taken part in the battle on
compulsion; but his excuse did not avail. It is
thought by many that he really had a secret un
derstanding with his nephew, and was employed
by him as a spy in Mecca, both before and after
the battle of Beder.

Another prisoner of great importance to Mahomet
was Abul Aass, the husband of his daughter
Zeinab. The prophet would fain have drawn his
son-in-law to him and enrolled him among his
disciples, but Abul Aass remained stubborn in
unbelief. Mahomet then offered to set him at
liberty on condition of his returning to him his
daughter. To this the infidel agreed, and Zeid,
the faithful freedman of the prophet, was sent
with several companions to Mecca, to bring Zeinab
to Medina; in the mean time her husband, Abul
Aass, remained a hostage for the fulfilment of the
compact.

Before the army returned to Medina there was
a division of the spoil; for, though the caravan of
Abu Sofian had escaped, yet considerable booty
of weapons and camels had been taken in the
battle, and a large sum of money would accrue
from the ransom of the prisoners. On this occa
sion Mahomet ordered that the whole should be
equally divided among all the Moslems engaged
in the enterprise; and though it was a long-es
tablished custom among the Arabs to give a
fourth part of the booty to the chief, yet he con
tented himself with the same share as the rest.
Among the spoil which fell to his lot was a fa
mous sword of admirable temper, called Dhul
Fakar, or the Piercer. He ever afterward bore
it when in battle; and his son-in-law, Ali, inher
ited it at his death.

This equal distribution of the booty caused great
murmurs among the troops. Those who had
borne the brunt of the fight, and had been most
active in taking the spoil, complained that they
had to share alike with those who had stood aloof
from the affray, and with the old men who had re
mained to guard the camp. The dispoite, ob
serves Sale, resembles that of the soldiers of
David in relation to spoils taken from the Amalek-

ites; those who had been in the action insisting that they who tarried by the stuff should have no share of the spoil. The decision was the same—that they should share alike (1 Samuel 30: 21-25). Mahomet, from his knowledge of Bible history, may have been guided by this decision. The division of the spoils was an important point to settle, 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.

Such are 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.

DEATH OF THE PROPHET'S DAUGHTER ROKAIA—RESTORATION OF HIS DAUGHTER ZEINAB—EFFECT OF THE PROPHET'S MALEDICTION ON ABU LAHAB AND HIS FAMILY—FRANTIC RAGE OF HENDA, THE WIFE OF ABU SOFIAN—MAHOMET NARROWLY ESCAPES ASSASSINATION—EMBASSY OF THE KOREISHITES—THE KING OF ABYSSINIA.

MAHOMET returned in triumph to Medina with the spoils and prisoners taken in his first battle. His exultation, however, was checked by domestic grief. Rokaia, his beloved daughter, so recently restored from exile, was no more. The messenger who preceded Mahomet with tidings of his 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 afterward by the arrival from Mecca of his daughter Zeinab, conducted by the faithful Zeid. The mission of Zeid had been attended with difficulties. The people of Mecca were exasperated by the late defeat, 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 Zeinab should be delivered into his hands. Kenanah set out to conduct her thither in a litter. On the way he was beset by a throng of Koreishites, determined to prevent the daughter of Mahomet from being restored to him. In the confusion one Habbar 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 Zeinab. 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; Zeinab 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 Habbar, 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 Habbar be put to death with the sword."

The recent triumph of the Moslems at Beder struck the Koreishites of Mecca with astonishment and mortification. The man so recently driven a fugitive 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 spirit. Pious Moslems, however, attribute it to the curse pronounced by Mahomet alforetime 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 Otho, who had repudiated the prophet's daughter Rokaia; he was torn to pieces by a lion, in the presence of a whole caravan, when on a journey to Syria.

By no one was the recent defeat at Beder felt so severely as by Abu Sofian. He reached Medina 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 Henda 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 Hamza and Ali, by whose hands they had fallen.*

Abu Sofian summoned two hundred fleet horsemen, each with a sack of meal at his saddle-bow; the scanty provisions of an Arab for a day; and he sallied forth he vowed neither to want his head, perfume his beard, nor approach a female until he had met Mahomet face to face. Scurrying 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 back and fled. His troop 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 Durthur, a hardy warrior, standing over him with a drawn sword. "Oh Mahomet," cried he, "who art there now to save thee?" "God!" replied the prophet. Struck with conviction, Durthur let fall his sword, which was instantly seized upon by Mahomet. Brandishing the weapon, he exclaimed in turn, "Who is there now to save thee, oh Durthur?" "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 overcome; 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 to that account to the family of the slain person. The ancient law is sanctioned by the Koran. "O ye believers, the law of retaliation is ordained to you by the slain; the free shall die for the free." The blood-revenge, or *Thar*, as it is termed in Arabic, is claimed by the relatives of all who have been killed in war, and not merely of the actual homicide, but of his relations. For those killed in wars between two tribes, the price of blood is required from the persons who were 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 it up. He has a proverbial saying, "Were hell-fire to be my lot, would not relinquish the *Thar*."—See *Burckhardt*, i. 314, Notes.

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As if the anecdote were not sufficiently marvel-
 ous, other devout Moslems affirm that the deliv-
 erance 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 let fall his sword.

About this time the Koreishites of Mecca be-
 thought themselves of the relatives and disciples
 of Mahomet who had taken refuge from their per-
 secutions in Abyssinia, most of whom still re-
 mained there under the protection of the Najashee
 Abyssinian king. To this potentate the Kore-
 ishites sent an embassy to obtain the persons of
 the fugitives. One of the ambassadors was Ab-
 dullah Ibn Rabia; another was Amru Ibn Al
 As, the distinguished poet who had assailed
 Mahomet at the outset of his mission with lam-
 ences and madrigals. He was now more ma-
 tured in years, and as remarkable for his acute
 sagacity as for his poetic talents. He was still a
 formidable opponent of the faith of Islam, of
 which in after years he was to prove one of the
 most and most distinguished champions.

Amru and Abdallah opened their embassy in the
 general style by the parade of rich presents, and
 requested, in the name of the Koreish au-
 thorities of Mecca, that the fugitives might be
 delivered up to them. The king was a just man,
 and summoned the Moslems before him to explain
 this new and dangerous heresy of which they were
 accused. Among their number was Gialar, or
 Hattar, the son of Abu Taleb, and brother of Ali,
 consequently the cousin of Mahomet. He was a
 man of persuasive eloquence and a most prepos-
 sessing appearance. He stood forth on this occa-
 sion, and expounded the doctrines of Islam with
 ease and power. The king, who, as has been ob-
 served, was a Nestorian Christian, found these
 doctrines so similar in many respects to those of
 his sect, that he so opposed to the gross idolatry of
 the Koreishites, that, so far from giving up the
 fugitives, he took them more especially into favor
 and protection, and returning to Amru and Ab-
 dullah the presents they had brought, dismissed
 them from his court.

CHAPTER XIX.

SHOWING POWER OF MAHOMET—HIS RESENT-
 MENT AGAINST THE JEWS—INSULT TO AN
 ARAB DAMSEL BY THE JEWISH TRIBE OF
 KAINOKA—A TUMULT—THE BENI KAINOKA
 TAKE REFUGE IN THEIR CASTLE—SUBDUED
 AND PUNISHED BY CONFISCATION AND BAN-
 ISHMENT—MARRIAGE OF OTHMAN TO THE
 PROPHET'S DAUGHTER OMM KOLTHUM AND
 OF THE PROPHET TO HAFZA.

The battle of Beder had completely changed
 the position of Mahomet; he was now a triumph-
 ant chief of a growing power. The idolatrous
 tribes of Arabia were easily converted to a faith
 which flattered their predatory inclinations with
 the hope of spoil, and which, after all, professed
 to bring them back to the primitive religion of
 their ancestors; the first cavalcade, therefore,
 which entered the gates of Medina with the plun-
 der of a camp made converts of almost all its
 Arabian inhabitants, and gave Mahomet the con-
 trol of the city. His own tone now became
 altered, and he spoke as a lawgiver and a sover-
 eign. 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 Me-
 dina.

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. Assma, the
 daughter of Merwan, a Jewish poetess, wrote
 satires 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 satire against the prophet.
 Kaab Ibn Aschraf, another Jewish poet, repaired to
 Mecca after the battle of Beder, and endeavored
 to stir up the Koreishites to vengeance, re-
 citing 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 re-
 turn 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 Aschraf?" Within a few days
 afterward Kaab paid for his poetry with his life,
 being slain by a zealous Ansarian of the Awsite
 tribe.

An event at length occurred which caused the
 anger of Mahomet against the Jews to break out
 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 accost-
 ed by a number of young Israelites, who having
 heard her beauty extolled, besought her to un-
 cover her face. The damsel refused an act con-
 trary to the laws of propriety among her people.
 A young goldsmith, whose shop was hard by, se-
 cretly fastened the end of her veil to the bench 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; he in his turn
 was instantly slain by the Israelites. The Mos-
 lems from a neighboring quarter flew to arms, the
 Beni Kainoka did the same, but being inferior in
 numbers, took refuge in a stronghold. Mahomet
 interlarded to quell the tumult; but, being gener-
 ally 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 re-
 mained obstinately shut up in their stronghold;
 but famine compelled them to surrender. Abdal-
 lah Ibn Obba Solul, the leader of the Khazradites,
 who was a protector of this Jewish tribe, interlarded
 in their favor, and prevented their being put
 to the sword; but their wealth and effects were con-
 fiscated, and they were banished to Syria, to the
 number of 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 Ma-
 homet are enumerated three swords; Medham,
 the Keen; al Batter, the Trenchant, and Hatel,
 the Deadly. Two lances, al Monthari, the Dis-
 perser, and al Monthawi, the Destroyer. A

cuirass of silver, named al Fadha, and another named al Saadia, said to have been given by Saul to David, when about to encounter Goliath. There was a bow, too, called al Catûm, 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 general he used the Arabian kind of bow, with appropriate arrows and lances, and forbade 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 hostility. He revoked the regulation by which he had made Jerusalem the Kebra 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 Rokaia 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 Hafza for wife. She was the widow of Hobash, a Suhamite, eighteen years of age, 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, Omar," replied the prophet, "a better wife is destined for Othman, and a better husband for thy daughter." He in effect gave his own daughter Omm Kolthum to Othman, and took the fair Hafza to wife himself. By these politic alliances he grappled both Othman and Omar more strongly to his side, while he gratified his own inclinations for female beauty. Hafza, next to Ayesha, was the most favored of his wives; and was intrusted with the coffer containing the chapters and verses of the Koran as they were revealed.

CHAPTER XX.

HENDA 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 HENDA AND HER FEMALE COMPANIONS—BATTLE OF OHOD—FEROCIOUS TRIUMPH OF HENDA—MAHOMET CONSOLES HIMSELF BY MARRYING HEND, 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 Henda, 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 Waled, a warrior of indomitable valor, who afterward rose to great renown. 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 the vindictive Henda, 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 timbrels and warlike chants. As they passed through the village of Abwa, where Amina the mother of Mahomet was interred, Henda was with difficulty prevented from tearing the mouldering bones out of the grave.

Al Abbas, the uncle of Mahomet, who still resided in Mecca, and was considered hostile to the new faith, seeing that destruction threatened his nephew should that army come upon him by surprise, 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 it as his opinion that they should await an attack in Medina, where the very women and 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 heady valor at all times, and elated by the 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 cuirasses and two were horsemen. The hearts of those recent so clamorous to sally forth now misgave them, and they would fain await the encounter with the walls. "No," replied Mahomet, "it comes 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 on his army. Part of it was composed of Jews and Khazradites, led by Abdallah Ibn Obba. Some 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 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 partly 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 his helmet and two shirts of mail. On his sword was engraved, "Fear brings disgrace; forward is 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, Abdudjana, 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 oversee 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 hundred horsemen on each wing; the left commanded by Akrema, the son Abu Jahl, the right by Khaled Ibn al Waled. As they advanced Henda and her companions struck their timbrels and chanted their war song, shrieking out at intervals the names of those who had been slain in the battle of Beder. "Courage, sons of Abd al Dar!" cried they to the standard-bearers. "For

remost rank in battle, and the advance of the army followed the vindictive principal women of Mecca in the battle of Beder with wailings and lamentations, at other times animating the d of timbrels and warlike songs, rushing through the villages, the mother of Mahomet with difficulty prevented the bones out of the grave, of Mahomet, who still as considered hostile to destruction threatened any come upon him by swift messenger to inform Mahomet was at the village reached him. He called to Medina, and called adherents. Represented force to take the field, that they should await here the very women at them by hurling stones from elder among his followers; but the young men, and elated by the shout for a fair fight in the o their clamors, but were scarce a thousand, had cuirasses and the hearts of those recent forth now misgave them wait the encounter with replied Mahomet, "it has when once he has drawn the on when once he has until God has decided b" So saying, he led forth was composed of Jews and Abdallah Ibn Obba Sole assistance of the Jews, u faith of Islam, and as the em back to Medina, upon Abdallah, turned back al thus reducing the army en.

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confident in their number out of the hill with hanner the centre; there were each wing; the left com son Abu Jahl, the right led. As they advanced, lions struck their timbre song, shrieking out at use who had been slain Courage, sons of Abd standard-bearers. "For

ward to the fight! close with the foe! strike home spare not. Sharp be your swords and pitiless your hearts!" Mahomet restrained the impatience of his archers, ordering them not to commence the fight, but to stand firm and maintain their advantage of the rising ground. Above all, the archers were to keep to their post, let the battle go as it might, the cavalry should fall upon his rear.

The horsemen of the left wing, led by Akrema, attempted to take the Moslems in flank, but were repulsed by the archers, and retreated in confusion. Upon this Hamza set up the Moslem cry, "Amit! amit! (Death! death!) and dashed down with his forces upon the centre. The Duhana was at his right hand, armed with the sword of Mahomet and having a red band around his head, on which was written, "Help comes from God! victory is ours!"

The enemy were staggered by the shock. Abu Duhana dashed into the midst of them, dealing deadly blows on every side, and exclaiming, "The sword of God and his prophet!" Seven standard-bearers, of the race of Abd el Dar, were, one after another, struck down, and the centre began to waver. The Moslem archers, thinking the victory secure, forgot the commands of Mahomet, and leaving their post, dispersed in quest of spoil, crying, "Booty! booty!" Upon this Khaled, rallying the horse, got possession of the ground abandoned by the archers, attacked the Moslems in rear, put some to flight, and threw the rest in confusion. In the midst of the confusion a horseman, Obbij bin Canal, by name, pressed through the throng, crying, "Where is Mahomet? There is no more; while he lives." But Mahomet, seizing a lance from an attendant, thrust it through the breast of the idolater, who fell dead from his horse. "Thus," says the pious Al Jannabi, "died this enemy of God, who, some years before, had menaced the prophet, saying, 'I shall find a day to slay thee.' 'Have a care,' was the reply; 'if it please Allah, thou thyself shalt fall beneath my hand.'"

In the midst of the melee 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, too, while slaying a Koreishite, was transfixed by the lance of Waksa, an Ethiopian slave, who had been promised his freedom if he should revenge the death of his master, slain by Hamza in the battle of Beder. Mosaab Ibn Omair, also, who bore the standard of Mahomet, was laid low, but Ali seized the sacred banner and bore it aloft amid the storm of battle.

As Mosaab 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 believers!" cried he, "the prophet of God survives. 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 defence. The Koreishites, however, thinking Mahomet slain, forbore to pursue them, contenting themselves with plundering and mutilating the dead. Henda 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

Sofian bore a part of the mangled body upon his lance, and descending the hill in triumph, exclaimed exultingly, "War has its vicissitudes. The battle of Ohod succeeds to the battle of Beder."

The Koreishites having withdrawn, Mahomet descended from the rock and visited the field of battle. At sight of the body of his uncle Hamza, so brutally mangled and mutilated, he vowed to inflict like outrage on seventy of the enemy when in his power. His grief, we are told, was soothed by the angel Gabriel, who assured him that Hamza was enregistered an inhabitant of the seventh heaven, by the title of "The lion of God and of his prophet."

The bodies of the slain were interred two and two, and three and three, in the places where they had fallen. Mahomet forbade his followers to mourn for the dead by cutting off their hair, rending their garments, and the other modes of lamentation usual among the Arabs; but he consented that they should weep for the dead, as tears relieve the overlaid heart.

The night succeeding the battle was one of great disquietude, lest the Koreishites should make another attack, or should surprise Medina. On the following day he marched in the direction of that city, hovering near the enemy, and on the return of night lighting numerous watch-fires. Abu Sofian, however, had received intelligence that Mahomet was still alive. He felt himself too weak to attack the city, therefore, 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, Henda, the daughter of Omeia, a man of great influence. She was a widow, and had, with her husband, been among the number of the fugitives in Abyssinia. She was now twenty-eight years of age, and had a son named Salma, whence she was commonly called Omm Salma, or the Mother of Salma. Being distinguished for grace and beauty, she had been sought by Abu Beker and Omar, but without success. Even Mahomet at first met with difficulty. "Alas!" 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."

A separate dwelling was prepared for the bride, adjacent to the mosque. The household goods, as stated by a Moslem writer, consisted of a sack of barley, a hand-mill, a pan, and a pot of lard or butter. Such were as yet 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—DEVOTION OF THE PROPHET'S FREEDMAN ZEID; DIVORCES HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE ZEINAB, 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 evinced by certain acts of perfidy. The inhabitants of two towns, Adhal and Kara, sent a deputation to him, 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, while reposing by the brook Radje within the boundaries of the Hodseities, the deputies fell upon the unsuspecting Moslems, slew four of them, and carried the other two to Mecca, where they gave them up to the Koreishites, who put them to death.

A similar act of treachery was practised by the people of the province of Nadjed. 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 Suleimites, near the brook Manna, about four days' journey from Medina, and slain almost to a man. One of the Moslems, Amru Ibn Omeia, escaped the carnage and made for Medina. On the way he met two unarmed 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, called upon him for redress. He referred the matter to the mediation of another Jewish tribe, the Beni Nadher, 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 Beker, 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 Nadher, and he ordered them to leave the country within ten days on pain of death. They would have departed, but Abdallah the Khazradite secretly persuaded them to stay by promising them aid. He failed in his promise. The Beni Nadher, 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 Khaibar, 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 demurred 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, of the poor, and the traveller. Mahomet in effect did not appropriate it to his own benefit, but shared it among the Mohadjerins, or exiles from Mecca; two Nadherite Jews who had em-

braced Islamism, and two or three Ansarians, Auxiliaries of Medina, who had proved themselves worthy, and were poor.

We forbear to enter into details of various expeditions of Mahomet about this time, one which extended to the neighborhood of Tabuk, the Syrian frontier, to punish a horde which had plundered the caravans of Medina. These expeditions were checkered 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 suddenly gained may have led to riot and debauchery, 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 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 Amru Ibn Omeia on a secret errand to Mecca, 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 been 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. 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 Djasch, of the country of Kaiba, and considered the fairest of her tribe. In the privacy of 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 Mahomet, and saw that he had been captivated by the beauty of Zeinab. Hastening after him, he offered to repudiate his wife; but the prophet forbade it as contrary to the law. The zeal of Zeid was not to be checked; he loved his beautiful wife, but 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 lambs, with cakes of barley, with honey, and fruits, and favorite beverages; 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, disavowing 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 timely revelation pacified the faithful, but, to destroy all shadow of a scruple, Mahomet revoked his adoption, and directed Zeid to resume his original appellation of Ibn Hareth, after his natural father. The beautiful Zeinab, however,

* This was Zeinab; the first of the daughters of the prophet.

CHAPTER XXII.

PERSECUTION OF MAHOMET AGAINST THE BENI MOSTALEK—HE ESPOUSES BARRA, A CAPTIVE—TREACHERY OF ABDALLAH IBN OBBA—AYESHA SLANDERED—HER VINDICATION—HER INNOCENCE PROVED BY A REVELATION.

AMONG the Arab tribes which ventured to take arms against Mahomet after his defeat at Badr, 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 Moraissi, in the territory of Kedait, and within five miles of the Red Sea. He immediately took the field at the head of a chosen band of the faithful, accompanied by numbers of the Khazradites, led by their chief Abdallah Ibn Obba. By a rapid movement he surprised the enemy; Al Hareth was killed at the onset by the flight shot of an arrow; 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 ransom: 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 whose lot they 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 Moraissi to assuage their thirst. In the press a quarrel rose between some of the Mohadems, or exiles of Mecca, and the Khazradites, 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 Kazradites 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 town-folk apart. "Behold," said he, "the slights 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 your masters even in your own house; but, by Allah, when we return to Medina, we will see which of us is 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 Khazradite. 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, 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 worthier will expel thence the meaner. God curse them! how are they 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," said he, "persuaded me to give 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 the litter empty. Before they had recovered from their surprise, she arrived on a camel, led by a youthful Arab named Safwan Ibn al Moattel. This circumstance having come to the knowledge of Abdallah, he proclaimed it to the world after his return to Medina, affirming that Ayesha had been guilty of wantonness with the youthful Safwan.

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 Mistah, 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 with 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

* This was Mahomet's second wife of the name of Zeinab; the first, who had died some time previous, was the daughter of Chuzaima.

placing the litter on the ground, retired until she could take her seat within it. As she was about to enter she missed her necklace, and returned into the tent to seek it. In the mean time the attendants lifted the litter upon the camel and strapped it fast, not perceiving that it was empty; she being slender and of little weight. When she returned from seeking the necklace, the camel was gone, and the army was on the march; whereupon she wrapped herself in her mantle and sat down, trusting that, when her absence should be discovered, some persons would be sent back in quest of her.

While thus seated, Safwan Ibn al Moattel, the young Arab, being one of the rear-guard, came up, and, recognizing her, accosted her with the usual Moslem salutation. "To God we belong, and to God we must return! Wife of the prophet, why dost thou remain behind?"

Ayesha made no reply, but drew her veil closer over her face. Safwan then alighted, aided her to mount the camel, and, taking the bridle, hastened to rejoin the army. The sun had risen, however, before he overtook it, just without the walls of Medina.

This account, given by Ayesha, and attested by Safwan Ibn al Moattel, was satisfactory to her parents and particular friends, but was scoffed at by Abdallah and his adherents, "the Hypocrites." Two parties thus arose on the subject, and great strife ensued. As to Ayesha, she shut herself up within her dwelling, refusing all food, and weeping day and night in the bitterness of her soul.

Mahomet was sorely troubled in mind, and asked counsel of Ali in his perplexity. The latter made light of the affair, observing that his misfortune was the frequent lot of man. The prophet was but little consoled by this suggestion. He remained separated from Ayesha for a month; but his heart yearned toward her; not merely on account of her beauty, but because he loved her society. In a paroxysm of grief, he fell into one of those trances, which unbelievers have attributed to epilepsy; in the course of which he received a seasonable revelation, which will be found in a chapter of the Koran. It was to this effect.

They who accuse a reputable female of adultery, and produce not four witnesses of the fact, shall be scourged with fourscore stripes, and their testimony rejected. As to those who have made the charge against Ayesha, have they produced four witnesses thereof? If they have not, they are liars in the sight of God. Let them receive, therefore, the punishment of their crime.

The innocence of the beautiful Ayesha being thus miraculously made manifest, the prophet took her to his bosom with augmented affection. Nor was he slow in dealing the prescribed castigation. It is true Abdallah Ibn Obba was too powerful a personage to be subjected to the scourge, but it fell the heavier on the shoulders of his fellow calumniators. The poet Hasan was cured for some time of his propensity to make satirical verses, nor could Hamma, though a female and of great personal charms, escape the infliction of stripes; for Mahomet observed that such beauty should have been accompanied by a gentler nature.

The revelation at once convinced the pious Ali of the purity of Ayesha; but she never forgot nor forgave that he had doubted; and the hatred thus implanted in her bosom was manifested to his great detriment in many of the most important concerns of his after life.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BATTLE OF THE MOAT—DRAVERY OF SAAD IBN MOAD—DEFEAT OF THE KOREISHITES—CAPTURE OF THE JEWISH CASTLE OF KORAH—SAAD DECIDES AS TO THE PUNISHMENT OF THE JEWS—MAHOMET ESPOUSES KEHANA, A JEWISH CAPTIVE—HIS LIFE ENDANGERED BY SORCERY; SAVED BY A REVELATION OF THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

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 north of Nadher, whom Mahomet had driven from their homes. The truce being ended, he prepared march upon Medina, with these confederates, their combined forces amounting 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 enemy might have 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. Salman 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-laborers in the moat. Nor must we omit to note the wonderful blow 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 residence of Persia—all signs and portents of the future conquests of Islam.

Scarcely was the moat completed when the enemy appeared in great force on the neighboring hills. Leaving Ibn Omm Mactum, a trusty officer, in command in the city, and keep a vigilant eye of the disaffected, Mahomet sallied forth with three thousand men, whom he formed in battle array, having the deep moat in front. Abu Sofian advanced confidently 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 on each side of the moat, keeping up a distant combat with slings and stones and flights of arrows.

In the mean time spies brought word to Mahomet that a Jewish tribe, the Beni Koraid, 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 which

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MOAT—BRAVERY OF SAAD
AT THE KORAIKHITES
JEWISH CASTLE OF KORAI
AS TO THE "UNBORN"
MAHOMET ESPOUSED. KHAJANA
—HIS LIFE ENDANGERED
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scanty forces, to man the whole extent of the
to guard against a perfidious attack from
the Koraidites, and to maintain quiet in the city
where the Jews must have secret confederates.
Summoning a council of war, he consulted with
his captains on the policy of bribing the Ghatafan-
ites to a separate peace by offering them a third
of the harvest of Medina. Upon this, Saad
ibn Moad, a stout leader of the Awsites of Me-
dina, demanded: "Do you propose this by the
command of Allah, or is it an idea of your own?"
"It had been a command of Allah," replied
Mahomet, "I should never have asked your ad-
vice. I see you pressed by enemies on every side,
and I seek to break their confederacy." "Oh
prophet of God!" rejoined Saad, "when we were
confederates with these people of Ghatafan,
we got none of our dates without paying for
them; and shall we give them up gratuitously
now that we are of the true faith, and led by
Allah? No, by Allah! if they want our dates they
must win them with their swords!"

The stout Saad had his courage soon put to the
test. A prowling party of Koraisite horsemen,
among whom was Akrema, the son of Abu Jahl,
uncle of Mahomet's first wife Cadijah,
had chosen a place where the moat was narrow,
and putting spurs to their steeds succeeded in
passing over, followed by some of their comrades.
They then challenged the bravest of the Moslems
to a single combat. The challenge was accepted
by Saad ibn Moad, by Ali, and several of their
companions. Ali had a close combat with Amru;
they fought on horseback and on foot, until, grap-
pling with each other, they rolled in the dust. In
the end Ali was victorious, and slew his foe. The
general conflict was maintained with great obsti-
nacy; several were slain on both sides, and Saad
ibn Moad was severely wounded. At length the
Koraisites gave way, and spurred their horses
to cross the moat. The steed of one of them,
Nawfal ibn Abdallah, leaped short; his rider
was assailed with stones while in the moat, and
dropped the Moslems to attack him with nobler
weapons. In an instant Ali sprang down into
the moat, and Nawfal soon fell beneath his sword.
Ali then joined his companions in pursuit of the
fleeing foe, and wounded Akrema with a javel-
in. This skirmish was dignified with the name
of the battle of the Moat.

Mahomet, still unwilling to venture a pitched
battle, sent Rueim, a secretly converted Arab of
the tribe of Ghatafan, to visit the camps of the
confederates and artfully to sow dissensions
among them. Rueim first repaired to the Korai-
khites, with whom he was in old habits of friend-
ship. "What folly is this," said he, "to suffer
yourselves to be drawn by the Koraisites of
Mecca into their quarrel. Bethink you how dif-
ferent is your situation from theirs. If defeated,
they have only to retreat to Mecca, and be se-
cure. Their allies from the desert will also retire
to their distant homes, and you will be left to bear
the whole brunt of the vengeance of Mahomet and
the people of Medina. Before you make com-
mon cause with them, therefore, let them pledge
themselves and give hostages, never to draw back
until they have broken the power of Mahomet."

He then went to the Koraisites and the tribe
of Ghatafan, and warned them against confiding
in the Jews of Koraida, who intended to get hos-
tages from them, and deliver them up into the
hands of Mahomet.

The distrust thus artfully sown among the con-
federates soon produced its effects. Abu Sofian

sent word on Friday evening, to the Koraidites, to
be ready to join next morning in a general as-
sault. The Jews replied that the following day
was their Sabbath, on which they could not en-
gage in battle; at the same time they declined to
join in any hostile act, unless their allies should
give hostages to stand by them to the end.

The Koraisites and Ghatafanites were now con-
vinced of the perfidy of the Koraidites, and dared
not venture upon the meditated attack, 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; in the 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 de-
spair, and gave the word to retreat. The con-
federates hurried off from the scene of tumult and
terror, the Koraisites toward Mecca, the others
to their homes in the desert.

Abu Sofian, in rage and mortification, wrote a
letter to Mahomet, upbraiding him with his
cowardice in lurking behind a ditch, a thing un-
known 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 hurled back a defiance, and predicted
that the day was approaching when he would
break in pieces the idols of the Koraisites.

The invaders having disappeared, Mahomet
turned to take vengeance on the Beni Koraida,
who shut themselves up in their castle, and with-
stood a siege of many days. At length, pinched
by famine, they implored the intercession of their
ancient friends and protectors, the Awsites. The
latter entreated the prophet to grant these He-
brews the same terms he had formerly granted
to the Beni Kairoka, at the prayer of Abdallah
the Khazradite. Mahomet reflected a moment,
and offered to leave their fate to the decision of
Saad ibn Moad, the Awsite chief. The Korai-
dites gladly agreed, knowing him to have been
formerly their friend. They accordingly sur-
rendered themselves to the number of seven hun-
dred, and were conducted in chains to Medina.
Unfortunately for them, Saad considered their
perfidious league with the enemy as one cause of
the recent hostility. He was still smarting with
the wound received in the battle of the Moat, and
in his moments of pain and anger had repeatedly
prayed that his life might be spared to see ven-
geance wreaked on the Koraidites. 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 as-
cending 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 since called the Market of the Koraidites,
where great graves had been digged. Into these
they were compelled to descend, one by one, their
prince Hoya ibn Ahktab among the number, and

were successively put to death. Thus the prayer of Saad Ibn Moad for vengeance on the Koraidites was fully gratified. He witnessed the execution of the men he had condemned, but such was his excitement that his wound broke out afresh, and he died shortly afterward.

In the Castle of Koraidia 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 each foot-soldier had one lot, each horseman 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 Rihana, 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 Israelitish women, Mahomet became more and more vindictive in his hatred of the men; no longer putting faith in their covenants, and suspecting them of the most insidious attempts upon his life. Moslem writers attribute to the spells of Jewish sorcerers a long and languishing illness, 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 the mountains, aided by his daughters, who were 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 beginnings 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 lies 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.

At the repetition of each one of these verses, says the legend, a knot of the bow-string came loose, a needle fell from the effigy, and Mahomet gained strength. At the end of the eleventh verse he rose, renovated in health and vigor, as one restored to freedom after having been bound with cords.

The two final chapters of the Koran, which comprise these verses, are entitled the amulet, 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 circumstances are adduced to support these charges. When threatened with violence from without, and perfidy from within, he is for bribing a part of his confederates to a separate peace; but suffers himself to be, in a manner, hectoring out of this crafty policy by Saad Ibn Moad; 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 reprobated. His referring the appeal of the Koraidia for mercy, to the decision of one who 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 the race from the time that he had power in his hands forms an exception to the general tenor of his disposition, which was forgiving and humane. He may have been especially provoked against them by proofs of treachery and deadly rancor on their part; but we see in this, as in other parts of his policy in this part of his career, instances of the worldly alloy which at times was debasing his spirit, now that he had become the Apostle of the Sward.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MAHOMET UNDERTAKES A PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA—EVADES KHALED AND A TROOP OF HORSES SENT AGAINST HIM—ENCAMPS NEAR MECCA—NEGOTIATES WITH THE KOREISHITES FOR PERMISSION TO ENTER AND COMPLETE HIS PILGRIMAGE—TREATY FOR TEN YEARS, BY WHICH HE IS 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 their great point of pilgrimage, his long exile from it, and his open warfare with the Koreishites, who had charged 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 the 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 the patriarchal faith. The month Doul Kaada was now at hand, the month of pilgrimage, when there was truce to warfare, and enemies might meet in peace within the holy boundaries. A timely vision assured Mahomet that he and his followers might safely avail themselves of the protection of the 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

chapters of the Koran, which verses, are entitled the amulets by the superstitious Moslems against sorcery and magic.

of Mahomet in the affair narrated has been censured as weak and deficient in military details, as wanting in true greatness, following circumstances are these charges. When threatened from without, and perfidiously bribing a part of his confederates to peace; but suffers himself to be hectoring out of this crafty policy; yet, subsequently, he reveals more subtle and crafty, by which among his enemies. Moreover, the Jews had been strong in referring the appeal of the treaty, to the decision of one who bent on their destruction, his best mockery; and the massacre of men in the market-place, unbecoming one of the darkest page in fact, his conduct toward them, that he had power in his hands to the general tenor of his life, was forgiving and humane. He specially provoked against the Jews, and deadly rancor on the part of his career, instances of the which at times was debasing, he had become the Apostle of the

of fourteen hundred men; partly Mohad, or Fugitives, and partly Ansarians or Auxiliaries. They took with them seventy camels to sustain in sacrifice at the Caaba. To manifest publicly that they came in peace and not in war, they halted at Dsu Huirila, a village about a journey from Medina; where they laid aside their weapons, excepting their sheathed swords, and thence continued on in pilgrim garb, till the mean time a confused rumor of this movement had reached Mecca. The Koreishites, suspecting hostilities, sent forth Khaled Ibn Khaled 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 road through the defiles of the mountains, and, leading Khaled and his forces, descended into the plain near Mecca, where he encamped at Sheba, within the sacred boundaries. Hence he sent assurances to the Koreishites of his peaceful intentions, and claimed the immunities and rights of pilgrimage.

From the Koreishites visited his camp made observations. They were struck with reverence with which he was regarded by his followers. The water with which he performed ablutions became sanctified; a hair falling from his head, or the paring of a nail, was caught as a precious relic. One of the envoys in the course of conversation, unconsciously touched the young beard of the prophet; he was thrust back and warned of the impiety of the act. In making his report to the Koreishites 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 Mahomet by his followers."

The Koreishites were the more loath to admit to their city an adversary to their sect, so formidable in his influence over the minds and affections of his fellow-men. Mahomet sent repeated missions to treat for a safe access to the sacred caaba, but in vain. Othman Ibn Affan, his son-in-law, was his last envoy. Several days elapsed without his return, and it was rumored that he was slain. Mahomet determined to revenge his death. 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 Sponsoring Inauguration.

The reappearance of Othman in the camp re-estab-lished tranquillity. He was accompanied by Solhail, an ambassador from the Koreishites, to arrange a treaty of peace. They perceived the imminence of warring with a man whose power was incessantly increasing, and who was obeyed with fanatic devotion. The treaty proposed was that for ten years, during which time Mahomet and his adherents were to have free access to Mecca as pilgrims, there to remain, three days at a time, for the exercise of their religious rites. The terms were readily accepted, and Ali was employed to draw up the treaty. Mahomet dictated the conditions. "Write," said he, "these are the conditions of peace made by Mahomet the apostle of God." "Hold!" cried Solhail, the ambassador; "I believed thee to be the apostle of God, I would never have taken up arms against thee. Write, 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 abnegation which gave some little scandal to 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 ceremonials of pilgrimage. 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 ceremony, and made the sacrifice prescribed, the camp was broken up, and the pilgrim host returned, somewhat disappointed and dejected, to Medina.

CHAPTER XXV.

EXPEDITION AGAINST THE CITY OF KHAIBAR; SIEGE—EXPLOITS OF MAHOMET'S CAPTAINS—BATTLE OF ALI AND MARIJAB—STORMING OF THE CITADEL—ALI MAKES A BUCKLER OF THE GATE—CAPTURE OF THE PLACE—MAHOMET POISONED; HE MARRIES SAFIYA, A CAPTIVE; ALSO OMM HABIBA, A WIDOW.

To console his followers for the check their religious devotion had experienced at Mecca, Mahomet now set on foot an expedition calculated to gratify that love of plunder, which began to rival fanaticism in attaching them to his standard.

About five days' journey to the northeast of Medina was situated the city of Khaibar, and its dependent territory. It was inhabited by Jews, who had grown wealthy by commerce as well as agriculture. Their rich domain was partly cultivated with grain, and planted with groves of palm-trees; partly devoted to pasturage and covered with flocks and herds; and it was fortified by several castles. So venerable was its antiquity that Abul-feda, the Arabian historian, assures us that Moses, after the passage of the Red Sea, sent an army against the Amalekites, inhabiting Gothreb (Medina), and the strong city of Khaibar.

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 vengeance. These circumstances, together with its teeming wealth, pointed it out as a fit and ripe object for that warfare which he had declared against all enemies of the faith.

In the beginning of the seventh year of the Hégira, he departed on an expedition against Khaibar, at the head of twelve hundred foot and 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 Khaibar, he began his warfare by assailing the inferior castles with which it was studded. Some of these capitulated 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

CHAPTER XXIV.

TAKES A PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA, AND A TROOP OF HORSES—ENCAMPS NEAR MECCA—THE KOREISHITES FOR THE FIRST TIME COMPLETE HIS PILGRIMAGE FOR TEN YEARS, BY WHICH HE MADE A YEARLY VISIT TO MECCA—HE RETURNS TO MEDINA.

now elapsed since the flight from Mecca. As that city was sacred to the Arabs and their great point of long exile from it, and his opponents, the Koreishites, who had charged him in the opinion of many, retarded the spread of his doctrine, too, who had accompanied him, languished once more to see him, and there was danger of the feeble under a protracted exile more and more the importance of the city with his religion, and ancient usages of his race. But to be a reformer, anxious for the purity of the path, the month Douh Kaada was a time of pilgrimage, when there was no enemy might meet in the holy boundaries. A timely vision that he and his followers might themselves of the protection of the city to revisit the ancient shrines of the revelation was joyful, and in the holy month of Medina on his pilgrimage, at the

strength, and garrisoned by stouter hearts, had to be taken by storm.

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

The siege of this city was the most important enterprise the Moslems had yet undertaken. When Mahomet first came in sight of its strong and frowning walls, and its rock-built citadel, he is said to have put up the following prayer :

"Oh Allah ! Lord of the seven heavens, and of all things which they cover ! Lord of the seven earths, and all which they sustain ! Lord of the evil spirits, and of all whom they lead astray ! Lord of the winds, and of all whom they scatter and disperse ! We supplicate thee to deliver into our hands this city, and all that it contains, and the riches of all its lands. To thee we look for aid against this people, and against all the perils by which we are environed."

To give more solemnity to his prayers, he chose as his place of worship a great rock, in a stony place called Mansela, and, during all the time that he remained encamped before Khaibar, 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 practised 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 trenches, 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. Abu Beker at one time led the assault, bearing the standard of the prophet ; but, after fighting with great bravery, was compelled to retreat. The next attack was headed by Omar Ibn al Khat-tab, 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 Dhu'l-Fakâr, or the Trenchant. 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 prodigious strength. 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 Khaibar, 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 not to recede until the citadel was taken. The sallied forth to drive down the assailants. In 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 of gigantic stature, with a double cuirass, a double turban, wore round a helmet of proof, in front of which sparkled an immense diamond. He had a sword to each side, and brandished a three-pronged spear, like a trident. The warriors measured each other with the eye, and accosted each other in boasting oriental style.

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

"And I," said 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, and before he could recover time, a blow from the scimitar Dhu'l-Fakâr divided the buckler, passed through the helm of proof, through the doubled turban and stubborn skull, cleaving the head even to his teeth. His gigantic form fell lifeless to the earth.

The Jews now retreated into the citadel, and general assault took place. In the heat of the action the shield of Ali was severed from his arm, leaving his body exposed ; wrenching a gauntlet however, from its hinges, he used it as a buckler through the remainder of the fight. Abu Râfa, servant of Mahomet, testifies to the fact. "Afterward," says he, "examined this gate 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 defence. One of his faithless subjects, however, revealed the place where a great amount had been hidden. It did not equal the expectations of the victors, and Kenana was put to the torture to reveal the rest of his supposed wealth. He either could not or would not make further discoveries, so he was delivered up to the vengeance of a Moslem whose brother he had crushed to death by a press of a millstone hurled from the wall, and who struck off his head with a single blow of his battle-axe.

While in the citadel of Khaibar, 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 Basehar, who had eaten

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

† The Jews inhabiting the tract of country called Khaibar are still known in Arabia by the name Beni Kheibar. They are divided into three tribes under independent Sheikhs, the Beni Messial, Beni Schahan, and Beni Anaesse. They are accused of pillaging the caravans.—Niebuhr, v. ii. p. 43.

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freely, fell down and expired in convulsions.
now was confusion and consternation; on
gent inquiry, it was found that the lamb had
cooked by Zainab, a female captive, niece to
Marhab, the gigantic warrior slain by Ali. Being
brought before Mahomet, and charged with hav
ing infused poison into the viand, she boldly
swore it, vindicating it as a justifiable revenge
for the ills he had brought upon her tribe and her
family. "I thought," said she, "if thou wert in
dred a prophet, thou wouldst discover thy
ranger; if but a chieftain, thou wouldst fall, and
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 Bas
char, who had died of the poison. According to
others, her beauty pleaded in her behalf, and Ma
homet restored her unharmed to her family.

These writers seldom permit any remarkable
event of Mahomet's life to pass without a miracle.
In the present instance, they assure us that the
poisoned shoulder of lamb became miraculously
sweet with speech, and warned Mahomet of his
danger. If so, it was rather slow of speech, for
he had imbibed sufficient poison to injure his
constitution throughout the remainder of his life,
leaving him often with paroxysms of pain; and
at his last moments he complained that the veins
of his heart throbbed with the poison of Khaibar.
He experienced kinder treatment 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
Baschar, who had just been sacrificed for his
faith, and she was the daughter of Hoya Ibn
Khaibar, prince of the Beni Koraïda, 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 sur
prising, therefore, that she should find instant fa
vor in the eyes of Mahomet, and that he should
seek, as usual, to add her to his harem; but it
was occasion surprise that she should contem
plate such a lot with complacency. Moslem wri
ters, however, explain this by assuring us that she
was supernaturally prepared for the event.

While Mahomet was yet encamped before the
city, and carrying on the siege, she had a vision
one night, in which the sun descended from the
firmament and nestled in her bosom. On recount
ing her dream to her husband Kenana in the
morning, he smote her on the 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 before he left
Khaibar. Their nuptials took place on the home
ward march, at Al Sahba, where the army halted
for three days. Abu Ayub, one of the prophet's
most ardent disciples and marshal of his house
hold, patrolled around the nuptial tent through
out the night, sword in hand. Safiya 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 recorded, the prophet, about this time, 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,
 whose husband, Abdallah, had died while in exile.
 She was generally known by the name of Omm
 Habiba, the mother of Habiba, from 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 ram
pant that no muzzle can restrain him."

CHAPTER XXVI.

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

DURING the residue of the year Mahomet re
mained at Medina, sending forth his trusty dis
ciples, by this time experienced captains, on va
rious military expeditions; by which refractory
tribes were rapidly brought into subjection. His
views as a statesman widened as his territories
increased. Though he professed, in cases of ne
cessity, 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 Khosru 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 for
tunes, 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 ac
cording to the conquests and defeats of the war
ring parties. At one time Khosru with three
armies, one vauntingly called the Fifty Thousand
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, con
quered Libya and Egypt, and extended his vic
tories even to Carthage.

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

"In the name of the most merciful God! Ma
homet, son of Abdallah, and apostle of God, to
Khosru, king of Persia."

"What!" cried Khosru, 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 Khosru 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, treated 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 Mukowkis, 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 with signal honor, but evaded a 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 Mariyah (or Mary), and Shiren.

The beauty of Mariyah 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 Mariyah 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, laid aside all their warlike 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 thank-

ful 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 the ceremonials he threw aside the tram of pilgrim's garb, and withdrew to Sarif, a hamlet in 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 he 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 proselytes. 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 by his prowess obtained the appellation of "The Sword of God."

The other proselyte was Khaled's friend Amru Ibn al Aass, the same who assailed 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 963, A.D. 1555. "I saw there," said 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 entombment; but the building has fallen to decay."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A MOSLEM ENVOY 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 Jerusalem. The one who slew him 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-

met performed all the duties, with a zeal and devotion, which surprised the beholders, and drew to him a large number of converts. When he had complied with the duties of his office, he drew aside the fram of the pulpit, and kneeling without the sacred bower, he commenced a prayer, at the ceremonial of a different nature from that of the one in which he was joined by the congregation in devotion. It was to him a prayer for the souls of his Maimuna, the daughter of his friend, who had lately died. He had become acquainted with her at his arrival at Mecca, but had not had time to become acquainted with her until he had commenced his mission. This was doubtless a singular case of policy, for Maimuna was a young girl, and a widow, but the converts were so numerous and powerful proselytes. One of the converts was a young man, a nephew of the widow who had come near destruction at the hands of the little of Ohod. He now became a powerful champion of the cause, and his prowess obtained the approval of God."

was Khaled's friend Amr, who assailed Mahomed at the commencement of his career, who had been an ambassador to the king of Abyssinia, and who had been one of the fugitive Moslems, and who was destined with his sword to conquer the foreign lands the faith he preached was opposed.

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the same tree in the shade
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in respect to his envoys in future, Mahomet pressed to send an army of three thousand men against the offending city. It was a momentous proposition, 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 military power, the energy of his troops, and the powerful state of Syrian affairs. The command was entrusted to his freedman Zeid, who had given such signal proof of devotion in surrendering to him his beautiful wife Zeinab. Several of the officers were associated with him. One was Mahomet's cousin Jaafar, son of Abu Taleb, the brother of Ali, the same who, by his eloquence, had vindicated the doctrines of Islam before the king of Abyssinia, and defeated the Korean embassy. He was now in the prime of life, and noted for great courage and manly beauty. Several of the associate officers were Abdallah bin Kawah, the poet, but who had signalized himself in arms as well as poetry. A third was a proselyte Khaled, who joined the expedition as a volunteer, being eager to prove by his own 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, the blind were to be spared at all events ; nor were any houses to be destroyed, nor trees cut down.

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

He 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, but was seized and borne aloft by Jaafar. 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 took his skull; he sank dead upon the field, still clinging to the standard of the faith. Abdallah the brave then reared the banner; but he too fell beneath the sword. Khaled, the new convert, seeing three Moslem leaders slain, now grasped the standard, but in his hand it remained powerless. His voice rallied the wavering Moslems; a powerful arm cut its way through the thickest of the enemy. His own account may be trusted, and he was one whose deeds needed no exaggeration, nine scimitars were broken in his hand by the fury of the blows given by him in the deadly conflict.

light separated the combatants. In the morning, whom the army acknowledged as commander, proved himself as wary as he was valiant. By dint of marches and counter-marches he presented his forces in so many different views 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. Khaled 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 army, 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 generalship displayed by Khaled in this perilous 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 under his command ; sons of the desert, inured to hunger, thirst, and 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 rule. Repeated victories 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 emblems and rites of idolatry. 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 skirmishes 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 repair to Medina as ambassador of peace, trusting that he might have some influence with the prophet through his daughter Omm Habiba.

It was a sore trial to this haughty chief to come almost a suppliant 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 inter-mediation of Abu Beket, 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, entreating her to let her son Hasan, 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 daughter, Omm Habiba, 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, exclaiming, "It is the bed of the prophet of God, and too sacred to be made the resting-place of an idolater."

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 continuance of thy protection; and then to return to thy home."

"But thinkest 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 by the imperfect 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 intimation was given of the object he had in view. All the roads leading to Mecca were secured to prevent any intelligence of his movements being carried to the Koreishites. With all precautions the secret came near being discovered. Among his followers, fugitives from Mecca, was one named Hateb, whose family had remained behind, and were without connections, friends to take an interest in their welfare. He 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. Ali and five other well mounted, were sent in pursuit of the messenger. They soon overtook her, but searched her person in vain. Most of them would have given up the search and turned back, but Ali was confident that the prophet of God could not be mistaken nor misinformed. Drawing his scimitar, he swore to strike off the head of the messenger, unless the letter were produced. The threat was effectual. She drew forth the letter from among her hair.

Hateb, on being taxed with his perfidy, acknowledged it, but pleaded his anxiety to secure 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 suspected at his excuses, and would have struck off his head; but Mahomet, calling to mind that Hateb had fought bravely in support of the faith in the battle of the Beder, admitted his excuses and gave him.

The prophet departed with ten thousand men on this momentous enterprise. Omar, who in charge of regulating the march and appointing the encampments, led the army by lonely paths of the mountains; prohibiting the sound of trumpet, or anything else that could betray their movements. While on the march Mahomet was joined by his uncle Al Abbas, who had come forth with his family from Mecca, to rally under the standard of the faith. Mahomet received him graciously, yet with a hint at his tardiness. "Thou art the last of the emigrants," said he, "as I am the last of the prophets." Al Abbas sent his family forward to Medina, while he remained and accompanied the expedition. They reached the valley of Marr Azzahran, near the sacred city, without being discovered. It was nightfall 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, he was sorely disquieted at seeing his nephew advancing against Mecca with such a powerful force and such hostile intent, and feared the tire destruction of the Koreishites, unless he could be persuaded in time to capitulate. In the dead of the night he mounted Mahomet's mule Fadda, and rode forth to reconnoitre. Skirting the camp he heard the tramp of men and the sound of voices. A scouting party were browsing

CHAPTER XXX.

CAPTURE OF MECCA.

prepared for a secret escape by surprise. His allies were quarters to Medina; but on the object he had in leading to Mecca were the intelligence of his movements the Koreishites. With all ret came near being discovered, fugitives from Mecca, whose family had remained without connections interest in their welfare. Had in favor for them among saying the plans of Mahomet a letter revealing the and gave it in charge to named Sara, a Hashemite to carry it to Mecca. on the road when Mahomet's reachery. Ali and five others sent in pursuit of the overtook her, but secured Most of them would have turned back, but Ali, prophet of God could not be formed. Drawing his sword off the head of the messenger were produced. She drew forth the letter.

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started with ten thousand enterprise. Omar, who led the march and appointed the army by lonely passing prohibiting the sound of anything else that could be heard. While on the march Mahomet, Al Abbas, who had come from Mecca, to rally the faith. Mahomet received a hint at his turning of the emigrants," said of the prophets." Al Abbas, and to Medina, while he was the expedition. The army of Marr Azzahran, near to being discovered. It was silently pitched their tent the first time permitted to

though Al Abbas had faith in all sincerity, yet at seeing his nephew Mecca with such a powerful intent, and learned the Koreishites, unless in time to capitulate. He mounted Mahomet's horse forth to reconnoitre, and heard the tramp of men scouting party were bring-

ing two prisoners captured near the city. Al Abbas 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," said he, "that I have such an enemy in my hands, and without conditions." His ready seizure might have given fatal significance to his words, had not Al Abbas stepped forward and taken Abu Sofian under his protection, until the name of the prophet should be known. Omar desired birth to ascertain that will, or rather to demand the life of the prisoner; but Al Abbas, taking the latter up behind him, put spurs to his camel, 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 goods; but he beheld in him the father of his orphan Habiba, and felt inclined to clemency. He postponed all decision in the matter until morning, giving Abu Sofian in charge of Ali

When the captain was brought before him on the following day, "Well, Abu Sofian," 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 is it not time for thee to acknowledge me as the apostle of God?"

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

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

To these threats were added the counsels and promises of Al Abbas, who showed himself a friend in need. The rancor 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 claim. "To convince stubborn unbelievers there is no argument like the sword."

Having now embraced the faith, Abu Sofian demanded favorable terms for the people of Mecca, in case of their submission. None were to be named who should remain quietly in their houses; or should take refuge in the houses of Abu Sofian and Hakim; or under the banner of the Kawatha.

That Abu Sofian might take back to the city a large pile of the force brought against it, he was stationed with Al Abbas 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 Abbas 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 in steel, his astonishment passed all bounds. "There is no withstanding this!" cried he to Al Abbas, with an oath—"truly thy nephew wields 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 assem-

bling 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, his words had instant effect in producing 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 not what resistance he might meet with, made a 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 clemency, 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 quietly. Overhearing one of his captains exclaim, in the heat of his zeal, that "no place was sacred on the day of battle," he 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 immense 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 Koreishites; whereupon the fiery warrior charged into 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 security."

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. Here he

made the seven circuits round the sacred edifice, a reverential rite from the days of religious purity; with the same devout feeling he each time touched the black stone with his staff; regarding it as a holy relic. He would have entered the Caaba, but Othman Ibn Talha, the ancient custodian, locked the door. Ali snatched the keys, but Mahomet caused them to be returned to the venerable officer, and so won him by his kindness 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 Hoba, an idol brought from Balka, in Syria, and fabled to have the power of granting rain. It was, of course, a great object of worship among the inhabitants of the thirsty desert. 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 demolished. There were paintings, also, depicting angels in the guise of beautiful women. "The angels," said Mahomet indignantly, "are no such beings. There are celestial houris 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 Caaba 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 commemoration of this pious act, 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 Caaba, a custom continued ever since throughout Mahometan countries, from minarets or towers provided in every mosque. He also established the Kibla, 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 Achbar! 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 Al Sala, and the people of Mecca, male and female, passed before him, taking the oath of fidelity to him as the prophet of God, and renouncing idolatry. This was in compliance with a revelation in the Koran: "God hath sent his apostle with the di-

rection, and the religion of truth that he may alter the same over every religion. Verily, he who swear fealty to him, swear fealty unto God; the hand of God is over their hands." In the midst of his triumph, however, he rejected homage paid exclusively to himself, and all authority. "Why dost thou tremble?" said to a man who approached with timid and faltering steps. "Of what dost thou stand in awe? I am no king, but the son of a Koreishite woman who ate flesh dried in the sun."

His lenity was equally conspicuous. The haughty chiefs 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?" he demanded he sternly.

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

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

Some of his followers who had shared his persecutions were disappointed in their anticipation of a bloody revenge, and murmured at his clemency; 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 present occasion, and during that special day, to punish a few of the people of the city, who were 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 Henda, the wife of Abu Sofian; the savage woman who had abandoned the infidels at the battle of Ohod, and gnawed the heart of Hamza, in revenge for the death of her father. On the present occasion she had disguised herself to escape detection; seeing the eyes of the prophet fixed on her, she threw herself at his feet, exclaiming, "Henda! pardon! pardon!" Mahomet pardoned her—and was required for his clemency by making his doctrines the subject of contemporary sarcasms.

Among those destined to punishment was Waeksa, the Ethiopian, who had slain Hamza but he had fled from Mecca on the entrance of the army. At a subsequent period he presented 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 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; and 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 it the Koran proved Mahomet to be a prophet, he himself must be half a prophet. His interpolations being detected, he had fled from the wrath of the prophet and returned to Mecca, where he relapsed into idolatry. On the capture of the city his fate

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W. H. PETERSKILL ILLUSTRATION

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Mahomet destroying the idols in the Caaba.

Life of Mahomet, Part 11

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Mahomet 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 severest trial of the lenity 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 afterward declared, that the treacherous disciple might strike off the offending head. No one, however, stirred; so, yielding to the entreaties of Othman, he granted a pardon. Abdallah instantly renewed his profession of faith, and continued a good Mussulman. Mahomet 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 end, 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 Jahl, who on many occasions had manifested a deadly hostility to the prophet, inherited from his father. On the entrance of Mahomet into 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 soon after learnt that her husband, in attempting to escape by sea to Yemen, had been driven back to port. Hastening to the presence of the prophet, she threw herself at his knees before him, loose, dishevelled, and weeping, and implored grace for her husband. The prophet, probably more moved by her beauty than 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 were not visible. Mahomet received Akrema's profession of faith; made him commander of a division of Hawazenites, as the dower of his beautiful and devoted wife, and bestowed liberal presents on the youthful couple. Like many other converted enemies, Akrema proved a valiant soldier in the wars of the faith, and after signifying himself on various occasions, fell in battle, pierced 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, as he turned 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 followed him in his campaign, began to fear that their services might prove fatal to their own interests. They watched him anxiously, as one day, while standing on the hill Al Safa, he sat gazing down at Mecca, the scene of his early struggles and recent glory: "Verily," said he, "I am at the best of cities, and the most beloved of Allah! Had I not been driven out from these mountains, my own tribe, never would I have left thee!" Hearing this, the Ansarians said, one to another, "Behold! Mahomet is conqueror and master of his native city; he will, doubtless, establish himself here, and forsake Medina!" Their words reached his ear, and he turned to

them with reproachful warmth: "No!" cried he, "when you plighted 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 Caaba 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 Naklah, 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 hag, black and naked, with dishevelled hair, rushed forth, shrieking and wringing her hands; but Khaled severed her through the middle with one blow of his scimitar. He reported the deed to Mahomet, expressing a doubt whether she were 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 Tehama, Khaled had with him three hundred and fifty men, some of them of the tribe of Suleim, and was accompanied by Abda'Ibrahim, one of the earliest proselytes of the faith. His instructions from the prophet were to preach peace and good-will, to inculcate the faith, and to abstain from violence, unless assailed. When about two days' journey on his way to Tehama, he had to pass through the country of the tribe of Jadsima. 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 Abda'Ibrahim, 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 Moslems or infidels. 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 unprovoked outrage, raised his hands to heaven, and called God to witness that he was innocent of it. Khaled, when upbraided with it on his return, would fain have shifted the blame on Abda'Ibrahim, but Mahomet rejected indignantly an imputation against one of the earliest and worthiest of his followers. The generous Ali was sent forthwith to restore to the people of Jadsima what Khaled had wrested from them, and to make pecuniary compensation to the relatives of the slain. It was a

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 remaining money among the people, gladdening every heart by his bounty. So Ali received the thanks and praises of the prophet, but the vindictive Khaled was rebuked even by those whom he had thought to please.

"Behold!" said he to Abda'Irahman, "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.

HOSTILITIES IN THE MOUNTAINS—ENEMY'S CAMP IN THE VALLEY OF AUTAS—BATTLE AT THE PASS OF HONEIN—CAPTURE OF THE ENEMY'S CAMP—INTERVIEW OF MAHOMET WITH THE NURSE OF HIS CHILDHOOD—DIVISION OF SPOIL—MAHOMET AT HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE.

WHILE the military apostles of Mahomet were spreading his doctrines at the point of the sword in the plains, a hostile storm was gathering in the mountains. A league was formed among the Thakefites, the Hawazins, the Joshmites, the Saadites, and several other of the hardy mountain tribes of Bedouins, to check a power which threatened to subjugate all Arabia. The Saadites, or Beni 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 Thakefites, who were foremen, 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 Lat. The reader will remember the ignominious treatment of Mahomet, when he attempted to preach his doctrines at Tayef; being stoned in the public square, and ultimately driven with insult from the gates. It was probably a dread of vengeance at his hands which now made the Thakefites so active in forming a league against him.

Malec Ibn Auf, the chief of the Thakefites, had the general command of the confederacy. He appointed the valley of Autas, between Honein and Tayef, as the place of assemblage and encampment; and as he knew the fickle nature of the Arabs, and their proneness to return home on the least caprice, he ordered them to bring 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 incumbered with flocks and herds.

The expedient of Malec Ibn Auf to secure the adhesion of the warriors was strongly disapproved by Doraid, the chief of the Joshmites. 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 present rather the pastoral encampment of a tribe than the hasty levy of an army.

In the mean time Mahomet, hearing of the gathering storm, had sallied forth to anticipate it, the head of about twelve 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 taking the field he wore a polished cuirass and helmet, and rode his favorite white mule. He seldom mounting a charger, as he rarely mingled in actual fight. His recent success and his superiority in numbers making him confident of an easy victory, he entered the mountain without precaution, and pushing forward for the enemy's camp at Mutas, came to a deep gloom 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 about the heights commanding this narrow gorge. Every cliff 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 as their general, or appeal to them as the prophet of God. Each man sought but his own safety, and an escape from this horrible valley.

For a moment all seemed lost, and some recent but unwilling converts betrayed an inclination in the supposed reverse of fortune 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 protected by a few devoted followers. Mahomet himself, in an impulse of desperation, spurred his mule upon the enemy; but Al 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. Al 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 on the defile. "The furnace is kindling," cried Mahomet exultingly, as he saw the glittering arms and flash of weapons. Stooping from his saddle and grasping a handful of dust, he scattered 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 aid inspired by the exclamations of the prophet. Malec and the Thakefites took refuge in the distant valley 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

brances. His advice was followed by Autas continued his encampment in the valley of an army.

Mahomet, hearing of the gathering, led forth to anticipate it, with five thousand troops, and auxiliaries from the desert, some of whom he had faith.

He wore a polished cuirass, his favorite white mule being a charger, as he rarely fought. His recent successes had numbers making him confident, he entered the mountain and pushing forward, he came to a deep gully of Honein. The troops through the rugged defile, on their own path. Suddenly they were assailed by showers of darts, stones, and arrows, or three of Mahomet's soldiers were wounded several others were slain, and he himself was in peril with his ablest warriors commanding this narrow and cavernous gorge.

Some rushed down the steep, and some were slain in panic, the Moslems turned back, and Mahomet called upon the angels to them as the prophet sought but his own soldiers were in a horrible valley.

He seemed lost, and some of his converts betrayed an evident reverse of fortune of the day.

He saw Abu Sofian, as he is called, "nothing will stop me," he said, "the magic power of the prophet."

He was slain by the Moslems, and he would have killed the prophet if he had not been surrounded by devoted followers. Mahomet, in a moment of desperation, spurred on, but Al Abbas seized him, and rushing to certain death, he put up a shout that echoed in the valley.

Al Abbas was of lungs, and at this crisis the revelation of the army. They heard his well-known voice, and were not pursued, returning to the enemy had descended from a bloody conflict ensued.

"Innocence is kindling," he said as he saw the glittering weapons. Stooping from a handful of dust, he said to the enemy, "Confess that I am your brother, and may this day be remembered accordingly."

He said the Moslem warriors lay rather by attributes of force and the revelations of the prophet. Mahomet took refuge in the distant valley, and returned to the camp in the valley.

He remained in the valley of Autas, with a strong force.

He 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, among them the unwise expedient of Malec Ibn Auf, in considering it with the families and effects, the goods and herds of the confederates; and from the disregard of the sage advice of the veteran Doraid. The fate of that ancient warrior of the desert is worthy of mention. While the Moslem troops, scattered through the camp, were intent on booty, Rabia Ibn Rafi, a young Suleimite, obtained 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 with his sword, but the weapon broke in his hand. "The mother," said the old man sneeringly, "has furnished thee with wretched weapons; thou wilt find a better one hanging behind my tent."

The youth seized it, but as he drew it from the scabbard, Doraid perceiving that he was a Suleimite, exclaimed, "Tell thy mother thou hast slain Doraid Ibn Simma, who has protected many women of her tribe in the day of battle." The words were ineffectual; the skull of the veteran was broken with his own scimitar. When Rabia, on his return to Mecca, told his mother of the deed, "Thou hast indeed slain a benefactor of thy race," said she reproachfully. "Three women of my family has Doraid Ibn Simma freed from captivity."

Abu Musa returned in triumph to Mahomet, bringing a great display of the spoils of the camp, 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 Haléma, who had nurtured him in the Sadié valley. Mahomet sought in vain to imagine in her withered features the bright playmate of his infancy, but she laid bare her back, and showed a scar where he had bitten her in her childish gambols. He no longer doubted; he treated her with kindness, giving her the choice either to remain with him and under his protection, or to return to her home and kindred.

A struggle rose among the Moslems with respect to their female captives. Could they take to themselves such as were married, without committing 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 captors, though their former husbands be living. The victors of Honein 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 Thakefites 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 insult, and beheld the gate whence he had once been ignominiously driven forth. 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 Salmán al Farsi, the converted Persian.

The besieged, however, repulsed every attack, galling the assailants with darts and arrows, and pouring down melted iron upon the shields of bull-hides, under covert of which they approached 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 tents of his wives Omm Salama and Zeinab, to whom it had fallen by lot to accompany him in this campaign. His hopes of success began to fail, and he was further discouraged by a dream, which was unfavorably interpreted by Abu Beker, renowned for his skill in expounding visions. He would have raised the siege, but his troops murmured; whereupon he ordered an assault upon one of the gates. As usual, it was obstinately defended; numbers were slain on both sides; Abu Sofian, who fought 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 day, and proceeded to the place where were collected 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 appeared a deputation from the Hawazins, declaring the submission of their tribe, and begging the restoration of their families and effects. With them came Haléma, Mahomet's foster-nurse, now well stricken in years. The recollections of his childhood again pleaded 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 noonday prayer, and say, 'We implore the ambassador of God that he counsel his followers to return us our wives and children; and we implore his followers that they intercede with him in our favor.'"

The envoys did as he advised. Mahomet and Al Abbas immediately renounced their share of the captives; their example was followed by all excepting the tribes of Tamim and Fazara, but Mahomet brought them to consent by promising them a sixfold share of the prisoners taken in the next expedition. Thus the intercession of Haléma procured the deliverance of all the captives of her tribe. A traditional anecdote shows the deference with which Mahomet treated this humble protector of his infancy. "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 cloth for her to sit down upon. When she went away, it was observed, 'That woman suckled 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 Honein, and a present of one hundred camels, if he would submit and embrace the faith. Malec was conquered 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, a severe scourge in the cause of the faith to his late associates the Thakefites.

The Moslems now began to fear that Mahomet, in these magnanimous impulses, might squander away all the gains of their recent battles; thronging round him, therefore, they clamored for a division of the spoils and captives. Regarding them indignantly, "Have you ever," said he, "found me avaricious, or false, or disloyal?" Then plucking a hair from the back of a camel, and raising his voice, "By Allah!" cried he, "I have never taken from the common spoil the value of that camel's hair more than my fifth, and that fifth has always been expended for your good."

He then shared the booty as usual; four fifths among the troops; but his own fifth he distributed among those whose fidelity he wished to insure. The Koreishites he considered dubious allies; perhaps he had overheard the exultation of some of them in anticipation of his defeat; he now sought to rivet them to him by gifts. To Abu Sufyan he gave one hundred camels and forty okks of silver, in compensation for the eye lost in the attack on the gate of Tayef. To Akrema Ibn Abu Jahl, and others of like note, he gave in due proportions, and all from his own share.

Among the lukewarm converts thus propitiated, was Abbas Ibn Mardas, a poet. He was dissatisfied with his share, and vented his discontent in satirical verses. Mahomet overheard him. "Take that man hence," said he, "and cut out his tongue." Omar, ever ready for rigorous measures, would have executed the sentence literally, and on the spot; but others, better instructed in the prophet's meaning, led Abbas, all trembling, to the public square where the captured cattle were collected, and bade him choose what he liked from among them.

"What!" cried the poet joyously, relieved from the horrors of mutilation, "is this the way the prophet would silence my tongue? By Allah! I will take nothing." Mahomet, however, persisted in his politic generosity, and sent him sixty camels. From that time forward the poet was never weary of chanting the liberality of the prophet.

While thus stimulating the good-will of lukewarm proselytes of Mecca, Mahomet excited the murmurs of his auxiliaries of Medina. "See," said they, "how he lavishes gifts upon the treacherous Koreishites, while we, who have been loyal to him through all dangers, receive nothing but our naked share. What have we done that we should be thus thrown into the background?"

Mahomet was told of their murmurs, and summoned their leaders to his tent. "Hearken, ye men of Medina," said he; "were ye not in discord among yourselves, and have I not brought you into harmony? Were ye not in error, and have I not brought you into the path of truth? Were ye not poor, and have I not made you rich?"

They acknowledged the truth of his words. "Look ye!" continued he, "I came among you stigmatized as a liar, yet you believed in me; persecuted, yet you protected me; a fugitive, yet you sheltered me; helpless, yet you aided me. Think you I do not feel all this? Think you I can be ungrateful? You complain that I bestow gifts upon these people, and give none to you. It is true, I give them worldly gear, but it is to win their worldly hearts. To you, who have been true, I give—myself! They return home with sheep and camels; ye return with the prophet of God among you. For by him in whose hands is the soul of Mahomet, though the whole world

should go one way and ye another, I would remain with you! Which of you, then, have most rewarded?"

The auxiliaries were moved even to tears at this appeal. "Oh, prophet of God," exclaimed they, "we are content with our lot."

The booty being divided, Mahomet returned to Mecca, not with the parade and exultation of a conqueror, but in pilgrim garb, to complete the rites of his pilgrimage. All the being scrupulously performed, he appointed Ibn Jahsh, a man, or pontiff, to instruct the people in the doctrines of Islam, and gave the government of the city into the hands of Otab, a youth but eighteen years of age; after which he bade farewell to his native place, and set out with his troops on his return to Medina.

Arriving at the village of Al Abwa, where his mother was buried, his heart yearned to pay a filial tribute to her memory, but his own revealed law forbade any respect to the grave of one who had died in unbelief. In the strong agitation of his feelings he implored from heaven a relaxation of this law. If there was any deception on an occasion of this kind, one would imagine it must have been self-deception, and that he really believed in a fancied intimation from heaven relaxing the law, in part, in the present instance, and permitting him to visit the grave. He burst into tears on arriving at this trying place of the tenderest affections; but tears were all the filial tribute he was permitted to offer. "I asked leave of God," said he mournfully, "to visit my mother's grave, and it was granted; but when I asked leave to pray for her, it was denied me."

CHAPTER XXXII.

DEATH OF THE PROPHET'S DAUGHTER ZEINAB—BIRTH OF HIS SON IBRAHIM—DEPUTATIONS FROM DISTANT TRIBES—POETICAL CONTENTS—PRESENCE OF THE PROPHET—HIS SUSCEPTIBILITY TO THE CHARMS OF POETRY—REDUCTION OF THE CITY OF TAYEF; DESTRUCTION OF ITS IDOLS—NEGOTIATION WITH AMIR IBN TAFIEL, A PROUD BEDOUIN CHIEF; INTERVIEW OF ADI, ANOTHER CHIEF, WITH MAHOMET.

SHORTLY after his return to Medina, Mahomet was afflicted by the death of his daughter Zeinab, the same who had been given up to him in exchange for her husband Abul Aass, the unbeliever, captured at the battle of Bedier. The domestic affections of the prophet were strong, and he felt deeply this bereavement; he was consoled, however, by the birth of a son, by his favorite concubine Mariyah. He called the child Ibrahim, and rejoiced in the hope that this son of his old 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 deputations from distant tribes were continually arriving at Medina, some acknowledging him as a prophet and embracing Islamism; others submitting to him as a temporal sovereign, and agreeing to pay tribute. The talents of Mahomet rose to the exigency of the moment; his views expanded with his fortunes, and he now proceeded with statesmanlike skill to regulate the fiscal concerns of his rapidly growing empire. Under the specious appellation of alms, a contribution was

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TER XXXII.

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by floods and rain; and a twentieth part
its fertility was the result of irrigation.
For every ten camels two sheep were required;
for every head of cattle, one cow; for thirty head,
one yearling; for every forty sheep, one;
there contributed more than at this rate would
be required, so much the more devout, and
gave a proportionate favor in the eyes of
The tribute exacted from those who submitted
temporal sway, but continued in unbelief, was
the rate of one dinar in money or goods, for
the land, on bond or free.

Some difficulty occurred in collecting the chari
contributions; the proud tribe of Tamim
resisted them, and drove away the collec
tor. A troop of Arab horse was sent against
them and brought away a number of men, wom
en and children, captives. A deputation of the
tribe came to reclaim the prisoners. Four
deputies were renowned as orators and
instead of humbling themselves before
Mahomet, proceeded to declaim in prose and
verse, defying the Moslems to a poetical contest.
"I am not sent by God as a poet," replied Ma
homet, "neither do I seek fame as an orator."
Some of his followers, however, accepted the
challenge, and a war of ink ensued, in which the
tribe acknowledged themselves vanquished.
Well pleased was Mahomet with the spirit of
the defiance, with their poetry, and with their
acknowledgment of defeat, that he not
only gave them up the prisoners, but dismissed
them with presents.

Another instance of his susceptibility to the
arms of poetry is recorded in the case of Caab
bin Zuhair, a celebrated poet of Mecca, who had
made him the subject of satirical verses, and had
consequently been one of the proscribed, but had
been the capture of the sacred city. Caab now
came to Medina to make his peace, and approach
ing Mahomet when in the mosque, began chanting
verses in a poem afterward renowned among
Arabs as a masterpiece. He concluded by
especially extolling his clemency, "for with the
pardon of God the pardon of injuries is, of all his
gifts, that on which one can rely with the great
certainty.

Captivated with the verse, and soothed by the
poet, Mahomet made good the poet's words, for
he not merely forgave him, but taking off his own
cloak, threw it upon his shoulders. The poet pre
sented the sacred garment to the day of his death,
raising golden offers for it. The Caliph Mo
hammad purchased it of his heirs for ten thousand
dinars, and it continued to be worn by the Cal
iphs in processions and solemn ceremonies, until
the twenty-sixth Caliph, when it was torn from
the back of the Caliph Al-Most'asem Billah, by Ho
ghu, the Tartar conqueror, and burnt to ashes.

While town after town and castle after castle
of the Arab tribes were embracing the faith, and
offering allegiance to Mahomet, Tayef, the
stronghold of the Thakefites, remained obstinate
in the worship of its boasted idol Al Lat. The
inhabitants confided in their mountain position,
and in the strength of their walls and castle.
Although safe from assault, they found them
selves gradually hemmed in and isolated by the
Arabs, so that at length they could not stir be
hind their walls without being attacked. Thus
starved and harassed, they sent ambassadors
to Mahomet to treat for peace.

The prophet cherished a deep resentment
against this stiff-necked and most idolatrous city,
which had at one time ejected him from its gates,
and at another time repulsed him from its walls.
His terms were conversion and unqualified sub
mission. The ambassadors readily consented to
embrace Islamism themselves, but pleaded the
danger of suddenly shocking the people of Tayef,
by a demand to renounce 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 de
nied. They then asked 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 ex
cused 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 at it with a
pickaxe, but missing his blow fell prostrate on
his face. The populace set up a shout, consider
ing it a good augury, but Al Mogheira demol
ished their hopes, and the statue, at one blow of
a sledge-hammer. He then stripped it of the cost
ly robes, the bracelets, the necklace, the ear
rings, and other ornaments of gold and precious
stones wherewith it had been decked by its wor
shippers, 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 Ma
homet was the Bedouin chief Amir Ibn Tufel,
head of the powerful tribe of Amir. He was re
nowned for personal beauty and princely magni
ficence; but was of a haughty spirit, and his mag
nificence partook of ostentation. At the great
fair of Okaz, between Tayef and Naklah, where
merchants, pilgrims, and poets were accustomed
to assemble from all parts of Arabia, a herald
would proclaim: "Whoso wants a beast of bur
den, let him come to Amir; is any one hungry,
let him come to Amir, and he will be fed; is he
persecuted, let him fly to Amir, and he will be
protected."

Amir had dazzled every one by his generosity,
and his ambition had kept pace with his popular
ity. 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 Koreishite?"

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,
"Wilt thou be my friend?"

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

"And if I do, wilt 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 Thakefites continue a powerful tribe to this
day, possessing the same fertile region on the east
ern 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 matchlocks, and defended their
stronghold of Tayef in the wars with the Wahabys.—
Burckhardt's Notes, v. 2.

"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 Hatim had been famous, not merely for warlike deeds, but for boundless generosity, inasmuch that the Arabs were accustomed to say, "as generous as Hatim." Adi the son was a Christian; and however he might have inherited his father's generosity, was deficient in his valor. Alarmed 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 scouring 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, "The Moslems are at hand. I see their banners at a distance!" Adi instantly placed his wife and children on the camels, and fled to Syria. His sister, surnamed Salfana, or the Pearl, fell into the hands of the Moslems, and was carried with other captives to Medina. Seeing Mahomet pass near to the place of her confinement, she cried to him:

"Have pity upon me, oh ambassador of God! My father is dead, and he who should have protected has abandoned me. 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, who should have been my protector, has abandoned me. 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 his 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 mode of life 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 weak emaciated woman accosted him. He stopped and talked to her of her affairs. This, thought I to myself, is not very kingly. 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, I have a faith of my own, know thy faith," said he, 'better than thou 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. Time is at hand when true believers will be more wealthy than they will know how to manage. Perhaps thou art deterred by seeing the small number of the Moslems in comparison with the number of their enemies. By Allah! in a little while Moslem women will be able to make a pilgrimage on her camel, alone and fearless, from Mesopotamia 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 case of Babylon.'"

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

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PREPARATIONS FOR AN EXPEDITION AGAINST SYRIA—INTRIGUES OF ABDALLAH BEN OBEID—CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE FAITHFUL—MARCH OF THE ARMY—THE ACCURSED REGION OF HAMA—ENCAMPMENT AT TABUC—SUBJUGATION OF THE NEIGHBORING PROVINCES—KHALID TAKES OKADIR AND HIS CASTLE—RETURNS THE ARMY TO MEDINA.

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 powerful 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 now prepared to lead forth for the propagation of the faith and the extension of the Moslem power in foreign lands.

His numerous victories, and the recent affair of Muta, 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.

Hitherto he had undertaken his expeditions in secrecy, imparting his plans and intentions to none but his most confidential officers, and leading his followers into enterprises of danger. The present campaign, however, so 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 Muta, 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 streams

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CURSED REGION OF HAJAR
TABUC—SUBJUGATION OF
PROVINCES—KHALED STORMS
HIS CASTLE—RETURN TO
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brooks were dried up. The date-harvest too
approaching, when the men should be at
to gather the fruit, rather than abroad on
military enterprises.

All these things were artfully urged upon the
people by Abdallah Ibn Obba, the Khazradite,
who continued to be the covert enemy of Ma
homet, and seized every occasion to counteract his
plans. "A fine season this," would he cry, "to
endure such a distant march in defiance of
drought, and the fervid heat of the
season!" Mahomet seems to think a war with
Arabs quite a matter of sport; trust me, you
will find it very different from a war of Arab
against Arab. By Allah! methinks I already see
you all in chains."

By these and similar scoffs and suggestions, he
brought upon the fears and feelings of the Kha
zradites, his partisans, and rendered the enterprise
generally unpopular. Mahomet, as usual, had
recourse to revelation. "Those who would remain
faithful, and refuse to devote themselves to the
service of God," said a timely chapter of the Ko
ran, "allege the summer heat as an excuse. Tell
them the fire of hell is hotter! They may hug
themselves in the enjoyment of present safety, but
tears will be their punishment hereafter."

Some of his devoted adherents manifested their
loyalty at this lukewarm moment. Omar, Al Abbas,
and Abdallah Ibrahim gave large sums of money;
several female devotees brought their ornaments
and jewels. Othman delivered one thousand
dinars, some say ten thousand, dinars to Mahomet, and
was absolved from his sins, past, present, or to
come. Abu Bekr gave four thousand drachmas;
Mahomet hesitated to accept the offer, knowing it
to be all that he possessed. "What will re
compense," said he, "for thee and thy family?"
"God and his prophet," was the reply.

These devout examples had a powerful effect;
there was much difficulty that an army of ten
thousand horse and twenty thousand foot was as
sembled. Mahomet now appointed Ali governor
of Medina during his absence, and guardian of
both their families. He accepted the trust with
great reluctance, having been accustomed always
to accompany the prophet, and share all his perils.
All arrangements being completed, Mahomet
marched forth from Medina on this momentous
expedition. A part of his army was composed of
Khazradites and their confederates, led by Ab
dallah Ibn Obba. This man, whom Mahomet
well denominated the Chief of the Hypocrites,
camped separately with his adherents at night,
at some distance in the rear of the main army;
and when the latter marched forward in the morn
ing, he lagged behind, and led his troops back to
Medina. Repairing to Ali, whose dominion in
the army 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 Medina solely to rid himself of an in
cumbrance. Stung by the suggestion, Ali hastened
to Mahomet, and demanded if what Abdallah
said his followers said were true.

"These men," replied Mahomet, "are liars.
They are the party of Hypocrites and Doubters,
who would breed sedition in Medina. I left thee
behind to keep watch over them, and to be a
guardian to both our families. I would have thee
tell me what Aaron was to Moses; excepting
that thou canst not be, like him, a prophet; I be
lieve the last of the prophets." With this explana
tion, Ali returned contented to Medina.

Many have inferred from the foregoing that

Mahomet intended Ali for his Caliph or success
or; that being the signification of the Arabic
word used to denote the relation of Aaron to
Moses.

The troops who had continued on with Ma
homet soon began to experience the difficulties of
braving the desert in this sultry season. Many
turned back on the second day, and others on the
third and fourth. Whenever word was brought
to the prophet of their desertion, "Let them go,"
would be the reply; "if they are good for anything
God will bring them back to us; if they are not
we are relieved from so many incumbrances."

While some thus lost heart upon the march,
others who had remained at Medina repented of
their faint-heartedness. One, named Abu Khait
hama, entering his garden during the sultry 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 winds and heats 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, has
tened off to join the standard of the faith.

In the mean time the army, after a weary march
of seven days, entered the mountainous district
of Hajar, inhabited in days of old by the Thamud
ites, one of the lost tribes of Arabia. It was the
accursed region, the tradition concerning which
has already been related. The advance of the
army, knowing nothing of this tradition, and be
ing heated and fatigued, beheld with delight a
brook running through a verdant valley, and cool
caves cut in the sides of the neighboring hills,
once the abodes of the heaven-smitten Thamud
ites. Halting along the brook, some prepared to
bathe, others began to cook and make bread,
while all promised themselves cool quarters for
the night in the caves.

Mahomet, in marching, had kept, as was his
wont, in the rear of the army to assist the weak;
occasionally taking up a wayworn laggard behind
him. Arriving at the place where the troops had
halted, he recollected it of old, and the traditions
concerning it, which had been told to him when
he passed here in the days of his boyhood. Fear
ful of incurring the ban which hung over the
neighborhood, he ordered his troops to throw
away the meat cooked with the water of the
brook, to give the bread kneaded with it to the
camels, and to hurry away from the heaven-ac
cursed place. Then wrapping his face in the
folds of his mantle, and setting spurs to his mule,
he hastened through that sinful region; the army
following him as if flying from an enemy.

The succeeding night was one of great suffer
ing; the army had to encamp without water; the
weather was intensely hot, with a parching wind
from the desert; an intolerable thirst prevailed
throughout the camp, as though the Thamudite
ban still hung over it. The next day, however, an
abundant rain refreshed and invigorated both man
and beast. The march was resumed with new
ardor, and the army arrived, without further
hardship, at Tabuc, a small town on the confines
of the Roman empire, about half way between
Medina and Damascus, and about ten days' jour
ney from either city.

Here Mahomet pitched his camp in the neigh
borhood of a fountain, and in the midst of groves
and pasturage. Arabian traditions affirm that
the fountain was nearly dry, insomuch that, when

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.

From 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 Johanna Ibn Ruba, prince of Eylā, 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 Eylā made a covenant of peace with Mahomet, agreeing to pay an annual tribute of three thousand dinars or crowns of gold. The form of the covenant became a precedent in treating with other powers.

Among the Arab princes who professed the Christian faith, and refused to pay homage to Mahomet, was Okaider Ibn Malec, 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 carried by assault, 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 surrendered. The prince was ultimately set at liberty on paying a heavy ransom and becoming a tributary.

As a trophy of the victory, Khaled sent to Mahomet the vest stripped from the body of Hassan. It was of silk, richly embroidered with 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 Tabuc, and the neighboring country being brought into subjection, Mahomet was bent upon prosecuting the object of his campaign, and pushing forward into the heart of Syria. His ardor, however, was not shared by his followers. Intelligence of immense bodies of hostile troops, assembled on the Syrian borders, had damped the spirits of the army. Mahomet remarked the general discouragement, yet was loath to abandon the campaign 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 had the command of God to proceed further," observed Mahomet, "I should not have asked thy counsel."

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 the campaign. He had checked the threatened invasion of the imperial arms, and had received 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 future campaign.

His counsel was adopted: for, whenever Mahomet was not under strong excitement, or under inspiration, he was rather prone to yield up his opinion in military matters to that of his general. After a sojourn of about twenty days, therefore, at Tabuc, 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 OBEIR—DISSENSION IN THE PROPHET'S HAREM.

THE entries of Mahomet into Medina on returning from his warlike triumphs, partook of the simplicity and absence of parade, which characterized all his actions. 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 Tabuc.

The arrival of an army laden with spoil, gathered in the most distant expedition ever undertaken by the soldiers of Islam, was an event of too great moment, not to be hailed with triumphant exultation by the community. Those who were cast down in spirit, who had refused to march forth with the army, or had deserted 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 and excuses, he gradually forgave the greater part of them. Seven of those who continued under interdict, finding themselves cut off from communion with their acquaintance, and marked with opprobrium amid an exulting 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 commanded by God. Fortunately he received the command in a revealed verse of the Koran; and in freeing them from their self-imposed fetters, he exacted one third of their possessions, to be expended in the service of the faith.

Among those still under interdict were Khaled Ibn Malec, Murara Ibn Rabia, and Hilal Ibn Omeya. These had once been among the most zealous of professing Moslems; their detection

bn Rabia, and Hilal ibn al-A'raf, who have
once been among the most famous
Moslems; their detection

favorite and fortunate slave Mariyah, the mother of his son Ibrahim. The jealousy of Hafsa was voracious. Mahomet endeavored to pacify her

solved Mahomet from all truce or league with idolatrous and other unbelievers, should they in any wise have been false to their stipulations, or given aid to his enemies. It allowed unbelievers four months of toleration from the time of this announcement, during which months they might "go to and fro about the earth securely," but at the expiration of that time all indulgence would cease; war would then be made in every way, a

every time and in every place, by open force or by stratagem, against those who persisted in unbelief; 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 allowed to attack them 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 him 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 or subjugation of the Arab tribes. It was, in fact, a decisive 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—SENDS ALI 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 INFIRMITIES—HIS VALEDICTORY 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 Heracius, 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 increased the propagation of his faith. He appointed two lieutenants to govern in his name, Arabia Felix; but a portion of that rich and important country having shown 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 diffidence to undertake a mission where he would have to treat with men far older and wiser than himself; but Mahomet laid one hand upon his lips, and the other upon his breast, and raised 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 his 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. Ali checked their excesses, and arresting the fugitive inhabitants, began to expound to them the doctrines 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 turned to the old argument of the sword, which he urged with such efficacy that, after two hundred unbelievers had been slain, the rest avowed themselves thoroughly convinced. This zealous achievement was followed by others of a similar kind, after each of which he dispatched messengers to the prophet, announcing a new triumph of his 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 hopes 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 blighted blossom of his hopes. Yet even in this trying hour he showed that submission to the will of 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 all of God; from him we came, and to him we must return."

Abdallah 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 outcries, to beseech your faces and rend your garments; these are suggestions of the evil one; but tears shed from 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!" he claimed 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." He was to prepare his child for the questioning by examining angels, as to religious belief, which,

ols and bring idolatrous tribes to his temporal power but the propagation of his faith. He was anxious to govern in his name a portion of that rich and fertile land, shown itself refractory to repair thither at the head of his men, and bring the inhabitants

disciple expressed a becoming sense of a mission where he was to men far older and wiser than he. Mahomet laid one hand upon his breast, and exclaimed, "Oh, Allah! guide his heart!" He gave his conduct as a judge. "Who before thee, never pronounced thou hast heard the other in his hands the standard of the turban on his head, he had

ary missionary arrived in Yemen, his men, indulging in propensities, began to say. Ali checked their excessive fugitive inhabitants, began the doctrines of Islam. He recently consecrated by a conviction, for he was a and arrows; whereupon the argument of the sword, which efficacy that, after two men slain, the rest avowed themselves convinced. This zealous action by others of a similar kind he dispatched messengers announcing a new triumph of

was exulting in the tidings, quarter, he was stricken to the severest of domestic bereavement. His son by his favorite concubine, but fifteen months old, in whom reposed his hopes, came to posterity, was so frail, and expired before he could not control a father's agony over this blighted heir.

Yet even in this trying submission to the will of God, the foundation of his faith. "I murmured he, 'and mine eyes at parting with thee, oh! greater sorrow should be my grief, didst soon follow thee; for we are come, and to him we are

seeing him in tears, demanded forbidden us to weep but he replied the prophet. "I heard shrieks and outcries, to see and your garments; these are evil ones; but tears shed in calm to the heart, and are sent

child to the grave, where of separation, he gave announcements of his religion were sent. "My son! my son!" body was committed to my Lord! the prophet of Islamism is my faith." The child for the questioning he to religious belief, which

according to 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 as a celestial sign of mourning for the death of Ibrahim; but the afflicted father rejected such ambiguous flattery. "The sun and the moon," said he, "are among the wonders of God, through which at times he signifies his will to his servants; but their eclipse has nothing to do either with the birth or death of any mortal."

The death of Ibrahim was a blow which bowed him toward the grave. His constitution was already impaired by the extraordinary excitements and paroxysms of his mind, and the physical trials which he had been exposed; the poison, too, administered to him at Khaibar had tainted the springs of life, subjected him to excruciating pains, and brought on a premature old age. His zealous zeal took the alarm from the increase of his 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 the pilgrim-prophet. The streets of Medina were crowded with the various tribes from the mountains 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, recently disunited, barbarous, and warring tribes brought together as brethren, and inspired by a sentiment of religious zeal.

Mahomet was accompanied on this occasion by his wives, who were transported on litters. He departed at the head of an immense train, composed 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, destined to be offered up in sacrifice.

The first night's halt was a few miles from Medina, at the village of Dhu'l Halaifa, 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 Al Bakhra, and entering the plain of Baida, uttered the prayer or invocation called in Arabic Talbiya, in which he was joined by all his followers. The following is the import of this solemn invocation: "Here am I in thy service, oh God! Here

* One of the funeral rites of the Moslems is for the Muezzin or priest to address the deceased when in the grave, in the following words: "O servant of God! O son of a handmaid of God! know that, at this time, there will come down to thee two angels commissioned respecting thee and the like of thee; when they say to thee, 'Who is thy Lord?' answer them, 'God is my Lord'; in truth, and when they ask thee concerning thy prophet, or the man who hath been sent unto you, say to them, 'Mahomet is the apostle of God,' with veracity, 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 direction, and the Moslems are my brothers; ' when they ask thee concerning thy Kebla, say to them, 'The Kaaba is my Kebla, and I have lived and died in the assertion that there is no deity but God, and Mahomet is God's apostle,' and they will say, 'Keep, O servant of God, in the protection of God!'" See Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, vol. ii. p. 338.

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 prayer, according to Moslem tradition, was uttered by the patriarch Abraham, when, from the top of the hill of Kubeis, near Mecca, he preached 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; inasmuch that the very child in the womb responded, "Here am I in thy service, oh 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 Scheiba, 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 be slain in sacrifice.

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 thus performed the circuits round the Kaaba, and the journeyings to and fro, between the hills of Safa and Merwa.

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. Khaled 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 his doctrines deeply in the minds and hearts of his followers. For this purpose he preached frequently in the Kaaba from the pulpit, or in the open air from the back of his camel. "Listen to my words," would he say, "for I know not whether, after this year, we shall ever meet here again. Oh, my hearers, I am but a man like yourselves; the angel of death may at any time appear, and I must obey his summons."

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 habitudes of the whole Moslem world.

It was doubtless in view of his approaching end, and in solicitude for the welfare of his relatives 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 moment of strong excitement and enthusiasm among his hearers, to address to them a solemn adjuration.

"Ye believe," said he, "that there is but one

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," said he, "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 this day, 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 Arabian 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 valedictory pilgrimage, being the last made by the prophet.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

OF THE TWO FALSE PROPHETS AL ASWAD AND MOSEILMA.

THE health of Mahomet continued to decline after his return to Medina; nevertheless his ardor to extend his religious empire was unabated, and he prepared, on a great scale, 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 Moseilma; 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 religion of his own. His fickleness in matters of faith gained him the appellation of Ailhala, 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 and natural magic, he astonished and confounded the multitude with spectral illusions, which he passed off as miracles, inasmuch 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 those days in matters of religion, and how ready to adopt any new faith.

Budhán, the Persian whom Mahomet had continued as viceroy of Arabia Felix, died in the 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 found Mahomet suffering in the first stages of a dangerous malady, and engrossed by preparations for the Arabian invasion. Impatient of any interruption of his plans, and reflecting that the whole danger and difficulty in question depended upon the loss of an individual, he sent orders to certain adherents, who were about Al Aswad, to mix with him openly or by stratagem, either to be justifiable against enemies of the faith, or 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 wound from the usurper; the other, named Firuz, a Dailemite, was cousin to Al Aswad's newly-purchased wife and nephew of her murdered father. They repaired to the woman, whose marriage with the usurper had probably been compulsory, and urged upon her the duty, according to Arab law of blood, of avenging the deaths of her father and her former husband. With much difficulty they prevailed upon her to facilitate the entrance at the dead of night into the chamber of Al Aswad, who was asleep. Firuz stabbed him in the throat with a poniard. The blow was effectual. Al Aswad started up, and his cry alarmed the guard. His wife, however, went forward and quieted them. "The prophet," said she, "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 herald proclaimed, by sound of trumpet, the death of Al Aswad, otherwise called the Liar and the impostor. His career of power began and was terminated within the space of four months. The people, easy of faith, resumed Islamism with much facility as they had abandoned it.

Moseilma, the other in postor, was an Arab of the tribe of Honeita, at a short distance from the city of Yamama, situated between the Red Sea and the Gulf of Persia. In the ninth year of the Hejra he had come to Mecca at the head of an embassy from his tribe, and had made professions of faith between the hands of Mahomet. On returning to his own country, had proclaimed that God had gifted him likewise with prophetic powers, and appointed him to aid Mahomet in converting the human race. To this effect he likewise wrote a Koran, which he gave forth as a volume of inspired truth. His creed was noted for grossness and a humiliating residence in the region of the abdomen.

Being a man of influence and address, he succeeded in making hosts of converts among his credulous countrymen. Rendered confident by success, he addressed an epistle to Mahomet, beginning as follows:

"From Moseilma the prophet of Allah, Mahomet the prophet of Allah! Come now, and

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Allah ! Come now, m

to make a partition of the world, and let half
mine and half be mine."

This letter came also to the hands of Mahomet
bowed down by infirmities and engrossed
military preparations. He contented himself
present with the following reply :

From Mahomet the prophet of God, to Mo
the Liar ! The earth is the Lord's, and he
it as an inheritance to such of his servants
favor in his sight. Happy shall those be
line in his fear."

By the urgency of other affairs, the usurpation
of Meccah remained unchecked. His punish
was reserved for a future day.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MAHOMET PREPARED TO MARCH AGAINST SYRIA
—OSAMA GIVEN TO OSAMA—THE PROPHET'S
LAST ADDRESS TO THE TROOPS—HIS LAST
SERMONS IN THE MOSQUE—HIS
LAST AND THE ATTENDING CIRCUMSTANCES.

It was early in the eleventh year of the Hegira
after unusual preparations, a powerful army
to march for the invasion of Syria. It
almost seem a proof of the failing powers of
Osama's mind, that he gave the command of
his army, on such an expedition, to Osama,
but twenty years of age, instead of some
of his veteran and well-tried generals. It
must have been a matter of favor, dictated by
personal grateful recollections. Osama was the
son of Zeid, Mahomet's devoted freedman, who
gave the prophet such a signal and accepta
tion of devotion in relinquishing to him his
wife Zeinab. Zeid had continued to the
the same zealous and self-sacrificing disciple,
and fallen bravely fighting for the faith in the
first Muta.

Mahomet was aware of the hazard of the choice
made, and feared the troops might be in
firmly under so young a commander. In a
review, therefore, he exhorted them to
obedience, reminding them that Osama's father,
Zeid, had commanded an expedition of this very
kind against the very same people, and had fallen
for 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
on him to fight valiantly the fight of the faith
and all who should deny the unity of God.
The army marched forth that very day, and en
tered at Djorf, a few miles from Medina ; but
circumstances occurred to prevent its further
progress.

One very night Mahomet had a severe access
of the madness which for some time past had at
tacked him, and which was ascribed by some to
the effects of the poison given to him at
Djorf. It commenced with a violent pain in
his head, accompanied by vertigo, and the delir
ium which seems to have mingled with all his
paroxysms of illness. Starting up in the mid
dle of the night from a troubled dream, he
called upon an attendant slave to accompany
him ; he was summoned by the dead who
were in the public burying-place of Medina
and pray for them. Followed by the
dead, he passed through the dark and silent city,
where all were sunk in sleep, to the great bury
ing-ground, outside of the walls.

Arrived in the midst of the tombs, he lifted up
his voice and made a solemn apostrophe to their
tenants. "Rejoice, ye dwellers in the grave !"
exclaimed he. "More peaceful is the morning to
which ye shall awaken, 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 ad
dressed 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 Maimona, 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 sup
ported by Ali and Fadhl, the son of Al Abbas, he
repaired to her abode. She, likewise, was suffer
ing 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, Fatuma, 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 by Abulfeda.

"Welcome, my child !" said the prophet, and
made her sit beside him. He then whispered
something in her ear, at which she wept. Per
ceiving her affliction, he whispered something
more, and her countenance brightened with joy.
'What is the meaning of this?' said I to Fatima.
'The prophet honors thee with a mark of confi
dence 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, consoled
her with the assurance that she would shortly fol
low him, and become a princess in heaven, among
the faithful of her sex."

In the second 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 Khaibar rending my entrails."

When somewhat relieved, he was aided in re
pairing 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!" cried Omar, "why dost thou make known what God had suffered to remain concealed?" But Mahomet turned rebukingly to Omar. "Oh son of Khattab," said he, "better is it to blush in this world, than suffer in the next." Then lifting his eyes to heaven, and praying for the self-accused, "Oh God," exclaimed he, "give him rectitude and faith, and take from him all weakness in fulfilling such of 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 back, 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 it," said 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 Mohajerin 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 were 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.

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 assemblage, he prepared, notwithstanding his illness, to officiate at 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 place." It was afterward maintained by some that he thus intended to designate this latter friend and adherent as his successor in office. Abu Beker shrank from construing the words so 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 shoulder of Ali and Al Abbas, he made his way into the mosque, where his appearance spread joy through out the congregation. Abu Beker ceased to speak, but Mahomet bade him proceed, and taking a 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 forever? ye think I would never leave you? Everything happens according to the will of God, and has appointed time, which is not to be hastened or avoided. I return to him who sent me, and last command to you is, that ye remain united; that ye love, honor, and uphold each other; ye exhort each other to faith and constancy, in belief, and to the performance of pious deeds; these alone men prosper; all else leads to destruction."

In concluding his exhortation he added, "do but go before you; you will soon follow. Death awaits us all; let no one then seek to take it aside from me. My life has been for your good, so will be my death."

These were the last words he spake in public; he was again conducted back by Ali and Abbas to the dwelling of Ayesha.

On a succeeding day there was an interval during which he appeared so well that Ali, Abu Beker, Omar, and the rest of those who had been constantly about him, absented themselves for a time, to attend to their affairs. Ayesha alone remained with him. The interval was but illusory. His pains returned with redoubled violence. Finding death approaching he gave orders that all slaves should be restored to freedom, and all money in the house distributed among the poor, then raising his eyes to heaven, "God be with me in the death struggle," exclaimed he.

Ayesha now sent in haste for her father 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 would fix his hand in a vase of water, and with it sprinkle his face. At length raising his eyes, gazing upward for a time with unmovable eye, "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 assistance."

In a few moments his hands were cold, and he was extinct. Ayesha laid his head upon the pillow, and beating her head and breast, gave out loud lamentations. Her outcries brought other wives of Mahomet, and their clamorous grief soon made the event known throughout the city. Consternation seized upon the people, and some prodigy had happened. All business was suspended. The army which had struck its camp was ordered to halt, and Osama, whose host

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the stirrup for the march, turned his steed to
the gates of Medina, and planted his standard at
the prophet's door.

The multitude crowded to contemplate the
course, and agitation and dispute prevailed even
in the chamber of death. Some discredited the
evidence of their senses. "How can he be dead?"
said they. "Is he not our mediator with God?"
They then can he be dead? Impossible! He is
in a trance, and carried up to heaven like Isa
phus, and the other prophets."

The throng augmented about the house, declar
ing with clamor that 'the body should not be inter
red when Omar, who had just heard the tidings, ar
rived. He drew his scimitar, and pressing through
the crowd, threatened to strike off the hands and
feet of anyone 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 Beker, 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.
Passing into the chamber he raised the cloth
which covered the corpse, and kissing the pale
face of Mahomet, "Oh thou!" exclaimed he,
who wert to me as my father and my mother;
how art thou even in death, and living odors
from you exhale! Now livest thou in everlasting
glory for never will Allah subject thee to a second
death.

Then covering the corpse, he went forth and en
deavored to silence Omar, but finding it impossible,
addressed the multitude: "Truly if Mahomet
was the sole object of your adoration, he is dead;
and if he God you worship, he cannot die. Ma
homet 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
book that Mahomet was but his ambassador,
and was subject to death. What then! will you
kiss the heel upon him, and abandon his doctrine
because he is dead? Remember your apostasy
towards not God, but insures your own condemna
tion; while the blessings of God will be poured
upon those who continue faithful to him."

The people listened to Abu Beker with tears
and sobbings, and as they listened their despair
subsided. Even Omar was convinced but not
consoled, throwing himself on the earth, and be
mouing the death of Mahomet, whom he remem
bered as his commander and his friend.

The death of the prophet, according to the
Islamic historians Abulfeda and Al Jannabi, 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 nearest relatives and disciples. They affir
med a marvellous fragrance which, according
to evidence of his wives and daughters, eman
ated from his person during life, still continued;
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
body was then perfumed with amber, musk,
sassafras, and odoriferous herbs. After this it was
exposed in public, and seventy-two prayers were
said up.

The body remained three days unburied, in
conformance 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 Mohadjerins or 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 resi
dence during the last ten years of his life. A
third party advised that his remains should be
transported to Jerusalem, as the place of sepul
ture of the prophets. Abu Beker, 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 ad
jacent to the mosque; which was at that time a hum
ble 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, 165
paces by 130, open to the heavens, with four gates of
entrance. The colonnade, of several rows of pillars
of various sizes covered with stucco and gayly paint
ed, 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 in
closure, surrounded by an iron railing, painted green,
wrought with filigree work and interwoven with brass
and gilded wire; admitting no view of the interior
excepting through small windows, about six inches
square. This inclosure, the great resort of pilgrims,
is called the Hadgra, and contains the tombs of
Mahomet, and his two friends and early successors,
Abu Beker and Omar. Above this sacred inclosure
rises a lofty dome surmounted with a gilded globe 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 sus
pended 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 changes. It was at one
time partially thrown down and destroyed in an awful
tempest, but was rebuilt by the Soldan of Egypt. It
has been enlarged and embellished by various Caliphs,
and in particular by Waleed I., under whom Spain was
invaded and conquered. It was plundered of its im
mense votive treasures by the Wahabees when they
took and pillaged Medina. It is now maintained,
though with diminished splendor, under the care of
about thirty Aas whose chief is called Sheikh Al
Haram, or chief of the Holy House. He is the
principal personage in Medina. Pilgrimage to Medi
na, 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 but 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, with 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, broad at the temples and crossed by veins extending down to the eyebrows, which swelled whenever he was angry or excited. He had an oval face, marked and expressive features, an aquiline nose, black eyes, arched eyebrows which nearly met, a mouth large and flexible, indicative 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 enthusiastic moments there was a glow 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, a retentive memory, a vivid imagination, 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 religion current in his day, or handed down by tradition from antiquity. His ordinary discourse was grave and sententious, abounding with those aphorisms and apologues so popular among the Arabs; at times he was excited and eloquent, and his eloquence was aided by a voice musical and sonorous.

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 angels; and in arranging it he let one end hang down between his shoulders, which he said was the way they wore it. 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 voluptuary. "There are two 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 of sweet-scented oil for his hair, probably arose 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 smoothing his brow and adjusting his hair, as if anxious to appear to advantage.

The number of his wives is uncertain. Abulfeda, who writes with more caution than other of the Arabian historians, limits it to fifteen, though

some make it as much as twenty-five. At the time of his death he had nine, each in her 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 bestow a race of prophets for his people. If such indeed 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 his eldest son Hassan 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 tolerant. "I served him from the time I was eight years old," said his servant Araf, "and he never scolded me for any thing, though things were spoiled by me."

The question now occurs, Was he the unprincipled impostor that he has been 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 extravagancies 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 disclaimed 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 here we must indulge a few observations on the famous document. While zealous Moslems are some of the most learned doctors of the faith disprove of its divine origin from the inimitable excellence of its style and composition, and its avowed illiteracy of Mahomet, less devout creeds have pronounced it a chaos of beauties and defects; without method or arrangement; full of obscurities, incoherencies, 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 parchment, on palm-leaves, or on shoulder-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 systematically arrange them during his life; and at his 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 Abulhasan undertook to have them gathered together and transcribed. Zeid Ibn Thabet, who had been one of the secretaries of Mahomet, was employed 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, and

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in the rude way we have mentioned, and
many parts he took down as repeated to him by
his disciples who professed to have heard
the utterances of the prophet himself. The hetero-
geneous fragments thus collected were thrown
together without selection, without chronological
order, and without system of any kind. The vol-
ume thus formed during the Caliphate of Abu Beker
was transcribed by different hands, and many
unrevised copies put in circulation and dis-
seminated throughout the Moslem cities. So many
errors, interpolations, and contradictory read-
ings soon crept into these copies, that Othman,
second Caliph, called in the various manuscripts,
examining what he pronounced the genuine Ko-
ran, caused all the others to be destroyed.

This simple statement may account for many of
the discrepancies, repetitions, and other discrep-
ancies charged upon this singular document.
Mahomet, as has justly been observed, may have
taught the same precepts, or related the same ap-
ocryphal stories, at different times, to different persons in
different words; or various persons may have
been present at one time, and given various ver-
sions of his words; and reported his apocryphal
and legendary stories in different ways, according
to their imperfect memoranda or fallible recollec-
tions. 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 relations made to himself. It has
been estimated that Abu Beker, in the early days
of his Caliphate, may have found it politic to inter-
pose many things in the Koran, calculated to
aid him in emergencies, and confirm the empire
of Islamism. What corruptions and interpolations
may have been made by other and less scrupulous
hands after the prophet's death, we may judge by
reading liberties of the kind taken by Abdal-
lah bin Saad, one of his secretaries, during his
life.

From all these circumstances it will appear,
even in the documentary memorials concerning
Mahomet abound with violations, while the tradi-
tions are full of fable. These increase the diffi-
culty of solving the enigma of his character and

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
the object he had to gain by the impious
and supicious imposture with which he stands
charged. Was it riches? His marriage with
Khadija had already made him wealthy, and for
years preceding his pretended vision he had man-
aged so to desire to increase his store. Was it
ambition? He already stood high in his native
tribe as a man of intelligence and probity. He
was of the illustrious tribe of Koreish, and of the
most honored branch of that tribe. Was it power?
The guardianship of the Caaba, and with it the
control of the sacred city, had been for gen-
erations in his immediate family, and his situation
in these circumstances entitled him to look forward
with confidence to that exalted trust. In attempt-
ing to subvert the faith in which he had been
brought up, he struck at the root of all these ad-
vantages. On that faith were founded the for-
tunes and dignities of his family. To assail it
was to lay on himself the hostility of his kindred,
the indignation of his fellow-citizens, and the hor-
rible odium of all his countrymen, who were
devoted to the Caaba.

Was there anything brilliant in the outset of his
career to repay him for these sacrifices,
and to lure him on? On the contrary, it was be-

gun in doubt and secrecy. For years it was not
attended by any material success. In proportion
as he made known his doctrines and proclaimed
his revelations, they subjected him to ridicule,
scorn, obloquy, and finally to an inveterate perse-
cution; which ruined the fortunes of himself and
his friends; compelled some of his family and fol-
lowers to take refuge in a foreign land; obliged
him to hide from sight in his native city, and
finally drove him forth a fugitive to seek an un-
certain home elsewhere. Why should he persist
for years in a course of imposture which was thus
prostrating all his worldly fortunes, at a time of
life when it was too late to build them up anew?

In the absence of sufficient worldly motives, we
are compelled to seek some other explanation of
his conduct in this stage of his most enigmatical
history; and this we have endeavored to set forth
in the early part of this work; where we have
shown his enthusiastic and visionary spirit gradu-
ally wrought up by solitude, fasting, prayer, and
meditation, and irritated by bodily disease into a
state of temporary delirium, in which he fancied he
receives a revelation from heaven, and is declared
a prophet of the Most High. We cannot but think
there was self-deception in this instance; and that
he believed in the reality of the dream or vision;
especially after his doubts had been combated by
the zealous and confiding Cadijah, and the learned
and crafty Waraka.

Once persuaded of his divine mission to go forth
and preach the faith, all subsequent dreams and
impulses might be construed to the same pur-
port; and might be considered intimations of the
divine will, reported in their several ways to him
as a prophet. We find him repeatedly subject to
trances and ecstasies in times of peculiar agitation
and excitement, when he may have fancied him-
self again in communication with the Deity, and
these were almost always followed by revelations.

The general tenor of his conduct up to the time
of his flight from Mecca, is that of an enthusiast
acting under a species of mental delusion; deeply
imbued with a conviction of his being a divine
agent for religious reform; and there is some-
thing striking and sublime in the luminous path
which his enthusiastic spirit struck out for itself
through the bewildering maze of adverse faiths
and wild traditions; the pure and spiritual wor-
ship of the one true God, which he sought to sub-
stitute for the blind idolatry of his childhood.

All the parts of the Koran supposed to have
been promulgated by him at this time, incohe-
rently as they have come down to us, and marred
as their pristine beauty must be in passing through
various hands, are of a pure and elevated char-
acter, and breathe poetical if not religious inspira-
tion. They show that he had drunk deep of the
living waters of Christianity, and if he had failed
to imbibe them in their crystal purity, it might be
because he had to drink from broken cisterns, and
streams troubled and perverted by those who
should have been their guardians. The faith he
had hitherto inculcated was purer than that held
forth by some of the pseudo Christians of Arabia,
and his life, so far, had been regulated according
to its tenets.

Such is our view of Mahomet and his conduct
during the early part of his career, while he was a
persecuted and ruined man in Mecca. A signal
change, however, took place, as we have shown in
the foregoing chapters, after his flight to Medina,
when, in place of the mere shelter and protection
which he sought, he finds himself revered as a
prophet, implicitly obeyed as a chief, and at the

head of a powerful, growing, and warlike host of votaries. From this time worldly passions and worldly schemes too often give 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 opportune and fitted to particular emergencies, 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 faith, all impulses and conceptions toward that 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 indisposed to give him credit for vast forecast, and for that deeply concerted 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 creature of impulse and excitement, and very much at the mercy of circumstances. His schemes grew out of his fortunes, and not his fortunes out of his schemes. He was forty years of age before he first broached his doctrines. He suffered year after year to steal away before he promulgated them out of his own family. When he fled from Mecca thirteen years had elapsed from the announcement of his mission, and from being a wealthy merchant he had sunk to be a ruined fugitive. When he reached Medina he had no idea of the worldly power that awaited him; his only thought was to build a humble mosque where he might preach; and his only hope that he might be suffered to preach with impunity. When power suddenly broke upon him he used it for a time in petty torays and local feuds. His military plans expanded with his resources, but were by no means masterly, and were sometimes unsuccessful. They were not struck out with boldness, nor executed with decision; but were often changed in deference to the opinions of warlike men about him, and sometimes at the suggestion of inferior minds, who occasionally led him wrong. Had he, indeed, conceived from the outset the idea of binding up the scattered and conflicting tribes of Arabia into one nation by a *brotherhood of faith*, for the purpose of carrying out a scheme of external conquest, he would have been one of the first of military projectors; but the idea of extended conquest seems to have been an after-thought, produced by success. The moment he proclaimed the religion of the sword, and gave the predatory Arabs a taste of foreign plunder, that moment he was launched in a career of conquest, which carried him forward with its own irresistible impetus. The fanatic zeal with which he had inspired his followers did more for his success than his military science; their belief in his doctrine of predestination produced vic-

tories which no military calculation could have anticipated. In his dubious outset, as a prophet, had been encouraged by the crafty counsels of a scriptural oracle Waraka; in his career as a conqueror he had Omar, Khaled, and other heroes by his side to urge him on, and to aid him in managing the tremendous power which he evoked into action. Even with all their aid he had occasionally to avail himself of his supernatural machinery as a prophet, and in so doing to have reconciled himself to the fraud by considering the pious end to be obtained.

His military triumphs awakened no passion for vainglory, as they would have done had they been effected for selfish purposes. In the time of his greatest power, he maintained the same simplicity of manners and appearance as in the days of adversity. So far from affecting regal state, he was displeased if, on entering a room, any unusual testimonial of respect were shown him. He aimed at universal dominion, it was the domination of the faith: as to the temporal rule which grew up in his hands, as he used it without ostentation, so he took no step to perpetuate it in his family.

The riches which poured in upon him from tribute and the spoils of war, were expended in promoting the victories of the faith, and in relieving the poor among its votaries; inasmuch that his treasury was often drained of its last coin. Ibn Al Hareth declares that Mahomet, at his death, did not leave a golden dinar nor a silver dirhem, a slave nor a slave girl, nor anything of his gray mule Daldal, his arms, and the gear which he bestowed upon his wives, his children, and the poor. "Allah," says an Arabian writer, "offered him the keys of all the treasures of the earth; but he refused to accept them."

It is this perfect abnegation of self, connected with this apparently heartfelt piety, running throughout the various phases of his fortune, which perplex one in forming a just estimate of Mahomet's character. However he betrayed the alloy of earth after he had worldly power at command, the early aspirations of his spirit continually returned and bore him above his earthly things. Prayer, that vital duty of Islamism, and that infallible purifier of the soul, was his constant practice. "Trust in God," was his comfort and support in times of trial and despondency. On the clemency of God, we are told, he reposed all his hopes of supernatural happiness. Ayesha relates that on one occasion she inquired of him, "Oh prophet, do none enter paradise but through God's mercy?" "None—none—none!" replied he, with earnest and emphatic repetition. "But you, oh prophet, do not you enter excepting through his compassion?" Then Mahomet put his hand upon his heart, and replied three times, with great solemnity, "Neeb shall I enter paradise unless God cover me with his mercy?"

When he hung over the death-bed of his mother Ibrahim, resignation to the will of God was exhibited in his conduct under this keenest of afflictions; and the hope of soon rejoining his father in paradise was his consolation. When he followed him to the grave, he invoked his spirit to the awful examination of the tomb, to bear testimony to the foundations of the faith, the unity of God, and his own mission as a prophet. Even in his dying hour, when there could be no longer any worldly motive for deceit, he still breathed the same religious devotion, and the same belief in his apostolic mission. The last words that trans-

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economy; nor such pure and elevated and be-
nevolent precepts as are contained in the Koran,
were a mind haunted by ignoble passions, and de-
rived to the grovelling 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 midnight 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.

Nearly every chapter of this work we have given
particulars of the faith inculcated by Ma-
homet as we deemed important to the understand-
ing of the succeeding narrative: we now, though
in the expense of some repetition, subjoin a more
concise summary, accompanied by a few obser-
vations.

The religion of Islam, as we observed on the
pre-mentioned 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 judg-
ment; 6th, in predestination. Of these we will
here treat in the order we have enumerated

FAITH IN GOD.—Mahomet inculcated the belief
that there is, was, and ever will be, one only God,
creator of all things; who is single, immutable,
omniscient, omnipotent, all merciful, and
eternal. The unity of God was specifically and
strongly urged, in contradistinction to the Trinity
of the Christians. It was designated, in the pro-
fession of faith, by raising one finger, and ex-
claiming, "La illah il Allah!" There is no
god but God—to which was added, "Mohamed
Rasul Allah!" Mahomet is the prophet of God.

FAITH IN ANGELS.—The beautiful doctrine of
angels or ministering spirits, which was one of
the most ancient and universal of oriental creeds,
is represented as ethereal beings, created from
the purest of elements, perfect in form and
possessors of beauty, but without sex; free from all
passion or sensual passion, and all the appetites and
weaknesses of frail humanity; and existing in per-
petual and unfading youth. They are various in
their degrees and duties, and in their favor with
God. Some worship around the celestial
throne; others perpetually hymn the praises of
God; some are winged messengers to execute
orders, and others intercede for the children
of men.

The most distinguished of this heavenly host
are the archangels. Gabriel, the angel of reve-
lation, who writes down the divine decrees;
Michael, the champion, who fights the battles of
God; Azrail, the angel of death; and Israfil,
who sounds the awful commission to sound the
trumpet on the day of resurrection. There was
another angel named Azazel, the same as Lucifer,
and the most glorious of the celestial band; but
he became proud and rebellious. When God com-
manded his angels to worship Adam, Azazel re-
beld, saying, "Why should I, whom thou hast
created of fire, bow down to one whom thou hast
created of clay?" For this offence he was ac-

cursed and cast forth from paradise, and his name
changed to Eblis, which signifies despair. In re-
venge of his abasement, he works all kinds of mis-
chief 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
each 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 Ma-
hometan 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 Gens 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 soli-
tudes of the desert, Mahomet, as we have shown,
professed to have been visited after his evening
orisons in the solitary valley of Al Naklah.

When the angel Azazel rebelled and fell and be-
came Satan or Eblis, he still maintained sove-
reignty over these inferior spirits; who are di-
vided by Orientalists into Dives and Peri: the
former ferocious and gigantic; the latter delicate
and gentle, subsisting on perfumes. 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 Euro-
pean fairies are derived.

Besides these there are other demi-spirits called
Taewins or Fates, 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
Sabæans.

The third article of faith is a belief in the KO-
RAN, 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 di-
vine will were brought down to the lowest heaven
by the angel Gabriel, and by him revealed to Ma-
homet from time to time, in portions adapted to

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

Of the way in which these revelations were taken down or treasured up by secretaries 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 swear 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, it 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 apologies which casually fell from the lips of Mahomet were collected after his death from ear-witnesses, and transcribed into a book called the *Sonna* or Oral Law. This is held equally sacred with the Koran by a sect of Mahometans 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 antagonists the appellation 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 likenesses 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 his own sex with the minuteness of a voluptuary. The beatification 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 intended.

The fourth article of faith relates to the PROPHETS. Their number amounts to two hundred thousand, but only six are supereminent, as 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 fifth 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, the fearful tribunal of the Sepulchre. When the angel of death, has performed his office, the corpse has been consigned to the tomb, by black angels, Munkar and Nakeer, of dismal and appalling aspect, present themselves as tormentors; during whose scrutiny the soul is returned 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 he be satisfactory, his soul is gently drawn from his lips, and his body left to its repose; should they be otherwise, he is beaten about the brows with iron clubs, and his soul wrenched with racking tortures. For the convenience of this awful inquisition, the Mahometans generally deposit their dead in hollow or vaulted sepulchres; merely wrapped in funeral clothes, and not placed in coffins.

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

The souls of prophets are admitted at once to the full fruition of paradise. Those of martyrs, including all who die in battle, enter into bodies or crops of green birds, who feed on fruits and drink of the streams of paradise. The rest of the great mass of true believers are variously disposed of, but, according to the most recent 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 testimonies 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; 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 souls of infidels, the orthodox opinion is that they will be repulsed by angels both from heaven and earth, and cast into the cavernous bowels of the earth, there to await in tribulation 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 human life; 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; inasmuch that a man passing by a grave shall envy the repose of the dead, and say, "Would to God I were in that place!"

The last dread signal of the awful day will be the blast of a trumpet by the archangel Israfil.

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the sound thereof the earth will tremble; castles
and towers will be shaken to the ground, and
regions levelled with the plains. The face of
heavens will be darkened; the firmament 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 trumpet a panic will
fall on the human race; men will fly from their
quarters, their parents, and their wives; and
children, in frantic terror, abandon the infant at
breast. The savage beasts of the forests and
wild animals of the pasture will forget their
fearlessness and their antipathies, and herd together
in fright.

The second blast of the trumpet is the blast of
regeneration. At that sound, all creatures in
heaven and on earth and in the waters under the
earth, angels and geni and men and animals, all
will rise, excepting the chosen few especially re-
served by Allah. The last to die will be Azrail,
the angel of death!

Forty days, or, according to explanations, forty
years of continued rain will follow this blast of ex-
termination; then will be sounded for the third
time the trumpet of the archangel Israfil; it is the
blast of judgment! At the sound of this blast the
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 rattling of dry bones,
not gathering together of scattered limbs; the
bones 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 naked as when born. The infidels will
appear with their faces on the earth, but the faith-
ful will walk erect; as to the truly pious, they will
be borne aloft on winged camels, white as milk,
and shod with fine gold.

Every human being will then be put upon his trial
as to the manner in which he has employed his
abilities, and the good and evil actions of his life.
A mighty balance will be poised by the angel
Israfel; 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 will suffice to turn this balance;
the nature of the sentence will depend on the
preponderance of either scale. At that moment
retribution will be exacted for every wrong and in-
iquity. 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 Serat, as fine as the hair of a scimitar,
which crosses the gulf of Jehennam or Hell. In-
fidel and sinful Moslems will grope along it dark-
ly and fall into the abyss; but the faithful, aid-
ed by a beaming light, will cross with the swift-
ness of birds and enter the realms of paradise.
The idea of this bridge, and of the dreary realms
of Jehennam, is supposed to have been derived
from the Jews, but chiefly from the Magi-
cians.

Jehennam is a region fraught with all kinds
of horrors. The very trees have writhing serpents
for branches, bearing for fruit the heads of de-
mons. We forbear to dwell upon the particulars
of this dismal abode, which are given with pain-
ful and often disgusting minuteness. It is de-

scribed as consisting of seven stages, one below
the other, and varying in the nature and intensity
of torment. The first stage is allotted to Atheists,
who deny creator and creation, and believe the
world to be eternal. The second for Manicheans
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 Ghebers of Persia; the seventh
for hypocrites, who profess without believing in
religion.

The fierce angel Thabeek, that is to say, the
executioner, presides over this region of terror.

We must observe that the general nature of Je-
hennam, and the distribution of its punishments,
have given rise to various commentaries and ex-
positions among the Moslem doctors. It is main-
tained 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.

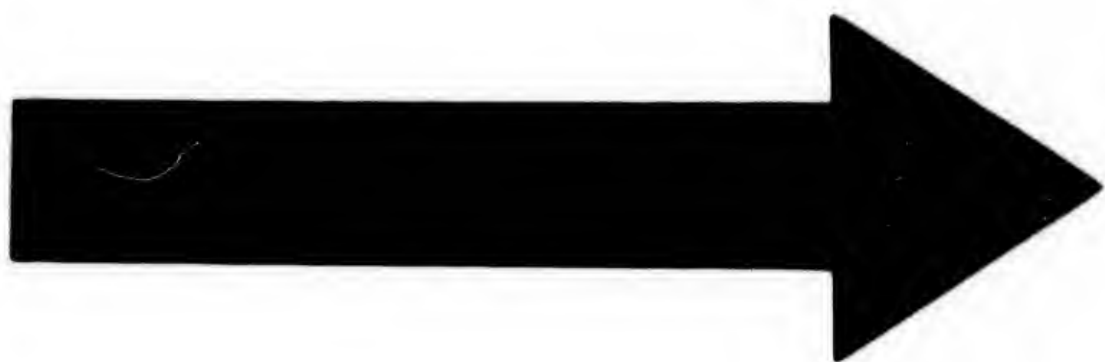
Some of the most humane among the Doctors
contend against eternity of punishment to any
class of sinners, saying that, as God is all merci-
ful, even infidels will eventually be pardoned.
Those who have an intercessor, as the Christians
have in Jesus Christ, will be first redeemed. The
liberality of these worthy commentators, how-
ever, 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 Jehennam and paradise is Al Araf or
the Partition, a region destitute of peace or pleas-
ure, 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 a hell to those in paradise.

AL JANET, OR THE GARDEN.—When the true
believer has passed through all his trials, and ex-
piated all his sins, he refreshes himself at the
Pool of the Prophet. This is a lake of fragrant
water, a month's journey in circuit, fed 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 Rushvan. The same profusion and minute-
ness which occur in the description of Jehennam,
are lavished on the delights of paradise, until the
imagination is dazzled and confused by the de-
tails. The soil is of the finest wheaten flour, frag-
rant with perfumes, and strewed with pearls and
hyacinths instead of sands and pebbles.

Some of the streams are of crystal purity, ren-
ning between green 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



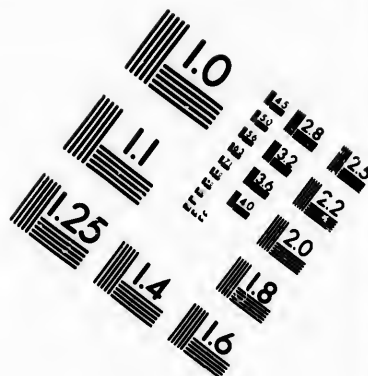
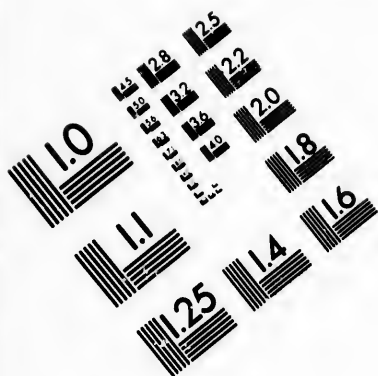
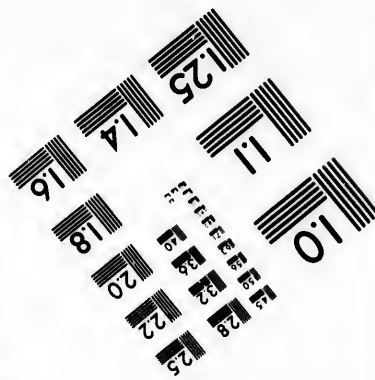
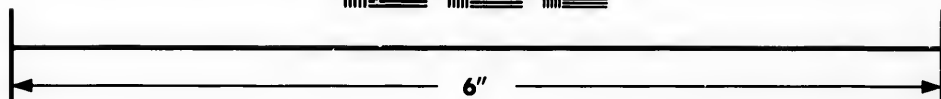
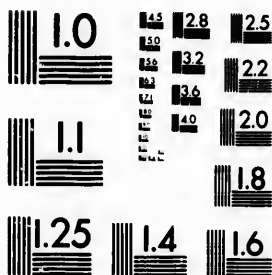


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wonderful tree of life, so large that a fleet horse would need a hundred years to cross its shade. The boughs are laden with every variety of delicious fruit, and bend to the hand of those who seek to gather.

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 repletion, and need no evacuation.

The air will resound with the melodious voice of Israfil, 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, who will rejoin him in all their pristine charms, he will be attended by the *Hûr al Oyûn*, or *Houris*, 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. Seventy-two 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, as of merit; but, as to those prepared for the most deserving, 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 understanding 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 natures of his hearers; and maintain that the joys of heaven will be mental as well as corporeal; the resurrection being of both soul and body. The soul will revel in a supernatural development 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 *Jehennam* as equally figurative; the torments of the soul consisting in the anguish of perpetual

remorse for past crimes, and sleep and ever-increasing despair for the loss of heaven; those the body in excruciating and never-ending pain.

The other doctors, who construe 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 superstitions of the Magians 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 Persians; and Mahomet is accused by Christian vestigators of having purloined much of his description of heaven from the account of the *Xi* Jerusalem in the *Apocalypse*; with such variations as is used by knavish jewellers, when they appropriate stolen 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 hour of his death, were irrevocably fixed, and could neither be varied nor evaded by any effort of human sagacity or foresight. In 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 every 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 the timely revelations to Mahomet, that were almost miraculous from their seasonable occurrence. It took place immediately after the disastrous battle of Ohod, in which many of his followers, and among them his uncle Hamza, were slain. It was, in a moment of gloom and despondence, 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 vermillion and odoriferous 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 booty if they survived, and of paradise if they fell? It rendered almost irresistible the Moslem arms; but it likewise contained the poison that was to destroy their dominion. From the moment the successors of the prophet ceased to be aggressive and conquerors,

* The reader may recollect that a belief in predestination, or destiny, was encouraged by Napoleon, and had much influence on his troops.

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the sword definitively, the doctrine of
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prayer, and the sensuality permitted by the Ko
-which so distinctly separates its doctrines
pure and self-denying religion of the
-the Moslem regarded every reverse as
-by Allah, and inevitable; to be borne
-since human exertion and foresight were
"Help thyself and God will help thee,"
-never in force with the followers of
-and its reverse has been their fate. The
-has waned before the cross, and exists in
-where it was once so mighty, only by the
-or rather the jealousy, of the great Chris
-poets, probably ere long to furnish another
-that "they that take the sword shall
-with the sword."

RELIGIOUS PRACTICE.

The articles of religious practice are fourfold:
-including ablution, Alms, Fasting, Pil
-grimage.

ABLUTION is enjoined as preparative to PRAYER,
-of body being considered emblematical of
-of soul. It is prescribed in the Koran with
-precision. The face, arms, elbows, feet,
-the fourth part of the head, to be washed once;
-ears, mouth, and nostrils, three times; the
-to be moistened with the residue of the
-used for the head, and the teeth to be clean
-with a brush. The ablution to commence on
-right and terminate on the left; in washing
-hands and feet to begin with the fingers and
-where water is not to be had, fine sand
-be used.

PRAYER is to be performed five times every
-day: the first in the morning, before sunrise;
-second at noon; the third in the afternoon,
-before sunset; the fourth in the evening, between
-twilight and dark; the fifth between twilight and
-dusk, being the vesper prayer. A sixth
-prayer is volunteered by many between the first
-of the night and the dawn of day. These
-prayers are but repetitions of the same laudatory
-oration, "God is great! God is powerful!
-God is almighty!" and are counted by the scru
-pulous upon a string of beads. They may be per
-formed at the mosque, or in any clean place.
-During prayer the eyes are turned to the Kebra, or
-point of the heaven in the direction of Mecca;
-this is indicated in every mosque by a niche
-called Al Mehrab, and externally by the position of
-minarets and doors. Even the postures to be
-used in prayer are prescribed, and the most
-sacred act of adoration is by bowing the forehead
-to the ground. Females in praying are not to
-open their arms, but to fold them on their
-sides. They are not to make as profound in
-creases 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
-presence of the worshippers should be drawn from
-their devotions. In addressing themselves to
-Allah the faithful are enjoined to do so with hu
-mility; putting aside costly ornaments and sumpt
-uous apparel.

Many of the Mahometan observances with re
-spect to prayer were similar to those previously
-practised by the Sabaeans; others agreed with
-the ceremonies prescribed by the Jewish Rab
-bims. Such were the postures, inflections and
-gestures, and the turning of the face toward
-the Kebra, 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 orien
tal nations as the day on which man was created.
The Sabean idolaters consecrated it to Astarte or
Venus, the most beautiful of the planets and
brightest of the stars. Mahomet adopted it as
his Sabbath, partly perhaps from early habitude,
but chiefly to vary from the Saturday of the Jews
and Sunday of the Christians.

The second article of religious practice is CHAR
ITY, or the giving of alms. There are two kinds
of alms, viz.: those prescribed by law, called
Zacat, like tithes in the Christian church, to be
made in specified proportions, whether in money,
wares, cattle, corn, or fruit; and voluntary gifts
termed Sadakat, 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, during the month
Rhamadan, the true believer is to abstain rigor
ously, from the rising to the setting of the sun,
from meat and drink, baths, perfumes, the inter
course of the sexes, and all other gratifications
and delights of the senses. This is considered a
great triumph of self-denial, mortifying and subdu
ing the several appetites, and purifying both body
and soul. Of these three articles of practice the
Prince Abdalasis used to say, "Prayer leads us
half way to God; fasting conveys us to his thresh
old, 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 ex
penses of the journey. The pilgrim before his de
parture from home arranges all his affairs, 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 devoutly commends them
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 sallies from the apartment, ex
claiming, "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
Kebra, repeats certain passages of the Koran, and
adds, "I turn my face to the Holy Caaba, the
throne of God, to accomplish the pilgrimage com
manded 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 quarrel.

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 arrived at some 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 loins, 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 thus attired, is termed *Al Mohrem*.

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 unsuited it may be to the season or the weather. While wearing it, the pilgrim must abstain from all licentiousness of language; all sensual intercourse; all quarrels and acts of violence; he must not even take the life of an insect that infests him; though an exception is made in regard to biting dogs, 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 Metowels 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 opposite the Black Stone, which he then kisses; or, if prevented by the throng, he touches it with his right hand, and kisses that. Departing from the Black Stone, and keeping the building on his left hand, he makes the seven circuits, the three first quickly, the latter four with 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 they perform it mingled with the men in the daytime.*

The seven circuits being completed, the pilgrim presses his breast against the wall between 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 Abraham, makes four prostrations, prays for the intermediation of the Patriarch, and thence to the well Zem Zem, 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,

* Burckhardt's Travels in Arabia, vol. i. p. 260. Lond. edit., 1829.

muttering prayers for him to repeat. He is conducted out of the mosque by the gate to Zafa to a slight ascent about fifty paces distant called the Hill of Zafa, when, after uttering prayer with uplifted hands, he commences a holy promenade, called the Saa or Say. This is through a straight and level street, called Mesaa, six hundred paces in length, lined with shops like a bazaar, and terminating at a place called Merowa. The walk of the Say is in commemoration of the wandering of Hagar on the same ground, in search of water for her child Ismael. The pilgrim, therefore, walks at a slow, with an inquisitive air, then runs in a certain place, and again walks gravely, stopping times and looking anxiously back.

Having repeated the walk up and down the street seven times, the Hajji enters a barber's shop at Merowa; his head is shaved, his nails cut, the barber muttering prayers and the pilgrim repeating them all the time. The paring and shaving are then buried in consecrated ground, the most essential duties of the pilgrimage are considered as fulfilled.*

On the ninth of the month Al Dhul-hajja, pilgrims make a hurried and tumultuous visit to Mount Arafat, where they remain until sunset, then pass the night in prayer at an Oratory, or Mozdalifa, and before sunrise next morning return to the valley of Mena, where they throw stones at each of three pillars, in imitation of Abraham, and some say also of Adam, who drove away the devil from this spot with stones, and was disturbed by him in his devotions.

Such are the main ceremonies which form the great Moslem rite of pilgrimage; but, before concluding this sketch of Islam faith, and closing the legendary memoir of its founder, we cannot bear to notice one of his innovations, which entailed perplexity on all his followers, and peculiar inconvenience on pious pilgrims.

The Arabian year consists of twelve lunar months, containing alternately thirty and twenty-nine days, and making three hundred and four in the whole, so that eleven days were in every solar year. To make up the deficient thirteenth or wandering month was added every third year, previous to the era of Mahomet to the same effect as one day is added in Christian calendar to every leap-year. Mahomet, who was uneducated and ignorant of astronomy, retrenched this thirteenth or intercalary month, 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 the following effect:

"For the number of months is twelve, as ordained by Allah, and recorded on the eternal tables on the day wherein he created the heavens 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 defatigable traveller, Burckhardt, who, in the guise of a pilgrim, visited these shrines, and supplied with all the forms and ceremonials. His work throws great light upon the manners and customs of the East, and practice of the Mahometan faith.

The facts related by Burckhardt have been corroborated with those of other travellers and writers, and particulars have been interwoven with them from other sources.

† The eternal tables or tablet was of white marble, extended from east to west and from earth to heaven.

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the Hajji enters a barber's shop, his head is shaved, his nails pared, and he performs prayers and the pilgrim's duties of the pilgrimage are

the month Al Dhu'l-hajj, hurried and tumultuous as were they remain until sunset in prayer at an Oratory, before sunrise next morning return to Medina, where they throw the three pillars, in imitation of the say also of Adam, who did so at this spot with stones, in his devotions.

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number of days thus lost amount in 33 years
It becomes necessary, therefore, to add an
extraordinary year at the end of each thirty-third year
the Mahometan into the Christian era,
the great inconvenience arising from this re-
of the prophet is, that the Moslem months
indicate the season, as they commence
eleven days every year. This at certain
is a sore grievance to the votaries to

Mecca, as the great pilgrim month Dhu'l-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 torrid 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 science of numbers is superior even to the gift of prophecy, and sets miracles at defiance.

PART II.

PREFACE.

the intention of the author in the following pages to trace the progress of the Moslem conquest from the death of Mahomet, in A.D. 632, to the invasion of Spain, in A.D. 710. In this period, which did not occupy fourscore and ten years, and passed within the lifetime of many of the Arab, the Moslems extended their empire, and their faith over the wide regions of Asia, Africa, subverting the empire of the Khosroes, subjugating great territories in India, establishing a splendid seat of power in Syria, dictating to the conquered kingdom of the Pharaohs, grasping the whole northern coast of Africa, and the Mediterranean with their ships, carrying conquests in one direction to the very gates of Constantinople, and in another to the extremities of Mauritania; in a word, trampling upon all the old dynasties which once held sway, and a magnificent sway in the East. The work presents a striking instance of the triumph of unbridled 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 in many of the events recorded in this narrative, owing to the character of the Arabs, and their insatiable thirst for stratagems, daring exploits, and individual achievements of an extravagant nature. It has sometimes been softened, if not suppressed, by cautious historians; but the author has placed them so in unison with the people and their habits, and with a career of conquest, of itself so far from the bounds of common probability, that he has been induced to leave them in all their native force.

Those who have read the life of Mahomet will find in the following pages most of their old acquaintances again engaged, but in a vastly grand-scale of action; leading armies, subjugating empires, and dictating from the palaces and thrones of deposed potentates.

in constructing his work, which is merely intended for popular use, the author has adopted a somewhat different method, and has been more concerned between biography and chronicle, and the telling of personal anecdote, and a greater play of fancy in the selection of the traits and peculiarities than is considered admissible in the stately walk of history. His acquaintance with the oriental languages has obliged him to take his materials at second hand, where

the decrees of God were recorded on it, and all things past, present, and to come, to all eternity. It is guarded by angels.

he could have wished to read them in the original ; such, for instance, has been the case with the accounts given by the Arabian writer, Al Wakiddi, of the conquest of Syria, and especially of the siege of Damascus, which retain much of their dramatic spirit even in the homely pages of Ockley. To this latter writer the author has been much indebted, as well as to the Abbé de Marigny's History of the Arabians, and to D'Herbelot's *Bibliothèque Orientale*. In fact, his pages are often a mere digest of facts already before the public, but divested of cumbrous diction and uninteresting details. Some, however, are furnished from sources recently laid open, and not hitherto wrought into the regular web of history.

In his account of the Persian conquest, the author has been much benefited by the perusal of the Gemäldeaal of the learned Hammer-Purgstall, and by a translation of the Persian historian Tabari, recently given to the public through the pages of the Journal of the American Oriental Society, by Mr. John P. Brown, dragoman of the United States legation at Constantinople.

In the account of the Moslem conquests along the northern coast of Africa, of which so little is known, he has gleaned many of his facts from Conde's *Domination of the Arabs in Spain*, and from the valuable work on the same subject, recently put forth under the sanction of the Oriental Translation Fund of Great Britain and Ireland, by his estimable friend, Don Pascual de Gayangos, formerly Professor of Arabic in the Athenæum of Madrid.

The author might cite other sources whence he has derived scattered facts; but it appears to him that he has already said enough on this point, about a work written more through inclination than ambition; and which, as before intimated, does not aspire to be consulted as authority, but merely to be read as a digest of current knowledge, adapted to popular use.

SUNNYSIDE, 1850.

CHAPTER I.

ELECTION OF ABU BEKER, FIRST CALIPH, HEGIRA
11, A.D. 632.

THE death of Mahomet left his religion without a head and his people without a sovereign ; there was danger, therefore, of the newly formed empire falling into confusion. All Medina, on the day of his death, was in a kind of tumult, and nothing

but the precaution of Osama Ibn Zeid in planting the standard before the prophet's door, and posting troops in various parts, prevent popular commotions. The question was, on whom to devolve the reins 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 Halsä, another of his wives, and the one to whose care he had confided the coffer containing the revelations of the Koran. Othman 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 derided and persecuted faith, he had been pronounced by Mahomet his brother, his vicegerent; he had ever since been devoted to him in word and deed, and had honored the cause by his magnanimity as signally as he had vindicated it by 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.

Other interests, 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 journey; as his fellow-sufferer in persecution; as the one who accompanied him in his flight from Mecca; as his companion in the cave when they were miraculously saved from discovery; as his counsellor and co-operator in all his plans and undertakings; as the one in fact whom the prophet had plainly pointed out as his successor, by deputing him to officiate in his stead in the religious ceremonies during his last illness. His claims were strongly urged by his daughter Ayesha, who had great influence among the faithful; and who was stimulated not so much by zeal for her father, as by hatred of Ali, whom she had never forgiven for having inclined his ear to the charge of incontinence against her in the celebrated case entitled *The False Accusation*.

Omar also had a powerful party among the populace, who admired him for his lion-like demeanor, his consummate military skill, his straightforward simplicity, and dauntless courage. He also had an active female partisan in his daughter Halsä.

While therefore Ali and his friends were in quiet counsel in the house of Fatima, many of the principal Moslems gathered together without their knowledge, to settle the question of succession. The two most important personages in this assemblage were Abu Beker and Omar. The first measure was to declare the supreme power not hereditary but elective; a measure which at once destroyed the claims of Ali on the score of consanguinity, and left the matter open to the public choice. This has been ascribed to the jealousy of the Koreishites of the line of Abd Schems; who feared, should Ali's claims be recognized, that the sovereign power, like the guardianship of the Caaba, might be perpetuated in the haughty line of Haschem. Some, however, pretend to detect in it the subtle and hostile influence of Ayesha.

A dispute now arose between the Mohadjerins

or refugees from Mecca and the Ansarians, Helpers of Medina, as to the claims of respective cities in nominating a successor to Mahomet. The former founded the claim on its being the birthplace of the prophet, and the first in which his doctrines had been divulged; they set forward their own claims as his townsmen, his relatives, and the companions of his exile. The Ansarians, on the other hand, insisted on the superior claims of Medina, asking been the asylum of the prophet, and his chosen residence; and on their own claims as having supported him in his exile, and enabled him to withstand and overcome his persecutors.

The dispute soon grew furious, and some flashed from their scabbards, when one of the people of Medina proposed as a compromise, each party should furnish a ruler and the government have two heads. Omar derided the proposition with scorn. "Two blades," said he, "do not go into one sheath." Abu Beker also protested against a measure calculated to weaken the empire in its very infancy. He exhorted Moslems to remain under one head, and named Omar and Abu Obeidah as persons worthy of office, and between whom they should choose. Abu Obeidah was one of the earliest disciples of Mahomet; he had accompanied him in his flight from Mecca, and adhered to him in all his times.

The counsel of Abu Beker calmed for a time the turbulence of the assembly, but it soon redoubled with redoubled violence. Upon this Omar suddenly rose, advanced to Abu Beker, and had him as the oldest, best, and most thoroughly-versed of the adherents of the prophet, and the one most worthy to succeed him. So saying, he kissed him 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 to the man whose counsels had contributed to establish the government, should be chosen to carry on. The example of Omar, therefore, was promptly followed, and Abu Beker was named chief.

Omar now ascended the pulpit. "Henceforth," said he, "if any one shall presume to take up 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 policy of Omar in these measures which at first sight appears magnanimous, has been cavilled at as crafty and selfish. Abu Beker it is observed, was well stricken in years; he about the same age with the prophet; it was 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 competitor, who, shut up with his friends in the dwelling of Fatima, knew nothing of the meeting in which his pretensions were thus demolished. Crafty, however, we must observe, was not one of Omar's characteristics, and was totally opposed to his prompt, stern, and simple course of his conduct on all occasions; nor did he ever show any craving lust for power. He seems ever to have been

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in the cause of Islam, and to have taken no
direct measures to promote it.

His next movement was indicative of his
straightforward cut-and-thrust policy. Abu
Beker, wary and managing, feared there might be
an outbreak on the part of Ali and his friends
when they should hear of the election which had
been placed. 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;
he announced to Ali the election of Abu Beker, and
demanded his concurrence. Ali attempted to re-
sist, alleging his own claims; but Omar
declared the penalty of death decreed to all
who should attempt to usurp the sovereign power
in defiance of public will, and threatened to en-
force it by setting fire to the house and consum-
ing its inmates.

"On the son of Khattab!" cried Fatima reproach-
fully, "thou wilt not surely commit such an out-
rage!"

"As will I in very truth!" replied Omar,
"unless ye all make common cause with the peo-
ple."

The friends of Ali were fain to yield, and to
acknowledge the sovereignty of Abu Beker. Ali,
however, held himself apart in proud and indig-
nant reserve until the death of Fatima, which hap-
pened in the course of several months. He then
paid tardy homage to Abu Beker, but, in so do-
ing, upbraided him with want of openness and
faith in managing the election without his
aid; a reproach which the reader will prob-
ably think not altogether unmerited. Abu Beker,
never disavowed all intrigue, and declared he
had accepted the sovereignty merely to allay 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.

Ali was seemingly pacified by this explanation;
he spurned it in his heart, and retired in dis-
content into the interior of Arabia, taking with him
his two sons Hassan and Husein, the only de-
scendants of the prophet. From these have
sprung a numerous progeny, who to this day are
considered noble, and wear green turbans as the
hereditary sign of their illustrious lineage.

CHAPTER II.

GENERATION OF ABU BEKER—TRAITS OF HIS
CHARACTER—REBELLION OF ARAB TRIBES—
DEFEAT AND DEATH OF MALEK IBN NOWIRAH
—HARSH MEASURES OF KHALED CONDEMNED
BY OMAR, BUT EXCUSED BY ABU BEKER—
KHALED DEFEATS MOSEILMA THE FALSE PRO-
PHET—COMPILATION OF THE KORAN.

On assuming the supreme authority, Abu Beker
assumed to take the title of king or prince; several
of the Moslems hailed him as God's vicar on
earth, but he rejected the appellation; he was not
the vicar of God, he said, but of his prophet,
and those plans and wishes it was his duty to carry
out and fulfil. "In so doing," added he, "I will
endeavor to avoid all prejudice and partiality.
I obey me only so far as I obey God and 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 mod-

est title of Caliph, that is to say, successor, by
which the Arab sovereigns have ever since been
designated. They have not all, however, imitated
the modesty of Abu Beker, in calling themselves
successors of the prophet; but many, in after
times, arrogated to themselves the title of Caliphs
and Vicars of God, and his Shadow upon Earth.
The supreme authority, as when exercised by
Mahomet, united the civil and religious functions:
the Caliph was sovereign and pontiff.

It may be well to observe, that the original
name of the newly elected Caliph was Abdallah
Athek Ibn Abu Kahlal. He was also, as we have
shown, termed Al Seddek, or The Testifier to the
Truth; from having maintained the verity of
Mahomet's nocturnal journey; but he is always
named in Moslem histories, Abu Beker; that is to
say, The Father of the Virgin; his daughter Aye-
sha being the only one of the prophet's wives that
came a virgin to his arms, the others having pre-
viously been in wedlock.

At the time of his election Abu Beker was about
sixty-two years of age; tall, and well formed,
though spare; with a florid complexion and thin
beard, which would have been gray, but that he
tinged it after the oriental usage. He was a man
of great judgment and discretion, whose wariness
and management at times almost amounted to
craft; yet his purposes appear to have been honest
and unselfish; directed to the good of the
cause, not to his own benefit. In the adminis-
tration of his office he betrayed nothing of sordid
worldliness. Indifferent to riches, and to all
pomp, luxuries, and sensual indulgences, he ac-
cepted no pay for his services but a mere pittance,
sufficient to maintain an Arab establishment of the
simplest kind, in which all his retinue consisted of
a camel and a black slave. The surplus funds
accruing to his treasury he dispensed every Fri-
day; part to the meritorious, the rest to the poor;
and was ever ready, from his own private means,
to help the distressed. On entering office he
caused his daughter Ayesha to take a strict ac-
count of his private patrimony, to stand as a record
against him should he enrich himself while
in office.

Notwithstanding all his merits, however, his
advent to power was attended by public commo-
tions. Many of the Arabian tribes had been con-
verted by the sword, and it needed the combined
terrors of a conqueror and a prophet to maintain
them in allegiance to the faith. On the death of
Mahomet, therefore, they spurned at the authority
of his successor, and refused to pay the Zacaat, or
religious contributions of tribute, tithes, and alms.
The signal of revolt flew from tribe to tribe, until
the Islam empire suddenly shrank to the cities of
Mecca, Medina, and Tayet.

A strong body of the rebels even took the field
and advanced upon Medina. They were led on
by a powerful and popular Sheikh named Malek
Ibn Nowirah. He was a man of high birth and
great valor, an excellent horseman, and a distin-
guished poet; all great claims on Arab admira-
tion. To these may be added the enviable for-
tune of having for wife the most beautiful woman
in all Arabia.

Hearing of the approach of this warrior poet
and his army, Abu Beker hastened to fortify the
city, sending the women and children, the aged
and infirm to the rocks and caverns of the neigh-
boring mountains.

But though Mahomet was dead, the sword of
Islam was not buried with him; and Khaled Ibn
Waled now stood forward to sustain the fame ac-

quired by former acts of prowess. He was sent out against the rebels at the head of a hasty levy of four 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. Khaled was instructed, therefore, should Malec fall into his power, to treat him with great respect; to be lenient to the vanquished, and to endeavor, by gentle means, to win all back to the standard of Islam.

Khaled, however, was a downright soldier, who had no liking for gentle 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 even of the rough soldier, but probably hardened his heart against her husband.

"Why," demanded he of Malec, "do you refuse to pay the Zaccat?"

"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 off thy head?"

"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 interferred, 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 thee because of thine apostasy."

"I am no apostate," said Malec; "I profess the true faith—"

It was too late; the signal of death had already been given. Scarcely had the declaration of faith passed the lips of the unfortunate Malec, when his head fell beneath the scimitar of Derar Ibn al Azwar, 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 Wacksa, the Ethiop, 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 adultery, or executed for the murder of a Moslem. The politic 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 Moseilma, who, encouraged by the impunity with which, during the illness of Mahomet, he had been suffered to propagate his doctrines, had increased greatly the number of his proselytes and adher-

ents, 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 Sedjah, wife of Abu Cahdla, a poetess of the tribe of Tamim, distinguished among the Arabs for her personal and mental charms. She came to see Moseilma in like manner as the Queen Sheba came to witness the wisdom and grandeur of King Solomon. They were inspired with mutual passion at the first interview, and passed much of their time together in tender, if not religious intercourse. Sedjah 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 visitant, are still preserved by an Arabian historian, and breathe all 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. Moseilma sallied forth to meet him with a still greater force. A battle took place at Akreba, not far from the capital city of Yamama. At the onset the rebels had a transient success, and twelve hundred Moslems bit the dust. Khaled, however, rallied his forces; the enemy were overthrown, and ten thousand cut to pieces. Moseilma fought with desperation, but fell covered with wounds. It is said his death-blow was given by Wacksa, the Ethiopian, the same who had killed Hamza, uncle of Mahomet, in the battle of Uhod, and that he used the self-same spear which Mahomet had used to pierce the side of the infidel. Wacksa, since his pardon by Mahomet, had become a zealous Moslem.

The surviving disciples of Moseilma became promptly converted to Islamism under the powerful 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 the critical juncture of public affairs; reinforcing 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 re-established in Arabia.

It was shortly after the victory of Khaled over Moseilma 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 in this undertaking by Omar, that ardent zealot of the faith. The latter had observed with alarm the number of veteran companions of the prophet who had fallen in the battle of Akreba. "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 many records of the doctrines of Islam." He urged Abu Beker, therefore, to collect from the surviving disciples all that they remembered; 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 has been noticed in the preceding volume; it was not, however, completed until under a succeeding Caliph.

CHAPTER III.

ARMY AGAINST SYRIA—ARMY SENT UNDER
ABU BAKER—SUCCESS—ANOTHER
ARMY UNDER AMRU IBN AL AASS—BRILLIANT
ACHIEVEMENTS OF KHALED IN IRAK.

The rebel tribes of Arabia being once more brought into allegiance, and tranquillity established at home, Abu Beker turned his thoughts to execute the injunction of the prophet, to propagate the faith throughout the world, until all nations should be converted to Islamism, by persuasion or sword. The moment was auspicious for such an enterprise. The long and desolating wars between the Persian and Byzantine emperors, which now at an end, had exhausted those once mighty powers, and left their frontiers open to aggression. In the second year of his reign, therefore, Abu Beker prepared to carry out the great enterprise contemplated by Mahomet in his latter days—the conquest of Syria.

Under this general name, it should be observed, he comprehended the countries lying between the Euphrates and the Mediterranean, including Syria and Palestine.* These countries, once being a system of petty states and kingdoms, each with its own government and monarch, were merged into the great Byzantine Empire, and acknowledged the sway of the emperor Heraclius at Constantinople.

Syria had long 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 the chief supplies of corn. It was a land of abundance. Part of it was devoted to agriculture; the rest was covered with fields of grain, with gardens and trees producing the finest fruits; the pastures well stocked with flocks and herds. The Arabian borders it had cities, the rich and important internal trade; while its seaports, though isolated from the ancient splendor and pre-eminence of Tyre and Sidon, still were the staples of important and widely extended commerce.

In the twelfth year of the Hegira, the following message was sent by Abu Beker to the chiefs of Syria and Arabia Felix.

In the name of the Most Merciful God! Allah Akbar! Ibn Abu Kahafa to all true believers, health, happiness, and the blessing of God. I am here to God, and to Mahomet his prophet! I am here to inform you that I intend to send an army to invade Syria, to deliver that country from the infidels, and I remind you that to fight for the true faith is to obey God!

There needed no further inducement to bring to standard every Arab that owned a horse or a lance, or could wield a lance. Every day brought thousands to Medina at the head of the fighting men of his tribe, and before long the fields round Medina were studded with encampments. The command of the army was given to Yezid Ibn Abi Sufyan. The troops soon became impatient to strike their sunburnt tents and march. "Why do we wait?" cried they; "all our fighting men are here; there are none more to come. The land of Medina are parched and bare, there is no more man or steed. Give us the word, and let us march for the fruitful land of Syria."

Abu Beker assented to their wishes. From the

Syria, in its widest oriental acceptation, included the Mesopotamia, Chaldea and even Assyria, the forming what in Scriptural geography was designated Aram.

brow of a hill he reviewed the army on the point of departure. The heart of the Caliph swelled with pious exultation 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 scanty handful that used to gather round the standard of the prophet. Scarce 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 victorious. Then giving the word to march, the tents were struck, the camels laden, and in a little while the army poured in a long continuous train over hill and valley.

Abu Beker accompanied them on foot on the first day's march. The leaders would have dismounted and yielded him 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 excepting 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 cleave their skulls unless they 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 booty 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 Beker sent tidings of this success to Mecca and the surrounding country, calling upon all true believers to press forward in the career of victory, thus prosperously commenced. Another army was soon set on foot, the command of which was given to Seid 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 resign, and to appoint in his place Amru Ibn al Aass; 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, and was one of its most valiant and efficient champions.

Such was the zeal of the Moslems in the prose-

cution of this holy war, that Seid Ibn Khaled cheerfully resigned his command and enlisted under the standard which he had lately reared.

At the departure of the army, Abu Beker, who was excellent at counsel, and fond of bestowing it, gave Amru a code of conduct for his government, admonishing him to live righteously, as a dying man in the presence of God, and accountable for all things in a future state. That he should not trouble himself about the private concerns of others, and should forbid his men all religious disputes about events and doctrines of the "times of ignorance;" that is to say, the times antecedent to Mahomet; but should enforce the diligent reading of the Koran, which contained all that was necessary for them to know.

As there would now be large bodies of troops in Syria, and various able commanders, Abu Beker in maturing the plan of his campaign assigned them different points of action. Amru was to draw toward Palestine; Abu Obeidah to undertake Emessa; Seid Ibn Abu Sofian, Damascus; and Serhil Ibn Hasan, the country about the Jordan. They were all to act as much as possible in concert, and to aid each other in case of need. When together they were all to be under the orders of Abu Obeidah, to whom was given the general command in Syria. This veteran disciple of the prophet stood high, as we have shown, in the esteem and confidence of Abu Beker, having been one of the two whom he had named as worthy of the Caliphate. He was now about fifty years of age; zealously devoted to the cause, yet one with whom the sword of faith was sheathed in meekness and humanity; perhaps the cautious Abu Beker thought his moderation would be a salutary check to the headlong valor of the fanatical soldiers of Islam.

While this grand campaign was put in operation against the Roman possessions in Syria, a minor force was sent to invade Irak. This province, which included the ancient Chaldea and the Babylonia of Ptolemy, was bounded on the east by Susiana or Khurzestan and the mountains of Assyria and Medea, on the north by part of Mesopotamia, on the west and south by the Deserts of Sham or Syria and by a part of Arabia Deserta. It was a region tributary to the Persian monarch, and so far a part of his dominions. The campaign in this quarter was confided to Khaled, of whose prowess Abu Beker had an exalted opinion, and who was at this time at the head of a moderate force in one of the rebellious provinces which he had brought into subjection. The Caliph's letter to him was to the following effect. "Turn thee toward Arabian Irak! The conquest of Hira and Cufa is intrusted to thee. After the subjection of those lands, turn thee against Aila and subdue it with God's help!"

Hira was a kingdom to the west of Babylonia, on the verge of the Syrian Desert; it had been founded by a race of Arabs, descendants of Kah-tan, and had subsisted upward of six hundred years; the greater part of the time it had been under a line of princes of the house of Mondar; who acknowledged allegiance to the kings of Persia and acted as their lieutenants over the Arabs of Irak.

During the early part of the third century many Jacobite Christians had been driven by the persecutions and disorders of the Eastern Church to take refuge among the Arabs of Hira. Their numbers had been augmented in subsequent times by fugitives from various quarters, until, shortly before the birth of Mahomet, the king of

Hira and all his subjects had embraced Christianity.

Much was said of the splendor of the capital which bore the same name with the king. Here were two palaces of extraordinary magnificence, the beauty of one of which, if Arab legends speak true, was fatal to the architect of the king, fearing that he might build one more beautiful for some other monarch, had thrown headlong from the tower.

Khaled acted with his usual energy and success in the invasion of this kingdom. With thousand men he besieged the city of Hira, stormed its palaces; slew the king in his subduing the kingdom; imposed on it an annual tribute of seventy thousand pieces of gold, first tribute ever levied by Moslems on a foreign land, and sent the same with the son of the deceased king to Medina.

He next carried his triumphant arms against Aila, defeated Hormuz, the Persian governor, sent him his crown, with a fifth part of the booty to the Caliph. The crown was of great value, being one of the first class of those worn by seven viceregerents of the Persian "King of Kings." Among the trophies of victory sent to Medina was an elephant. Three other Persian generals and governors made several attempts with powerful armies, to check the victorious career of Khaled, but were alike defeated. After city fell into his hands; nothing seemed capable of withstanding his arms. Planting a victorious standard on the bank of the Euphrates, he wrote to the Persian monarch, calling on him to embrace the faith or pay tribute. "You refuse both," added he, "I will come to you with a host who love death as much as I do life."

The repeated convoys of booty sent by Khaled to Medina after his several victories, the sight of captured crowns and captured princes, and the first tribute imposed on foreign lands, had excited the public exultation to an uncommon degree. Abu Beker especially took pride in his achievements; considering them proofs of his own sagacity and foresight which he had shown in refusing to punish him with death as he strongly urged to do so by Omar. As victory after victory was announced, and train after train laden with spoils crowded the gates of Medina, he joyed to see his anticipations so far outstripped by the deeds of this headlong warrior. "By Allah," exclaimed he, in an ecstasy, "woman is too weak to give birth to another Khaled!"

CHAPTER IV.

INCOMPETENCY OF ABU OBEIDAH TO THE GENERAL COMMAND IN SYRIA — KHALED'S ATTEMPT TO SUPERSEDE HIM — PERIL OF THE ARAB ARMY BEFORE BOSRA — TIMELY ARRIVAL OF KHALED — HIS EXPLOITS DURING THE SIEGE — CAPTURE OF BOSRA.

THE exultation of the Caliph over the triumph in Irak was checked by tidings of a different kind from the army in Syria. Abu Obeidah, who the general command, wanted the boldness and enterprise requisite to an invading general, partial defeat of some of his troops discouraged him, and he heard with disquiet of vast numbers which the emperor Heraclius was assembling to overwhelm him. His letters to the Caliph

subjects had embraced Christ.

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CHAPTER IV.

ABU OBEIDAH TO THE CALIPH IN SYRIA — KHALED'S PERIL — PERIL OF THE CALIPH — TIMELY ARRIVAL OF BOSRA — KHALED'S EXPLOITS DURING THE SIEGE.

of the Caliph over the triumph and by tidings of a different Syria. Abu Obeidah, who had wanted the boldness to an invading general, some of his troops discouraged with disquiet of vast for Heraclius was assembled. His letters to the Caliph

book of the anxiety and perplexity of his mind. Abu Beker, whose generally sober mind, was annoyed at finding that, while the war was dashing forward in a brilliant career, the Caliph was merely on the defensive in Syria. In the vexation of the moment he regretted that he had not sent the invasion of the latter country to one who appeared to him a nerveless man; and he immediately sent missives to Khaled ordering him to leave the prosecution of the war in Irak to his subordinate generals, and repair, in all haste, to the armies in Syria, and take the general command there. Khaled obeyed the orders with his usual promptness. Leaving his army under the command of Mostanna Ibn Haris, he put himself at the head of fifteen hundred horse, and spurred for the Syrian borders to join the Moslem host, which he learned, while on the way, was drawing near the Christian city of Bosra.

This city, the reader will recollect, was the main mart on the Syrian frontier, annually visited by the caravans, and where Mahomet, when young, had his first interview with Sergius, the Mesopotamian monk, from whom he was said to have received instructions in the Christian faith. It was a place usually filled with merchandise, and held out a promise of great booty; but it was strongly walled, its inhabitants were inured to war, and it could at any time pour forth twelve thousand horse. Its very name, in the Syrian language, 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 his approach, Romanus, the governor of the city, notwithstanding the strength of the place and of the garrison, could vainly have paid tribute, for he was dismayed by the accounts he had received of the fanatic 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 of no avail. Squadron after squadron of horsemen wheeled down from the gates of Bosra, attacked the Moslems on every side, 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 Achbar! Allah Achbar! resounded through the Moslem host, as the eagle banner of Khaled was descried through the cloud. A warrior came galloping to the field, at the head of his troop of horsemen, all covered with blood. 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 Khaled regarded him reproachfully. "What weakness 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 in the command of Abu Obeidah."

"Abu Obeidah," replied Khaled, bluntly, "is a very worthy man, but he knows little of warfare." To effect the army of Syria soon found the differ-

ence between the commanders. The soldiers of Khaled, fatigued 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, prowled all night round the city, and the camp, fearing some new irruption from the foe.

At daybreak he roused his army for the morning prayer. Some of the troops performed their 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 leveling his lance, entered into a parley in an under tone of voice. He declared that he was a Mahometan at heart, and had incurred great odium among the people of the place, by endeavoring to persuade them to pay tribute. He now offered to embrace 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 craven. 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 command, sallied in advance of the army, and defied Khaled to combat. Abda'Ibrahim, son of the Caliph, a youth of great promise, begged of Khaled the honor of being his champion. His request being granted, he rode forth, well armed, to the encounter. The combat was of short duration. At the onset the governor 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 endeavored 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 scimeter.

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 alarms, the shrieks of women and children mingled with the prayers and chants of priests and monks moving in procession through the streets.

The Moslems, too, called upon Allah for success, mingling prayers and execrations as they fought. At length the troops of Bosra gave way ; the squadrons that had sallied 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 panted with fatigue and terror behind their bulwarks, the standards and banners of the cross were planted on the battlements, and couriers were sent off imploring reinforcements from the emperor.

Night closed upon the scene of battle. The stifled groans 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 Arab camp to guard it against the desperation of the foe.

Abda'rahman 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 Abda'rahman was at his breast, when he proclaimed 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 wall 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 Abda'rahman 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. Abda'rahman 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. Under the guidance of the traitor 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 and startled the prowlers.

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.

"What friend seeks me at this hour of the night ?"

"Thy friend Abda'rahman," cried Romanus with malignant triumph ; "who comes to see thee to hell !"

The wretched poltroon would have fled. "Nay," cried Abda'rahman, "you escape me not a second time !" and with a blow of his scimeter laid him dead at his feet. He then gave the signal shout of Allah Achbar ! It was repeated by his followers at the portal ; echoed by the other parties in different quarters ; the city gates were thrown open, the legions of Khaled and Serbil rushed in, and the whole city resounded with cries of Allah Achbar ! The inhabitants, startled from their sleep, hastened forth to know the meaning of the uproar, but were cut down at the thresholds, and a horrible carnage took place until there was a general cry for quarter. Then, in compliance with one of the precepts of Mahomet, Khaled put a stop to the slaughter, and received the survivors under the yoke.

The savage tumult being appeased, the unhappy inhabitants of Bosra inquired as to the mode in which they had been surprised. Khaled hesitated to expose the baseness of Romanus ; but the traitor gloried in his shame, and in the vengeance he had wreaked upon former friends. "Twas I !" cried he, with demoniac exultation. "I renounce ye both in this world and the next. I deny him who was crucified, and despise his worshippers. I choose Islam for my faith, and Caaba for my temple, the Moslems for my brethren, Mahomet for my prophet ; and I bear witness that there is but one only God, who has no partner in his power and glory."

Having made this full recantation of his faith and profession of his new, in fulfilment of his traitorous compact, the apostate departed from Bosra, followed by the execrations of its inhabitants, among whom he durst no longer abide, and Khaled, although he despised him in his heart, appointed a guard to protect his property from plunder.

CHAPTER V.

KHALED LAYS SIEGE TO DAMASCUS.

THE capture of Bosra increased the ambition and daring of the Moslems, and Khaled now aspired to the conquest of Damascus. This renowned and beautiful city, one of the largest and most magnificent of the East, and reputed to be the oldest in the world, stood in a plain of wonderful richness and fertility, covered with groves and gardens, and bounded by an amphitheatre of hills the skirts of Mount Lebanon. A river called the ancients Chrysorrhoea, or the stream of gold, flows through this plain, feeding the canals and water-courses of its gardens, and the fountains of the city.

The commerce of the place bespoke the luxuriance of the soil ; dealing in wines, silks, woollen prunes, raisins, figs of unrivalled flavor, sweet-scented waters and perfumes. The fields were covered with odoriferous flowers, and the roses of Damascus has become famous throughout the world. This is one of the few, the very few, cities famous in ancient times, which still retain a trace of ancient delights. "The citron," says a recent traveller, "perfumes the air for many miles round the city ; and the fig-trees are of vast size. The pomegranate and orange grow in thickets. The

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the trickling of water on every hand. Where-
ever you go there is a trotting brook, or a full and
stream beside the track; and you have fre-
quently to cross from one vivid green meadow to
another by fording, or by little bridges. These
streams are all from the river beloved by Naaman
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 scimitars proverbial for their
rainless temper.

When Khaled resolved to strike for this great
city, he had but fifteen hundred horse, which had
followed him from Irak, in addition to the force
which he found with Serjabil; having, however,
the general command of the troops in Syria, he
sent 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
fertile plain of Damascus. As they wound in
ascending files along the banks of the shining
river, through verdant and flowery fields, or
among groves and vineyards and blooming gar-
dens, it seemed as if they were already realizing the
paradise promised by the prophet to true believers;
when the fanes and towers of Damascus rose
in sight from among tufted bowers, they broke
into shouts of transport.

Heracleus the emperor was at Antioch, the cap-
ital of his Syrian dominions, when he heard of the
advance of the Arabs upon the city of Damascus.
He opposed the troops of Khaled, however, to be-
come predatory hand, intent as usual on hasty
conquest, and easily repulsed when satisfied with
spoils; and he felt little alarm for the safety of
the city, knowing it to be very populous, strongly
garrisoned, and well garrisoned. He contented him-
self 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
leaving them in a state of defence. As he ap-
proached Baalbec, the women came forth with
torn hair, wringing their hands and uttering
cries of despair. "Alas!" cried they, "the
Arabs overrun the land, and nothing can with-
stand them. Aracah and Sachnah, 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 an-
nounced," "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 proceedings. Arrogating to himself
supreme command, he would have deposed
and expelled the former governor Azrail, a meri-
tous old soldier, well beloved by the people.
Violent dissensions immediately arose, and the
city instead of being prepared for defence, was a
prey to internal strife.

In the height of these tumults the army of Khaled,
forty thousand strong, being augmented by
the aid of Abu Obeidah, was despatched marching
across the plain. The sense of danger calmed
the fury of contention, and the two governors sal-
uted each other, with a great part of the garrison, to en-
counter 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 give him an opportunity of
distinguishing himself. For this purpose he de-
tached him with a small squadron of horse to feel
the pulse of the enemy. "Now is the time, De-
rar," cried he, "to show thyself a man, and emu-
late the deeds of thy father and other illustrious
soldiers of the faith. Forward in the righteous
cause, and Allah will protect thee."

Derar levelled his lance, and at the head of his
handful of followers charged into the thickest 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 sol-
diers, slew six with his own hand, trampled down
others, and produced great confusion. The Chris-
tians, however, recovered from a temporary
panic, and opposed him with overwhelming num-
bers and Roman discipline. Derar saw the ine-
quality of the fight, and having glutted his martial
lury, showed the Arab dexterity at retreat, mak-
ing his way back safely to the Moslem army, by
whom he was received with acclamation.

Abda'rahman gave a similar proof of fiery
courage; but his cavalry was received by a bat-
talion of infantry arranged in phalanx with extend-
ed spears, while stones and darts hurled from a
distance galled both horse and rider. He also,
after making a daring assault and sudden car-
nage, 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 defiance to single combat.

The jealousies of the two Christian commanders
continued in the field. Azrail, 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 vaunting 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 the contest was fur-
ious 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 lance 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 trium-
phant shouts.

Mounting a fresh horse, Khaled prepared again
for battle.

"Tarry, my friend," cried Derar; "repose thy-
self 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 re-
pose sufficient amid the delights of paradise."

When about to return to the field, Caloüs de-
manded a moment's audience, and making use of
the traitor Romanus as an interpreter, advised
Khaled to bend all his efforts against Azrail, 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.

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 Azrail loudly by name. The latter quickly appeared, well armed and mounted, and with undaunted bearing.

The contest was long and obstinate. The combatants paused for breath. Khaled could not but regard his adversary with admiration.

"Thy name," said he, "is Azrail?" (This is the Arabic name for the angel of death.)

"Azrail is my name," replied the other.

"By Allah!" replied Khaled, "thy namesake is at hand, waiting to carry thy soul to the fire of Jehennam!"

They renewed the fight. Azrail, who was the most fleetly mounted, being sorely pressed, made use of an Arabian stratagem, and giving the reins to his steed pretended to fly the field. Having distanced his adversary and fatigued his horse, he suddenly wheeled about and returned to the charge. Khaled, however, was not to be outdone in stratagem. Throwing himself lightly from his 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 not equal to his valor; or rather his fanatical zeal overcame all generous feelings. He admired Azrail as a soldier, but detested him as an infidel. Placing him beside his late rival Calous, he called upon both to renounce Christianity and embrace the faith of Islam. They persisted in a firm refusal, upon which he gave the signal, 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 rigor. The inhabitants were embarrassed and dismayed by the loss of their two governors, and the garrison was thinned by frequent skirmishes, in which the bravest warriors were sure to fall. At length the soldiers ceased to sally forth, and the place became strictly invested. Khaled, with one half of the 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 expiring throes, they were surprised one day by the unusual sound of shouts of 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, had lowered 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 some able officer with a detachment to check and divert the advancing army. His advice was adopted, and Derar, the cherished companion of arms of Khaled, was chosen for the purpose. That fiery Moslem was ready to march at once and attack the enemy with any handful of men that might be assigned him; but Khaled rebuked his inconsiderate zeal. "We are expected," said he, "to fight for the faith, but not to throw ourselves away." Allotting to his friend, therefore, one thousand chosen horsemen, he recommended to him to hang on the flanks of the enemy and impede their march.

The fleetly mounted band of Derar soon came in sight of the van of Werdan's army, slowly marching in heavy masses. They were for hovering about it and harassing it in the Arab manner, but the impetuous valor of Derar was inflamed, and he swore not to draw back a step without being fighting. He was seconded by Rafi Ibn Omeirah, who reminded the troops that a handful of faithful was sufficient to defeat an army of infidels.

The battle cry was given. Derar, with some of his choicest troops, attacked the centre of the army, seeking to grapple with the general, while he beheld there, surrounded by his guard. At the very onset he struck down the prefect's right hand man, and then his standard-bearer. Several of Derar's followers sprang from their steeds, seized the standard, a cross richly adorned with precious stones, while he beat off the enemy and endeavored to regain it. The captured cross was borne off in triumph; but at the same moment Derar received a wound in the left arm from a javelin, launched by a son of Werdan. Turning upon the youth, he thrust his lance into his breast, but, in withdrawing it, the iron head remained in the wound. Thus left, unarmed, he defended himself for a time with the mere truncheon of his lance, but was overpowered and taken prisoner. The Moslems fought furiously to rescue him, but in vain, and he was borne captive from the field. They would now have fled, but were recalled by Rafi Ibn Omeirah. "Whoever flies," cried he, "turns his back upon God and his prophet. Paradise is for those who fall in battle. If your captain be dead, God is living, and sees your actions."

They rallied and stood at bay. The fortune of the day was against them; they were attacked by tenfold their number, and though they fought with desperation, they would soon have been cut to pieces, had not Khaled, at that critical moment, arrived at the scene of action with the greater part of his forces; a swift horseman had brought him tidings of this disastrous array, and the capture of his friend.

On arriving, he stopped not to parley, but charged into the thickest of the foe, where he cut most banners, hoping there to find his captive friend. Wherever he turned he hewed a path for him, but Derar was not to be found. At length a prisoner told him that the captive had been sent off to Emessa under a strong escort. Khaled instantly dispatched Rafi Ibn Omeirah with a hundred horse in pursuit. They soon overtook the escort, attacked them furiously, slew several, and put the rest to flight, who left Derar bound with cords, and his charger.

By the time that Rafi and Derar rejoined

once have marched to meet so great a host could come which might be defeated, and quiet Abu Obeidah, he continued the siege, and sent with a detachment to check the army. His advice was, the cherished companion was chosen for the purpose, was ready to march at once with any handful of men; but Khaled rebuked him. "We are expected," said the faith, but not to throw up the hands of the enemy and

ated band of Derar soon came to Werdan's army, slow masses. They were for horse, pressing it in the Arab manner. Derar was inflamed, and drew back a step without being seconded by Rafi Ibn Omeirah, troops that a handful of men could defeat an army of infidels given. Derar, with some, attacked the centre of the army, the general, who was surrounded by his guard, struck down the prelate's right hand standard-bearer. Several sprang from their steeds, a cross richly adorned while he beat off the enemy with it. The captured cross was a trophy; but at the same moment in the left arm from a son of Werdan. Turning, he thrust his lance into his horse's side, the iron head remained in it, unarmed, he defended himself, the mere truncheon of a sword empowered and taken prisoner, he furiously to rescue him, but he was borne captive from the field. He had fled, but were recalled. "Whoever flies," cried the prophet, "God and his prophet. Perish he who fall in battle. If your life is living, and sees your

stood at bay. The fortune of the day was not theirs; they were attacked, and though they fought bravely, they would soon have been overcome. Khaled, at that critical moment, the scene of action with his forces; a swift horseman having been of this disastrous affray, a friend. He stopped not to parley, he struck the toe, where he was standing, there to find his captive. He turned he heaved a pathos, he was not to be found. He told him that the captive was a messia under a strong escort. He dispatched Rafi Ibn Omeirah in pursuit. They soon overtook them furiously, they set them to flight, who left Derar upon his charger.

Rafi and Derar rejoined

army, Khaled had defeated the whole of Werdan, division after division, as they were successively at the field of action. In this manner a hundred thousand troops were defeated, by less than a third of their number, inspired by fanatic valor, and led on by a skillful and intrepid chief. Thousands of the fugitives were killed on the pursuit; an immense booty in treasure, arms, baggage, and horses fell to the victors, and Khaled led back his army, flushed with conquest, but fatigued with fighting and burdened with spoils, to resume the siege of Damascus.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS CONTINUED—SALLY OF THE GARRISON—HEROISM OF THE MOSLEM WOMEN.

The tidings of the defeat of Werdan and his army made the emperor Heraclius tremble at his palace at Antioch for the safety of his Syrian kingdom. Hastily levying another army of twenty thousand men, he put them under the command of Werdan, at Aiznadin, with orders to march to the relief of Damascus, and attack the army, which must be diminished and enfeebled by the recent battle.

Khaled took counsel of Abu Obeidah how to meet the impending storm. It was determined to raise the siege of Damascus, and seek the enemy promptly at Aiznadin. Conscious, however, of the inequality of his forces, Khaled sent missives to all the Moslem generals within his call.

"In the name of the most merciful God! Khaled al Walid to Amru Ibn al Aass, health and happiness. The Moslem brethren are about to march to Aiznadin to do battle with seventy thousand Greeks, who are coming to extinguish the light of God. But Allah will preserve his light in spite of all the infidels. Come to Aiznadin with thy troops; for, God willing, thou shalt find me here." These missives 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 modestly remarked, that as Khaled was now commander-in-chief, that station was retained to him. Abu Obeidah, therefore, brought up the rear, where were the baggage, the women, and the children.

When the garrison of Damascus saw their enemy on the march, they sallied forth under two leaders 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, trampling down some, trampling others under foot, and spreading wide confusion. Peter in the meantime, 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 this onset having reached Khaled in Werdan, he sent Derar, Abda'irahman, and Rafi Ibn Omeirah, scouring back, each at the head of a hundred horse, while he followed with the main force.

Derar and his associates soon turned the tide of battle, routing Paul and his cavalry with such slaughter, that of the six thousand but a small number 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 divide their booty. In the division, Caulah the sister of Derar was allotted 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 Hamzarite women, descendants as it is supposed of the Amalekites of old, and others of the tribe of Himyar, all bold viragos, accustomed from their youth to mount the horse, ply the bow, and launch the javelin. They were roused by the appeal of Caulah. "What, however, can we do," cried they, "having neither sword nor lance nor bow?"

"Let us each take a tent pole," replied Caulah, "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 Ofeirah. 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 fearless, 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 up 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 the

rider as he fell. Then alighting and striking off the head of Peter, he elevated it on the point of his lance. A general action ensued. The enemy were routed and pursued with slaughter to the gates of Damascus, and great booty was gained of horses and armor.

The battle over, Paul was brought a prisoner before Khaled, and the gory head of his brother was shown to him. "Such," cried Khaled, "will be your fate unless you instantly embrace the faith of Islam." Paul wept over the head of his brother, and said he wished not to survive him. "Enough," cried Khaled; the signal was given, and the head of Paul was severed from his body.

The Moslem army now retired to their old camp, where they found Abu Obeidah, who had rallied his fugitives and intrenched himself, for it was uncertain how near Werdan and his army might be. Here the weary victors reposed themselves from their dangers and fatigues; talked over the fortunes of the day, and exulted in the courage of their women.

CHAPTER VIII.

BATTLE OF AIZNADIN.

THE army of the prefect Werdan, 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, Werdan 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 Arabian 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 stake 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."

When Werdan saw a single horseman glowing 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 horsed seventeen, and so daunted the rest that was enabled to make his retreat in safety.

Khaled reproached him with rashness and disobedience of orders.

"I sought not the fight," replied Derar. "They came forth against me, and I heard God should see me turn my back. He doubtless aided me, and had it not been for your orders should not have desisted when I did."

Being informed by Derar of the number and positions of the enemy's troops, Khaled marshaled his army accordingly. He gave command of the right wing to Mead and Noman; the left to Ibn Abu Wakkas and Serjabil, and took charge of the centre himself, accompanied by Amru, da'Ibrahim, Derar, Kais, Rahi, and other distinguished leaders. A body of four thousand horse under Yezed Ebn Abu Sofian, was posted in rear to guard the baggage and the women.

But it was not the men alone that prepared this momentous battle. Caulah and Uffeir and their intrepid companions, among whom were women of the highest rank, excited by their recent success, armed themselves with such weapons they found at hand, and prepared to mingle in the fight. Khaled applauded their courage and devotion, assuring them that, if they fell, the gates of paradise would be open to them. He then formed them into two battalions, giving command of one to Caulah, and of the other to Offeirah; and charged them, besides defending themselves against the enemy, to keep a strict watch upon his own troops; and whenever they saw a Moslem turn his back upon the foe, to slay him as a recreant and an apostate. Finally he exhorted them through the ranks of his army, exhorting them to fight with desperation, since they had won children, honor, religion, everything at stake, and no place of refuge should they be defeated.

The war cries now arose from either army; the Christians shouting for "Christ and for his faith;" the Moslems, "La l'aha illa Allah, Mohammed Resoul Allah!" "There is but one God! Mahomet is 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, to the Koran, and the prophet."

"Thou art come unprovoked," said the Christian, "thou and thy host, to invade this Christian land. Be not too certain of success. Other who have heretofore invaded this land have found a tomb instead of a 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 events cost thee most lamentable bloodshed? Retire, then, in peace, and spare the miserable which must otherwise fall upon either army. Shouldst thou do so, I am authorized to offer, to 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."

"You proffer a part," replied Khaled scornfully, "to one who will soon possess the whole. For yourselves there are but three conditions to embrace the faith, pay tribute, or expect the sword." With this rough 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

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all nightfall, for that with the prophet was the
most auspicious time of victory."

The enemy now threw their Armenian archers
the advance, and several Moslems were killed
wounded with flights of arrows. Still Khaled
maintained the impatience of his troops, ordering
no man should stir from his post. The im-
pudent Derar at length obtained permission to
attack the insulting band of archers, and spurred
impetuously 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 gen-
eral, when a horseman from the advance army
rushed up, and inquired for the Moslem gen-
eral. Khaled, considering it a challenge, levelled
his lance for the encounter. "Turn thy lance
back, I pray thee," cried the Christian eagerly;
but a messenger, and seek a parley."

Khaled quietly reined up his steed, and laid his
hand on the pommel of his saddle: "Speak
thy 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; but
I promise protection for myself 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
we will meet him to-morrow morning, singly,
in sight of either army, to treat of terms of peace."

"That is my message; but beware, oh Khaled!
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
all with thee, when defenceless and off thy guard."
He then proceeded to mention the place ap-
pointed for the conference, and all the other par-
ticulars. "Enough," said Khaled. "Return
to Werdan, and tell him I agree to meet him."

The Moslems were astonished at hearing a re-
sponsion, when the conflict was inclining in
their favor; they withdrew reluctantly from the
field, and Abu Obeidah and Derar demanded of
Khaled the meaning of his conduct. He inform-
ed them of what had just been revealed to him.
"I will keep this appointment," said he. "I will
singly and will bring back the heads of all 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 defer the punishment
of their perfidy until morning?" cried Derar.
"Give me the ten men, and I will counterplot
these traitors 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
appointed. As they drew near Derar caused his
companions to halt, and, putting off his clothes to
prevent all rustling noise, crept warily with his
dagger and scimitar to the appointed ground. Here
he beheld the ten men fast asleep, with their
heads beneath their hands. Returning silently,
he beckoning his companions, they singled out
one man, so that the whole were dispatched
in a blow. They then stripped the dead, dis-
robed themselves in their clothes, and awaited
the morning day.

The rising sun shone on the two armies drawn
up in battle array, and awaiting the parley of
messengers. 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 them-
selves on the ground, they entered into a parley.
Their conference was brief and boisterous. Each
considered the other in his power, and conducted
himself with haughtiness and acrimony. Werdan
spoke of the Moslems as needy spoilers, who
lived by the sword, and invaded the fertile terri-
tories 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 so poor as to accept alms at your hands.
Allah provides for us. You offer us a part of what
is all our own; for Allah has put all that you
have into our hands; even to your wives and
children. But do you desire peace? We have al-
ready told you our conditions. Either acknowl-
edge 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 rejected. Do you entice me here alone for
single combat? Be it so, and let our weapons de-
cide 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 amb-
ush. 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, al-
most naked, brandishing a scimitar, and in
whom he recognized the slayer of his son.
"Mercy! Mercy!" cried he to Khaled, at find-
ing 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 the point of a lance
and borne by the little band toward the Christian
troops, who, deceived by the Greek disguises, sup-
posed 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 bade his
trumpets sound a general charge. What ensued
was a massacre rather than a battle. The im-
perial army broke and fled in all directions:
some toward Cesarea, others to Damascus, and
others to Antioch. The booty was immense;
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 de-
clared should not be divided until after the cap-
ture of Damascus.

Tidings of this great victory was sent to the
Caliph at Medina, by his brave and well beloved
son Abda Ibrahman. On receiving it, Abu Beker
prostrated himself and returned thanks to God.
The news spread rapidly throughout Arabia.
Hosts of adventurers hurried to Medina from all
parts, and especially from Mecca. All were eager
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," said he, "who 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 already there are sufficient 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 Sofian, to remonstrate with the Caliph. "Why are we denied permission," said they, "to fight in the cause of our religion? It is true that in the days of darkness and ignorance 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 Sofian. This letter he sealed with the seal of the prophet, and dispatched it by his son Abda'Irahman.

CHAPTER IX.

OCCURRENCES BEFORE DAMASCUS—EXPLOITS OF THOMAS—ABÂN IBN ZEID AND HIS AMAZONIAN WIFE.

THE fugitives from the field of Ainzadin 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 managed by Jews skilled in their use.

In the midst of their preparation, they beheld a 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 advance guard, of upward of nine thousand horsemen, was led by Amru. Then came two thousand Koreishite horse, led by Abu Sofian. Then a like number under Serjabil. Then Omar Ibn Rabiyyah 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 Sofian posted opposite the southern gate. Serjabil opposite that of St. Thomas. Amru before that of Paradise, and Kais Ibn Hobeirah before that of Kaisan. Abu Obeidah encamped at some distance, in front of the gate of Jabiyyah, and charged to be strict and vigilant, and to make frequent assaults, for Khaled knew his humane and easy nature. As to Khaled himself, he took station and planted his black eagle before the eastern gate.

There was still a southern gate, that of Mark, so situated that it was not practicable to establish posts or engage in skirmishes before it was, therefore, termed the Gate of Peace. To the active and impetuous Derar, he was ordered to patrol round the walls and scour the adjacent plain at the head of two thousand horse, detecting the camp from surprise and preventing supplies and reinforcements to the city. "It should be attacked," said Khaled, "send word, and I will come to your assistance." "I must stand peaceably until you arrive?" said Derar, in recollection of former reproofs of rash contests. "Not so," rejoined Khaled, "but fight stoutly, and be assured I will not fail you." The rest of the army were dismounted to carry on the siege on foot.

The Moslems were now better equipped for than ever, having supplied themselves with arms and weapons taken in repeated battles. As, however, they retained their Arab frugality and plainness, neglecting the delicate viands, sumptuous raiment, and other luxurious indulgences of their enemies. Even Abu Obeidah, the humility of his spirit, contented himself with his primitive Arab tent of camel's hair; refusing the sumptuous tents of the Christian commanders, won in the recent battle. Such were stern and simple-minded invaders of the city, and sensual nations of the East.

The first assaults of the Moslems were bravely repelled, and many were slain by darts and hurled by the machines from the wall. The risen enemy ventured to make a sally, but was driven back with signal slaughter. The siege was then pressed with unremitting rigor, until one dared to venture beyond the bulwarks. 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 Heraclius. He had no post, but was greatly respected, for he was a man of talents and consummate courage. In a moment of general depression he endeavored to rouse the spirits of the people; representing the invaders as despicable, barbarous, naked, poorly armed, without discipline or military vice, 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 venture upon another sally. His offer was accepted, and the next morning appointed for the effort.

Khaled perceived a stir of preparation throughout the night, lights gleaming in the towers along the battlements, and exhorted his men to be vigilant, for he anticipated some desperate movement. "Let no man sleep," said he.

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 succor; they listened only to their fears, and sent to Khaled begging a truce, that they might have time to treat of a surrender. That 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 Jabiyah, and sought his presence. They found this leader of a mighty force, that was shaking the empire of the Orient, living in a humble tent of hair-cloth, like 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 soon written, in which he engaged that hostilities 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 effects as they could carry, and those who remained as tributaries 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 gate opposite to the encampment of Abu Obeidah was 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 Jabiyah, 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, undertook to deliver the gate into his hands, on condition of security of person and property for himself and his relatives.

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 it open with the signal shout of Allah Achbar!

Khaled and his legions poured in at the gate with sound of trumpet and tramp of steel; 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 marching 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 gentle words. "Allah in his mercy," said he, "has 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 to prove it I will put every inhabitant to the sword."

Abu Obeidah felt that in point of military 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 them, in the name of the prophet, 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 blood career, and the two generals with their officers retired to the church of the Virgin.

Here, after a sharp altercation, Khaled, calling all claims of justice and mercy, was brought to ten 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 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 fly to the last extremity.

It was with the utmost difficulty that Abu Obeidah wrung from the iron soul of Khaled slow consent to his capitulation, on condition that the whole matter should be referred to Caliph. At every article he paused and murmured. He would fain have inflicted death on Josias, and another leader named Herbis, but Abu Obeidah insisted that they were expressly excluded in the covenant.

Proclamation was then made that such of the inhabitants as chose to remain tributaries to 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 champion 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 the days' grace, during which they should be safe from molestation or pursuit, on condition they do nothing with them but provisions.

Here the worthy Abu Obeidah interfered, declaring that he had covenanted to let them 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 beasts; he, however, who had a lance, should have no sword; and he who had a bow should have no lance.

Khaled in a fury. "I grant no quarter to the inhabitants a covetous hand."

"What had you," demanded Khaled, "capitulation without consulting the general? Yes, by Allah, I will put every inhabitant to

death in that point of military honor. He sought to pacify Khaled, but intended all for the best, a rebuke, entreating him to do as he had made in the name of the prophet, and with the approval present at the transaction. The Moslem officers seconded him, and favored to persuade Khaled to capitulation. While he hesitated, delay, resumed the warfare.

"The good Abu Obeidah was slain!" cried he, "my word and my covenant is trampled

under the feet of the marauders in the name of the prophet! Khaled should have time to think."

The name of the prophet's soldiery paused in their blood, and generals with their officers of the Virgin.

An altercation, Khaled, called for mercy, was brought to the attention of him that he

where many cities were yet to be taken. It was important to respect the generals, even though it was to his mind; otherwise, he would cease to be trusted.

By the late of Damascus, the city was brought to the attention of him that he

all offers of mercy and forgiveness.

It was the utmost difficulty that Khaled could find in his capitulation, on condition that the latter should be referred to the article he paused and

in vain have inflicted death upon his leader named Herbis, and that they were expressly

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Thomas and Herbis, who were to conduct this caravan, pitched their tents in the plain adjacent to the city, whither all repaired to follow them into exile, each laden with plate, jewels, silken stuffs, and whatever was precious and least burdensome. Among the things was a wardrobe of the emperor Herbis, in which there were above three hundred costly silks and cloth of gold.

When assembled, the sad multitude set forth on their wayfaring. Those who from pride, from ambition, or from religion, thus doomed themselves to poverty and exile, were among the noblest and most highly bred of the land; people accustomed to soft and luxurious life, and to the pleasures of palaces.

Of this number was the wife of Thomas, a daughter of the emperor Herbis, who was attended by her maidens. It was a precious sight to behold aged men, delicate striking women, and helpless children,

setting forth on a wandering journey through mountains and deserts, and rugged mountains, infested by savage hordes.

Many a time did they cast a look of fondness and despair on the sumptuous palaces and delightful gardens, and their pride and joy; and still would they weep and beat their breasts, and gaze

up at their tears on the stately towers of Damascus and the flowery banks of the Pharpar.

The siege terminated the hard-contested siege of Damascus, which Voltaire has likened for its sieges, skirmishes, and single combats to the siege of Troy. More than twelve months passed between the time the Saracens first pitched their tents before it and the day of its surrender.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PURSUIT OF JONAS AND EUDOECA—PURSUIT OF THE EXILES—DEATH OF THE CALIPH ABU DEHSH.

It is recorded that Derar gnashed his teeth at seeing the multitude of exiles departing in peace, laden with treasures, which he considered as so much hard-earned spoil, lost to the caliph; but what most incensed him was, that many unbelievers should escape the edge of the scimitar. Khaled would have been equally

grieved, but that he had secretly covenanted with himself to regain this booty. For this purpose he ordered his men to refresh themselves on their horses, and be in readiness for action, when they should 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 his soldiers, 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 during these wars.

During the siege Derar, as has been related, was ordered to patrol round the city and the camp with two thousand horse. As a party of these men one night going their rounds, near the walls, they heard the distant neighing of a horse, and

seeing narrowly round, descried a horseman creeping 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 youthful 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 Eudoea; 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 two domestics, was following her lover at a distance, as he sallied in advance. His reply in Greek when she called upon him was, "The bird is caught!" a warning at the hearing of which she had 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 to its foes, he sought the dwelling of Eudoea, 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 throbbing heart he hastened to the convent, but when the lofty-minded maiden beheld in 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, frantic at the thoughts of losing her, reminded Khaled of his promise to restore her to him, and entreated that she might be detained; but Khaled pleaded the covenant of Abu Obeidah, according to which all had free leave to depart.

When Jonas afterward discovered that Khaled meditated a pursuit of the exiles, but was discouraged by the lapse of time, he offered to conduct him by short and secret passes 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 to enable 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 glens worn by winter torrents. The horses struck fire at every tramp; they cast their shoes, their hoofs were battered on the rocks, and many of them were lamed and disabled. 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 bait 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 they resumed the pursuit; passing within sight of Jabalah and Laodicea, but without venturing within their gates, lest the disguise of Christian Arabs, which deceived the simple peasantry, might not avail with the shrewder inhabitants of the towns.

Intelligence received from a country boor increased their perplexity. The emperor Heraclius, fearing that the arrival of the exiles might cause a panic at Antioch, had sent orders for them to proceed along the sea-coast to Constantinople. 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 him, and 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'rahman, 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 retreat. The morning dawned; the storm cleared up, and the sun shone brightly 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, reposing in the sunshine from the fatigues 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 caravan 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'rahman, and the fourth led by himself.

He gave orders that the squadrons should meet 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 the squadron rushing down from the mountain. They were deceived at first by the Greek dresses, were soon aware of the truth; though the small number of the enemy gave them but little dread. Thomas hastily marshalled five thousand men to receive the shock of the onset, with such weapons as had been left them. Another and another vision came hurrying down from the mountain, and the fight was furious and well contested. Thomas and Khaled fought hand to hand; the Christian champion was struck to the ground. Abda'rahman cut off his head, elevated it on a spear of the standard of the cross which he had taken at Damascus, and called upon the Christians to behold the head of their leader.

Rafi Ibn Omeirah penetrated with his division into the midst of the encampment to capture women. They stood courageously on the defensive, hurling stones at their assailants. Among them was a female of matchless beauty, dressed in splendid attire, with a diadem of jewels. She was the reputed daughter of the emperor, wife of Thomas. Rafi attempted to seize her, she hurled a stone that struck his horse in the head and killed him. The Arab drew his sword, and would have slain her, but she cried for mercy, so he took her prisoner, and gave her charge to a trusty follower.

In the midst of the carnage and confusion, Jonas hastened in search of his betrothed. He had treated him with disdain as a renegade, now regarded him with horror, as the traitor who had brought this destruction upon his unhappy countrymen. All his entreaties for her to turn and be reconciled to him were of no avail. She firmly vowed to repair to Constantinople and her days in a convent. Finding supplication useless, he seized her, and after a violent struggle threw her on the ground and made her prisoner. She made no further resistance, but submitted to captivity, seated herself quietly on the ground. The lover flattered himself that she relented; watching her opportunity, she suddenly drew forth a poniard, plunged it in her breast, and died at his feet.

While this tragedy was performing the general battle, or rather carnage, continued. Khaled ranged the field in quest of Herbis, but, fighting pell-mell among a throng of Christians that commander came behind him and dealt a blow that severed his helmet, and would have cleft his skull but for the folds of his turban. The sword of Herbis fell from his hand with violence of the blow, and before he could recover it he was cut in pieces by the followers of Khaled. The struggle of the unhappy Christians came to an end: all were slain, or taken prisoners, except one, who was permitted to depart, and to bore the dismal tidings of the massacre to Constantinople.

The renegade Jonas was loud in his lamentations for the loss of his betrothed, but his Moslem comrades consoled him with one of the doctrines of the faith he had newly embraced. "It is written in the book of fate," said they, "that she should never possess that woman; but he who

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Allah has doubtless greater blessings in
store for you;" and, in fact, Rafi Ibn Omeirah,
of compassion for his distress, presented him
with the beautiful princess he had taken captive.
Khaled consented to the gift, provided the em-
peror did not send to ransom her.

There was now no time to be lost. In this head-
long pursuit they had penetrated above a hundred
miles into the heart of the enemy's coun-
try, and might be cut off in their retreat. "To
go and away," therefore, was the word. The
winter was hastily packed upon the mules, the
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 descried the banner of the cross.
They prepared for a desperate conflict. It proved,
however, a peaceful mission. An ancient bishop,
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
your master I intend to have him in exchange;
never will I cease this war until I have wrested
from him every foot of territory."

To indemnify the renegade for this second
persecution, a large sum of gold was given him,
permitted to buy a wife from among the captives;
he now disclaimed forever all earthly love, and,
a devout Mahometan, looked forward for con-
solation among the black-eyed Houris of paradise.
He continued more faithful to his new faith and
his companions 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,
he 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
chronicler; but Alwakedi, the venerable Cadi of
Bagdad, adds a supplement to the story, for the
encouragement of all proselytes to the Islam faith.
He states that Jonas, after his death, was seen in
vision by Rafi Ibn Omeirah, arrayed in rich
clothes and golden sandals, and walking in a flowery
field; and the beatified renegade assured him
that for his exemplary services, Allah had given
him seventy of the black-eyed damsels of para-
dise, each of resplendent beauty, sufficient to
show the sun and moon in the shade. Rafi related
his vision to Khaled, who heard it with implicit
faith. "This it is," said that Moslem zealot, "to
be a martyr to the faith. Happy the man to
whom lot it falls!"

Khaled succeeded in leading his adventurous
band safely back to Damascus, where they were
warmly received by their companions in arms,
who had entertained great fears for their safety.
He now divided the rich spoils taken in his expe-
dition; four parts were given to the officers and
soldiers, a fifth he reserved for the public treas-
ury, and sent it off to the Caliph, with letters in-
forming him of the capture of Damascus; of his
disputes with Abu Obeidiah as to the treatment of
the city and its inhabitants, and lastly of his expec-
tation in pursuit of the exiles, and his recovery of
the wealth they were hearing away. These mis-
sives were sent in the confident expectation that

* The story of Jonas and Eudocia has been made
the subject of an English tragedy by Hughes, entitled
The Siege of Damascus; but the lover's name is
changed to Phocyas, the incidents are altered, and the
catastrophe is made entirely different.

his policy of the sword would far outshine, in the
estimation of the Caliph, and of all true Moslems,
the more peaceful policy of Abu Obeidiah.

It was written in the book of fate, say the Ara-
bian historians, that the pious Abu Beker should
die without hearing of the brightest triumph of the
Islam faith; the very day that Damascus sur-
rendered the Caliph breathed his last at Medina.
Arabian authors differ as to the cause of his
death. Abulfeda asserts that he was poisoned by
the Jews, in his frugal repast of rice; but his
daughter Ayesha, with more probability, ascribes
his death to bathing on an unusually cold day,
which threw him into a fever. While struggling
with his malady, he directed his chosen friend
Omar to perform the religious functions of his
office in his stead.

Feeling his end approaching, he summoned his
secretary, Othman Ibn Affan, and in presence
of several of the principal Moslems, dictated as
follows: "I, Abu Beker Ibn Abu Kahala, being
on the point of leaving this world for the next,
and at that moment when infidels believe, when
the wicked cease to doubt, and when liars speak
the truth, do make this declaration of my will to
the Moslems. I nominate as my successor"—
Here he was overtaken with faintness so that he
could not speak. Othman, who knew his inten-
tions, added the name of Omar Ibn al Khattab.
When Abu Beker came to himself, and saw what
his secretary had written, "God bless thee," said
he, "for this foresight!" He then continued to
dictate. "Listen to him, and obey him, for, as far
as I know him, and have seen him, he is integrity
itself. He is competent to everything he under-
takes. He will rule with justice; if not, God,
who knows all secrets, will reward him according
to his works. I mean all for the best, but I can-
not see into the hidden thoughts of men. Fare-
well. Act uprightly, and the blessing of Allah
be upon you."

He ordered this testament to be sealed with his
seal, and copies of it to be sent to the principal
authorities, civil and military. Then, having sent
for Omar, he told him of his having nominated
him as his successor.

Omar was a stern and simple-minded man;
unambitious of posts and dignity. "Oh suc-
cessor to the apostle of God!" said he, "spare
me from this burden. I have no need of the
Caliphate." "But the Caliphate has need of you!"
replied the dying Abu Beker.

He went on to claim his acceptance of the
office as a proof of friendship to himself, and of
devotion to the public good, for he considered
him eminently calculated to maintain an undi-
vided rule over the restless people so newly con-
gregated into an empire. Having brought him
to accept, he gave him much dying counsel, and
after he had retired, prayed fervently for his suc-
cessor, and that the dominion of the faith might be
strengthened and extended during his reign.
Having thus provided for a quiet succession to
his office, the good Caliph expired in the arms of
his daughter Ayesha, in the sixty-fourth year of
his age, having reigned two years, three months,
and nine days. At the time of his death his father
and mother were still living, the former ninety-
seven years of age. When the ancient Moslem
heard of the death of his son, he merely said, in
scriptural phrase, "The Lord hath given, and
the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name
of the Lord!"

Abu Beker had four wives; the last had been
the widow of Jaafar, who fell in the battle of

Muta. She bore him two sons after his sixtieth year. He does not appear, however, to have had the same fondness for the sex as the prophet, notwithstanding his experience in wedlock. "The women," he used to say, "are all an evil; but the greatest evil of all is, that they are necessary."

Abu Beker was universally lamented by his subjects, and he deserved their lamentations, for he had been an excellent ruler, just, moderate, temperate, frugal, and disinterested. His reign was too short to enable him to carry out any extensive schemes; but it was signalized by the promptness and ability with which, through the aid of the sword, he quelled the wide-spreading insurrections on the death of the prophet, and preserved the scarcely launched empire of Islam from perfect shipwreck. He left behind him a name dear to all true Moslems, and an example which, Omar used to say, would be a difficult pattern for his successors to imitate.

CHAPTER XII.

ELECTION OF OMAR, SECOND CALIPH—KHALED SUPERSEDED IN COMMAND BY ABU OBEIDAH—MAGNANIMOUS CONDUCT OF THOSE GENERALS—EXPEDITION TO THE CONVENT OF AYLIA.

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 uncommon, and he used the left as adroitly 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 its most sincere and strenuous champions. He had taken 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, Khattbar, Honein, 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 expounded 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 unbelief.

In the administration of affairs, his probity and justice were proverbial. In private life he was noted for abstinence and frugality, and a contempt 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: a 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 scourge and twisted thongs for the correction of minor offences among which he included satire and scandal, and so potently and extensively was it piled that the world went round, "Omar's twisted scourge 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 Miramamolun, 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 judgment was not to be dazzled by daring or 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 adventure, and more fitted to be a partisan than a leader. He resolved, therefore, to take the principal command of the army out of such indiscreet hands and restore it to Abu Obeidah, who, 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 in Syria.

The letter was delivered to Abu Obeidah at the time that Khaled was absent in pursuit of the caravan of exiles. The good Obeidah was surprised but sorely perplexed by the contents. His modesty made him unambitious of high command, and his opinion of the signal valor and 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, and suffered him to write his second letter to Abu Beker, giving him an account of his recent pursuit and plundering of the exiles.

Omar had not been long installed in office when he received the first letters of Khaled announcing the capture of Damascus. These tidings occasioned the most extravagant joy at Medina, and the valor of Khaled was extolled by the multitude to the very skies. In the midst of the rejoicings they learnt with astonishment that the general command had been transferred to Abu Obeidah. The admirers of Khaled were loud in their expostulations. "What!" cried they, "dismiss Khaled when in the full career of victory? Remember the reply of Abu Beker, who a like measure was urged upon him. 'I will sheathe the sword of God drawn for the promotion of the faith.'"

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near revolved their remonstrances in his mind,
his resolution remained unchanged. "Abu
said he, "is tender and merciful, yet
He will be careful of his people, not lav
ing their lives in rash adventures and plunder
s; nor will he be the less formidable in
for being moderate when victorious."

After the men in time came the second dispatches of
addressed to Abu Beker, announcing
success of his expedition in pursuit of the ex
and requesting his decision of the matters
between him and Abu Obeidah. The
Obeidah was perplexed by this letter, which showed
his election as Caliph was yet unknown to
and that Abu Obeidah had not assumed
command. He now wrote again to the latter,
requesting his appointment, and deciding upon
matters in dispute. He gave it as his opinio
Damascus had surrendered on capitulation,
had not been taken by the sword, and directed
the stipulations of the covenant should be
ful. He declared the pursuit of the exiles in
ous and rash, and that it would have proved
but for the mercy of God. The dismissal
the emperor's daughter free of ransom, he
ed a prodigal action, as a large sum might
been obtained and given to the poor. He
Obeidah, of whose mild and hu
temper he was well aware, not to be too
st and compliant, but at the same time not
the lives of the faithful in the mere hope
glorify. This latter hint was a reproof to

As this letter should likewise be suppressed
the modesty of Abu Obeidah, he dis
ted it by an officer of distinction, Shaded Ibn
whom he appointed his representative in
with orders to have the letter read in pres
of the Moslems, and to cause him to be pro
Caliph at Damascus.

Khaled made good his journey, and found
in his tent, still acting as commander-in-
and the army ignorant of the death of Abu
Beker. The tidings he brought struck every one
astonishment. The first sentiment expressed
gret at the death of the good Abu Beker,
was universally lamented as a father; the
and was surprise at the deposition of Khaled
the command, in the very midst of such sig
nificances; and many of his officers and sol
were loud in expressing their indignation.

Khaled had been fierce and rude in his ca
triumph, he proved himself magnanimous
this moment of adversity. "I know," said
"that Omar does not love me; but since Abu
Beker is dead, and has appointed him his success
submit to his commands." He accordingly
Omar to be proclaimed Caliph at Da
Beker, and resigned his command to Abu Obe
idah. The latter accepted it with characteristic
dignity; but evinced a fear that Khaled would
be in disgust, and his signal services be lost to
cause of Islam. Khaled, however, soon let
know that he was as ready to serve as to
command, and only required an occasion to prove
his zeal for the faith was unabated. His per
sonal submission extorted admiration even from
enemies, and gained him the fullest deference,
respect, and confidence of Abu Obeidah.

At this time one of the Christian tributaries,
a dispirited wretch, eager to ingratiate him
with Abu Obeidah, came and informed him
of his object of enterprise. "At no great dis
tance from this, between Tripoli and Harran, there
a convent called Daiz Abil Kodos, or the mon-

astery of the Holy Father, from being inhabited
by a Christian hermit, so eminent for wisdom,
piety, and mortification of the flesh, that he is
looked up to as a saint; so that young and old,
rich and poor, resort from all parts to seek his ad
vice 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 benediction. At Easter there is an an
nual 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 a peaceful 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 foray 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, Abdal
lah Ibn Jaafar, stepson of Abu Beker, came for
ward. A banner was given him, and five hun
dred veteran horsemen, scarred in many a battle,
sallied 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 scout. As he approached the
place he was astonished to see it crowded with an
immense concourse of Greeks, Armenians, Copts,
and Jews, in their various garbs; besides these
there was a grand procession of nobles and court
iers 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 Abdallah promptly; "I fear
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 Abdallah to the Chris
tian, and thou shalt behold what the companions
of the prophet can perform." The traitor hesi
tated, however, and was with difficulty persua
ded to guide them on a service of such peril.

Abdallah 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 differ
ent places, with the shout of Allah Achbar!
and to slay or capture without stopping to pil
lage until the victory should be complete. He
then reconnoitred the place. The hermit was
preaching in front of his convent to a multitude
of auditors; the fair teemed with people in the
variegated garbs of the Orient. One house was
guarded by a great number of horsemen, and
numbers of persons, richly clad, were going in
and out, or standing about it. In this house evi
dently was the youthful bride.

Abdallah encouraged his followers to despise
the number of these foes. "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 fall, paradise
awaits us!"

The five squadrons charged as they had been
ordered, with the well-known war-cry. The

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 assailants, plucked up spirits and charged upon them. The merchants and inhabitants recovered from their panic and flew to arms, and the Moslem band, 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 trooper, seeing the peril of his companions, broke his way out of the throng, and throwing the reins 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 to the man he had superseded in office. "Fail us 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 Moseilma; he put on a helmet of proof, and over it a skull-cap, 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 side.

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 Achbar. The Christians are assailed on either side; some fly and are pursued to the river by the unsparing sword of Khaled; others rally round the monastery. 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 poniard, 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 Achbar, gallops in quest of new opponents.

The battle is over. The fair is given up to plunder. Horses, mules, and asses are laden with silken stuffs, rich embroidery, jewels of gold and silver, precious stones, spices, perfumes, and other wealthy plunder of the merchants; but the most precious part of the spoil is the beautiful bride, with forty damsels, who 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 for the Christian blood he had spilt. The fierce Saracen paused as he was driving off the spoil, and laying his hand upon the hilt of his scimeter, looked back grimly upon the hermit. "What we have 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 to let such men as thee alone, thou shouldst have shared the late of thy fellow-infidels."

The old man saw his danger in time, and creely held his peace, and the sword of Islam remained within its scabbard.

The conquerors bore their booty and their slaves back in triumph to Damascus. One fifth the spoil was set apart for the public treasure, the rest was distributed among the soldiers. Derar, as a trophy of his exploit, received horse of the prefect of Tripoli, but he made present to his Amazonian sister Caulah. The saddle and trappings were studded with precious stones; these she picked out and distributed among her female companions.

Among the spoils was a cloth curiously wrought with a likeness of the blessed Saviour; who from the exquisite workmanship or the sanctity of the portrait, was afterward sold in Arabia for ten times its weight in gold.

Abdallah, for his part of the spoil, asked 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 his letters to the Caliph, generously set forth his magnanimous conduct and distinguished proof of Khaled on this occasion, and entreated Omar to write a letter to that general expressive of the sense of his recent services, as it might soothe mortification he must experience from his 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 what relating to Khaled, from which 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 pampered Greeks, and were prohibited the use of wine. Their food was water, their food principally milk, rice, and the fruits of the earth, and their dress the coarse raiments of the desert. An army of such men was easily sustained; marched rapidly from place to place; and was fitted to cope with vicissitudes of war. The interval of repose, however, in the luxurious city of Damascus, and the general abundance of the fertile 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, in the mosque in presence of his officers, "Allah," exclaimed the abstemious Omar: "Our fellows are only fit for poverty and hard labor; what is to be done with these wine-bibbers?" "Let him who drinks wine," replied the Caliph, "promptly, receive twenty bastinadoes on the soles of his feet."

"Good, it shall be so," rejoined the Caliph.

the expiration of the truce, while he marched with the main host against the city of Baalbec.

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 metropolis of the great and fertile valley of Bekaa, lying between the mountains of Lebanon, and Anti Lebanon. During the Grecian domination it was called Heliopolis, 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 genii, over whom Solomon had control by 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. Herbis, the governor, supposing the Saracens to be a mere marauding party, sallied 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 peasant; and with it a reward of twenty pieces of silver; "for Allah forbid," said the conscientious 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. Herbis, the governor, however, who was still smarting 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 brave defence, 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 next morning, 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

* Among these huge blocks some measure fifty-eight, and one sixty-nine feet in length.

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, 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.

Herbis, 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 of the desert, who fight without object; we are locked up in steel, and fight for our wives and children, our property and our lives." He accordingly routed his troops to make another sally, and an obstinate battle ensued. One of the Moslem officers, Sobh Sabah, being disabled by a sabre cut in his right arm, alighted from his horse, and clambered a neighboring hill which overlooked the field, and its vicinity. Here he sat watching the various fortunes of the field. The sally had been made through the gate before which Abu Obeidah was posted, who of course received the whole brunt of the attack. The battle was hot, and Sobh 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 had been made from the gates before which they were stationed. Upon this Sobh gathered together some green branches, and set fire to them, so to make a column of smoke; a customary signal by day among the Arabs, as fire was by night. Derar and Saad beheld the smoke and galloped with their troops in that direction. Their arrival changed the whole fortune of the field. Herbis, 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 advanced, and made a slow and defensive retreat, the Moslems wheeling around and charging incessantly upon them. Abu Obeidah, who knew nothing of the arrival of Derar and Saad, imagined the retreat of the Christians a mere feint, and called back his troops; Saad, however, heard not the general's order, kept on in pursuit until he drove the enemy to the top of a hill, where they ensconced themselves in an old desert monastery.

When Abu Obeidah learned the secret of the most timely aid, and that it was in consequence of a supposed signal from him, he acknowledged that the smoke was an apt thought, and saved his camp from being sacked; but he prohibited any man from repeating such an act without order from the general.

In the mean time Herbis, the governor, finding the small number that invested the convent, sallied forth with his troops, in hopes of cutting his way to the city. Never did men fight more valiantly, and they had already made great havoc when the arrival of a fresh swarm of Moslems drove them back to their forlorn fortress, where they were so closely watched that not a Greek eye could peer from the old walls without being the aim of a Moslem arrow.

Abu Obeidah now invested the city more closely than ever, leaving Saad, with his forces, to be the governor engaged in the monastery. The

CHAPTER XV.

SIEGE OF EMESSA—STRATAGEMS OF THE MOS-
 LEMS—FANATIC DEVOTION OF IKREMAH—SUR-
 RENDER OF THE CITY.

THE year's truce with the city of Emessa hav-
 ing now expired, Abu Obeidah appeared before
 that place, and summoned it in the following
 form :

"In the name of the most merciful God, Abu
 Obeidah Ibn Aljerah, general of the armies of the
 Commander of the Faithful, Omar al Khattab, to
 the people of Emessa. Let not the loftiness of
 your walls, the strength of your bulwarks, nor the
 robustness of your bodies, lead you into error.
 Allah hath conquered stronger places through the
 means of his servants. Your city would be of no
 more consideration against us than a kettle of pot-
 tage set in the midst of our camp.

"I invite you to embrace our holy faith, and the
 law revealed to our prophet Mahomet; and we
 will send pious men to instruct you, and you shall
 participate in all our fortunes.

"If you refuse, you shall still be left in posses-
 sion of all your property on the payment of annual
 tribute. If you reject both conditions, come forth
 from behind your stone walls, and let Allah, the
 supreme judge, decide between us."

This summons was treated with scorn; and the
 garrison made a bold sally, and handled their be-
 siegers so roughly that they were glad when
 night put an end to the conflict. In the evening
 a crafty old Arab sought the tent of Abu Obei-
 dah; he represented the strength of the place, the
 intrepidity of the soldiers, and the ample stock of
 provisions, which would enable it to stand a
 weary siege. He suggested a stratagem, how-
 ever, by which it might be reduced; and Abu
 Obeidah adopted his counsel. Sending a messen-
 ger into the city, he offered to the inhabitants to
 strike his tents, and lead his troops to the attack
 of other places, provided they would furnish him
 provisions for five days' march. His offer was
 promptly accepted, and the provisions were fur-
 nished. Abu Obeidah now pretended that, as his
 march would be long, a greater supply would be
 necessary; he continued to buy, therefore, as
 long as the Christians had provisions to sell, and
 in this manner exhausted their magazines; and
 as the scouts from other cities beheld the people
 of Emessa throw open their gates and bring forth
 provisions, it became rumored throughout the
 country that the city had surrendered.

Abu Obeidah, according to promise, led his
 host against other places. The first was Arres-
 tan, a fortified city, well watered, provisioned,
 and garrisoned. His summons being repeated,
 and rejected, he requested the governor of the
 place to let him leave there twenty chests of cum-
 brous articles, which impeded him in his move-
 ments. The request was granted with great
 pleasure at getting clear so readily of such maraud-
 ers. The twenty chests, secured with padlocks,
 were taken into the citadel, but every chest had a
 sliding bottom, and contained an armed man.
 Among the picked warriors thus concealed were
 Derar, Abdalrahman, and Abdallah Ibn Jaifar;
 while Khaled, with a number of troops was placed
 in ambush to co-operate with those in the chests.

The Moslem host departed. The Christians
 went to church to return thanks for their deliver-
 ance, and the sounds of their hymns of triumph
 reached the ears of Derar and his comrades.

perceived it would be impossible to hold out
 longer in this shattered edifice, destitute of pro-
 visions. His proud spirit was completely broken,
 and, throwing off his silken robes, and clothing
 him in a worn woollen garb, as suited to his humi-
 lated situation, he sought a conference with Saad to
 treat on terms of capitulation. The Moslem cap-
 tain replied that he could only treat for the party
 of the convent, whom he would receive as broth-
 ers, if they would acknowledge God and the proph-
 et, and would let them free on the pledge not to
 raise arms against the Moslems. He proffered to
 Herbis to the general, if he wished to treat
 for the city also; and added that, should the ne-
 gotiation fail, he and his Greeks might return
 to their convent, and let God and the sword
 decide.

Herbis was accordingly led through the besieg-
 ing camp into the presence of Abu Obeidah, and
 bowed his hip when he saw the inconsiderable
 number of the Moslem host. He offered, as a
 ransom for the city, one thousand ounces of gold,
 one thousand of silver, and one thousand silken
 robes, but Abu Obeidah demanded that he should
 make the amount, and add thereto one thousand
 spears, 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 new 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 de-
 tained as hostages. The townsmen at first re-
 fused to capitulate, saying their city was the
 strongest in all Syria; but Herbis offered to pay
 them 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
 now remain with five hundred men, acting as
 governor of Baalbec for Abu Obeidah, should en-
 courage the walls, and not enter the city.

These matters being arranged, Abu Obeidah
 departed with his host on other enterprises.
 The Saracen troops, under Rafi Ibn Abdallah,
 appropriated themselves with the people of
 Baalbec. They pillaged the surrounding coun-
 try, and sold their booty for low prices to the
 Arabs, who thus grew wealthy on the spoils of
 their countrymen. Herbis, the governor, left
 those to participate in these profits. He re-
 gretted this fellow-citizens how much he had paid
 for ransom, and what good terms he had
 made for them; and then proposed that he
 should have one-tenth of what they gained in
 their wars with the Moslems, to reimburse him. They
 consented, though with extreme reluctance. In
 the days he found the gain so sweet that he
 asked for more; he therefore told them that his
 engagement would be tedious at this rate, and
 pressed to receive one-fourth. The people, en-
 gaged by this cupidity, rushed on him with furious
 cries, and killed him on the spot. The noise
 of the tumult reached the camp of Rafi Ibn Ab-
 dallah, and a deputation of the inhabitants com-
 plained, entreating him to enter the city and gov-
 ern himself. He scrupled to depart from the
 terms of the treaty until he had written to Abu
 Obeidah; but on receiving permission from the
 general, he entered and took command. Thus
 fell the famous Baalbec, the ancient Heliopolis,
 the City of the Sun, till under the Saracen sway on
 the 29th of January, A.D. 636, being the fifteenth
 year of the Hegira.

Herbis, the governor, had
 invested the convent with
 troops, in hopes of cutting
 off the Moslem host. Never
 did men fight more
 already made great havoc
 a fresh swarm of Mos-
 lems their forlorn fortress,
 watched that not a Greek
 the old walls without
 arrow.

Herbis, the governor, had
 learned the secret of the
 fact that it was in consequ-
 ence of him, he acknowl-
 edged in apt thought, and saved
 the city; but he prohibited
 such an act without order.

Herbis, the governor, had
 invested the convent with
 troops, in hopes of cutting
 off the Moslem host. Never
 did men fight more
 already made great havoc
 a fresh swarm of Mos-
 lems their forlorn fortress,
 watched that not a Greek
 the old walls without
 arrow.

Herbis, the governor, had
 invested the city more closely
 than, with his forces, to be
 in the monastery. The

Upon this they issued forth from their chests, 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 congregation; while Derar, with four companions, threw open the gates with the cry of Allah Achbar; 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 on favorable terms; and now Abu Obeidah returned before Emessa, and once more summoned it to surrender. The governor remonstrated loudly, reminding the Moslem general of his treaty, by which he engaged to depart from Emessa and carry the war 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 Arrestan and Shaizar."

The people of Emessa now perceived how they had been circumvented. Their magazines had been drained of provisions, 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 the fight by prayers in the churches; and the governor took the sacrament in the church of St. George; but he sought to enhearten himself by 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, early, he arrayed himself in rich apparel, and sallied 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 galled them from the walls, that the Moslem force gave way.

Khaled now threw himself in 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 his arms, crushed his ribs, and drawing him from his saddle threw him dead to the earth. The imminent peril of the fight roused a frantic valor in the Moslems. In the heat of enthusiasm Ikremah, a youthful cousin of Khaled, galloped about the field, fighting with reckless fury, and raving about the joys 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 Jennah! Al Jennah! Paradise! Paradise! charging into the thickest of the Christians, and making fearful havoc, until he reached the place where the governor was fighting, who sent a javelin through his heart, and dispatched him in quest of his vaunted Elysium.

Night alone parted the hosts, and the Moslems retired exhausted to their tents, glad to repose from so rude a fight. Even Khaled counselled Abu Obeidah to have recourse to stratagem, and make a pretended fight the next morning; to draw the Greeks, confident through this day's success, into disorder; for while collected their phalanx presented an impenetrable wall to the Moslem horsemen.

Accordingly, at the dawning of the day, the

Moslems retreated: at first with a show of order, then with a feigned confusion, for it was an stratagem of war to scatter and rally again in the twinkling of an eye. The Christians, thinking their flight unfeigned, broke up their steady 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 them as the Arabian historian says, "like eagles upon a carcass." Khaled and Derar, on other hands, spirited them on with shouts of Allah Achbar, 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 fight, but the Moslems could neither stay, take possession nor afford to leave a garrison. Tidings had reached them of the approach of an immense army, composed of the heavily armed Grecian soldiery and the light troops of the desert, that threatened completely to overwhelm them. Various and contradictory were the counsels of this moment of agitation and alarm. Some 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 upon the stately dwellings, the delightful gardens, the fertile fields, and green pastures, which they had just won by the sword, and chose rather to stay and fight for the land of pleasure and abundance than return to the pine and the desert. Khaled decided the question. It would not do to linger there, he said; Constantine, the emperor's son, being not far off, Casarea, with forty thousand men; he advised therefore, that they should march to Yermouk, 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 MANUEL.

THE rapid conquests of the Saracens alarmed the emperor Heraclius for the safety of his rich province of Syria. Troops had been levied both in Europe and Asia, and transported by sea and land, to various parts of the invaded country. The main body, consisting of eight thousand men advanced to seek the Moslem host under the command of a distinguished general called Mahan, by the Arabian writers, and Manuel by the Greeks. On its way the imperial army was joined by Jabalah Ibn al Aynham, chief or king of the Christian tribe of Gassan. Jabalah had professed the Mahometan faith, but had apostatized in consequence of the following circumstance. He had accompanied the Caliph Omar on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and was performing the religious ceremony of the Towah, sacred walk seven times round the Caaba, when an Arab of the tribe of Fazarah accidentally

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at first with a show of order and confusion, for it was an Arab, scatter and rally again in the ranks. The Christians, thinking they had broken up their sea-ward headlong pursuit, were suddenly under the Moslem camp, and were faced about, surrounded by Christians, and fell upon them. "like eagles upon their prey," and Derar and other chiefs shouted at Allah Achbar, and laughter ensued. The numbers on that field exceeded six thousand. The governor was recognized in enormous bulk, his blood-stained apparel, fragrant with perfume,

surrendered as a sequel to the Moslems could neither stay nor afford to leave a garrison behind them of the approach of the heavily armed troops of the desert, completely to overwhelm them. Victory were the counsel of caution and alarm. Some would hasten back to their native land, while others would be reinforced by the hostile army could not find it. Obeidiah objected that such a retreat attributed to cowardice, and eye upon the stately dwellers, the fertile fields, and the orchards they had just won by their hands, they should stay and fight for the abundance than return to the East. Khaled decided the question. "If you are not far off, I will send you a thousand men; he advised you should march to Yermouk, and then to Arabia, where they could have assistance from the Arabians, with confidence, the army. The advice of Khaled

of his Ihram or pilgrim scarf, so as to cover it from his shoulders. Turning fiercely upon the Arab, "Woe be unto thee," cried he, "uncovering my back in the sacred house of Allah!"

The pilgrim protested it was an accident, and Jabalah buffeted him in the face, bruising him, and heating out four of his teeth. The pilgrim complained to Omar, but Jabalah justified himself, stating the indignity he had suffered. "It had not been for my reverence for the Caaba, I would have slain the offender on the spot. Thou hast confessed thy fault," said Omar, "and unless forgiven by thy adversary, thou shalt submit to the law of retaliation, 'an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.'" "I am a king," said Jabalah, 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 Khaled could obtain from the rigid justice of Omar was, that the execution of the sentence should be postponed until the next day. In the night he made his escape and fled to Constantinople, where he abjured Islamism, resumed the Christian faith, and went over to the service of the emperor Heraclius. He had now brought over thousand Arabs to the aid of Manuel. Such was the powerful host, the approach of which had compelled the Moslems to abandon Emessa on the very moment of surrender. They had marched to Yermouk, a place noted for its pleasant groves and the sweet salubrity of its air, and were 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 soldiery; but he sent Khaled in the advance, to scour the country with light Arab troops, as best fitted to cope with the surmishing warriors of the desert; thus, as Khaled, "using diamond to cut diamond." The force of these combined armies was marked with 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, he sent proposals of peace to Abu Obeidiah, according to the commands of the emperor. His proposals were rejected; but Obeidiah sent several messengers to Jabalah, reproaching him with his apostasy, and his warfare against his countrymen, and endeavoring to persuade him to remain neutral in the impending battle. Jabalah replied, however, that his faith was committed to the emperor, and he was resolved to fight in his cause.

Upon this Khaled came forward, and offered to take this apostate 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."

His 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 permitted to choose his men, all well-seasoned warriors whose valor he had proved. With them he fell upon Jabalah, 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 several valiant officers, among whom were Yezed, Rafi, and Derar, 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 Abu Obeidiah, describing the perilous situation of the Moslem army, and entreating reinforcements. 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 Abdallah an epistle for Abu Obeidiah, 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 Ayesha, within which the prophet lay interred. He found the beautiful widow reclining 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 expected 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 heed, 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 at hand. He fell 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 Moslems then placed the heads of the Christians on their lances, and arrived with their ghastly trophies at the camp,

CHAPTER XVI.

POWERFUL IMPERIAL ARMY. KHALED—CAPTURE OF DERAR—MARCH.

ests of the Saracens he Heraclius for the safety of Syria. Troops had been sent to Asia, and transported various parts of the invaded body, consisting of eight hundred to seek the Moslem host of a distinguished general. The Arabian writers, all agree. On its way the important Jabalah Ibn al Aynham, chief of the Gassan tribe, and the Mahometan faith, by consequence of the hollow promises had accompanied the Caliph to Mecca, and was performing the ceremony of the Tawaf, when he was round the Caaba, where he was accidentally killed.

to the great encouragement of Abu Obeidah and his host.

The imperial army had now drawn near, and Manuel, the general, attempted again to enter into negotiations. Khaled offered to go and confer with him; but his real object was to attempt the release of his friends and brethren in arms, Abu Sofian, Derar, Rafi, and the two other officers captured in the late skirmish with the apostate Jabalah.

When Khaled reached the outpost of the Christian army, he was required to leave his escort of one hundred chosen warriors, and proceed alone to the presence of the general; but he refused. He equally refused a demand that he and his men should dismount and deliver up their scimitars. After some parley he was permitted to enter into the presence of the general in his own way.

Manuel was seated in state on a kind of throne, surrounded by his officers, all splendidly arrayed, while Khaled entered with his hundred war-worn veterans, clad in the simplest guise. Chairs were set out for him and his principal companions, but they pushed them aside and seated themselves cross-legged on the ground, after the Arabic manner. When Manuel demanded the reason, Khaled replied by quoting a verse from the twentieth chapter of the Koran. "Of earth ye are created, from earth ye came, and unto earth ye must return." "God made the earth," added he, "and what God has made for men to sit upon is more precious than your silken tapestries."

The conference was begun by Manuel, who expostulated on the injustice of the Moslems in making an unprovoked inroad into the territories of their neighbors, molesting them in their religious worship, robbing them of their wives and property, and seizing on their persons as slaves. Khaled retorted, that it was all owing to their own obstinacy, in refusing to acknowledge that there was but one God, without relation or associate, and that Mahomet was his prophet. Their discussion grew violent, and Khaled, in his heat, told Manuel that he should one day see him dragged into the presence of Omar with a halter round his neck, there to have his head struck off as an example to all infidels and for the edification of true believers.

Manuel replied, in wrath, that Khaled was protected by his character of ambassador; but that he would punish his insolence by causing the five Moslem captives, his friends, to be instantly beheaded. Khaled defied him to execute his threat, swearing by Allah, by his prophet, and by the holy Caaba, that if a hair of their heads were injured, he would slay Manuel with his own hand on the spot, and that each of his Moslems present should slay his man. So saying, he rose and drew his scimitar, as did likewise his companions.

The imperial general was struck with admiration at his intrepidity. He replied calmly, that what he had said was a mere threat, which his humanity and his respect for the mission of Khaled would not permit him to fulfil. The Saracens were pacified and sheathed their swords, and the conference went on calmly.

In the end, Manuel gave up the five prisoners to Khaled as a token of his esteem; and in return Khaled presented him with a beautiful scarlet pavilion, which he had brought with him, and pitched in the Christian camp, and for which Manuel had expressed a desire. Thus ended this conference, and both parties retired from it with soldier-like regard for each other.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BATTLE OF YERMOUK.

THE great battle was now at hand that was to determine the fate of Syria, for the emperor 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 proof of his modesty and magnanimity by restoring to Khaled the command of the whole army. He himself took his station with the women in rear, that he might rally the Moslems should any of them be inclined to fly the field. Here erected his standard, a yellow flag, given him by Abu Bekker, being the same which Mahomet had displayed in the battle of Khaibar.

Before the action commenced Khaled rallied 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 their backs and attempted to fly were assailed with proaches and blows by the women, so that they found it easier to face the enemy than such storm. Even Abu Sofian himself received a blow over the face with a tent-pole from one of the viragoes, as he retreated before the enemy.

Thrice were the Moslems beaten back by the steady bearing of the Grecian phalanx, and thrice were they checked and driven back to battle by the women. Night at length brought a cessation of the bloody conflict; when Abu Obeidah was round among the wounded, ministering to them with his own hands, while the women bound up their wounds with tender care.

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 the arrows on that day, seven hundred lost one or both eyes. Hence it was commemorated as "the Day of the Blinding;" and those who had received such wounds gloried in them, in after years, as many trophies of their having struggled for the faith in that day of hard fighting. There were several single combats of note; among other Serjabil was engaged hand to hand with a stout Christian; but Serjabil, having signalized his prowess by excessive watching and fasting, was so reduced in flesh and strength that he was no match to his adversary, and would infallibly have been overpowered had not Derar come behind the Christian and stabbed him to the heart. Both warriors claimed the spoil, but it was adjudged to him who slew the enemy. In the course of the arduous day the Moslems more than once wavered, but were rallied back by the valor of the women. Caulah, the heroic sister of Derar, mingling in the fight, was wounded and struck down; but Offeirah, her female friend, snatched the head of her opponent, and rescued her. The battle lasted as long as there was light enough to distinguish friend from foe; but the night was welcome to the Moslems, who needed all their enthusiasm and reliance on the promises of the prophet to sustain them, so hard was the struggle and

TER XVII.

OF YERMOUK.

is now at hand that was Syria, for the emperor in this favorite province of glow. Abu Obeidah, of the nature of the confidant in the field, gave and magnanimity by restoring of the whole army. In the morning the Moslems should fly to the field. Here a yellow flag, given him, same which Mahomet had of Khaibar.

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whelming the numbers of the enemy. On the night the good Abu Obeidah repeated at the prayers belonging to two separate hours, the weary soldiers might enjoy uninterrupted

For several successive days this desperate battle on which hung the fate of Syria, was renewed various fortunes. In the end the fanatic of the Moslems prevailed; the Christian host was completely routed and fled in all directions. They were overtaken and slain in the difficult passes of the mountains; others perished in a part of the river to which they were decoyed of their own people, in revenge for an injury. Manuel, the imperial general, fell by the hand of a Moslem named Noman Ibn Alkamiah. 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 without bodies, to know whether they were Moslems or infidels, but finally prayed over them and had them buried like the rest.

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 for his steed; but for each horse of the pure Arabian breed he allowed a double portion. The 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 Yermouk, near the city of that name, in the month of November A.D. 636, and in the 15th year of the Hegira.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SEIGE AND CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM.

The Moslem invaders reposed for a month at Damascus from the toil of conquest, during which Abu Obeidah sent to the Caliph to know whether he should undertake the siege of Casarea Jerusalem. Ali was with Omar at the time, and advised the instant siege of the latter; for he said, had been the intention of the prophet. The enterprise against Jerusalem was as a war to the Moslems, for they revered 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 Abu Sofian 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, they made no sally to oppose them, nor sent any one to parley, but planted engines on the walls, and prepared for vigorous defence. As the army approached the city and summoned it by the sound of trumpet, propounding the customary professions of the faith or tribute: both were rejected with disdain. The Moslems would make 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 it 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 Elia, for so Jerusalem was named after the emperor Ælius Adrian, when he rebuilt that city.

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 courage and perseverance 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 with Abu Obeidah. "Do you not know," said he, "that this city is holy; and that whoever offers violence to it, draws upon 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 terms, but Ali represented 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 inspirit the army in their long absence, and after the hardships of a wintry campaign.

The words of Ali had their weight with the Caliph: though certain Arabian 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 Medina; 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 alforja, 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 a provision called sawik, which was nothing 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, ate with him out of the same dish, 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.

"Thou liest!" said Omar; "thou shalt part 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 creatures."

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 dismissed 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 reproach to their oppressors, "Compel no men," said he, "to more than they can bear; for I heard the apostle of God say he who afflicts his fellow man, this world will be punished with the fire of Jahannam."

While yet within a day's journey of Jerusalem, Abu Obeidah came to meet him and conduct him to the camp. The Caliph proceeded with due liberation, never forgetting his duties as a prophet and teacher of Islam. In the morning he said his usual prayers, and preached a sermon, in which he spoke of the security of those whom God should lead in the right way; but added, that there was no help for such as God should lead into error.

A gray-headed Christian priest, who sat beside him, could not resist the opportunity to criticize the language of the Caliph preacher. "God leads no man into error," said he, aloud.

Omar deigned 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 arguing against the sword of Islam.

On his way to the camp Omar beheld a number of Arabs, who had thrown by the simple gain of their country, and arrayed themselves in the spoils of Syria. He saw the danger of luxury and effeminacy, and ordered that they should be dragged with their faces in the dirt, their silken garments torn from their backs.

When he came in sight of Jerusalem he lifted up his voice and exclaimed, "Allah Achi! God is mighty! God grant us an easy quest!" Then commanding his tent to be pitched, he dismounted from his camel and came down within it on the ground. The Christians thronged to see the sovereign of this new irresistible people, who were overrunning and subduing the earth. The Moslems, fearful of an attempt at assassination, would have kept at a distance, but Omar rebuked their inactivity. "Nothing will befall 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 of Jerusalem were admitted to a parley, they were astonished to find this dreaded potentate a bearded man, simply clad, and seated on the ground in a tent of hair-cloth.

The articles of surrender were drawn up by 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 was to be permitted to Mahometans by day and night. Bells should only toll, and not ring, and crosses should be erected on the churches, 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 wear 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 Arabian language in inscriptions, nor their signets, 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 should be seated. They should entertain every Moslem traveller

te. Finding, on inquiry, that he was destitute of means, he ordered him to be whipped; and turning reproachfully to the crowd, he said, "Compel no men," said he, "to believe; for I heard the voice of the Lord who afflicts his fellow man, and he is furnished with the fire of Jehovah."

On a day's journey of Jerusalem, he met him and conducted him to the Caliph, who proceeded with due respect, forgetting his duties as a prince. In the morning he said, "I preached a sermon, in which I affirmed the security of those whom God sends away; but added, that there was no way in which God should lead into error. A Christian priest, who sat beside me, seized the opportunity to criticize the Caliph's preacher. 'God be with you,' said he, aloud."

He gave no direct reply, but, turning to the crowd, he said, "Strike off that old man's head, and let his words be a warning to others."

The Caliph, discreet, and held his peace, but the crowd, rising against the sword of Islam, the camp Omar beheld a number of men thrown by the simple gamesters, and arrayed themselves in the dust. He saw the danger of the situation, and ordered that the faces of the Christians be dirted with their faces in the dirt, and their garments torn from their backs. In sight of Jerusalem he exclaimed, "Allah Akbar!"

God grant us an easy victory, commanding his tent to be pitched on the ground. The Christians, the sovereign of this new world, who were overrunning the land, the Moslems, fearful of the Caliph's indignation, would have kept their heads low, but Omar rebuked their cowardice, and said, "Fall us but what God hath willed, we will do. Faithful trust in him."

The Caliph was followed by a large crowd. When the deputies were admitted to a parley, they found the Caliph seated on a throne of hair-cloth, and the Caliph's attendants were drawn up on either side of him, and served afterward as soldiers in other conquests. He ordered to build no new churches in his territory. The church doors were to be closed to travellers, and free ingress and egress to the Moslems by day and night. No toll, and not ring, and no bell, erected on the churches, in the streets. The Christians were to teach the Koran to their children, and their religion; nor attempt to hinder their kinsfolk.

They should not assume, either caps, slippers, or turbans like Moslems, but should be distinguished by girdles. They should have an inscription in their salutes after the Moslem manner, and by Moslem surnames.

On the entrance of a Moslem, and on the departure of a Moslem, he should be seated, and every Moslem traveller should be



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CHAPTER XIX.

PROGRESS OF THE MOSLEM ARMS IN SYRIA—
SIEGE OF ALEPPO—OBSTINATE DEFENCE BY
YOUKENNA—EXPLOIT OF DAMAS—CAPTURE OF
THE CASTLE—CONVERSION OF YOUKENNA.

gratis. They should sell no wine, bear no arms, and use no saddle in riding; neither should they have any domestic who had been in Moslem service.

Such were the degrading conditions imposed on the proud city of Jerusalem, once the glory of the East, by the leader of a host of conquering Arabs. They were the conditions generally imposed by the Moslems in their fanatical career of conquest. Utter scorn and abhorrence of their religious adversaries formed one of the main pillars of their faith.

The Christians having agreed to surrender on these terms, the Caliph gave them, under his own hand, an assurance of protection in their lives and fortunes, the use of their churches, and the exercise of their religion.

Omar entered the once splendid city of Solomon in his simple Arab garb, with his walking-stick in his hand, and accompanied by the venerable Sophronius, with whom he talked familiarly, inquiring about the antiquities and public affairs. The worthy patriarch treated the conqueror with all outward deference, but, if we may judge from the words of a Christian historian, he loathed the Arab in his heart, and was particularly disgusted with his garb of coarse woollen, patched with sheepskin. His disgust was almost irrepressible when they entered the church of the Resurrection, and Sophronius beheld the Caliph in his filthy attire, seated in the midst of the worshippers. "This, of a truth," exclaimed he, "is the abomination of desolation predicted by Daniel the prophet, standing in the holy place."

It is added that, to pacify the cleanly scruples of the patriarch, Omar consented to put on clean garments which he offered him, until his own garments were washed.

An instance of the strict good faith of Omar is related as occurring on this visit to the Christian patriarch. While he was standing with the patriarch in the church of the Resurrection, one of the faithful hours for Moslem worship arrived, and he knelt where he might pray. "Where you kneel," replied the patriarch. Omar, however, knelt, and went forth. The patriarch conducted him to the church of Constantine, and spread a mat for him to pray there; but again he refused. On going forth, he knelt, and prayed on the eighth of steps leading down from the east gate of the church. This done, he turned to the patriarch and gave him a generous reason for his conduct. "Had I prayed in either of the churches," he said, "the Moslems would have taken possession of it, and consecrated it as a mosque."

So scrupulous was he in observing his capitulations respecting the churches, that he gave the patriarch a writing, forbidding the Moslems to go upon the steps where he had prayed, except one person at a time. The zeal of the faithful Moslems, overstripped their respect for his commands, and one half of the steps and porch was included in a mosque built over the place which he had accidentally sanctified.

The Caliph next sought the place where the temple of Solomon had stood, where he founded a mosque; which, in after times, being enlarged and enriched by succeeding Caliphs, became one of the noblest edifices of Islam worship, and second only to the magnificent mosque of Cordova.

The surrender of Jerusalem took place in the sixteenth year of the Hegira, and the six hundred and thirty-seventh year of the Christian era.

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 maritime towns, he gave in charge to Yezed Ibn Abu Sofian, 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, Amru 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 Wakkas, 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 had feared, therefore, 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 their gates in his primitive simplicity, clad in his coarse Arab garb, and seated on his camel with his wallets of dried fruits and sodden corn; his leathern bottle and his 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 Alhadir, 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 much figs and aloes as would load five hundred mules; he then proceeded toward the city of Aleppo, which the Caliph had ordered him to besiege. The inhabitants of this place were much given to commerce, 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 sugar-loaf, and faced 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 Johannas, who resided in the castle and succeeded to his

command. They were completely opposite in character and conduct. Youkenna, the elder of the two, was a warrior, and managed the government, while Johannas passed his life in almost monkish retirement, devoting himself to study, to religious exercises, and to acts of charity. On the approach of the Moslems Johannas 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 Youkenna; "you know nothing that is due to the honor of a soldier. Have we not strong walls, a brave garrison, and ample wealth to sustain us, and shall we meanly buy a peace without striking a blow? Shut yourself up with your books and beads; study and pray, and leave the defence of the place to me."

The next day he summoned his troops, distributed money among them, and having thus roused their spirit, "The Arabs," said he, "have 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 on the way, and giving them battle before they come near to Aleppo." His troops answered his harangue with shouts, so he put himself at the head of twelve thousand men, and sallied forth to encounter the Moslems on their march.

Scarcely had this reckless warrior departed 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 Youkenna, 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, make discovery of everything within their knowledge prejudicial to his interests, and prevent Youkenna from returning to the castle. They agreed to all the terms except that relating to the castle, which it was impossible for them to execute.

Abu Obeidah dispensed with that point, but exacted from them all an oath to fulfil 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 Youkenna, on the day after his sallying forth, fell in with the advance guard of the Moslem army, consisting of one thousand men under Caab Ibn Damarrab. 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 Mahommed! Ya Mahommed!" (Oh Mahomet! Oh Mahomet!) showed the extremity of their despair. Night alone saved them from total massacre; but You-

kenna resolved to pursue the work of extermination with the morning light. In the course of night, however, one of his scouts brought word of the peaceful negotiation carried on by citizens of Aleppo during his absence. With rage, he gave up all further thought of Caab and his men, and hastening back to Aleppo, drew up his forces, and threatened everything to fire and sword unless the inhabitants renounced the treaty, joined him against Moslems, and gave up the devisers of the traitorous schemes. On their hesitating to comply with his demands, he charged on them with his troops, and put three hundred to the sword. The cries and lamentations of the murd'ered reached the pious Johannas in his retirement in the castle. He 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 Youkenna, "I spare traitors who are leagued with the enemy and selling us for gold?"

"Alas!" replied Johannas, "they have sought their own safety; they are not fighting men."

"Base wretch!" cried Youkenna in a tremble, "tis thou hast been the contriver of this infamous treason."

His naked sword was in his hand; his action was even more frantic than his words, and he instantly laid 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. 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 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 last extremity.

A council was held in the Moslem camp. Abu Obeidah was disposed to besiege the citadel, starve out the garrison, but Khaled, with his customary promptness, was for instant assault. 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 lights 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 citadel. On the next morning Youkenna paraded fifty prisoners on the walls of the citadel, and threatened them to be beheaded, and threw their heads among the besiegers.

Learning from his spies that a detachment of Moslems were foraging the country, Youkenna sent out, secretly, a troop of horse in the night who fell upon the foragers, killed nearly a score of them, slew or hamstringed their camels, mules, and horses, and then hid themselves in the recesses of the mountains, awaiting the opportunity to get back to the castle.

his spies that a detachment was ranging the country, Youke sent a troop of horse in the night to foragers, killed nearly sixty, and hamstrung their camels, and then hid themselves in the mountains, awaiting the next assault.

He went forth again, and saw a man sliding
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The Christians threw down their arms and cried for mercy. Khaled offered them their choice, death or the faith of Islam. Youkenna was the first to raise his finger and pronounce the formula; his example was followed by several of his leading men, whereupon their wives and children and property were secured to them. The castle, having been taken by storm, was completely plundered, and the spoils were divided among the army, excepting the usual fifth part reserved for the Caliph. Damas and his brave companions, who had been almost cut to pieces in the fight, were praised to the skies, nor would Abu Obeidah stir with his host until those of them who survived were out of danger from their wounds.

CHAPTER XX.

PERFIDY OF YOKENNA TO HIS FORMER FRIENDS
—ATTEMPTS THE CASTLE OF AAZAZ BY TREACH-
ERY—CAPTURE OF THE CASTLE.

It is a circumstance worthy of remark in the history both of Mahomet and his successors, that the most inveterate enemies of the Islam faith, when once converted to it, even though their conversion were by the edge of the sword, that great Moslem instrument of persuasion, became its faithful defenders. Such was the case with Youkenna, who, from the time he embraced Islam with the Arab scimitar at his throat, 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 Aleppo, 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 Abu Obeidah by stratagem. 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 conceal themselves in 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 counsel 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 their 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 Alashtar, 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. Scarce 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 Gassan, who sent him a letter tied under 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 Alashtar. 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 Arrawendân, urging him to repair with troops to his assistance.

Before the arrival of the latter, Youkenna appeared with his pretended fugitives before 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, to receive his cousin with all due honors. He alighted from his steed, and, approaching Youkenna in a reverential manner, stooped to kiss his stirrup; but suddenly cutting the scimitar, he pulled him with his face on the ground and in an instant his hundred followers were wise unhorsed and made prisoners. Theodorus then spat in the face of the prostrate Youkenna and reproached him with his apostasy and treachery; threatening to send him to answer 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, who had been sent by Theodorus to summon the prefect of Arrawendân to his aid, executed his errand, but on the way back fell into the hands of Malec, who was lying in ambush with his thousand men. The sight of a scimitar drew from Tarik information that the plot of Youkenna had been discovered; that had been sent after aid, and that Lucas, the prefect of Arrawendân, must be actually on his way with five hundred cavalry.

Profiting by this information, Malec placed his thousand men so advantageously as to be able to surprise and capture Lucas and his retinue, as they were marching in the night. He then devised a stratagem still to outwit the governor of Aazaz. First he disguised his five hundred men in dresses taken from their Christian prisoners, and gave them the Christian standard of the prefect of Arrawendân. Then he summoned Tarik the messenger before him, and again playing the scimitar, he exhorted him most earnestly to turn Mahometan. There was no need of his arguments, and Tarik made a full and hearty profession of the faith. Malec then ordered him to prove his zeal for the good cause by fleeing to Aazaz and informing Theodorus that the prefect of Arrawendân was at hand with reinforcement of five hundred men. The disguised courier departed on his errand, accompanied by a trusty Moslem, who had secret orders to smite off his head if he should be found to waver; but there were still other plots at work in this tissue of stratagems.

As Tarik and his companion approached Aazaz they heard great shouting and the sound of trumpet, and this was the cause of the change. Theodorus, the governor, had committed Youkenna and his men into the custody of his son Lucas. Now it so happened that the youth having recently visited his father's kinsmen at the city of Aleppo, had become violently enamored of the daughter of Youkenna, but had met strong opposition to his love. The present breach between his father and Youkenna threatened to place an inseparable barrier between him and the gratification of his passion. Maddened by his desire, the youth now offered to Youkenna, if he would give him his daughter to wife, to embrace the Mahometanism, and to set him and his company at liberty. The offer was accepted. At the close of the night, when the prisoners were armed and liberated, they fell upon the sleeping garrison in a tumultuous fight ensued, in the course of which Theodorus was slain, by the hand, it is said, of an unnatural son.

It was in the height of this conflict that

val of the latter, Youkenna pretended fugitives before announcing that his castle and his band were flying. Theodorus sallied forth on head of many of his troops, as with all due honors. He stood, and, approaching in a sudden manner, stooped as if suddenly cutting the same with his face on the ground. His hundred followers were made prisoners. Theodorus, of the prostrate Youkenna with his apostasy and treachery, to send him to answer for emperor Heraclius, and to the sword.

One Tarik al Gassani, the Christian, had been sent by Theodorus to Arrawendân to his aid, but on the way back he fell, who was lying in ambush for men. The sight of a man from Tarik information that had been discovered; that for aid, and that Lucas, the emperor, must be actually on his cavalry.

information, Malec placed advantageously as complete capture Lucas and his retinue were marching in the night. The stratagem still to await the first he disguised his five horses taken from their Christian owner them the Christian stand Arrawendân. Then summoning anger before him, and against him, he exhorted him most vehemently. There was no rest, and Tarik made a full confession of the faith. Malec then ordered for the good cause by and informing Theodorus that Arrawendân was at hand with five hundred men. The day started on his errand, accompanied by Moslem, who had secreted this head if he should be taken were still other plots at work.

At the present breach between Youkenna threatened to place between him and the garrison. Maddened by his desire for Youkenna, if he would later to wife, to embrace her, to set him and his companions was accepted. At the prisoners were armed upon the sleeping garrison ensued, in the course of which, by the hand, it is said, of

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his companion arrived at the place, and, learning the situation of affairs, hastened back to Alashtar with the news. The latter hurried on with his troops and came in time to command the capture of the place. He bestowed praises on Youkenna, but the latter, taking by the hand, exclaimed, "Thank Allah and the truth." He then related the whole story. The pious Malec lifted up his eyes and hands in prayer. "When Allah wills a thing," exclaimed, "he prepares the means."

Leaving Scid Ibn Amir in command of the force with Youkenna's band of a hundred men as prisoner, Malec Alashtar returned to the main camp with great booty and many prisoners. Youkenna, however, refused to accompany him. He was mortified at the questionable result of his undertaking against Aazaz, the place having been taken by other means than his own, and vowed to show himself in the Moslem camp until he recovered his credit by some signal blow. At this time there arrived at Aazaz a foraging party of a thousand Moslems, that had been coming from the neighboring country; among them were two hundred renegades, who had apostatized from Youkenna, and whose families and effects were in the castle of Aleppo. They were the very men for his purpose, and with these he marched to execute one of his characteristic stratagems at Antioch.

CHAPTER XXI.

PRICES OF YOKENNA 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 emperor, sunk in luxury and effeminacy, had lost the military discipline and heroism that had made them conquerors in Asia.

Toward this capital Youkenna proceeded with a band of two hundred men; but in the second month of the night he left them, after giving them orders to keep on in the highway of the caravans, and on arriving at Antioch, to give themselves up as fugitives from Aleppo. In the mean time with two of his relatives, struck into a by-path, and soon fell into the hands of one of the emperor's outposts. On announcing himself to Youkenna, late governor of Aleppo, he was sent under a guard of horse to Antioch.

The emperor Heraclius, broken in spirit by his reverses and his continual apprehensions, met at the sight of Youkenna, and meekly upbraided him with his apostasy and treason, but the latter with perfect self-possession and effrontery 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. To console him for what was considered his recent misfortunes, he was put in command of the two hundred pretended fugitives of his former garrison, as soon as they arrived at Antioch; he had thus a band of kindred 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 from a neighboring place to the court at Antioch. He performed his mission with correctness; as he and his troop were escorting the princess about midnight, the neighing 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 Jabalah Ibn al Ayam, who had made captives of Derar Ibn al Azwar 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 counsellors.

Derar and his men were brought into the presence of the emperor, and commanded to prostrate themselves before him, but they held themselves erect and took no heed of the command. It was repeated more peremptorily. "We bow to no created being," replied Derar; "the prophet bids us to yield adoration to God alone."

The emperor, struck with 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 gray-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 of the various modes in which inspiration came upon him. Sometimes like the sound of a bell; sometimes in the likeness of an angel in human shape; sometimes in a dream; sometimes like the brightness of the dawning day; and that when it was upon him great drops of sweat rolled from his forehead, and a tremor seized upon his limbs. He furthermore descended with eloquence upon the miracles of Mahomet, of his nocturnal journey to heaven, and his conversation with the Most High. The emperor listened with seeming respect to all these matters, but they roused the indignation of a bishop who was present, and who pronounced Mahomet an impostor. Derar took fire in an instant; if he could not argue, he could make use of a soldier's vocabulary, and he roundly gave the bishop the lie, and assailed him with all kinds of epithets. Instantly a number of Christian swords flashed from their scabbards, blows were aimed at him from every side; and according to Moslem accounts he escaped death only by miracle; though others attribute it to the hurry and confusion of his assailants, and to the interference of Youkenna. The emperor was now for having him executed on the spot; but here the good offices of Youkenna again saved him, and his execution was deferred.

In the mean time Abu Obeidah, with his main army, was making his victorious approaches, and subjecting all Syria to his arms. The emperor, in his miserable imbecility and blind infatuation, 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

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 Arabian writers, as usual, give them sententious replies to the questions put to them. "What hinders ye," demanded the patriarch, "from turning Christians?" "The truth of our religion," replied they. Heraclius had heard of the mean attire of the Caliph Omar, and asked them why, having gained so much wealth by his conquests, he did not go 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 guard?" "The bravest of the Unitarians."

Of all the prisoners one only could be induced to swerve from his faith; and he was a youth fascinated by the beauty and the unveiled charms of the Greek women. He was baptized with 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 father, who was one of the prisoners, 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 oratory with a crucifix; while a precious crucifix out of the main church, exhibited only on extraordinary occasions, was borne as a sacred standard before the treacherous Youkenna. One of the main dependences of Heraclius for the safety of Antioch was in the Iron Bridge, so called from its great strength. It was a bridge of stone across the river Orontes, guarded by two towers and garrisoned 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 a great measure has been attributed the rapid successes of the Moslems. An officer of the court was charged to visit this fortress each day, and see that everything was in order. On one of his visits he found those who had charge of the towers drinking and revelling, whereupon he ordered them to be punished with fifty stripes each. They treasured the disgrace in their hearts; 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 by the tidings that the Iron Bridge had been surrendered without a blow.

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 time for dastard counsel; the apostate Jabalah proposed the assassination of the Caliph Omar as a means of throwing the affairs of the Saracens into confusion. The emperor was weak enough to consent, and Vathek Ibn Mosapher, a bold young Arab of the tribe of Jabalah, was dispatched to Medina to effect the treacherous deed. The Arabian historians give a miraculous close to this un-

dertaking. Arriving at Medina, Vathek concealed himself in a tree, without the walls, at a place where the Caliph was accustomed to walk at the hour of prayers. After a time Omar approached the place, and lay down to sleep at the foot of the tree. The assassin drew his dagger, and was descending, when he beheld a walking round 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 down from the tree, kissed his hand in token of allegiance, revealed his treacherous errand, and avowed his conversion to the Islamic 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 defied the Moslems to single combat. Damas, the herculean warrior, who had taken the castle of Aleppo, spurred forward to meet him, but his horse stumbled and fell with him, and he was seized as prisoner of Nestorius, and conveyed to his tent where he was bound hand and foot. Nestorius, another Moslem, took his place, and a brave fight ensued between him and Nestorius. The parties, however, were so well matched that, after fighting for a long time until both were exhausted, they parted by mutual consent. While this was going on, the soldiers, horse and foot, either army, thronged to see it, and in the tumult the tent of Nestorius was thrown down. There were but three servants left in charge of it. Furious at the anger of their master, they hastened to set it up again, and loosened the hands 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 a dress belonging to Nestorius, armed himself with a sabre, sprang on a horse, 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. Youkenna, who commanded there, set free Derar and his low-prisoners, furnished them with weapons, and joined to them his own band of renegadoes. The tidings of this treachery and the apprehension of 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 thrust 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 his 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; but the treachery of Youkenna and the valor of Derar and his men, who fell on the unawares, rendered their gallant struggle unavailing; the people of Antioch seeing the battle lost capitulated for the safety of their city the cost of three hundred thousand gold pieces, and Abu Obeidah entered the ancient capital of Syria in triumph. This event took place on the 21st of August, in the year of the Moslem dominion 638.

CHAPTER XXII.

EXPOSITION 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 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 conquests and the flight of the emperor Heraclius; he 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 received the letter he offered prayers and thanks to Allah, but wept over Abu Obeidah's letter to his soldiers. Seating himself upon the wall, he immediately wrote a reply to his general, expressing his satisfaction at his success, exhorting him to more indulgence to his soldiers. Those who had fought the good fight were to be permitted to rest themselves, and to enjoy the good things they had gained. Such as had 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 Antioch, the indefatigable Khaled, at the head of a detachment, scoured the country as far as to the Euphrates; took Membege, the ancient Hierapolis by force, and Berah and Bales, and other cities, by capitulation, receiving a hundred thousand pieces of gold by way of ransom, besides obliging the inhabitants under annual tribute. Abu Obeidah, in an assemblage of his officers, proposed an expedition to subdue the mountains of Syria; but no one stepped forward to volunteer. The mountains were rugged and were covered with ice and snow for the greater part of the year, and the troops already began to feel the effects of the softening climate of the mountains of Syria. At length a candidate presented himself, named Meisara Ibn Mesroud; a vigorous body of picked men was placed under his command, and a black flag was given him, bearing the inscription, "There is no God but Allah. Mahomet is the messenger of God." Damascus accompanied him at the head of one thousand black Ethiopian slaves. The detachment moved greatly in the mountains, for they were used to sultry climates, unaccustomed to ice and snow, and they passed suddenly from a soft summer to the severity of frozen winter, and from the midst of abundance to regions of solitude and sterility. The inhabitants, too, of the mountainous villages, fled at their approach. At 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 guarded. A messenger was dispatched in search of intelligence, concerning 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 making desperate stand against an overwhelming force. At the sight of this powerful reinforcement, with the black eagle of Khaled in the 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 Abdallah Ibn Hodafa, a near relative of the prophet and a beloved friend of the Caliph Omar, whom they straightway sent to the emperor at Constantinople.

The Moslems forbore to pursue the enemy through these difficult mountains, and, after plundering the deserted tents, returned to the main army. When the Caliph Omar received tidings from Abu Obeidah of the capture of Abdallah Ibn Hodafa, 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, who has neither companion, wife, nor son; and blessed be Mahomet his apostle. Omar Ibn al Khattab, servant of God, to Heraclius, emperor of the Greeks. As soon as thou shalt receive this epistle, fail not to send to me the Moslem captive whose name is Abdallah Ibn Hodafa. If thou doest this, I shall have hope that Allah will conduct thee in the right path. If thou dost refuse, I will not fail to send thee such men as traffic and merchandise have not turned from the fear of God. Health and happiness to all those who tread in the right way!"

In the mean time the emperor had treated his prisoner with great distinction, 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 crucifix, and magnificent rewards if he would embrace the Christian faith; but both proposals were rejected. Heraclius, say the Arab writers, then changed his treatment of him; shut him up for three days with nothing to eat and drink but swine's flesh and wine, but on the fourth day found both untouched. The faith 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 abstemious 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 surmise among Christian historians. It is said that the emperor Heraclius wavered in his faith, if he did not absolutely become a secret convert of Mahometanism, and this is stated as the cause. He was afflicted with a violent 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! Arrahmani 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 to the Caliph Almotassem, on condition of his raising the siege. It was found still to retain its medicinal virtues, which the pious Arabians ascribed to the efficacy of the devout inscription. An unbelieving Christian will set it down among the charms and incantations which have full effect on imaginative 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 capture of Jerusalem, the Caliph had 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 sobriety 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, recommended by Ali and adopted by the Caliph, was administered to the delinquents, who each received a sound bastinado on the soles of the feet. This sobered them completely, but so enraged them with the old man who had recommended the potations that they 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 beset 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 trod on the end of his own robe and stumbled; in his vexation he uttered an oath "by Christ!" He was immediately detected by his blasphemy to be 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 fears 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

Rebah, offered to undertake the embassy; he was a man of powerful frame and sonorous voice, and had been employed by Mahomet as a Mufti or crier, to summon the people to prayers. Of having officiated under the prophet, he retired from office at his death, and had raised his voice but once since that event, and that was on taking possession of Jerusalem, the city of prophets, when at the Caliph Omar's command he summoned the true believers to prayers with force of lungs that astonished the Jewish inhabitants.

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 assuring 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 to Constantine, he objected stoutly 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 negro ambassador, however, insisted in his diplomatic errand, but was refused admission, and returned mortified and indignant.

Amru now determined to undertake the conquest in person. Repairing to the Christian camp, he was conducted to Constantine, whom he found seated in state, and who ordered a chair to be placed for him; but he put it aside, and sat himself cross-legged on the ground after the Arabian fashion, with his scimitar on his thigh and lance across his knees. The curious contest that ensued is minutely narrated by that Imam and Cadi, the Moslem historian Alwaiz in his chronicle of the conquest of Syria.

Constantine remonstrated against the invading Amru that the Romans and Greeks and Arabs were brethren, as 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, being thus brethren, it was sinful for them to fight against each other.

Amru replied that what Constantine had said was true, and that the Arabs gloried in acknowledging Ishmael as their progenitor, and even not the Greeks their forefather Esau, who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. He added that their difference related to their religion, upon which ground even brothers 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 Japhet, and Syria was in the portion assigned to Shem, who continued down through his descendants Kaim and Tesh, and Judais to Amalek, the father of Amalekite Arabs; but that the Arabs had been pushed from their fertile inheritance of Syria to the stony and 'horny deserts of Arabia.

"We come now," continued Amru, "to divide our ancient inheritance, and resume the partition. Take you the stones and the mountains, and the barren deserts we have occupied, 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 confirmed it; and that the groves had been planted, and the cities built by the present inhabitants. Each, therefore, ought to be contented with his lot that had fallen to him.

undertake the embassy. The ful frame and sonorous voice employed by Mahomet as a Messenger to the people to prayers. Under the prophet, he reposed, and had raised his head, and that was on the day of Jerusalem, the city of the Caliph Omar's conquest. True believers to prayers with astonished the Jewish inhabitants.

He declined the officious offer of an Egyptian, representing to him a smooth-spoken Arab of his country; but, on the name of Allah and the promise of a reward, he reluctantly consented. He was to accompany him to the city of Jerusalem, he objected stoutly to such an offering, contemptuously at the Ethiopian, observed he sent for a slave but for an ambassador, however, a native errand, but was returned mortified and indignantly determined to undertake the commission, repairing to the Christian camp to Constantine, whom he found who ordered a chair to be put it aside, and seated on the ground after the manner of the Caliph Omar on his thigh and feet. The curious conference was minutely narrated by that Moslem historian Alwaheed, the conquest of Syria, demonstrated against the invasion of the Romans and Greeks, as being all the children of the descendants of Ishmael, a slave and a concubine, it was sinful for them to

what Constantine had done the Arabs gloried in acknowledging their progenitor, and on their forefather Esau, who was for a mess of pottage. Reference related to their reunion even brothers were

to state that Noah, after the earth into three parts, Ham, and Japhet, and the portion assigned to Shem, through his descendants Kain is to Amalek, the father of the Arabs had the right inheritance of Syria and deserts of Arabia. "I continued Amru, "to the end, and resume the and the stones and the deserts we have occupied. The pleasant land of Syria with its fair cities and running rivers," he replied, that time and possession of the groves had been plucked by the present inhabitants to be contented with him.

"There are two conditions," rejoined Amru, "by which the land may remain with its present occupants. Let them profess the religion of Islam, or pay tribute to the Caliph, as is due from the unbelievers."

"Not so," said Constantine, "but let each content to possess the land he has inhabited, and let the produce of his own toil, and profess the religion 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 master, let God and the sword decide between us."

As he was about to depart, he added: "We do not acknowledge no kindred with you, while ye are infidels. Ye are the children of the tribe of Ishmael, through whom alone the gift of prophecy descended from father to son, from our great forefather Adam, until it reached the prophet Mahomet. Now Ishmael is the best of the sons of his father, and made the tribe of Kenanah, the best tribe of Arabia; and the family of Koreish is the best of the tribe of Kenanah; and the children of Haschem are the best of the family of Koreish; and Abdallah, the grandsire of Mahomet, was the best of the sons of Haschem; and Abdallah, the youngest and best of the thirteen sons of Abu Motalleb, was the father of Mahomet (on whom be peace!), who was the best and only issue of his sire; and from the angel Gabriel descended from Allah, who inspired him with the gift of prophecy."

This terminated this noted conference, and he returned to his host. The armies now ranged in sight of each other, prepared for battle, without coming to action. One day an officer arrayed came forth from the Christian camp, defying the Moslems to single combat. Several were eager to accept the challenge in order 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 any other object will lose his life and all that he fights for."

As the morning now advanced, an Arab from Yemen, named the Happy, who had sought these wars, as he said, for the delights of Syria, or the 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 bosoms of the green birds that eat of the fruits and drink of the rivers of paradise." Finding their assurances of no avail, his mother and sister followed him to the wars, and they now endeavored to dissuade him from fighting with an adversary so much his superior in strength and years; but the youthful enthusiast was not to be moved. "Well, mother and sister!" cried he; "we will meet again by that river of joy provided in paradise for the apostle and his followers."

The youth rushed to the combat, but obtained almost instantly the crown of martyrdom he sought. Another and another succeeded him, and shared the same fate. Serjabil Ibn Hasanah 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 Serjabil looked up with surprise at his deliverer; for he was in Grecian attire, and had come from the Grecian host. He announced himself as the unhappy Tuleia Ibn Chowailed, formerly a pretended prophet and an associate of Moseilma. 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 Serjabil, "the mercy of Allah is infinite, and repentance wipes away all crimes."

Serjabil would now have taken him to the Moslem host, but Tuleia hung back; and at length confessed 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 Moseilma, and who might put him to death out of resentment for past misdeeds. Serjabil quieted his fears by assuring him 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 diminished and 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 Caesarea, 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 disgraces to the imperial cause, however, destroyed this hope; and these were brought about by the stratagems and treacheries of that arch-deceiver Youkenna. After the surrender of Antioch, that wily traitor still kept up his pretended devotion to the Christian cause, and retreated with his band of renegadoes 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 lying, 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 given of the posture of affairs, Youkenna gained possession of the ships, and embarked on board of them with his renegadoes 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 men, 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 Casarea, but had left Amru to subdue it, came with his troops into the neighborhood of Tyre, in hopes to find it in possession of Youkenna. The governor of the city, despising 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 Aazaz, 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 those of his own followers who remained on board of the fleet. All this was the work of a few hours, while the opposing forces were preparing for action.

The battle was hardly begun when Youkenna and his nine hundred men, set free by the apostate Basil, and conducted to the arsenal, armed themselves and separated in different parties. Some scoured the streets, shouting *La ilaha Allah! and Allah Achbar!* Others stationed themselves at the passages by which alone the guard could descend from the walls. Others ran to the port, where they were joined by their comrades from the fleet, and others threw wide the gates to a detachment of the army of Yezed. All this was suddenly effected, and with such co-operation from various points, that the place was presently in the hands of the Moslems. Most of the inhabitants embraced the Islam faith; the rest were pillaged and made slaves.

It was the tidings of the loss of Tripoli and Tyre, and of the capture of the fleet, with its munitions of war, that struck dismay into the heart of the prince Constantine, and made him quake within the walls of Casarea. He felt as if Amru and his besieging army were already within the walls, and, taking disgraceful counsel from his fears, and example from his father's flight from Antioch, he removed hurriedly from Casarea with his family and vast treasure, gained promptly a convenient port, and set all sail for Constantinople.

The people of Casarea finding one morning that the son of their sovereign had fled in the night, capitulated with Amru, offering to deliver up the city, with all the wealth belonging to the family of the late emperor, and two hundred thousand pieces of silver, as ransom for their own property. Their terms were promptly accepted, Amru being anxious to depart on the invasion of Egypt.

The surrender of Casarea was followed by the other places in the province which had still held out, and thus, after a war of six years, the Moslem conquest of Syria was completed, in the fifth year of the Caliph Omar, the 29th of the reign of the emperor Heraclius, the 17th of the Hegira, and the 639th year of our redemption.

The conquest was followed by a pestilence, one of the customary attendants upon war. Great numbers of the people of Syria perished, and with

them twenty-five thousand of their Arabian conquerors. Among the latter was Abu Obeidah the commander-in-chief, then fifty-eight years of age; also Yezed Ibn Abu Sofian, Serjahil, and other distinguished generals, so that the 18th year of the Hegira became designated as "The year of the mortality."

In closing this account of the conquest of Syria we must note the fate of one of the most efficient of its conquerors, the invincible Khaled. He had never been a favorite of Omar, who considered him rash and headlong, arrogant in the exercise of command, unsparing in the use of the sword, and rapacious in grasping the spoils of victory. His brilliant achievements in Irak and Syria, and the magnanimity with which he yielded the command to Abu Obeidah, and zealously fought under his standard, had never sufficed to efface the prejudice of Omar.

After the capture of Emessa, which was mainly effected by the bravery of Khaled, he received congratulations on all hands as the victor. Escham, an Arabian poet, sang his exploits in lofty verse, making him the hero of the whole Syrian conquest. Khaled, who was as ready to squander as to gain, rewarded the adulation of the poet with thirty thousand pieces of silver. All this, when reported to Omar, excited his quick disgust; he was indignant at Khaled for arrogating to himself, as supposed, all the glory of the war; and he annulled the lavish reward of the poet to gratify his vanity. "Even if the money came from his own purse," said he, "it was shameful squandering, and God, says the Koran, loves not a squanderer."

He now gave faith to a charge made against Khaled 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 caused 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 prodigality; paying poets for assenting to him alone all the successes of the war. Good and evil come from God, not from Khaled!"

These indignities broke the heart of the veteran who was already infirm from the wounds and hardships of his arduous campaigns, and he 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 soldiers and beloved by his kindred; at his sepulture, the women of his race cut off their hair in tokens of lamentation. When it was ascertained, at his death, that instead of having enriched himself in the wars, his whole property consisted of his war-horse, 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 infatuation, or the blind confidence in destiny, which hurried the

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BY AMRU—CAPTURE
AND SURRENDER OF ALEXANDRIA
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religious infatuation, or the
destiny, which hurried the

commanders of those days into the most
important enterprises, is furnished in the inva
the on a proud empire of the Pharaohs, the
the mysterious Egypt, with an army of
five thousand men. The Caliph, himself,
he had suggested this expedition, seems
been conscious of its rashness; or rather
been chilled by the doubts of his prime
Othman; for, while Amru was on the
he dispatched missives after him to the
effect: "If this epistle reach thee before
has crossed the boundary of Egypt, come
back; but if it find thee within the
territory, march on with the blessing of
and be assured I will send thee all neces
saries."

The bearer of the letter overtook Amru while
within the bounds of Syria; that wary gen
er had secret information, or made a
surmise, as to the purport of his errand,
continued his march across the border with
admitting him to an audience. Having en
gaged at the Egyptian village of Arish, he re
ceived the courier with all due respect, and read
the letter aloud in the presence of his officers.
When he had finished, he demanded of those
near him whether they were in Syria or Egypt.
"Egypt," was the reply. "Then," said
he, "we will proceed, with the blessing of
God, and fulfil the commands of the Caliph."

The first place to which he laid siege was Far
at Pelusium, situated on the shores of the
Mediterranean, on the Isthmus which separates
the sea from the Arabian Gulf, and connects
the land with Syria and Arabia. It was therefore
the key to Egypt. A month's siege
Amru in possession of the place; he then ex
tended the surrounding country with more fore
sight that was generally manifested by the
Arab conquerors, and projected a canal across
the Isthmus, to connect the waters of the Red Sea
with the Mediterranean. His plan, however, was
disapproved by the Caliph, as calculated to throw
the Arabs to a maritime invasion of the Chris
tians.

Amru now proceeded to Misrah, the Memphis
of the ancients, and residence of the early Egypt
ian kings. This city was at that time the strong
hold 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
city was of great strength, and well garrisoned,
and had recently been surrounded with a deep
ditch into which nails and spikes had been
driven, to impede assailants.

The Arab armies, rarely provided with the en
gines necessary for the attack of fortified places,
generally beleaguered them; cut off all sup
plies; attacked all foraging parties that sallied
forth, and thus destroyed the garrison in detail,
till it was forced to a surrender. This was the reason
of the long duration of their sieges. This of Mis
rah or Memphis, lasted seven months: in the
course of which the little army of Amru was
worn and reduced by frequent skirmishings. At the
close of this time he received a reinforcement of
several thousand men, sent to him at his urgent en
sues by the Caliph. Still his force would have
been insufficient for the capture of the place, had
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 hypo
crite. Like most of the Copts, he was of the Jacobite

ite 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 prefect 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 Con
stantinople, 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 correspond
ence with the Moslem general, he agreed to be
tray the place into his hands, on condition of re
ceiving 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 immedi
ately assailed by Amru, at the head of his fresh
troops, and was easily carried by assault, the
Copts rendering no assistance. The Greek soldi
ery, on the Moslem standard being hoisted on
the citadel, saw through the treachery, and, giv
ing 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 inhab
itants 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 Mussulman 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 per
secute them with unremitting violence. He ex
tended 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 con
quest of the country. He even prevailed upon
their patriarch Benjamin to emerge from his
desert and hold a conference with him; and subse
quently 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 Alexan
dria, 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 progress of their in
vaders, had collected at different posts on the
island of the Delta, and the channels of the Nile,
and disputed with desperate but fruitless obsti
nacy, the onward course of the conquerors. The
severest check was given at Keram al Shoraik, by

the late garrison of Memphis, who had fortified themselves there after retreating from the island of the Nile. For three days did they maintain a gallant conflict with the Moslems, and then retired 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 now lay 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 gave greatest annoyance to the Moslems were their 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 Greeks, unaware of the importance of their captives, 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 loftiness of his demeanor awakened the suspicions of the governor, who, supposing him to be a warrior of note among the Arabs, ordered one of his guards to strike off 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; but the shouts 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 longest, most obstinately contested and 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. Some retreated in considerable numbers into the interior of the country, and fortified themselves in strongholds; others took refuge in ships, and put to sea.

Amru, on taking possession of the city, he 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 meantime the ships which had taken off a part of the garrison were still lingering on the coast, tidings reached them that the Moslem general had departed, and had left the captured city defenceless. They immediately made sail for Alexandria, and entered the port in the night. The Greek soldiers surprised the sentinels in possession of the city, and put most of the Moslems they found there to the sword.

Amru was in full pursuit of the Greek fugitives when he heard of the recapture of the city, notified at his own negligence in leaving so rich a conquest with so slight a guard, he returned all haste, resolved to retake it by storm. 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 short. The castle was carried by assault; many of the Greeks were captured, 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, the year 640 of the Christian era.

On this second capture of the city by force of arms, and without capitulation, the troops clamored 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 it must have been the population and splendor of Alexandria, and the luxury and effeminacy of its inhabitants, at the time of the Moslem conquest. It states the city to have contained four thousand palaces, five thousand baths, four hundred theatres and places of amusement, twelve thousand gardeners which supply it with vegetables, 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 spoil of victory.

The Caliph Omar, in reply, expressed a disapprobation of his important services, but reproved him for even mentioning the desire of the soldiers to plunder so rich a city, one of the greatest emporiums of the East. He charged him, therefore, 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 moneys, jewels, household furniture, and everything else that was valuable, to be appropriated toward defraying the expenses of this war of faith. He ordered the tribute also, collected in the conquered country, to be treasured up in Alexandria, for the supplies of the Moslem troops.

The surrender of all Egypt followed the capture of its capital. A tribute of two ducats was levied on every male of mature age, besides a tax on lands in proportion to their value, and the revenue

sistible ardor and perseverance. The capital of Egypt was conquered, and the inhabitants were dispersed. The city retreated in considerable numbers to the country, and fortified the old forts; others took refuge in the sea.

On the possession of the city, the Caliph ordered; he prohibited his troops from pillaging; and leaving a small garrison, hastened with his main army to the fugitive Greeks. In the mean time, which had taken off a part of the city, still lingering on the coast, they perceived that the Moslem general had left the captured city nearly empty, and immediately made sail, and entered the port in the night, much to the surprise of the sentinels, and put most of the Moslems to the sword.

In the full pursuit of the Greek fugitives, the recapture of the city, through the negligence in leaving so small a guard, he returned to retake it by storm. The city, which had fortified themselves strongly, made stout resistance. After a long and bloody siege, before, to besiege it a second time, was short. The castle was captured by the Greeks, who escaped once more to their ships, and the capital was lost. All this happened in the nineteenth year of the Hegira, or the Christian era.

On the capture of the city by force, without capitulation, the troops were permitted to plunder. According to their rapacity, and command, and property in the place, they continued, until the will of the Caliph.

So perfect was his command, that the most trivial article of property, a letter to the Caliph shows the population and splendour of the city, the luxury and effeminacy of the time of the Moslem conquest. It is said to have contained four thousand baths, four hundred thousand of amusement, twelve thousand of supply it with vegetables, and a great number of tributary Jews. It was impossible to give justice to its riches and magnificence, which hitherto held it sacred from pillage, having won it by force of arms, and themselves entitled to the spoils.

Amru, in reply, expressed a desire for the same services, but reproved the desire of the soldiers. He charged him, therefore, to restrain the rapacious propensity, and make out an account of the household furniture, and every thing of value, to be appropriated to the expenses of this war, and the tribute also, collected in the country, to be treasured up for the supplies of the Moslem troops. All Egypt followed the capture of the city, and the tribute of two ducats was levied on every mature age, besides a tax on the value, and the revenue

which resulted to the Caliph is estimated at twelve millions of ducats.

We have shown that Amru was a poet in his private life; and throughout all his campaigns he manifested an intelligent and inquiring spirit, if not a highly informed, at least more liberal and enlightened in its views than was usual among the Moslem conquerors. He delighted, in his hours of leisure, to converse with learned men, and to acquire through their means such knowledge as had been denied to him by the deficiency of his education. Such a companion he found at Alexandria, a native of the place, a Christian of the sect of the Jacobites, eminent for his philological researches, his commentaries on Moses and Aristotle, and his laborious treatises of various kinds, named Philoponus from his love of study, but commonly known by the name of John the Grammarian. An intimacy soon arose between the Moslem conqueror and the Christian philologist; an intimacy honorable to Amru, but destined to be disastrous in its result to the cause of letters. In the hour, John the Grammarian, being encouraged by the favor shown him by the Arab general, revealed to him a treasure hitherto unknown, or rather unvalued, by the Moslem conquerors. This was a vast collection of books or manuscripts, since renowned in history as the ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY. Perceiving that in taking account of everything valuable in the city, and seizing up all its treasures, Amru had taken notice of the books, John solicited that they might be given to him. Unfortunately, the ardent zeal of the Grammarian gave a consequence to the books in the eyes of Amru, and made him scrupulous of giving them away without permission of the Caliph. He forthwith wrote to the Caliph, stating the merits of John, and requesting to know whether the books might be given to him. The reply of Omar was laconic, but fatal. "The contents of those books," said he, "are in conformity with the Koran, or they are not. If they are, the Koran is sufficient without them; if they are not, they are pernicious. Let them, therefore, be destroyed."

Amru, it is said, obeyed the order punctually. The books and manuscripts were distributed as prizes among the five thousand baths of the city; so numerous were they that it took six months to consume them. This act of barbarism, recorded by Abulpharagius, is considered somewhat doubtful by Gibbon, in consequence of its not being mentioned by two of the most ancient historians, Elmacin in his Saracenic history, and Eusebius in his annals, the latter of whom was a native of Alexandria, and has detailed the request of that city. It is inconsistent, too, with the character of Amru, as a poet and a man of superior intelligence; and it has recently been pointed out, we know not on what authority, that many of the literary treasures thus said to have been destroyed, do actually exist in Constantinople. Their destruction, however, is generally admitted and deeply deplored by historians. Amru, as a man of genius and intelligence, may have been grieved at the order of the Caliph; while, as a loyal subject and faithful soldier, he felt bound to obey it.*

*The Alexandrian Library was formed by Ptolemy Soter, and placed in a building called the Bruchion. It was augmented in successive reigns to 400,000 volumes, and an additional 300,000 volumes were added in a temple called the Serapeon. The Bruchion, with the books it contained, was burnt in the war

The fall of Alexandria decided the fate of Egypt and likewise that of the emperor Heraclius. He was already afflicted with a dropsy, and took the loss of his Syrian, and now that of his Egyptian dominions, so much to heart, that he underwent 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, 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 worthily renowned 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 continued narrative, without pausing 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 Bekr, left his victorious army 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 Khosrus had passed from hand to hand; Khosru 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 Shiruyah), and was put to death by 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

of Cesar, but the Serapeon was preserved. Cleopatra, it is said, added to it the library of Pergamas, given to her by Marc 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 recoiled from him with horror, and when he would have used force, gave herself instant death to escape from his embraces. The disappointment of his passion, the upbraidings of his sisters for the murders of their father and their brothers, and the stings of his own conscience, threw Siroses into a moody melancholy, and either caused, 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 presently slain, and the throne usurped by Sherrayar, a Persian noble, who was himself killed after a very short reign. Turan-Docht, a daughter of Khosru Parviz, was now crowned and reigned eighteen months, when she was set aside by her cousin Shah Shenandeh, 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 magnificent city of Madain, or Madayn, on the Tigris, where was the ancient Ctesiphon.

Arzemia was distinguished alike for masculine talents and feminine beauty; she had been carefully instructed under her father Khosru, and had acquired sad experience, during the series of conspiracies and assassinations 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 mortal offence to the most powerful 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 Hārith, as the name is sometimes rendered). On the accession of Omar to the Caliphate, he appointed Mosenna emir or governor of Sewad, the country recently conquered by Khaled, lying about the lower part of the Euphrates and the Tigris, forming a portion of the Persian province of Irak-Arabi. This was in compliance with the wishes and intentions of Abu Beker; though Omar does not appear to have had great confidence in the military talents of Mosenna, the career of conquest having languished in his hands since the departure of Khaled. He accordingly sent Abu Obeidah Sakfi, 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, hearing of the advance of the Moslem army thus reinforced, sent an able general, Rustam Ibn Ferukh-Zad (or Feruchsad), with thirty thousand more, to repel them. Rustam halted on the confines of Irak, and sent forward strong detachments under a general named Dschaban, and a Persian prince named Narsis (or

Narsis). These were so roughly handled by Moslems that Rustam found it necessary to hasten with his main force to their assistance, arrived too late; they had been severally defeated and put to flight, and the whole country of Sewad was in the hands of the Moslems.

Queen Arzemia, still more aroused to the danger of her kingdom, sent Rustam a reinforcement led by Behman Dschadu, surnamed the Veil from the shaggy eyebrows which overshadowed his visage. He brought with him three thousand men and thirty elephants. These animals, of the real utility in warfare, were formidable in the eyes of those unaccustomed to them, and were intended to strike terror into the Arabian troops. One of them was the white elephant Mahmud, famous for having been ridden by Abraham, Ethiopian king, in foregone times, when he invaded Mecca, and assailed the Caaba. It was considered a harbinger of victory, all the enterprises in which it had been employed having proved successful.

With Behman, the heavy-browed, came the standard of Kaoh, the sacred standard, which was originally the leathern apron of the blacksmith Kaoh, which he reared as a banner when he roused the people, and delivered Persia from the tyranny of Sohak. It had been enlarged in time to time, with costly silk, embroidered with gold, until it was twenty-two feet long and five feet broad; and was decorated with gems of inestimable value. With this standard the fate of the kingdom was believed, by superstitious Persians to be connected.

The Moslem forces, even with the reinforcement brought by Abu Obeidah Sakfi, did not exceed nine thousand in number; the Persians, camped near the ruins of Babylon, were vastly superior. It was the counsel of Mosenna and veteran Sabit, that they should fall back into the deserts, and remain encamped there until reinforcements 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 extolled to the skies his daring achievements in this quarter. He was determined to emulate them, to 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 alacrity, for they felt the rashness of the enterprise. While they were yet crossing the bridge, they were severely galled by a body of archers, detached in the advance by Rustam; and were cut at the head of the bridge by that warrior with the 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 with the thirty elephants. Abu Obeidah breastened fearlessly 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. He himself severed with a blow of his scimitar, the trunk of the mouse 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, overwhelmed by numbers, endeavored to retreat the bridge. The enemy had thrown combustibles

* Docht or Dokht, diminutive of dukhter, signifies the unmarried or maiden state.

† This Abu Obeidah has sometimes been confounded with the general of the same name, who commanded in Syria; the latter, however, was Abu Obeidah Ibn Aljerah (the son of Aljerah).

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the boats on which it was constructed, and
set them on fire. Some of the troops were
into the water and perished there; the
body retreated along the river, protected in
the rear by Mosenna, who now displayed the skill
of a able general, and kept the enemy at bay until
a light bridge could be hastily thrown across an-
ner 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
wounded in this rash affair; two thousand fled to
Medina, and about three thousand remained with
Mosenna, who encamped and entrenched them,
and sent a fleet courier to the Caliph, entreating
valiant aid. Nothing saved this remnant of the
army from utter destruction but a dissension
which took place between the Persian command-
ers, who, instead of following up their victory,
remained at Madayn, the Persian capital.

This was the severest and almost the only
check that Moslem audacity 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 was long and ruefully remembered by
the Arabs as the battle of "El Jisir," or The Bat-
tle of the Bridge.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MOSENNA IBN HARRIS RAVAGES THE COUNTRY
ALONG THE EUPHRATES—DEATH OF ARZEMIA
—YUZEDEGIRD III. RAISED TO THE THRONE—
SAAD IBN ABU WAKKÂS GIVEN THE GENERAL
COMMAND—DEATH OF MOSENNA—EMBASSY TO
YUZEDEGIRD—ITS RECEPTION.

HAVING received moderate reinforcements, Mo-
senna again took the field in Arab style, hovering
about the confines of Babylonia, and sending de-
tachments in different directions to plunder and
waste the country bordering on the Euphra-
te. It was an instance of the vicissitude 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 in-
vaded by a handful of predatory Arabs.

To check their ravages, Queen Arzemia sent
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
Eshk, on the borders of the desert. Mosenna,
in the battle of the bridge had been the last
man to retire, was now the foremost man to
engage. In the fury of the fight he made his way,
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
seen, were chosen troops, and fought with un-
derstand spirit. The Moslems, in some parts of the
army, began to give way. Mosenna galloped up
and threw himself before them; he expostulated,
he threatened, he tore his beard in the agony of
his feelings; he succeeded in leading them back
to the fight, which endured from noon until sun-
set, and still continued doubtful. At the close
of the day Mosenna encountered Mahran hand to
hand, in the midst of his guards, and received a
powerful blow, which might have proved fatal
to 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,
nor stopped until they reached Madayn.

The Moslems next made a plundering expedi-
tion to Bagdad, at that time a mere village, but
noted for a great fair, the resort of merchants
from various parts of the East. An Arab detach-
ment pounced upon it at the time of the fair, and
carried off many captives and immense booty.

The tidings of the defeat of Mahran and the
plundering of the fair spread consternation in the
Persian capital. The nobles and priests who had
hitherto stood in awe of the spirit of the queen,
now raised a tumult. "These are the fruits,"
said they, "of having a woman to reign over us."

The fate of the beautiful Arzemia was hastened
by private revenge. Faruch-Zad, one of the most
powerful of her nobles, and governor of Khoras-
san, incited by love and ambition, had aspired to
her hand. At first, it is said, she appeared to fa-
vor his addresses, fearing to provoke his enmity,
but afterward slighted them; whereupon he en-
tered the palace by night, and attempted to get
possession of her person. His attempt failed,
and, by her command, he received instant death
at the hands of her guards, accompanied by some
indignities.

His son, Rustam, who had been left by him in
the government of Khorassan, hastened, at the
head of an armed force, to avenge his death. He
arrived in the height of the public discontent;
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 the usurping sovereigns, and had not
yet reigned a year.

A remaining son of Khosru Parviz was now
brought forward and placed on the slippery
throne, but was poisoned within forty days, some
say by his courtiers, 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 secluded, during the late period of anarchy
and assassination, in the city of Istakar, the an-
cient Persepolis. He is known by the name of
Yezdegird III., though some historians call him
Hermisdas IV., from his family, instead of his
personal appellation. 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 reign was
to assemble a powerful army and place it under
the command of Rustam, the same general who
had so signally revenged the death of his father.
It was determined, by a signal blow, to sweep the
Arabian marauders from the land.

Omar, on his part, 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 discreet counsellors, Othman
and Ali, and induced to send in his place Saad
Ibn Abu Wakkâs. 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 intrusted to him the care of his household
during his absence, saying, "To you, oh 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-trying soldiers who had followed the prophet in his campaigns, and one hundred of the veterans of Beder. They were led on also 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 joined the troops under Mosenna it amounted to upward of thirty thousand men.

Mosenna died three days after the arrival of his successor in the camp; the cause and nature of his death are not mentioned. He left behind him a good name, and a wife remarkable for her beauty. The widow was easily brought to listen to the addresses 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 Khâdestyah), on the frontier of Sawâd or Irak-Arabi, and was vastly superior in numbers to the Moslems. Saad sent expresses to the Caliph entreating reinforcements. He was promised them, but exhorted 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 Yazdegird inviting 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 Madayn, and were ushered through the sumptuous halls and saloons of the palace of the Khosrus, 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 surrounded by 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 inconsiderate 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'man 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.

Yazdegird 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 realm have found sweet water, savory food, and rich raiment. They have carried back word of this to their brethren in the desert, and now come in swarms to rob us of our goods and very land. Ye are like the starving fox, to whom the husbandman afforded shelter in his vineyard, and who in return brought a troop of his brethren to devour his grapes. Receive from my generosity whatever your wants require; load your camels with corn and dates, and depart in peace your native land; but if you tarry in Persia, beware the fate of the fox who was slain by the husbandman."

The most aged of the Arab envoys, the Sheik Mukair Ibn Zarrarah, replied with great gravity and decorum, and an unaltered countenance. "Oh king! all thou hast said of the Arabs is true. The green lizard of the desert was the sometime food; the brackish water of wells they 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 day of ignorance. They knew not good from evil. They were guilty, and they suffered. But Allah in his mercy sent his apostle Mahomet, and sacred Koran among them. He rendered the wise and valiant. He commanded them to fight with infidels until all should be converted to true faith. On his behest we come. All we demand of thee is to acknowledge that there is God but God, and that Mahomet is his apostle, and to pay from thy income the customary contribution of the Zakat, paid by all true believers, charity to the poor, and for the support of the family of the prophet. Do this, and not a Moslem shall enter the Persian dominions without leave; but if thou refuse it, and refuse to pay tribute exacted from all unbelievers, prepare the subjugation of the sword."

The forbearance of Yazdegird was at an end. "Were it not unworthy of a great Padischah," said he, "to put ambassadors to death, the sword should be the only tongue with which I would reply to your insolence. Away! ye robbers of the lands of others! take with ye a portion of the Persian soil ye crave." So saying, he caused sacks of earth to be bound upon their shoulders; to be delivered by them to their chiefs as symbols of graves they would be sure to find at Kadesia.

When beyond the limits of the city, the envoys transferred the sacks of earth to the backs of the camels, and returned with them to Saad Ibn A. Wakkas, shrewdly interpreting into a good omen what had been intended by the Persian monarch as a scornful taunt. "Earth," said they, "is emblem of empire. As surely, oh Saad, as we deliver thee these sacks of earth, so surely will Allah deliver the empire of Persia into the hands of true believers."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BATTLE OF KADESIA.

THE hostile armies came in presence of each other on the plains of Kadeisa (or Khâdestyah), 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 Moslems, had it possessed the Grecian or Roman

hair-cloth. Some of
wondered into our real
water, savory food, and
carried back word of
in the desert, and now
rob us of our goods and
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brought a troop of his brethren.
Receive from my generals
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line; but it was a tumultuous multitude,
generally from its military pomp, and encumber-
ed by its splendid trappings. The Arabs, on the
contrary, were veteran skirmishers of the desert;
light and hardy horsemen; dexterous with the
spear and lance, and skilled to wheel and retreat,
ready to return again to the attack. Many individ-
ual acts of prowess took place between cham-
pions of either army, who dared each other to
single combat in front of the hosts when drawn
up in battle array. The costly armor of the Per-
sians wrought with gold, and their belts or gir-
tas laden with gems, made them rich prizes to
the Moslem victors; while the Persians, if vic-
torious, gained nothing from the rudely clad war-
riors of the desert but honor and hard blows.

Saad Ibn Abu Wakkas was in an unfortunate
position for a leader of an army on such a momen-
tous occasion. He was grievously afflicted with
gout in his reins, so that he sat on his horse with
extreme difficulty. Still he animated his troops by
his presence, and gave the *tekkir* or battle-cry—
"Allah Akbar!"

The Persian force came on with great shouts,
the elephants in the van. The horses of the
Moslem cavalry recoiled at sight of the latter, and
became unmanageable. A great number of the
Persians dismounted, attacked the unwieldy
elephants with their swords, and drove them back
upon their own host. Still the day went hard
upon the Moslems; their force being so inferior,
and their general unable to take the lead and
manage in the battle. The arrival of a reinforce-
ment from Syria put them in new heart, and they
sought on until the approach of night, when both
armies desisted and drew off to their encamp-
ments. Thus ended the first day's fight, which the
Persians called the battle of Armath; but the
Moslems, The Day of Succor, from the timely ar-
rival of reinforcements.

On the following morning the armies drew out
again in battle array, but no general conflict
took place. Saad was unable to mount his horse
and led his troops into action, and the Persians,
aware of the reinforcements received by the Mos-
lems, were not disposed to provoke a battle. The
day passed in light skirmishes and single combats
between the prime warriors of either host, who
dared each other to trials of skill and prowess.
These combats, of course, were desperate, and
commonly cost the life of one, if not both of the
combatants.

Saad overlooked the field from the shelter of a
tent, where he sat at a repast with his beautiful
daughter beside him. Her heart swelled with grief
at seeing so many gallant Moslems laid low; a
thought of the valiant husband she had lost
passed across her mind, and the unwary ejacu-
lation escaped her, "Alas! Mosenna Ibn Haris,
where art thou?" Saad was stung to the quick
at what he conceived a reproach on his courage
and activity, and in the heat of the moment struck
her on the face with his dagger. "To-mor-
row," muttered he to himself, "I will mount my
horse."

In the night he secretly sent out a detachment
in the direction of Damascus, to remain conceal-
ed until the two armies should be engaged on the
following day, and then to come with banners
displayed, and a great sound of drum and trum-
pet, as though they were a reinforcement hur-
rying to the field of action.

The morning dawned, but still, to his great
astonishment, Saad was unable to sit upon his
horse, and had to intrust the conduct of the battle

to one of his generals. It was a day of bloody and
obstinate conflict; and from the tremendous
shock of the encountering hosts was celebrated
among the Arabs as "The day of the Concus-
sion."

The arrival of the pretended reinforcement in-
spired the Moslems, who were ignorant of the
stratagem, and dismayed the enemy. Rustam
urged on his elephants to break down the Arab
host, but they had become familiar with those
animals, and attacked them so vigorously that, as
before, they turned upon their own employers
and trampled them down in their unwieldy flight
from the field.

The battle continued throughout the day with
varying fortune; nor did it cease at nightfall,
for Rustam rode about among his troops urging
them to fight until morning. That night was
called by some the night of delirium; for in the
dark and deadly struggle the combatants struck
at random, and often caught each other by the
beard; by others it was called the night of
howling and lamentation, from the cries of the
wounded.

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 the water, and was
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, Hellal Ibn
Alkameh by name, in his eagerness for plunder,
cut the cords which bound the burden on the
camel. A package of silver fell upon 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 Hellal. The Persians recognized the bloody
features, and fled again, 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. Hellal,
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 em-
brodered, and he wore two gorgeous belts, or-
namented with jewels, one worth a thousand
pieces of gold, the other seventy thousand dir-
hems of silver.

Thirty thousand Persians are said to have fallen
in this battle, and upward of seven thousand
Moslems. The loss most deplored by the Per-
sians 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 further expressions of dissatisfaction. It is to be hoped he found some means, equally explicit, of excusing himself to his beautiful bride for the outrage he had committed upon her.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FOUNDING OF BASSORA—CAPTURE OF THE PERSIAN CAPITAL—FLIGHT OF YEZDEGIRD TO HOLWAN.

AFTER the signal victory of Kadesia, Saad Ibn Abu Wakkás, 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 Basra, or Bassora, to be founded in the lower part of Irak Arabi, on that great river formed by the junction of the Euphrates and the Tigris. This city was intended to protect the region conquered by the Moslems about the mouth of the Euphrates; to cut off the trade of India from Persia, and to keep a check upon Ahwáz (a part of Susiana or Khusestan), the prince or satrap of which, Hormusán by 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 Othbe. 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 Wakkás, 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 at hand, and for a time made scarcely any resistance to the invaders. Cities and strongholds surrendered almost without a blow. Babel 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 Madayn, 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, from the subjugated cities, and from other parts, joined his standard while on the march, so that, as he approached Madayn, his forces amounted to sixty thousand men.

There was abundance of troops in Madayn, 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?"

Yezdegird hesitated to take this craven advice, but more from weakness and indision 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 were within one day's march of capital he ordered his valuables to be put upon beasts of burden, and set off, with a worthless retinue of palace minions, attendants, slaves, male and female, for Holwán, at the foot of the Median hills. His example 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 valuable effects; such as were not so provided took what they could on their shoulders; but, 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 Madayn, once famous Ctesiphon, which had formerly pulsated a Roman army, though furnished with battering rams and other warlike engines, was abandoned without a blow at the approach of these nomad warriors.

As Saad entered the deserted city he gazed with wonder and admiration at its stately edifices surrounded by vineyards and gardens, all left to his mercy by the flying owners. In pious exultation he repeated aloud a passage of the Koran alluding to the abandonment by Pharaoh and his troops of their habitations, when they went in pursuit of the children of Israel. "How many gardens and fountains, and fields of corn and jewels, and other sources of delight, did he leave behind him! Thus we dispossessed him thereof, and gave the same for an inheritance to another people. Neither heaven nor earth will for them. They were unpitied."*

The deserted city was sacked and pillaged. One may imagine the sacking of such a place by the ignorant hordes of the desert. The Arabs beheld themselves surrounded by treasures beyond their conception; works of art, the value of which they could not appreciate, and articles of luxury which moved their ridicule rather than their admiration. In roving through the streets they came to the famous palace of the Khosro, begun by Khobád Ibn Firúz, and finished by his son Nushirwan, constructed of polished marble, and called the white palace, from its resplendent appearance. As they gazed at it in wonderment they called to mind the prediction of Mahomet, when he heard that the haughty monarch of Persia had torn his letter: "Even so shall Allah render his empire in pieces." "Behold the white palace of Khosro," cried the Moslems to one another. "This is the fulfilment of the prophecy of the apostle of God!"

Saad entered the lofty portal of the palace with feelings of devotion. His first act was to make his salaam and prostrations, and pronounce a confession of faith in its deserted halls. He took note of its contents, and protected it from the ravage of the soldiery, by making it his headquarters. It was furnished throughout with oriental luxury. It had wardrobes filled with gorgeous apparel. In the armory were weapons of all kinds, magnificently wrought: a coat of mail and sword, for state occasions, bedecked with jewels of incalculable value; a silver horseman on a golden horse, and a golden rider on a silver camel, all likewise studded with jewels.

* Koran, chapter 24.

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precious stones; with money, the vast
ment of which, though stated by Arabian his-
tory, we hesitate to mention.

Some of the apartments were gold and silver
chambers filled with oriental perfumes. In the
treasures were stored exquisite spices, odorifer-
ous gums, and medicinal drugs. Among the
treasures were quantities of camphor, which the
soldiers mistook for salt and mixed with their food.
One of the chambers was a silken carpet of
purple, which the king used in winter. Art
and expense had been lavished upon it. It was
designed to represent a garden. The leaves of the
carpet were emeralds; the flowers were embroid-
ered in their natural colors, with pearls and jewels
precious stones; the fountains were wrought
in diamonds and sapphires, to represent the
springs of their waters. The value of the whole
beyond calculation.

The hall of audience surpassed every other part
of the palace. The vaulted roof, says D'Her-
belot, resembled a firmament decked with golden
stars, each with a corresponding movement, so
as to represent the planets and the signs of the
zodiac. The throne was of prodigious grandeur,
supported on silver columns. Above it was the
crown of Khosru Nashirwan, suspended by a
chain to bear the immense weight of its
jewels, but contrived to appear as if on the head
of the monarch when seated.

It was said to have been overtaken, on which
the officer of the palace was bearing away
one of the jewels of the crown, the tiara or dia-
deme of Yazdegerd, with his belt and scimitar and
swords.

He appointed Omar Ibn Muskry to take
possession of all the spoils for regular distribution.
The soldiers were sent about to make proclamation
that the soldiers should render in their booty to
the Caliph. Such was the enormous amount that,
the fifth had been set apart for the Caliph, the
remainder, divided among sixty thousand men,
gave each of them twelve hundred dirhems of
gold.

He sent nine hundred heavily laden camels to
carry to Medina the Caliph's fifth of the spoil,
including the carpet, the clothing, and regalia
the king were included. The people of Me-
dina, 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 con-
fession 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
distributed.

Omar hesitated to decide with his usual prompt-
ness, and referred the matter to Ali. "Oh,
father 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
possessest will be worn out; what thou eatest will
be consumed; but that which thou expendest in
charity is sent before thee to the other world."
Omar determined that the carpet should be
sent among his chiefs. He divided it literally,
according to equity, cutting it up without regard to
the skill and beauty of the design, or its value as
a piece of workmanship. Such was the
generosity of the materials, that the portion al-
one sold for eight thousand dirhems

This signal capture of the capital of Persia took
place in the month Safar, in the sixteenth year
of the Hegira, and the year 637 of the Christian
era; the same year with the capture of Jerusalem.
The fame of such immense spoil, such treasures
of art in the hands of ignorant Arab soldiery, sum-
moned the crafty and the avaricious from all quar-
ters. 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 JĀLULĀ—FLIGHT OF YAZDEGERD TO
REI—FOUNDING OF CUFA—SĀAD RECEIVES A
SEVERE REBUKE FROM THE CALIPH FOR HIS
MAGNIFICENCE.

SĀAD IBN ABU WAKKĀS would fain have pur-
sued Yazdegerd to Holwân, among the hills of an-
cient Medea, where he had taken refuge; but he
was restrained by the Caliph Omar, 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 succor. By the command of Omar,
therefore, he remained with his main army in
Madayn, and sent his brother Hashem with twelve
thousand men in pursuit of the fugitive monarch.
Hashem found a large force of Persians, relics of
defeated armies, assembled in Jālulā, not far from
Holwân, 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 obsti-
nate 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.

Yazdegerd on hearing of the capture of Jālulā
abandoned the city of Holwân, leaving troops
there under a general named Habesh, to check
the pursuit of the enemy. The place of refuge
which he now sought was the city of Rei, or Rai,
the Rhages of Arrian; the Rhaga and Rhageia of
the Greek geographers; a city of remote antiquity,
contemporary, it is said, with Nineveh and Echa-
tana, and mentioned in the book of Tobit; who,
we are told, travelled from Nineveh to Rhages,
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. Ha-
besh, whom he had left behind, was soon defeat-
ed, 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 a cautious check. "You
have this year," said the Caliph, "taken Sawad
and Irak; for Holwân 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.

The climate of Madayn proving unhealthy to his
troops, and Saad wishing to establish a fortified
camp in the midst of his victories, was ordered
by the Caliph to seek some favorable site on the

western side of the Euphrates, where there was good air, a well-watered plain and plenty of grass for the camels; things highly appreciated by the Arabs.

Saad chose for the purpose the village of Cufa, which, according to Moslem tradition, was the spot where Noah embarked in the ark. The Arabs further pretend that the serpent after tempting Eve was banished to this place. Hence, they say, the guile and treachery for which the men of Cufa are proverbial. This city became so celebrated that the Euphrates was at one time generally denominated Nahar Cufa, or the river of Cufa. The most ancient characters of the Arabic alphabet are termed Culic to the present day.

In building Cufa, much of the stone, marble, and timber for the principal edifices were furnished from the ruins of Madayn; there being such a scarcity of those materials in Babylonia and its vicinity that the houses were generally constructed of bricks baked in the sun and cemented with bitumen. It used to be said, therefore, that the army on its remove took with it all the houses of Sawa. Saad Ibn Abu Wakkās, who appears to have imbibed a taste for Persian splendor, erected a sumptuous Kiosk or summer residence, and decorated it with a grand portal taken from the palace of the Khosrus at Madayn. When Omar heard of this he was sorely displeased, his great apprehension being that his generals would lose the good old Arab simplicity of manners in the luxurious countries they were conquering. He forthwith dispatched a trusty envoy, Mahomet Ibn Muslemah, empowered to give Saad a salutary rebuke. On arriving at Cufa, Mahomet caused a great quantity of wood to be heaped against the door of the Kiosk and set fire to it. When Saad came forth in amazement at this outrage, Mahomet put into his hands the following letter from the Caliph:

"I am told thou hast built a lofty palace, like to that of the Khosrus, and decorated it with a door taken from the latter, with a view to have guards and chamberlains stationed about it to keep off those who may come in quest of justice or assistance, as was the practice of the Khosrus before thee. In so doing thou hast departed from the ways of the prophet (on whom be benedictions), and hast fallen into the ways of the Persian monarchs. Know that the Khosrus have passed from their palace to the tomb; while the prophet, from his lowly habitation on earth, has been elevated to the highest heaven. I have sent Mahomet Ibn Muslemah to burn thy palace. In this world two houses are sufficient for thee—one to dwell in, the other to contain the treasure of the Moslems."

Saad was too wary to make any opposition to the orders of the stern-minded Omar; so he looked on without a murmur as his stately Kiosk was consumed by the flames. He even offered Mahomet presents, which the latter declined, and returned to Medina. Saad removed to a different part of the city, and built a more modest mansion for himself, and another for the treasury.

In the same year with the founding of Cufa the Caliph Omar married Omm Kolsam, the daughter of Ali and Fatima, and granddaughter of the prophet. This drew him in still closer bonds of friendship and confidence with Ali, who with Othman shared his councils, and aided him in managing from Medina the rapidly accumulating affairs of the Moslem empire.

It must be always noted, that however stern and strict may appear the laws and ordinances of Omar, he was rigidly impartial in enforcing

them; and one of his own sons, having been found intoxicated, received the twenty bastinado on the soles of the feet, which he had decreed offences of the kind.

CHAPTER XXX.

WAR WITH HORMUZÂN, THE SATRAP OF AHWÂZ—HIS CONQUEST AND CONVERSION.

THE founding of the city of Bassora had given great annoyance and uneasiness to Hormuzân, satrap or viceroy of Ahwâz, or Susiana. His province lay between Babylonia and Farsistan, he saw that this rising city of the Arabs was tended 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 centre of the metropolis Susa, one of the royal residences of the Persian kings, celebrated in scriptural history and said to possess the tomb of the prophet Daniel. It was once adorned with palaces, courts, and parks of prodigious extent, though now all is a waste, "echoing only to the roar of the lion, or yell of the hyena."

Here Hormuzân, the satrap, emulated the 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 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 to their assistance from Medina, and from the headquarters at Cufa. Hormuzân soon had reason to repent his having provoked hostilities. He was defeated in repeated battles, and at length was obliged to make peace with the loss of half of his territory and all but four of his cluster of cities. He not permitted long to enjoy even this nominal domain. Yezdegird, from his retreat at Reza, approached Hormuzân and the satrap of the province of Farsistan, for not co-operating withstand the Moslems. At his command they united their forces, and Hormuzân broke the treaty of peace which he had so recently concluded.

The devotion of Hormuzân to his fugitive sovereign ended in his ruin. The Caliph ordered troops to assemble from the different Moslem posts, and complete the conquest of Ahwâz. Hormuzân disputed his territory bravely, but was driven from place to place, until he made his stand in the fortress of Ahwâz, or Susa. For months he was beleaguered, during which there were many sallies and assaults, and fighting on both sides. At length, Bard Mâlek 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 indifference to life or death; always pressed forward to the place of danger, and every action in which he served was successful.

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CHAPTER XXX.

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him. "Oh Barâ! swear to overthrow these
Angels, and the Most High will favor us."

Barâ swore that the place would be taken, and
the soldiers put to flight, but that he would fall a
victim.

At 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
Hormuzân, who had succeeded to the Moslem
command, and revealed a secret entrance by a
tunnel 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
surprised, however, in a strong tower, or keep,
from the battlements of which he held a parley
with the Moslem commander. "I have a thou-
sand expert archers with me," said he, "who
will pierce your aim. By every arrow they dis-
charge you will lose a man. Avoid this useless
warfare. Let me depart in honor; give me safe
conduct to the Caliph, and let him dispose of me
as he pleases."

He was agreed. Hormuzân was treated with
respect as he issued from his fortress, and was
under an escort to Medina. He maintained
himself 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 array of attire.

Omar was not at his dwelling; he had gone to
the mosque. Hormuzân was conducted thither.
Approaching the sacred edifice, the Caliph's
banner was seen hanging against the wall, while he
himself, arrayed in patched garments, lay asleep
with his staff under his head. The officers of the
escort seated themselves at a respectful distance
and should awake. "This," whispered they
to Hormuzân, "is the prince of true believers."

"This the Arab king!" said the astonished
escort; "and is this his usual attire?" "It is,"
said he, "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
messengers and attendants?" "Even so,"
was the reply. "This," exclaimed Hormuzân,
at length, "is the condition of a prophet,
not of a king." "He is not a prophet," was
replied, "but he acts like one."

As the Caliph awoke he recognized the officers
of his escort. "What tidings do you bring?" de-
manded he. "But who is this so extravagantly
arrayed?" rubbing his eyes as they fell upon the
considered robes and jewelled crown of the
prince. "This is Hormuzân, the king of Ahwâz."
"Take the infidel out of this place," cried he,
"and strip him of his riches, and give them
to the poor of the rich of Islam."

Hormuzân was accordingly taken forth, and in
a little time was brought again before the Caliph,
dressed in a simple garb of the striped cloth of Yemen.
The Moslem writers relate various quibbles by
which Hormuzân sought to avert the death with
which he was threatened, for having slain Barâ
the Moslem. He craved water to allay his thirst.
A vessel of water was brought. Affecting to ap-
pear in immediate execution: "Shall I be spared
if I have drunk this?" Being answered by the
Caliph in the affirmative, he dashed the vessel

to the ground. "Now," said he, "you cannot
put me to death, for I can never drink the water."

The straightforward Omar, however, was not to
be caught by a quibble. "Your cunning will do
you no good," said he. "Nothing will save you
but to embrace Islamism." The haughty Hor-
muzân was subdued. He made the profession of
faith in due style, and was at once enrolled
among true believers.

He resided thenceforth in Medina, received
rich presents from the Caliph, and subsequently
gave him much serviceable information and advice
in his prosecution of the war with Persia. The
conquest of Ahwâz was completed in the nine-
teenth year of the Hegira.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SAAD SUSPENDED FROM THE COMMAND—A
PERSIAN ARMY ASSEMBLED AT NEHÂVEND—
COUNCIL AT THE MOSQUE OF MEDINA—BAT-
TLE OF NEHÂVEND.

OMAR, as we have seen, kept a jealous and
vigilant eye upon his distant generals, being con-
stantly haunted by the fear that they would be-
come corrupted in the rich and luxurious coun-
tries they were invading, and lose that Arab sim-
plicity which he considered inestimable in itself,
and all-essential to the success of the cause of Is-
lam. Notwithstanding the severe reproof he had
given to Saad Ibn Abu Wakkâs in burning down
his palace at Cuta, 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 Saad to be sus-
pended from his command until they could be in-
vestigated.

When the news reached Yazdegerd at Rei that
the Moslem general who had conquered at Kade-
sia, slain Rustam, captured Madayn, and driven
himself to the mountains, was deposed from the
command, he conceived fresh hopes, and wrote
letters to all the provinces yet unconquered, call-
ing on the inhabitants to take up arms and make a
grand effort for the salvation of the empire. Ne-
hâvend 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 about fifteen leagues
from Hamadân, 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 re-
ceived, of this great armament. "This," said
he, "is probably the last great effort of the Per-
sians. 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 Othman: "but
remain, yourself, either at Medina, Cuta, or Hol-
wân, to send reinforcements if required, or to
form a rallying point for the Moslems, if defeat-
ed." Others gave different counsel. At length
the matter was referred to Abbas Ibn Abd al
Motâlleb, who was considered one of the sagest
heads for counsel in the tribe of Koreish. He
gave it as his opinion that the Caliph should re-

main in Medina, and give the command of the campaign to Nu'mán Ibn Mukry, who was already in Ahwáz, 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 magnificent empires of the Orient—Syria, Chaldea, Babylonia, 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'mán to march to Nehávend, and reinforcements joined him from Medina, Bassora, and Cufa. His force, when thus collected, was but moderate, but it was made up of men hardened and sharpened by incessant warfare, rendered daring and confident by repeated victory, and led by able officers. He was afterward joined by ten thousand men from Sawad, Holwán, and other places, many of whom were tributaries.

The Persian army now collected at Nehávend was commanded by Firuzán; he was old and infirm, but full of intelligence and spirit, and the only remaining general considered capable of taking charge of such a force, the best generals having fallen in battle. The veteran, knowing the impetuosity 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.

Nu'mán 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 Firuzán had foreseen, began to grow discontented, and to murmur at their general.

A stratagem was now resorted to by Nu'mán 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 sallied, though cautiously, in pursuit. Nu'mán continued his feigned retreat for another day, still followed by the enemy. Having drawn them to a sufficient distance from their fortified camp, he took up a position at nightfall. "To-morrow," said he to his troops, "before the day reddens, be ready for battle. I have been with the prophet in many conflicts, and he always commenced battle after the Friday prayer."

The following day, when the troops were drawn out in order of battle, he made this prayer in their presence: "Oh Allah! sustain this day the cause of Islamism; give us victory over the infidels, and grant me the glory of martyrdom." Then turning to his officers, he expressed a presentiment that he should fall in the battle, and named the person who, in such case, should take the command.

He now appointed the signal for battle. "Three times," said he, "I will cry the tekbír, and each time will shake my standard. At the third time let every one fall on as I shall do." He gave the signal, Allah Achbar! Allah Achbar! Allah Achbar! At the third shaking of the standard the tekbír was responded by the army, and the air was rent by the universal shout of Allah Achbar!

The shock of the two armies was terrific; they were soon enveloped in a cloud of dust, in which the sound of scimitars and battle-axes told the deadly work that was going on, while the shouts

of Allah Achbar continued, mingled with furious cries and execrations of the Persians, and discharges of the wounded. In an hour the Persians were completely routed. "Oh Lord!" exclaimed Nu'mán in pious ecstasy, "my prayer for victory has been heard; may that for martyrdom be likewise favored!"

He advanced his standard in pursuit of the enemy, but at the same moment a Parthian arrow from the flying foe gave him the death he coveted. His body, with the face covered, was conveyed to his brother, and his standard given to Hadífah, whom he had named to succeed him in the command.

The Persians were pursued with great slaughter. Firuzán fled toward Hamadán, but was overtaken at midnight as he was ascending a steep hill, embarrassed among a crowd of mules and camels laden with the luxurious superfluities of a Persian camp. Here he and several thousand of his soldiers and camp-followers were cut to pieces. The booty was immense. Forty of the mules were found to be laden with honey; which, as the Arabs say, with a sneer, that Firuzán's army was clogged with its own honey, until overtaken by the true believers. The whole number of Persians slain in this battle, which sealed the fate of the empire, is said to have amounted to one hundred thousand. It took place in the twenty-first year of the Hegira, and the year 641 of the Christian era, and was commemorated among Moslems, as "The Victory of Victories."

On a day subsequent to the battle a mule mounted on an ass rode into the camp of Hadífah. He was one who had served in the temples of the fire-worshippers, and was in great dejection, fearing to be sacrificed by the fanatical Moslems. "Spare my life," said he to Hadífah, "and the life of another person whom I shall designate, and I will deliver into your hands a treasure put under my charge by Yezdegird when he fled to Rei." His terms being promised, he produced a sealed box. On breaking the seal Hadífah found it filled with rubies and precious stones of various colors, and jewels of great price. He was astonished at the sight of what appeared to him incalculable riches. "These jewels," said he, "have not been gained in battle, nor by the sword; we have, therefore, no right to share in them." With the concurrence of his officers, therefore, he sent the box to the Caliph, to be retained by himself or divided among the true believers as he should think proper. The officer who conducted the fifth part of the spoils to Medina delivered the box, and related its history to Omar. The Caliph, little skilled in matters of luxury, and holding them in supreme contempt, gazed with an ignorant or scornful eye at the imperial jewels, and refused to receive them. "You know not what these things are," said he. "Neither do I; but they justly belong to the one who slew the infidels, and to no one else." He ordered the officer, therefore, to depart forthwith and carry the box back to Hadífah. The jewels were sold by the latter to the merchants who followed the camp, and when the proceeds were divided among the troops, each horseman received for his share four thousand pieces of gold.

Far other was the conduct of the Caliph when he received the letter giving an account of the victory at Nehávend. His first inquiry was of his old companion in the faith, Nu'mán. "May God grant you and him mercy!" was the reply. "He has become a martyr!"

Omar, it is said, wept. He next inquired

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he was acquainted; but many who were
own to him. "If I know them not," said
quoting a text of the Koran, "God

CHAPTER XXXII.

PIRE OF HAMADÂN; OF REI—SUBJUGATION
OF TABARISTAN; OF AZERBIJÂN—CAMPAIGN
ALONG THE CAUCASIAN MOUNTAINS.

THE Persian troops who had survived the sig-
 defeat of Firuzân assembled their broken
near the city of Hamadân, but were soon
 again by a detachment sent against them
 Hadilieh, who had fixed his headquarters at
 They then took refuge in Hamadân,
 enclosed themselves in its strong fortress

Hamadân was the second city in Persia for
 ealer, and was built upon the site of Ecbatana,
 times the principal city of the Medes. There
 e more Jews among its inhabitants than were
 e found in any other city of Persia, and it
 ed of possessing the tombs of Esther and
 ecali. It was situated on a steep eminence,
 the sides of which it descended into a fruit-
 ean, watered by streams gushing down from
 e Crontes, now Mount Elvand. The
 e was commanded by Habesh, the same gen-
 who had been driven from Holwân after the
 e of Yazdegerd. Habesh sought an inter-
 with Hadilieh, at his encampment at Nehâ-
 and made a treaty of peace with him; but
 was a fraudulent one, and intended merely to
 e. Returning to Hamadân, he turned the
 e city into a fortress, and assembled a strong
 e, being reinforced from the neighboring
 e of Azerbijân.

On being informed of this want of good faith
 e part of the governor of Hamadân, the Cal-
 e Umar dispatched a strong force against the
 e, led by an able officer named Nu'haim Ibn
 e. Habesh had more courage than cau-
 e. Confident in the large force he had assem-
 e instead of remaining within his strongly
 e city, he sallied forth and met the Mos-
 e in open field. The battle lasted for three
 e and was harder fought than even that of
 e, but ended in leaving the Moslems tri-
 eant masters of the once formidable capital
 e Melea.

Nu'haim now marched against Rei, late the
 eant refuge of Yazdegerd. That prince, how-
 e had deserted it on the approach of danger,
 e in charge of a noble named Siyâwesh
 e. Hither the Persian princes had sent
 e from the yet unconquered provinces, for
 e had nobly offered to make himself as a
 e to them, and conquer or fall in their
 e. His patriotism was unavailing; treach-
 e and corruption were too prevalent among the
 e. Zain, a powerful noble resident in
 e, and a deadly enemy of Siyâwesh, conspired
 e about two thousand Moslems in at one gate of
 e, at the time when its gallant governor was
 e a sally by another. A scene of tumult
 e took place in the streets, where both
 e engaged in deadly conflict. The patriot
 e was slain, with a great part of his
 e; the city was captured and sacked, and

its citadel destroyed, and the traitor Zain was re-
 warded for his treachery by being made governor
 of the ruined place.

Nu'haim now sent troops in different directions
 against Kumish, and Dagehân, and Jurgan (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 Farkham, a military sage,
 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 hun-
 dred thousand dirhems, with the condition that
 the Moslems should levy no troops in that quarter.

Azerbijân 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 ineffectual stand; their army was de-
 feated; the altars of the fire-worshippers were
 overturned; their temples destroyed, and Azer-
 bijân won.

The arms of Islam had now been carried tri-
 umphantly to the very defiles of the Caucasus;
 those mountains were yet to be subdued. Their
 rocky sierras on the east separated Azerbijân
 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 irruptions 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 allego-
 rical 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 through-
 out the Eastern world.

The Arabs, says Lane, call Gog and Magog, Yâjûj
 and Mâjûj, and say they are two nations or tribes de-
 scended from Japhet, the son of Noah; or, as others
 write, Gog is a tribe of the Turks, and Magog those
 of Gilan; the Geli and the Gela of Ptolemy and
 Strabo. They made their irruptions into the neigh-
 boring countries in the spring, and carried off all the
 fruits of the earth.—*Sale'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 Eze-
 kiel, with which Mahomet had been made acquainted
 by his Jewish instructors.

The Koran makes mention of a wall built as a pro-
 tection against these fearful people of the north by
 Dhu'lkarneim, or the Two Horned; by whom some

Detachments of Moslems under different leaders penetrated the defiles of these mountains and made themselves masters of the Derbends, or mountain barriers. One of the most important, and which cost the greatest struggle, was a city or fortress called by the Persians Der-bend; by the Turks Demir-Capi or the Gate of Iron, and by the Arabs Bab-el-abwâb (the Gate of Gates). It guards a defile between a promontory of Mount Caucasus and the Caspian Sea. A superstitious belief is still connected with it by the Moslems. Originally it had three gates; two only are left; one of these has nearly sunk into the earth; they say when it disappears the day of judgment will arrive.

Abda'lahman Ibn Rabah, one of the Moslem commanders who penetrated the defiles of the Caucasus, was appointed by Omar to the command of the Derbends or passes, with orders to keep vigilant watch over them; for the Caliph was in continual solicitude about the safety of the Moslems on these remote expeditions, and was fearful that the Moslem troops might be swept away by some irruption from the north.

Abda'lahman, with the approbation of the Caliph, made a compact with Shahr-Zad, one of the native chiefs, by which the latter, in consideration of being excused from paying tribute, undertook to guard the Derbends against the northern hordes. The Arah general had many conversations with Shahr-Zad about the mountains, which are favored regions of Persian romance and fable. His imagination was fired with what he was told about the people beyond the Derbends, the Allâni and the Rus; and about the great wall or barrier of Yâjûj and Mâjûj, 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 Tabari, the Persian historian: "One day as Abda'lahman was seated by 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 Yâjûj and Mâjûj; from a king whose dominions 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'lkarneim, verily, Gog and Magog waste 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, Gog and Magog could not scale it, neither could they dig through it.—*Sale's Koran*, chap. 18.

The Czar Peter the Great, in his expedition against the Persians, saw in the neighborhood 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 eighteen Russian stades in height; built of stones laid up dry; some of them three ells long and very 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 Gog and Magog.—*See Travels in the East, by Sir William Ouseley*.

curiosity of Abda'lahman aroused, he sent the man who had brought the ring, and commanded him to relate the circumstances of his rand.

"When I delivered the presents and the letter of Shahr-Zad to that king," said the man, "called his chief falconer, and ordered him to procure the jewel required. The falconer kept eagle for three days without food, until he nearly starved; he then took him up into the mountains near the wall, and I accompanied him. From the summit of one of these mountains, looked down into a deep dark chasm like abyss. The falconer now produced a piece tainted meat; threw it into the ravine, and loose the eagle. He swept down after it; pounce upon it as it reached the ground, and return with it, perched upon the hand of the falconer. The ruby which now shines in that ring was fast adhering to the meat."

"Abda'lahman asked an account of the man. 'It is built,' replied the man, 'of stone, iron, brass, and extends down one mountain and another.' 'This,' said the devout and all-believing Abda'lahman, 'must be the very wall which the Almighty makes mention in the Koran.'"

"He now inquired of Shahr-Zad what was the value of the ruby. 'No one knows its value was the reply; though presents to an immense amount had been made in return for it.' Shahr-Zad now drew the ring from his finger, and offered it to Abda'lahman, but the latter refused to accept it, saying that a gem of that value was suitable to him. 'Had you been one of the Persian kings,' said Shahr-Zad, 'you would have taken it from me by force; but men who conquer like you will conquer all the world.'"

The stories which he had heard had such effect upon Abda'lahman, that he resolved to make a foray into the mysterious country beyond the Derbends. Still it could only be of a partial nature, as he was restrained from venturing by the cautious injunctions of Omar. "We are not fearful of displeasing the Caliph," said he. "I would push forward even to Yâjûj and Magog and make converts of all the infidels."

On issuing from the mountains, he found himself among a barbarous people, the ancestors of the present Turks, who inhabited a region of country between the Euxine and the Caspian Sea. A soldier who followed Abda'lahman in the foray gave the following account of these people to the Caliph on his return to Medina. "We were astonished," said he, "at our appearance so different from their old enemies the Persians, and asked us, 'Are you angels or the sons of Adam?' to which we replied, we are sons of Adam; but the angels of heaven are on our side and aid us in our warfare."

The infidels forbore to assail men thus protected; one, however, more shrewd or daring than the rest, stationed himself behind a rapid arrow, and slew a Moslem. The deed was at an end; the Turks saw that the stranger was mortal, and from that time there was fighting. Abda'lahman laid siege to a place called Belandscher, the city or stronghold of the Bulgarians or Huns, another semi-barbarous warlike people like the Turks, who, like them, had not yet made themselves world-famous by their conquering migrations. The Turks came to the aid of their neighbors; a severe battle took place, the Moslems were defeated, and Abda'lahman paid for his daring enterprise and romantic curiosity with his life. The Turks, who still

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to have retained a superstitious opinion of
unknown invaders, preserved the body of the
innate general as a relic, and erected a
stone in honor of it, at which they used to put
their prayers for rain in time of drought.

The troops of Abd'rahman retreated within
Derbends; his brother Selman Ibn Rabiāh
was appointed to succeed him in the command of
the Caucasian passes, and thus ended the unfortu
nate array into the land of Gog and Magog.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE CALIPH OMAR ASSASSINATED BY A FIRE-
SHIPPER — HIS CHARACTER — OTHMAN
ELECTED CALIPH.

His life and reign of the Caliph Omar, distin
guished by such great and striking events, were at
length brought to a sudden and sanguinary end,
among the Persians who had been brought as
prisoners to Medina, was one named Firuz, of the
tribe of the Magi, or fire-worshippers. Being
employed daily by his master two pieces of silver out
of his earnings, he complained of it to Omar as
exorbitant. The Caliph inquired into his con
dition, and, finding that he was a carpenter, and
engaged in the construction of windmills, replied,
"The man who excelled in such a handicraft
could well afford to pay two dirhems a day.
Then," muttered Firuz, "I'll construct a wind-
mill for you that shall keep grinding until the day
of judgment." Omar was struck with his menac
ing air. "The slave threatens me," said he,
"If I were disposed to punish any one
on suspicion, I should take off his head;" he suf
fered him, however, to depart without further no
tice.

Three days afterward, as he was praying in the
mosque, Firuz entered suddenly and stabbed him
with a dagger. The attendants rushed
on the assassin. He made furious resistance,
killing some and wounding others, until one of his
adherents threw his vest over him and seized him,
under which he stabbed himself to the heart and
died. Religion may have had some share in
prompting this act of violence; perhaps revenge
for the ruin brought upon his native country.
"God be thanked," said Omar, "that he by
whose hand it was decreed I should fall, was not
a Moslem!"

The Caliph gathered strength sufficient to fin
ish the prayer in which he had been interrupted;
"He who deserts his prayers," said he, "is
not in Islam." Being taken to his house, he
languished three days without hope of recovery,
and could not be prevailed upon to nominate a
successor. "I cannot presume to do that," said
he, "which the prophet himself did not do."
He suggested that he should nominate his son
Abdullah. "Omar's family," said he, "has had
charge in Omar, and needs no more." He ap
pointed a council of six persons to determine as
to the succession after his decease; all of whom
were considered worthy of the Caliphate; though he
expressed as his opinion that the choice would be
between Ali or Othman. "Shouldst thou become
Caliph," said he to Ali, "do not favor thy rela
tives above all others, nor place the house of Ha
shim on the neck of all mankind;" and he gave
the same caution to Othman in respect to the
family of Omeia.

Calling for ink and paper, he wrote a letter as
his last testament, to whosoever might be his
successor, full of excellent counsel for the upright
management of affairs, and the promotion 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 treas
ury. All present protested against this as un
reasonable, since the money had been expended
in relief of the poor and destitute, but Omar in
sisted upon it as his last will. He then sent to
Avesha and procured permission of her to be bu
ried 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 judg
ment." They gave him their 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, 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 bloodily avenged.
Mahomet Ibn Abu Beker, the brother of Ayesha,
and imbued with her mischief-making propensity,
persuaded Abdallah, the son of Omar, that his
father's murder was the result of a conspiracy;
Firuz having been instigated to the act by his
daughter Lulu, a Christian named Descholine,
and Hormuzān, the once haughty and magnifi
cent satrap of Susiana. In the transport of his
rage, and instigated by the old Arab principle of
blood revenge, Abdallah slew all three of the ac
cused, without reflecting on the improbability of
Hormuzān, at least, being accessory to the mur
der; being, since his conversion, in close friend
ship with the late Caliph, and his adviser, on
many occasions, in the prosecution of the Persian
war.

The whole history of Omar shows him to have
been a man of great powers of mind, inflexible
integrity, and rigid justice. He was, more than
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, give signal evidence of his ex
traordinary capacity to rule. In the simplicity of
his habits, and his contempt for all pomp and lux
ury, he emulated the example of the prophet and
Abu Beker. He endeavored incessantly to im
press the merit and policy of the same in his let
ters to his generals. "Beware," he would say,
"of Persian luxury, both in food and raiment.
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 osten
tation style and luxurious indulgence in his offi
cers.

Some of his ordinances do credit to his heart
as well as his head. He forbade that any female

captive who had borne a child should be sold as a slave. In his weekly distributions of the surplus money of his treasury he proportioned them to the wants, not the merits of the applicants. "God," said he, "has bestowed the good things of this world to relieve our necessities, not to reward our virtues: those will be rewarded in another world."

One of the early measures of his reign was the assigning pensions to the most faithful companions of the prophet, and those who had signalized themselves in the early service of the faith. Abbas, the uncle of the prophet, had a yearly pension of 200,000 dirhems; others of his relatives in graduated proportions; those veterans who had fought in the battle of Beder 5000 dirhems; pensions of less amount to those who had distinguished themselves in Syria, Persia, and Egypt. Each of the prophet's wives was allowed ten thousand dirhems yearly, and Ayesha twelve thousand. Hasan and Husein, the sons of Ali and grandsons of the prophet, had each a pension of five thousand dirhems. On any one who found fault with these disbursements out of the public wealth, Omar invoked the curse of Allah.

He was the first to establish a chamber of accounts or exchequer; the first to date events from the Hegira or flight of the prophet; and the first to introduce a coinage into the Moslem dominions; stamping the coins with the name of the reigning Caliph, and the words, "There is no God but God."

During his reign, we are told, there were thirty-six thousand towns, castles, and strongholds taken; but he was not a wasteful conqueror. He founded new cities, established important marts, built innumerable mosques, and linked the newly acquired provinces into one vast empire by his iron inflexibility of purpose. As has well been observed, "His Caliphate, crowned with the glories of its triple conquest of Syria, Persia, and Egypt, deserves to be distinguished as the heroic age of Saracenic history. The gigantic foundations of the Saracenic power were perfected in the short space of less than ten years." Let it be remembered, moreover, that this great conqueror, this great legislator, this magnanimous sovereign, was originally a rude, half-instructed Arab of Mecca. Well may we say in regard to the early champions of Islam, "There were giants in those days."

After the death of Omar the six persons met together whom he had named as a council to elect his successor. They were Ali, Othman, Telha, Ibn Obeid'allah (Mahomet's son-in-law), Zobeir, Abda'brahman, Ibn Awf, and Saad Ibn Abu Wakkas. They had all been personally intimate with Mahomet, and were therefore styled **THE COMPANIONS**.

After much discussion and repeated meetings the Caliphate was offered to Ali, on condition that he would promise to govern according to the Koran and the traditions of Mahomet, and the regulations established by the two seniors or elders, meaning the two preceding Caliphs, Abu Beker and Omar.

Ali replied that he would govern according to the Koran and the authentic traditions; but would, in all other respects, act according to his own judgment, without reference to the example of the seniors. This reply not being satisfactory to the council, they made the same proposal to Othman Ibn Affan, who assented to all the conditions, and was immediately elected, and installed three days after the death of his predecessor. He

was seventy years of age at the time of his election. He was tall and swarthy, and his long beard was tinged with henna. He was strict in his religious duties; fasting, meditating, and studying the Koran; not so simple in his habits as his predecessors, but prone to expense and lavish of his riches. His bountiful spirit, however, was evinced at times in a way that gained him much popularity. In a time of famine he supplied the poor of Medina with corn. He purchased at great cost the ground about the mosque of Medina, to give room for houses for the prophet's wives. He had contributed hundred and fifty camels and fifty horses for a campaign against Tabuk.

He derived much respect among zealous Moslems for having married two of the prophet's daughters, and for having been in both of the Hegiras or flights, the first into Abyssinia, second, the memorable flight to Medina. Mahomet used to say of him, "Each thing has a mate, and each man his associate: my associate in paradise is Othman."

Scarcely was the new Caliph installed in office when the retaliatory punishment prescribed by the law was invoked upon Obeid'allah, the son of Omar, for the deaths so rashly inflicted on those whom he had suspected of instigating his father's assassination. Othman was perplexed between the letter of the law and the odium of following the murder of the father by the execution of the son. He was kindly relieved from his perplexity by the suggestion, that as the act of Obeid'allah took place in the interregnum between the Caliphates of Omar and Othman, it did not come under the cognizance of either. Othman gladly availed himself of the quibble; Obeid'allah escaped unpunished, and the sacrifice of the magnificent Hormuzan and his fellow-victims remained unavenged.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CONCLUSION OF THE PERSIAN CONQUEST—FLIGHT AND DEATH OF YEZDEGIRD.

THE proud empire of the Khosrus had received its death-blow during the vigorous Caliphate of Omar; what signs of life it yet gave were but the dying struggles. The Moslems, led by able generals, pursued their conquests in different directions. Some, turning to the west, urged the 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 Mesopotamia, and planted their standards beside those of their brethren who had achieved the conquest of Syria.

Others directed their course into the southern and eastern provinces, following the retreat steps of Yezdegird. A fiat issued by the late Caliph Omar had sealed the doom of that unhappy monarch. "Pursue the fugitive king where he may go, until you have driven him from the face of the earth!"

Yezdegird, after abandoning Rei, had led a wandering life, shifting from city to city, from 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 mountains of Far

abandoning Rei, had left
flying from city to city
e, still flying at the appro-
time we hear of him in
than ; next among the mo-

The course of Moslem conquest now turned into the vast province of Khorassan; subdued one part after another, and approached the remote region where Yezdegird had taken refuge. Driven to the boundaries of his dominions, the fugitive monarch crossed the Oxus (the ancient Gihon)

Empires, however, like all other things, have their allotted time, and die, if not by violence, at length of imbecility and old age. That of Persia had long since lost its stamina, and the energy of a Cyrus would have been unable to infuse new life into its gigantic but palsied limbs. At the death of Yezdegerd it fell under the undisputed

sway of the Caliphs, and became little better than a subject province.*

CHAPTER XXXV.

AMRU DISPLACED FROM THE GOVERNMENT OF EGYPT—REVOLT OF THE INHABITANTS—ALEXANDRIA RETAKEN BY THE IMPERIALISTS—AMRU REINSTATED IN COMMAND—RETAKE ALEXANDRIA, AND TRANQUILIZES EGYPT—IS AGAIN DISPLACED—ABDALLAH IBN SAAD INVADERS 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 exercised and expended, 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 ten arduous 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 enervating 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 professors; 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 Caliphate 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 Aass from the government of Egypt, and the appointment of his own foster-brother, Abdallah Ibn Saad, in his place. This was the same Abdallah 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 dis-

tinguished himself as a legislator as well as a conqueror, and had already won the affection 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 resist against the new governor.

The emperor Constantine, who had succeeded his father Heraclius, 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 operated with him, and the metropolis was partly by force of arms, partly by treachery, captured 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 reinstalled 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 traitor Makawkas, who, from his knowledge of 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 to 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, when he took the city he threw down the walls and demolished all the fortifications. He was merciful, however, to the inhabitants, and checked the fury of the Saracens, who were slaughtered 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.

Scarce, however, had Amru quelled every surrection and secured the Moslem domination in Egypt, when he was again displaced from government, and Abdallah Ibn Saad appointed second time in his stead.

Abdallah had been deeply mortified by the loss of Alexandria, which had been ascribed to his incapacity; he was emulous too 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 tract extending west from the desert of Libya Barca, to Cape Non, embracing more than a thousand miles of sea-coast; comprehending the ancient divisions of Mamarica, Cyrenæ, Carthage, Numidia, and Mauritania; or, according to modern geographical designations, Bar Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco.

A few words respecting the historical vicissitudes of this once powerful region may not be appropriate. The original inhabitants are supposed to have come at a remote time from Asia; or rather, it is said that an influx of Arabs drove the original inhabitants from the sea-coast to the mountains, and the borders of the interior desert, and continued their nomadic and pastoral life along the shores of the Mediterranean. About nine hundred years before the Christian era, Phœnicians of Tyre founded colonies along the coast; of these Carthage was the greatest. Its degrees it extended its influence along the African

* According to popular traditions in Persia, Yezdegird, in the course of his wanderings, took refuge for a time in the castle of Fahender, near Schiraz, and buried the crown jewels and treasures of Nushirwan, in a deep pit or well under the castle, where they still remain guarded by a talisman, so that they cannot be found or drawn forth. Others say that he had them removed and deposited in trust with the Khacan, or emperor of Chin or Tartary. After the extinction of the royal Persian dynasty, those treasures and the crown remained in Chin.—*Sir William Ouseley's Travels in the East*, vol. ii. p. 34.

as a legislator as well as a warrior, already won the affection of his subjects to their interests, their customs and habits, and therefore, resented by the Romans, manifested to the Africans.

Constantine, who had succeeded his father, hastened to take advantage of the situation. A fleet and army were sent to Africa under a prefect named Cerealis, who in the city secretly and the metropolis were, partly by treachery, and partly by force, without much bloodshed.

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and the opposite coast of Spain, and rose to the height of power until it became a rival to Rome. On the wars between Rome and Carthage it is needless to dilate. They ended in the downfall of the Carthaginian republic, and the domination of Rome over North Africa.

This domination continued for about four centuries, until the Roman prefect Bonifacius invited the Vandals from Spain to assist him in a war with a political rival. The invitation proved successful to Roman ascendancy. The Vandals, aided by the Moors and Berbers, and by numerous African sectarians recently expelled from the Catholic Church, aspired to gain possession of the empire, and succeeded. Genseric, the Vandal king, captured and pillaged Carthage, and having subdued Northern Africa, built a navy, invaded Italy, and sacked Rome. The domination of the Vandals by sea and land lasted above half a century. In 533 and 534 Africa was regained by Belisarius, for the Roman empire, and the Moors were driven out of the land. After the capture of Belisarius the Moors rebelled and repeated attempts to get the dominion, but were often defeated with great loss, and the Roman sway was once more established.

All these wars and changes had a disastrous effect on the African provinces. The Vandals had been exterminated; many of the Moorish families had been expelled; the wealthy inhabitants had fled to Sicily and Constantinople, and a larger might wander whole days over regions covered with towns and cities, and teeming with population, without meeting a human being. For nearly a century the country remained sunk in poverty and inaction, until now it was to be raised from its torpor by the all-pervading armies of Islam.

After the reappointment of Abdallah to the government of Egypt, he set out upon the conquest of this country, at the head of forty thousand Arabs. After crossing the western boundary of Egypt he had to traverse the desert of Libya, but his army was provided with camels, and he was able to traverse the sandy wastes of Arabia, and, after a tedious march, he encamped before the city of Tripoli, then, as now, one of the most wealthy and powerful cities of the Barbary coast. The place was well fortified, and made good resistance. A body of Greek troops which were sent to reinforce it were surprised by the Arabs on the sea-coast, and dispersed with great slaughter.

The Roman prefect Gregorius having assembled an army of one hundred and twenty thousand men, a great proportion of whom were the newly levied and undisciplined 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 bow, to draw the bow, and wield the scimitar, and who was always at her father's side in battle.

On the approach of this army, Abdallah suspended the siege and advanced to meet it. A great battle took place between the hostile commanders. Abdallah proposed the usual alternatives, profession of Islamism or payment of tribute. Both were indignantly rejected. The armies engaged before the walls of Tripoli. Abdallah, whose fame was staked on this enterprise, encouraged 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 Gregorius fought with desperate bravery, as the fate of the province depended on this conflict; and wherever he appeared his daughter was at his side, dazzling all eyes by the splendor of her armor and the heroism of her 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 Gregorius 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 Abdallah 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 Grecian youth by this tempting prize made the officers of Abdallah 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 keep aloof from the field of battle. His absence, however produced an immediate change, and the valor of his troops, hitherto stimulated by his presence, began to languish.

Zobeir, a noble Arab of the tribe of Koreish, arrived at the field of battle with a small reinforcement, in the heat of one of the engagements. He found the troops fighting to a disadvantage, and looked round in vain for the general. Being told that he was in his tent, he hastened thither and reproached him with his inactivity. Abdallah blushed, but explained the reason of his remaining passive. "Retort on the infidel commander his perfidious bribe," cried Zobeir; "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 stratagem suggested by Zobeir. On the next morning Abdallah sent forth only sufficient force to keep up a defensive fight; but when the sun had reached its noontide height, and the panting troops retired as usual to their tents, Abdallah and Zobeir sallied forth at the head of the reserve, and charged furiously among the fainting Greeks. Zobeir singled out the prefect, and slew him after a well-contested fight. His daughter pressed forward to avenge his death, but was surrounded and made prisoner. The Grecian army was completely routed, and fled to the opulent town of Safetula, which was taken and sacked by the Moslems.

The battle was over, Gregorius had fallen, but 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 thus revealed the modest 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 his own services. 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 Egypt, 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 Christian king of which was reduced to make a humiliating 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 Moslems 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 Koreish, and head of the family of Omeya or 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 Omar to make a naval expedition, that Caliph being always apprehensive of the too wide 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 fit out a fleet, with which he launched forth on the Sea of Tarshish, or the Phœnician Sea, by both 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 Aradus, 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 set fire to the city.

His most brilliant achievement, however, was a battle with a large fleet, in which the emperor was cruising in the Phœnician Sea. It was called in Arab history The Battle of Masts, from the forest of masts in the imperial fleet. The Christians went into action singing psalms and elevating the cross, the Moslems repeating texts of the Koran, shouting Allah Achbar, and waving the standard

of Islam. The battle was severe; the imperial fleet dispersed, and the emperor escaped by means of sails and oars.

Moawyah now swept the seas victorious, made landings on Crete and Malta, captured the island of Rhodes, demolished its famous colossus 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 sufficient to load nine hundred camels. He had another fight with a Christian fleet in the bay of Feneke, by Castel Rosso, in which his parties claimed the victory. He even carried expeditions along the coasts of Asia Minor, 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 the power and importance to which he subsequently attained.

It is worthy of remark how the triumphs of ignorant people, who had heretofore dwelt securely in the midst of their deserts, were running all the historical and poetical regions of antiquity. They had invaded and subdued once mighty empires on land, they had now launched forth from the old scriptural ports of Tyre and Sidon, swept the Sea of Tarshish, were capturing the isles rendered famous 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 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 from the earliest times. The brook was searched with the most anxious effort, but the ring was not to be found. This was a 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 various texts, he decreed, in a council of the chief Moslems, that all copies of the Koran which did not agree with the genuine one in the hands of the widow of Mahomet, should be burnt. Six copies of Hafsa's Koran were accordingly made, six were sent to Mecca, Yemen, Syria, Bahra, 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. At any rate, prevented any further violation 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, 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 wanted shrewdness and discretion; was prone to favoritism; very credulous, and easily deceived.

Murmurs rose against him on all sides, and daily increased in virulence. His conduct, in public and private, was reviewed, and circumstances, which had been passed by as trifles, were magnified into serious offences. He was charged with impious presumption in having taken

Mahomet Ibn Abu Beker now sent off swift messengers to recall the recent insurgents from the provinces, who were returning home, and to

call in aid from the neighboring tribes. The dwelling of Othman was beleaguered; the alternative was left him to deliver up Merwân or to abdicate. He refused both. His life was now threatened. He barricaded himself in his dwelling. The supply of water was cut off. If he made his appearance on the terraced roof he was assailed with stones. Ali, Zobeir, and Telha endeavored to appease the multitude, but they were deaf to their entreaties. Saad Ibn al Aass advised the Caliph, as the holy month was at hand, to sally forth on a pilgrimage to Mecca, as the piety of the undertaking and the sanctity of the pilgrim garb would protect him. Othman rejected the advice. "If they seek my life," said he, "they will not respect the pilgrim garb."

Ali, Zobeir, and Telha, seeing the danger imminent, sent their three sons, Hassan, Abdullah, and Mahomet, to protect the house. They stationed themselves by the door, and for some time kept the rebels at bay; but the rage of the latter knew no bounds. They stormed the house; Hassan was wounded in its defence. The rebels rushed in; among the foremost was Mahomet, the brother of Ayesha, and Ammer Ibn Yaser, whom Othman had ordered to be beaten. They found the venerable Caliph seated on a cushion, his beard flowing 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 he was dead. His wife was wounded in endeavoring to protect him, and her life was only saved through the fidelity of a slave. His 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 Ommiah 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 Hassan?" said Telha; "had Othman given up Merwân this evil would not have happened."

In fact, it has been generally affirmed that the letter really was written by Merwân, without the knowledge of the Caliph, and was intended to fall into the hands of Mahomet, and produce the effect which resulted from it. Merwân, it is alleged, having the charge of the correspondence of the Caliph, 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 was 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 655 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.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CANDIDATES FOR THE CALIPHAT—INVESTIGATION OF ALL, FOURTH CALIPH—HE TAKES MEASURES OF REFORM—THEIR CONSEQUENCES—CONSPIRACY OF AYESHA—SIEGE OF 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 interests in one common cause. Frictions which sprang up at the very death of Mahomet had increased with the election of a successor, and candidates for the succession multiplied as the brilliant successes of the Moslems elevated victorious generals to popularity and renown. On the assassination of Othman four candidates were presented for the Caliph, and the fortuitous assemblage of deputies from the various parts of the Moslem empire threatened to make the election difficult and tumultuous.

The most prominent candidate was Ali, who had the strongest natural claim, being cousin-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 Koreish. He possessed the three qualities prized by Arabs—courage, eloquence, and magnificence. His intrepid spirit had gained from the prophet the appellation of *The Lion of God*; specimens of his eloquence remain in verses and sayings preserved among the Arabs, and his munificence was manifested in sharing among others, every Friday, what remained of the treasury. Of his magnanimity we have repeated instances; his noble scorn of every thing false and mean, and the absence in his conduct of everything like selfish intrigue.

His right to the Caliphate was supported by the people of Cula, the Egyptians, and a great number of the Arabs who were desirous of a line of Caliphs of the blood of Mahomet. He was opposed, however, as formerly, by the implacable Ayesha, who, though well stricken in years, retained an unforgiving recollection of his having once questioned her chastity.

A second candidate was Zobeir, the same warrior who distinguished himself by his valor in the campaign of Barbary, by his modesty in omitting to mention his achievements, and in declining to accept their reward. His pretensions to the Caliphate were urged by the people of Bassora.

A third candidate was Telha, who had been one of the six electors of Othman, and who now the powerful support of Ayesha.

A fourth candidate was Moawyah, the military governor of Syria, and popular from his recent victories by sea and land. He had, moreover, immense wealth to back his claims, and was the powerful tribe of Koreish; but he was distant from the scene of election, and in his absence his partisans could only promote confusion and delay.

It was a day of tumult and trouble in Medina. The body of Othman was still unburied. His wife Naile, at the instigation of Ayesha, sent his bloody vest to be carried through the districts, a ghastly appeal to the passions of the inhabitants.

The people, apprehending discord and confusion, clamored for the instant nomination of a Caliph. The deputations, which had come from various parts with complaints against Othman, became impatient. There were men from Basra

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TER XXXVII.

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The assassination of the Caliph Uthman

Ch. of Uthman, Part 11

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and Mesopotamia, and other parts of Persia, from Syria and Egypt, as well as from the divisions of Arabia; these assembled tumultuously, and threatened the safety of the candidates, Ali, Telha, and Zobeir, unless their wishes were made in four-and-twenty hours. In this dilemma, some of the principal Moslems repaired to Ali, and entreated him to accept the office. He consented with reluctance, and would do nothing clandestinely, and refused to receive their hands, the Moslems made at that time an attesting fealty, unless it were in public before the mosque; lest he should give occasion of cavil or dispute to his rivals. He refused also, to make any promises or conditions. "I am elected Caliph," said he, "I will administer the government with independence, and I will do all according to my ideas of justice. If you elect another, I will yield obedience to him, and be ready to serve him as his vizier." He assented to everything he said, and again entreated him to accept, for the good of the people and the faith.

The following morning there was a great assembly of the people at the mosque, and Ali appeared himself at the portal. He appeared in the Arab style, clad in a thin cotton garb around his loins, a coarse turban, and using a walking-staff. He took off his slippers in reverence of the place, and entered the mosque, bearing them in his left hand.

Seeing that Telha and Zobeir were not present, he caused them to be sent for. They came, expressing the state of the public mind, and that immediate opposition would be useless, and their hands in token of allegiance. Ali asked them if their hearts went with his hands. "Speak frankly," said he; "if you approve of my election, and will accept the office, I will give my hand to either of you." He declared their perfect satisfaction, and received their hands. Telha's right arm had been wounded in the battle of Ohod, and he stretched it out with difficulty. The circumstance struck Ali as an evil omen. "It is likely to be a business that is begun with a lame hand," said a bystander. Subsequent events seemed to justify the foreboding.

Moawiah, the remaining candidate, being abhorred by the government in Syria, the whole family of the Umayyads, of which he was the head, withdrew from the ceremony. This likewise boded future troubles.

After the inauguration, Telha and Zobeir, with a view to excite disturbance, applied to Ali to investigate and avenge the death of Othman. Ali, who knew that such a measure would excite a host of enemies, evaded the insidious suggestion. It was not the moment, he said, for an investigation. The event had its origin in the enmities and discontents instigated by the Umayyads, and when the devil once gained a foothold, it was not for him to relinquish it willingly. The very day they recommended was one of the days of the year, for the purpose of fomenting dissensions. "However," added he, "if you will not the assassins of Othman, I will not fail to punish them according to their guilt."

Ali thus avoided the dangerous litigation, and endeavored to cultivate the good will of the Syrians, and to strengthen himself against the difficulties with the family of Othman. Telha and Zobeir, being disconcerted in their designs, now applied for important commissions to Telha for the government of Cufa, and

Zobeir for that of Bassora; but Ali again declined complying with their wishes; observing that he needed such able counsellors at hand in his present emergencies. They afterward separately obtained permission from him to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, and set off on that devout errand with piety on their lips, but crafty policy in their breasts; Ayesha had already repaired to the holy city, bent upon opposition to the government of the man she hated.

Ali was now Caliph, but did not feel himself securely fixed in his authority. Many abuses had grown up during the dotage of his predecessor, which called for redress, and most of the governments of provinces were in the hands of persons in whose affection and fidelity he felt no confidence. He determined upon a general reform; and as a first step, to remove from office all the governors who had been appointed by the superannuated Othman. This measure was strongly opposed by some of his counsellors. They represented to him that he was not yet sufficiently established to venture upon such changes; and that he would make powerful enemies of men who, if left in office, would probably hasten to declare allegiance to him, now that he was Caliph.

Ali was not to be persuaded. "Sedition," he said, "like fire, is easily extinguished at the commencement; but the longer it burns the more fiercely it blazes."

He was advised, at least, to leave his formidable rival Moawiah, for the present, in the government of Syria, as he was possessed of great wealth and influence, and a powerful army, and might rouse that whole province to rebellion; and in such case might be joined by Telha and Zobeir, who were both disappointed and disaffected men. He had recently shown his influence over the feelings of the people under his command; when the bloody vest of Othman arrived in the province, he had displayed it from the pulpit of the mosque in Damascus. The mosque resounded with lamentations mingled with clamors for the revenge of blood; for Othman had won the hearts of the people of Syria by his munificence. Some of the noblest inhabitants of Damascus swore to remain separate from their wives, and not to lay their heads on a pillow until blood for blood had atoned for the death of Othman. Finally the vest had been hoisted as a standard, and had fired the Syrian army with a desire for vengeance.

Ali's counsellor represented all these things to him. "Suffer Moawiah, therefore," added he, "to remain in command until he has acknowledged your government, and then he may be displaced without turmoil. Nay, I will pledge myself to bring him bound hand and foot into your presence."

Ali spurned at this counsel, and swore he would practise no such treachery, but would deal with Moawiah with the sword alone. He commenced immediately his plan of reform, with the nomination of new governors devoted to his service. Abdallah Ibn Abbas was appointed to Arabia Felix, Ammar Ibn Sahel to Cufa, Othman Ibn Hanil to Bassora, Sahel Ibn Hanil to Syria, and Saad Ibn Kais to Egypt. These generals lost no time in repairing to their respective governments, but the result soon convinced Ali that he had been precipitate.

Jaali, the governor of Arabia Felix, readily resigned his post to Abdallah Ibn Abbas, and retired to Mecca; but he took with him the public treasure, and delivered it into the hands of

Ayesha, and her confederates Telha and Zobeir, who were already plotting rebellion.

Othman Ibn Hanif, on arriving at Bassora to take the command, found the people discontented and rebellious, and having no force to subjugate them, esteemed 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 and perfidious people of the East; so he turned the head of his horse, and journeyed back mortified and disconcerted to Ali.

Saad Ibn Kais was received in Egypt with murmurs by the inhabitants, who were indignant 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.

Sahel 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 Faithful." They assured him in reply, that Syria had already an able governor in Moawyah, 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 Moawyah, claiming his allegiance, and transmitted it by an especial messenger. The latter was detained many days by the Syrian commander, and then sent back, accompanied by another messenger, bearing a sealed letter superscribed, "From Moawyah to Ali." The two couriers arrived at Medina in the cool of the evening, the hour of concourse, and passed through the multitude bearing the letter aloft on 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 Allah 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.

The Moslems were now 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 induced the powerful family of Ommiah to her cause, and had sent couriers to all the governors of provinces whom Ali had superseded, inviting them to unite in the rebellion. The treasure brought to her by Jaali, the displaced governor of Arabia Felix, furnished her with the means of war, and the bloody garment of Othman proved a powerful auxiliary.

A council of the leaders of this conspiracy was held at Mecca. Some inclined to join the agents in Syria, but it was objected that Moawyah was sufficiently powerful in that country with their aid. The intrepid Ayesha was for proceeding immediately to Medina and attacking Ali at his capital, but it was represented that the people of Medina were unanimous in his favor, and powerful to be assailed with success. It was finally determined to march for Bassora, trusting 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 sons of 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 Caliph Othman, have only to present themselves, and they shall be furnished with all necessaries for the journey."

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 multitude 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 omen. Her apprehensions were increased by learning that the name of the village was Jor. "My trust is in God," exclaimed she, solemnly. "To him do I turn in time of trouble"—a phrase from the Koran, used by Moslems in time of extreme danger. In fact, she called to mind a proverb of the prophet about the dogs of Jor, and a prediction that one of his wives would be barked at by them when in a situation of imminent peril. "I will go no further," cried Ayesha. "I will halt here for the night." So saying, she struck her camel on the leg to make him stop, that she might alight.

Telha and Zobeir, dreading any delay, browbeated some peasants whom they had suborned to sign a different name to the village, and so quieted her superstitious fears. About the same time some horsemen, likewise instructed, rode up with a false report that Ali was far distant with a body of troops. Ayesha, satisfied no longer, but mounting nimbly on her camel, pressed to the head of her little army, they all pushed forward with increased expedition toward Bassora. Arrived before the city, she had hoped, from the sanguine declaration of Telha, to see it throw open its gates to receive them; the gates, however, remained closely shut. Othman Ibn Hanef, whom Ali had without success to assume the government of Cufa, was now in command at Bassora, and

ing an insurrection. She sent couriers to all the tribes whom Ali had superseded in the rebellion, and to her by Jaali, the disciple of Felix, furnished her with the bloody garments and the powerful auxiliary.

The leaders of this conspiracy were inclined to join the movement. It was objected that Moawia was powerful in that country with his rapid Ayesha was for proceeding to Medina and attacking Ali. Moawia was represented that the people were unanimous in his favor, and assailed with success. It was decided to march for Bassora. Telha and Zobeir, who had a strong party in the army, were inclined to surrender. Ali was accordingly made by some of the streets of Mecca to the

of the Most High God. Ayesha, accompanied by the chief men, is going in person to Bassora. Faithful who burn with a desire to avenge the death of the prophet, have only to present themselves, furnished with all necessaries.

forth from one of the gates, a litter placed on the backs of the Alascars. Telha and Zobeir, each side, followed by six hundred men, all mounted on camels, with a multitude of about six hundred

some distance, the modesty of themselves on the banks of the river. Their arrival aroused the people, who surrounded Ayesha and clamorously. Like all the Ansars, and considered this an indignity. The rebuffs were increased. The name of the village was Jowf. "God," exclaimed she, solemnly, "I am in time of trouble!"—a cry which Moslems in time of affliction call to mind. The prophet about the dogs of Jowf, that one of his wives would be when in a situation of marriage, no further," cried Ayesha, "for the night." So saying, she put on the leg to make him fight.

ur, dreading any delay, from whom they had suborned the name to the village, and the just fears. About the evening, likewise instructed in a false report that Ali was a body of troops. Ayesha, but mounting nimbly on the head of her little army, forward with increased expedition. Arrived before the city, the sanguine declaration, throw open its gates to receive her. However, remained closely shut. Hanef, whom Ali had appointed to assume the government, command at Bassora, was

had been invited by a part of the inhabitants. Ayesha 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 weak and undecided man, and confiding the defence of the city to his lieutenant Ammar, retired in great tribulation within his own dwelling in the night, and went to prayers.

Ammar summoned the people to arms, and called a meeting of the principal inhabitants in the mosque. He soon found out, to his great mortification, that the people were nearly equally divided into two factions—one for Ali, the other for Ayesha. He was regularly elected Caliph, the other party of partisans of Telha. The parties, instead of deliberating, fell to reviling, and ended in throwing dust in each other's faces.

In the mean time Ayesha and her host approached the walls, and many of the inhabitants came forth to meet her. Telha and Zobeir addressed the multitude, and were followed by Ayesha, who harangued them from her camel. Her voice, which she elevated that it might be heard by all, became shrill and sharp, and of intelligible, and provoked the merriment of some of the crowd. A dispute arose as to the justice of her appeal; mutual revilings took place between the parties; they gave each other the lie, and again threw dust in each other's faces. One of the men of Bassora then stepped forward and reproached Ayesha. "Shame on thee, O Mother of the Faithful!" said he. "The murder of the Caliph was a grievous crime, but was a less abomination than thy forgetfulness of the modesty of thy sex. Wherefore dost thou abandon thy quiet home, and thy protecting veil, and come forth like a man barefaced on that accursed camel, to foment quarrels and dissensions among the faithful?"

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 father?"

Blows were soon followed by blows, swords drawn, a skirmish ensued, and they fought for the hour of prayer separated them.

Ayesha sat down before Bassora with her armed men, and some days passed in alternate skirmishes and negotiations. At length a truce was agreed on, until deputies could be sent to Medina to settle the cause of these dissensions among the Ansars, and whether Telha and Zobeir agreed voluntarily to the action of Ali, or did so on compulsion: if the former, they should be considered rebels; if the latter, their partisans in Bassora should be considered justified in upholding them.

The insurgents, however, only acquiesced in the agreement to get the governor in their power, and gain possession of the city. They endeavored to draw him to their camp by friendly messengers, but he apparently suspected their intentions, and refused to come forth until the answer could 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 a party of his guard. They sent to Ayesha to know what they should do with their captive. He was put to death," was her fierce reply.

One of her women interceded. "I advise thee," said she, "in the name of Allah and his companions of the apostle, do not slay him." Ayesha was moved by this adjuration, and com-

muted his punishment into forty stripes and imprisonment. He was doomed, however, to suffer still greater evils before he escaped from the hands of his captors. His beard was plucked out hair by hair, one of the most disgraceful punishments that can be inflicted on an Arab. His eyebrows were served in the same manner, and he was then contemptuously set at liberty.

The city of Bassora was now taken possession of without further resistance. Ayesha entered it in state, supported by Telha and Zobeir, and followed by her troops and adherents. The inhabitants were treated with kindness, as friends who had acted through error; and every exertion was made to secure their good-will, and to incense them against Ali, who was represented as a murderer and usurper.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ALI DEFEATS THE REBELS UNDER AYESHA—HIS TREATMENT OF HER.

WHEN Ali heard of the revolt at Mecca, and the march against Bassora, he called a general meeting in the mosque, and endeavored to stir up the people to arm and follow him in pursuit of the rebels; but, though he spoke with his usual eloquence, and was popular in Medina, a coldness and apathy pervaded the assembly. Some dreaded a civil war; others recollected that the leader of the rebels, against whom they were urged to take up arms, was Ayesha, the favorite wife of the prophet, the Mother of the Faithful; others doubted whether Ali might not, in some degree, be implicated in the death of Othman, which had been so artfully charged against him.

At length a Moslem of distinction, Ziyad Ibn Hantelah, rose with generous warmth, and, stepping up to Ali, "Let whosoever will, hold back," cried he; "we will go forward."

At the same time two Ansars, or doctors of the law, men of great weight, pronounced with oracular voice, "The Imam Othman, master of the two testimonies, did not die by the hand of the master of the two testimonies;"* that is to say, "Othman was not slain by Ali."

The Arabs are a mercurial people, and acted upon by sudden impulses. The example of Ziyad, and the declaration of the two Ansars, caused an immediate excitement. Abu Kotada, an Ansar of distinction, drew his sword. "The apostle of God," said he, "upon whom be peace, girt me with this sword. It has long been sheathed. I now devote it to the destruction of these deceivers of the faithful."

A matron in a transport of enthusiasm exclaimed, "Oh Commander of the Faithful, if it were permitted by our law, I myself would go with thee; but here is my cousin, dearer to me than my own life; he shall follow thee and partake of thy fortunes."

Ali profited by the excitement of the moment, and making a hasty levy marched out of Medina at the head of about nine hundred men, eager to overtake the rebels before they should reach Bassora. Hearing, however, that Ayesha was al-

* The two testimonies mean the two fundamental beliefs of the Moslem creed: "There is but one God. Mahomet is the apostle of God." The Caliph, as Imam or pontiff of the Mussulman religion, is master of the two testimonies.

ready in possession of that city, he halted at a place called Arrabdah until he should be joined by reinforcements : sending messengers to Abu Musa Alashair, 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 when Ayesha and her two confederates took the field, 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 should myself have been surrounded. Had I 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, like a wild beast lurking in its hole, I should like a wild beast have been digged 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 Alashair, 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 sadly 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 Commander of the Faithful," said he, mournfully, "when you sent 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 Beker, 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, governor of Cufa, by his son Hassan and Ammar Ibn Yaser, 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 Alashtar, a determined officer, who had been em-

ployed in the previous mission, and irritated the prevarications of Abu Musa.

Hassan and Ammar were received with monious respect by the governor, and their mission was discussed, according to usage, in the mosque, but Alashtar remained with the others that had escorted them. The envoys pursued their errand with warmth, urging the necessity of their sending immediate succor to the Caliph. Abu Musa, however, who prided himself upon words rather than deeds, answered them by evasive harangue ; signifying his doubts of the policy of their proceeding ; counselling that troops should return to Medina, that the matter in dispute should be investigated, and right to rule amicably adjusted. "It is a business," added he, "and he that meddles with it stands less chance of doing wrong. What says the prophet touching an evil after the kind ? He who sleepeth in it is more so than he that waketh ; he that lyeth than he that sitteth ; he that sitteth than he that standeth ; he that standeth than he that walketh ; and he that walketh than he that rideth. Sheathe, therefore, your swords, take the heads from your lances, the strings from your bows, and receive him who is injured into your dwellings, until all matters are adjusted and reconciled."

The ancient general, Ammar, replied tartly, that he had misapplied the words of the prophet, which were meant to rebuke such as himself, who were better sitting than sleeping, and sleeping than awake. Abu Musa was answered by him with another long harangue in favor of non-resistance, but was interrupted by the sudden entrance of a number of his soldiers bearing evidence of having been pitiously beaten. While Abu Musa had been holding forth at the mosque, Alashtar, the hardy officer who remained with the escort, had seized upon the castle of Cufa, caused the garrison to be soundly scourged and sent them to the mosque to cut short the negotiation. This prompt measure of Ammar placed the cold-spirited conduct of Abu Musa so ridiculous a light that the feelings of the place were instantly turned against him. Hassan, the son of Ali, seized upon the moment to address the assembly. He maintained the innocence of his father in regard to the assassination of Othman. "His father," he said, "had either done wrong, or had suffered wrong. If he had done wrong, God would punish him. If he had suffered wrong, God would help him. The case is in the hand of the Most High. Telha and Zobeir, who were the first to inaugurate him, were the first to turn against him. What had he done, as Caliph, to merit such opposition ? What injury had he committed ? What covetous or selfish propensity had he manifested ? I am going back to my father," added Hassan ; "those who are disposed to render him assistance may follow me."

His eloquence was powerfully effective, and people of Cufa followed him to the number nearly nine thousand. In the mean time the army of Ali had been reinforced from other quarters and now amounted to thirty thousand men, a number whom had seen service. When he appeared with his force before Bassora, Ayesha and her confederates were dismayed, and began to treat of accommodation. Various messages passed between the hostile parties, and Telha and Zobeir, confiding in the honorable faith of Ali, had several interviews with him.

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the heads from your lances
our bows, and receive lim-
our dwellings, until all may
reconciled."

General, Ammar, replied to
misapprehended the words of
meant to rebuke such ser-
were better sitting than
than awake. Abu Musa
with another long hara-
assistance, but was interrup-
e of a number of his soldiers
having been piteously
had been holding forth at
the hardy officer who rem-
ad seized upon the castle
arrison to be soundly scour-
the mosque to cut short the
prompt measure of Am-
rited conduct of Abu Mus-
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turned against him. Har-
upon the moment to add
maintained the innocence
ed to the assassination of
," he said, "had either
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most High. Telha and Zo-
inaugurate him, were the
What had he done, as
opposition? What inju-
? What covetous or so-
manifested? I am
," added Hassan; "those
nder him assistance may

is powerfully effective, and
owed him to the number
d. In the mean time the
reinforced from other quar-
to thirty thousand men,
rice. When he appeared
sora, Ayesha and her con-
d, and began to treat of
messages passed between
Telha and Zobeir, confid-
of Ali, had several inter-
deadly enemies were

ing backward and forward together, in sight
either army, and holding long conversations, it
confidently expected that a peace would be
and such would have been the case had
influence interfered; for Ali, with his
expressive eloquence, touched the hearts of his
opponents, when he reproached them with their
lack of faith, and warned them against the
reproaches of heaven. "Dost thou not remem-
ber," said he to Zobeir, "how Mahomet once
told thee if thou didst not love his dear son Ali?
when thou answered yea, dost thou not re-
member his reply: 'Nevertheless a day will
come when thou wilt rise up against him, and
bring down miseries upon him and upon all the
tribe?'"

"I remember it well," replied Zobeir, "and
I remembered it before, never would I have
raised up arms against you."

He returned to his camp determined not to fight
against Ali, but was overruled by the vindictive
Ayesha. Every attempt at pacification was de-
feated by that turbulent woman, and the armies
were at length brought to battle. Ayesha took the
lead on that memorable occasion, mounted in a
saddle on her great camel Alascar, and rode up
and down among her troops, animating them by
her presence and her voice. The fight was called,
from that circumstance, The Battle of the Camel,
and also The Battle of Karibah, from the field on
which it was fought.

It was an obstinate and bloody conflict, for
Islam was arrayed against Moslem, and noth-
ing is so merciless and unyielding as civil war.
The heat of the fight Merwan Ibn Hakem, who
stood near Ali, noticed Telha endeavoring to
ride on the flagging valor of his troops. "Be-
hold the traitor Telha," cried he, "but lately
you were the murderers of Othman, now the pretend-
ed avenger of his blood." So saying, he let fly
his arrow and wounded him in the leg. Telha
suffered with the pain, and at the same moment
these reared and threw him. In the dismay
and anguish of the moment he imprecated the
vengeance of Allah upon his own head for the
murder of Othman. Seeing his boot full of blood,
and one of his followers take him up behind
on his horse and convey him to Bassora.
Finding death approaching, he called to one of
his men who happened to be present, "Give
me your hand," said the dying penitent, "that I
may put mine in it, and thus renew my oath of
fidelity to Ali." With these words he expired.
His dying speech was reported to Ali, and touch-
ed his generous heart. "Allah," said he,
"would not call him to heaven until he had blot-
ted out his first breach of his word by this last
oath of fidelity."

Zobeir, the other conspirator, had entered into
the battle with a heavy heart. His previous con-
versation with Ali had awakened compunction in
his bosom. He now saw that old Ammar Ibn
Yaser, noted for probity and rectitude, was in the
Caliph's host; and he recollected hearing Ma-
homet say that Ammar Ibn Yaser would always
be on the side of truth and justice. With a
brave spirit he drew out of the battle and took
the road toward Mecca. As he was urging his
camel in this way he came to a valley crossed by
a brook Sahaa, where Hanef Ibn Kais was en-
gaged with a horde of Arabs, awaiting the issue
of the battle, ready to join the conqueror and
share the spoil. Hanef knew him at a distance.
"There is no one," said he, "to bring me tidings
of Zobeir?" One of his men, Amru Ibn Jarmuz,

understood the hint, and spurred to overtake Zo-
beir. The latter, suspecting his intentions, bade
him keep at a distance. A short conversation put
them on friendly terms, and they both dismount-
ed and conversed together. The hour of prayers
arrived. "Salat" (to prayers) cried Zobeir.
"Salat," replied Amru; but as Zobeir prostrated
himself in supplication, Amru struck off his head,
and hastened with it, as a welcome trophy, to
Ali. That generous conqueror shed tears over
the bleeding head of one who was once his friend.
Then turning to his slayer, "Hence, miscreant!"
cried he, "and carry thy tidings to Ben Safiah in
hell." So unexpected a malediction, where he
expected a reward, threw Amru into a transport
of rage and desperation; he uttered a rhapsody
of abuse upon Ali, and then, drawing his sword,
plunged it into his own bosom.

Such was the end of the two leaders of the reb-
els. As to Ayesha, the implacable soul of the re-
volt, she had mingled that day in the hottest of
the fight. Tabari, the Persian historian, with
national exaggeration, declares that the heads of
threescore and ten men were cut off that held
the bridle of her camel, and that the inclosed litter
in which she rode was bristled all over with darts
and arrows. At last her camel was hamstrung,
and sank with her to the ground, and she remain-
ed there until the battle was concluded.

Ayesha might have looked for cruel treatment
at the hands of Ali, having been his vindictive
and persevering enemy, but he was too magnani-
mous 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 forty females, and sent his sons Hassan and
Hosein to escort her a day's journey toward Me-
dina, where she was confined to her own house,
and forbidden to intermeddle any more with af-
fairs of state. He then divided the spoils among
the heirs of his soldiers who were slain, and ap-
pointed Abdallah Ibn Abbas governor of Bassora.
This done, he repaired to Cufa, and in reward of
the assistance he had received from its inhabi-
tants, made that city the seat of his Caliphate.
These occurrences took place in the thirty-fifth
year of the Hegira, the 655th of the Christian era.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

BATTLES BETWEEN ALI AND MOAWYAH—THEIR
CLAIMS TO THE CALIPHAT LEFT TO ARBITRA-
TION; THE RESULT—DECLINE OF THE POWER
OF ALI—LOSS OF EGYPT.

THE victory at Karibah had crushed the con-
spiracy of Ayesha, and given Ali quiet dominion
over Egypt, Arabia, and Persia; still his most
formidable adversary remained unsubdued.
Moawyah Ibn Abu Sofian held sway over the
wealthy and populous province of Syria; he had
immense treasures and a powerful army at his
command; he had the prejudices of the Syrians
in his favor, who had been taught to implicate Ali
in the murder of Othman, and refused to acknowl-
edge him as Caliph. Still further to strengthen
himself in defiance of the sovereign power, he
sought the alliance of Amru, who had been dis-
placed from the government of Egypt by Ali, and
was now a discontented man in Palestine. Res-
toration to that command was to be the reward
of his successful co-operation with Moawyah 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 Caliph, amid the shouts of the multitude.

Ali had in vain endeavored to prevent the hostility 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 ninety thousand men. The Arabians, with their accustomed fondness for the marvellous, signalize 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 a well did indeed exist there, but it had been shut up for ages, and all traces of it lost, and it was only to be discovered and reopened by a predestined hand. He then, says the Arabian tradition, produced a parchment scroll written by Simeon ben Safa (Simon Cephas), one of the greatest apostles of Jesus Christ, predicting the coming of Mahomet, the last of the prophets, and that this well would be discovered and reopened by his lawful heir and successor.

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 legitimate claim 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 Soffein, on the banks of the Euphrates, on the confines of Babylonia and Syria. Associated with Moawyah was the redoubtable Amru, a powerful ally both in council 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 prided 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 general 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 soldiery.

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 in vain, and in the next month hostilities 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 Amru were likewise sensible of the unnatural character of this war; the respective leaders, therefore, avoided any general action,

and months passed in mere skirmishings. They, however, were sharp and sanguinary, and in course of four months Moawyah is said to have lost five-and-forty thousand men, and Ali more than half that number.

Among the slain on the part of Ali were thirty and twenty of the Shahabah, the veterans of Beder, and companions of the prophet. Their deaths were deplored even by the enemy; but none caused greater grief than the fall of the brave Ammar Ibn Yaser, Ali's general of horse, and patriarch of Moslem chivalry. Moawyah and Amru beheld him fall. "Do you see," cried Moawyah, "what precious lives are lost in dissensions?" "See," exclaimed Amru; "was it to God I had died twenty years since!"

Ali forgot his usual moderation on beholding the fate of his brave old general of the horse, putting himself at the head of twelve thousand cavalry, made a furious charge to avenge death. The ranks of the enemy were broken by the shock; but the heart of Ali soon relented at the sight of carnage. Spurring within call Moawyah, "How long," cried he, "shall Moslem blood be shed like water in our strife? Cease forth, and let Allah decide between us. Whichever is victor in the fight, let him be ruler."

Amru was struck with the generous challenge and urged Moawyah to accept it; but the latter shunned an encounter with an enemy surnamed "The Lion," for his prowess, and who had always slain his adversary in single fight. Amru him at the disgrace that would attend his refusal, 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 Syrians. Alashtar was the hero of this fight; 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 darkness of the night.

The day dawned disastrously upon the Syrians. Alashtar was pressing them to their very encampment, and Moawyah was in despair, when Amru 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." 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 to fight. "What!" cried they, "do you refuse to submit to the decision of the book of God?"

Ali found that to persist would be to shock the bigot prejudices, and to bring a storm upon his own head; reluctantly, therefore, he sounded retreat; but it required repeated blasts to call Alashtar, who came, his scimeter dripping with blood, and murmuring at being, as he said, treated out of so glorious a victory.

Umpires were now appointed to settle this 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 cousin-german. He then named the brave Alashtar, but he was likewise set aside, and Abu Moawyah pressed upon him, an upright, but simple, and somewhat garrulous man, as has already been

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Amru Ibn al Aass appointed, the shrewd-
most sagacious man in all Arabia. The
real leaders then retired, Ali to Cufa, and
Moawyah to Damascus, leaving generals in com-
mand of their respective armies.

The arbitrators met several months afterward
Joudel, in presence of both armies, who
pledged to support their decision. Amru,
understood the weak points of Musa's char-
acter, treated him with great deference, and after
having won his confidence, persuaded him that,
in these dissensions, and prevent the shed-
ding of kindred blood, it would be expedient to
choose both candidates and let the faithful elect
between them. This being agreed upon, a tribunal was
erected between the armies, and Amru, through
his deference, insisted that Musa should be
first to ascend it and address the people. Abu
Musa accordingly ascended, and proclaimed with
loud voice, "I depose Ali and Moawyah from
office to which they pretend, even as I draw
this ring from my finger." So saying he de-
scended.

Amru now mounted in his turn. "You have
just said he," how Musa on his part has de-
posed Ali; I on my part depose him also; and I
invest the Caliphat to Moawyah, and invest him
also, as I invest my finger with this ring; and
I swear with justice, for he is the rightful successor
of the avenger of Othman."

Amru succeeded from the partisans of Ali,
known Abu Musa, who complained of the insin-
uations of Amru. The Syrians applauded the de-
cision, and both parties, being prevented from
resumes by a solemn truce, separated without
personal violence, but with mutual revilings
and congenial enmity. A kind of religious feud
ensued, which continued for a long time be-
tween the house of Ali and that of Ommiah; they
mentioned each other without a curse, and
announced an excommunication upon each other
whenever they harangued the people in the
mosque.

The power of Ali now began to wane; the de-
cision pronounced against him influenced many
of his known party, and a revolt was at length stirred
up among his followers, by a set of fanatic zealots
of the sect of Karigites or seceders, who insisted that he
was wrong in referring to the judgment of
God, and that what ought to be decided by God alone;
that he had refused to break the truce and
punish his enemies when in his power, though
they had proved themselves to be the enemies of
God; they therefore renounced allegiance to him;
and named Abdallah Ibn Wahab as their leader,
and set up their standard at Naharwan, a few
miles from Bagdad, whither the disaffected repair-
ed from all quarters, until they amounted to
seventy thousand.

The appearance of Ali with an army brought
all of them to their senses. Willing to use
wise measures, he caused a standard to be erect-
ed outside of his camp, and proclaimed a pardon
to the malcontents as should rally round
it. The rebel army immediately began to melt
away, and Abdallah Ibn Wahab was left with
four thousand adherents. These, however,
were zealous enthusiasts, and their leader was a
fanatic. Trusting that Allah and the prophet
would render him miraculous assistance, he at-
tacked the army of Ali with his handful of men,
and fought with such desperation that nine only
of his army escaped. These served as firebrands to enkindle
the mischief.

Moawyah had now recourse to a stratagem to
sow troubles in Egypt, and ultimately to put it in
the hands of Amru. Ali, on assuming the Cal-
iphat, had appointed Saad Ibn Kais to the govern-
ment of that province, who administered its affairs
with ability. Moawyah now forged a letter from
Saad to himself, professing devotion to his inter-
ests, and took measures to let it fall into the hands
of Ali. The plan was successful. The suspi-
cions of Ali were excited; he recalled Saad and
appointed in his place Mahomet, son of Abu Bek-
er, 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 in-
surrections, and all Egypt was getting into a
blaze. Ali again sought to remedy the evil by
changing the governor, and dispatched Malec
Shutur, a man of prudence and ability, to take
the command. In the course of his journey Malec
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 poisoned his unsus-
pecting guest with a pot of honey. Moawyah fol-
lowed up this treacherous act by sending Amru
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 his force with that
of Ibn Sharig, the leader of the Othman party,
and they together routed Mahomet Ibn Abu Bek-
er, and took him prisoner. The avengers of Oth-
man reviled Mahomet with his assassination of
that Caliph, put him to death, enclosed his body in
the carcass of an ass, and burnt both to ashes.
Then Amru assumed the government of Egypt as
lieutenant of Moawyah.

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 re-
peated at the end of all her prayers. Ali, also,
was afflicted at the death of Mahomet, and ex-
claimed, "The murderers will answer for this be-
fore God."

CHAPTER XL.

PREPARATIONS OF ALI FOR THE INVASION OF SYRIA—HIS ASSASSINATION.

THE loss of Egypt was a severe blow to the
fortunes of Ali, and he had the mortification subse-
quently to behold his active rival make himself
master of Hejaz, plant his standard on the sacred
cities of Mecca and Medina, and ravage the fer-
tile province of Yemen. The decline of his power
affected his spirits, and he sank at times into de-
spondency. 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 sinking fortunes, and
went over to Moawyah, who rewarded his unnat-
ural desertion with ample revenues.

Still Ali meditated one more grand effort. Sixty
thousand devoted adherents pledged themselves
to stand by him to the death, and with these he
prepared to march into Syria. While prepara-
tions were going on, it chanced that three zealots,
of the sect of Karigites, met as pilgrims in the
mosque of Mecca, and fell into conversation about

the battle of Naharwân, wherein four thousand of their brethren had lost their lives. This led to lamentations over the dissensions and dismemberment of the Moslem empire, all which they attributed to the ambition of Ali, Moawyah, and Amru. The Karigites were a fanatic sect, and these men were zealots of that dangerous kind 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 ambitious leaders, and they devoted 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 blows might be infallibly mortal, they were to use poisoned weapons.

The names of the conspirators were Barak Ibn Abdallah, Amru Ibn Asi, and Abda'Irahman Ibn Melgem. Barak repaired to Damascus and mingled in the retinue of Moawyah on the day appointed, which was the 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 Moawyah was saved by desperate remedies; the assassin was mutilated of hands and feet and suffered to live, but was slain in after years by a friend of Moawyah.

Amru Ibn Asi, the second of these fanatics, entered the mosque in Egypt on the same day and hour, and with one blow killed Karijah, the Imam, who officiated, imagining him to be Amru 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 Karijah." He was presently executed.

Abda'Irahman, the third assassin, repaired to Cufa, where Ali held his court. Here he lodged with a woman of the sect of the Karigites, whose husband had been killed in the battle of Naharwân. 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 Ali. He accepted the conditions, and joined two other Karigites, called Derwan and Shabih, with him 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 domestic 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 Abda'Irahman was better aimed, and wounded Ali in the head. The assassins then separated and fled. Derwan was pursued and slain at the threshold of his home; Shabih distanced his pursuers and escaped. Abda'Irahman, 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, saying, with his accustomed clemency, "Let him not be tortured; and, if I die of my wound, let him not be killed; let his death be by a sword blow." His orders, according to the Persian writers, were strictly complied with, but the Persians declare that he was killed by poison, and the Moslems opposed to the sect of Ali him up as a martyr.

The death of Ali happened within three years after receiving his wound: it was in the fourth year of the Hegira, A.D. 660. He was about three years of age, of which he had reigned quite five. His remains were interred about three miles from Cufa, and, in after times, a magnificent tomb, covered by a mosque, with a spire dome, rose over his grave, and it became the seat of a city called Meshed Ali, or, the Sepulchre of Ali, and was enriched and beautified by the Persian monarchs.

We make no concluding comments on the noble and generous character of Ali, which has been sufficiently illustrated throughout all the circumstances of his life. He was one of the noblest and worthiest of the primitive Moslems, who combined his religious enthusiasm from companionship with the prophet himself; and who followed to the last, the simplicity of his example. He honorably spoken of as the first Caliph who afforded some protection to Belles-Lettres. He indulged in the poetic vein himself, and many maxims and proverbs are preserved, and have been translated into various languages. A signet bore this inscription: "The kingdom belongs to God." One of his sayings shows little value he set upon the transitory glory of this world. "Life is but the shadow of a dream, the dream of a sleeper."

By his first wife, Fatima, the daughter of the prophet, he had three sons, Mohassan, who was young, and Hassan and Hoscin who were grown up. After her death he had eight other wives, and his issue, in all, amounted to fifteen sons and eighteen daughters. His descendants, by Fatima, are distinguished among Moslems as the descendants of the prophet, and are very numerous, being reckoned both by the male and female. They wear turbans of a peculiar fashion, and twist their hair in a different manner from the Moslems. They are considered of noble birth, and designated in different countries by various titles, such as Sheriffs, Fatimites, and Eshirans. 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 abated in the violence. It is said that Ali was born in the Cave or holy temple of Mecca, where his mother was suddenly taken in labor, and that he was the person of such distinguished birth.

CHAPTER XLI.

SUCCESSION OF HASSAN, FIFTH CALIPH—HE INDICATES IN FAVOR OF MOAWYAH.

IN his dying moments Ali had refused to nominate a successor, but his eldest son Hassan, then in his 37th year, was elected without opposition. He stood high in the favor of the people.

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eshed Ali, or, the Sepulch
riched and beautified by

concluding comments on the
character of Ali, which has
ted throughout all the rec
his life. He was one of
the primitive Moslems, who
s enthusiasm from compar
met himself; and who follo
mplicity of his example. I
of as the first Caliph who
ction to Belles-Lettres. He
ic vein himself, and many o
erbs are preserved, and in
to various languages.

inscription: "The kingdom
One of his sayings show
t upon the transitory glori
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eper."

e, Fatima, the daughter of
ree sons, Mohassan, who
an and Hosein who sur
leath he had eight other w
ll, amounted to fifteen sons
s. His descendants, by
ished among Moslems as
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eriffs, Fatimites, and E
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m in abhorrence, and for a
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that Ali was born in the Ca
Mecca, where his mother
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tinguished birth.

CHAPTER XLI.

ASSAN, FIFTH CALIPH—H
N FAVOR OF MOAWYAH.

oments Ali had refused to
t, but his eldest son Ha
ar, was elected without op
high in the favor of the pe

from his having been a favorite with his
father, the prophet, to whom in his features
there a strong resemblance; but chiefly from
the moral excellence of his character, for he was
sincere, benevolent, and devout. He
possessed, however, the energy and courage neces
sary to a sovereignty, where the sceptre was a
burden; and he was unfitted to command in the
struggles which distracted the empire, for he had
a horror of shedding Moslem blood. He made a
funeral speech over his father's remains, showing
that his death was coincident with great and sol
lemn events. He was slain," said he, "on the
fourth night of the year in which the Koran was
revealed to earth; in which Isa (Jesus) was
taken up to heaven, and in which Joshua, the son
of Nun, was killed. By Allah! none of his
predecessors surpassed him, nor will he ever be
surpassed by a successor."

Port Kais, a trusty friend of the house of Ali,
announced the inauguration of the new Caliph.
"Stretch forth thy hand," said he to Hassan, "in
the name of God, that thou wilt stand by the book of God,
and the tradition of the apostle, and make war
against all opposers." Hassan complied with
the ceremonial, and was proclaimed Caliph, and
the people were called upon to acknowledge al
legiance to him, and engage to maintain peace
between his friends, and war with his enemies.
The people, however, with the character
istic boldness of Babylonians, murmured at the
proclamation of further warfare, and said, we want
peace, Caliph.

But Hassan consulted his own inclination, he
willingly have clung to peace, and sub
mitted to the usurpations of Moawyah; but he
was surrounded by valiant generals eager for
war, and stimulated by his brother Hosein,
who inherited the daring character of their father;
there were sixty thousand fighting men,
ready for the field, and who had been on the
march marching into Syria under Ali. Unwill
ingly, therefore, he put himself at the head of this
army and commenced his march. Receiving in
formation that Moawyah had already taken the
field and was advancing to meet him, he sent Kais
in advance, with 12,000 light troops, to hold
the enemy in check, while he followed with the
main army. Kais executed his commission with
bravery, and a smart skirmish with the Syrians, and
then checked them in their advance, halted and
placed himself in a position to await the coming of
the Caliph.

Hassan, however, had already become sensible
of his incompetency to military command. There
was dissension among some of his troops, who
the people of Irak or Babylonians, disinclined to
war. On reaching the city of Madayn, an
event took place among the soldiers in which one
of them was slain; a fierce tumult succeeded; Hassan
attempted to interfere, but was jostled and wound
ed, and obliged to retire into the cit
adel. He had taken refuge from violence, and
was in danger of treason, for the nephew of the
Caliph of Madayn proposed to his uncle, now
that he had Hassan within his castle, to make him
a prisoner, and send him in chains to Moawyah.
A curse upon thee for a traitor and an infidel!"
said the honest old governor; "wouldst thou
make the son of the daughter of the Apostle of
God a prisoner?"

The mild-tempered Caliph, who had no ambi
tion of command, was already disheartened by its
loss. He saw that he had an active and
powerful enemy to contend with, and fickleness

and treachery among his own people; he sent
proposals to Moawyah, offering to resign the Cal
iphate to him, on condition that he should be al
lowed to retain the money in the public treasury
at Cufa, and the revenues of a great estate in Per
sia, and that Moawyah would desist from all evil
speaking against his deceased father. Moawyah
assented to the two former of these stipulations,
but would only consent to refrain from speaking
evil of Ali in presence of Hassan; and indeed
such was the sectarian hatred already engendered
against Ali, that, under the sway of Moawyah,
his name was never mentioned in the mosques
without a curse, and such continued to be the
case for several generations under the dominion
of the house of Ommyah.

Another condition exacted by Hassan, and
which ultimately proved fatal to him, was that he
should be entitled to resume the Caliphate on the
death of Moawyah, who was above a score of
years his senior. These terms being satisfacto
rily adjusted, Hassan abdicated in favor of Mo
awyah, to the great indignation of his brother Ho
sein, who considered the memory of the at
tributed Ali dishonored by this arrangement. The peo
ple of Cufa refused to comply with that condi
tion relative to the public treasury, insisting upon it that
it was their property. Moawyah, however, allow
ed Hassan an immense revenue, with which he
retired with his brother to Medina, to enjoy that
ease and tranquillity which he so much prized.
His life was exemplary and devout, and the great
er part of his revenue was expended in acts of
charity.

Moawyah seems to have been well aware of the
power of gold in making the most distasteful
things palatable. An old beldame of the lineage
of Haschem, and branch of Ali, once reproached
him with having supplanted that family, who
were his cousins, and with having acted toward
them as Pharaoh did toward the children of Is
rael. Moawyah gently replied, "May Allah par
don what is past," and inquired what were her
wants. She said two thousand pieces of gold for
her poor relations, two thousand as a dowry for
her children, and two thousand as a support for
herself. The money was given instantly, and the
tongue of the clamorous virago was silenced.

CHAPTER XLII.

REIGN OF MOAWYAH I., SIXTH CALIPH—ACCOUNT
OF HIS ILLEGITIMATE BROTHER ZEYAD—DEATH
OF AMRU.

MOAWYAH now, in the forty-first year of the He
gira, assumed legitimate dominion over the whole
Moslem empire. The Karigites, it is true, a fan
atic sect opposed to all regular government,
spiritual or temporal, excited an insurrection in
Syria, but Moawyah treated them with more
thorough rigor than his predecessors, and finding
the Syrians not sufficient to cope with them, called
in his new subjects, the Babylonians, to show
their allegiance by rooting out this pestilent sect;
nor did he stay his hand until they were almost
exterminated.

With this Caliph commenced the famous dy
nasty of the Ommyades or Omevades, so called
from Ommyah his great-grandfather; a dynasty
which lasted for many generations, and gave some
of the most brilliant names to Arabian history.

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 make their way, and under his protection exert their first influence on the Arabs.

One of the measures adopted by Moawyah to strengthen himself in the Caliphate excited great sensation, and merits particular detail. At the time of the celebrated flight of Mahomet, Abu Sofian, 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 publican in Tayef. Here he became intoxicated with wine, and passed the night in the arms of the wife of a Greek slave, named Somyah, who in process of time made him the father of a male child. Abu Sofian, ashamed of this amour, would not acknowledge the child, but left him to his fate; hence he received the name of Ziyad Ibn Abihi, that it is to say, Ziyad the son of nobody.

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. Amru, himself illegitimate, felt a sympathy in the vigor of this 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!"

Ziyad was appointed *cad*i or judge, in the reign of Omar, and was distinguished by his decisions. On one occasion, certain witnesses came before him accusing Mogeirah Ibn Seid, a distinguished person of unblemished character, with incontinence, but failed to establish the charge; whereupon Ziyad dismissed the accused with honor, and caused his accusers to be scourged with rods for bearing false witness. This act was never forgotten by Mogeirah, who, becoming afterward one of the counsellors of the Caliph Ali, induced him to appoint Ziyad lieutenant or governor of Persia, an arduous post of high trust, 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, hesitated to acknowledge Moawyah as Caliph. The latter was alarmed at this show of opposition, fearing lest Ziyad should join with the family of Haschem, the kindred of the prophet, who desired the elevation of Hosein; he, therefore, sent for Mogeirah, the former patron of Ziyad, and prevailed upon him to mediate between them. Mogeirah 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 and affection, as his brother by the father's side. 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 Sofian 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 Omniades were indignant at having the base-born offspring of a slave thus in-

troduced among them; but Moawyah disregarded these murmurs; he had probably gratified his own feelings of natural affection, and he was firmly attached to his interest a man of extensive influence, and one of the ablest generals of the age.

Moawyah found good service in his valiant though misbegotten brother. Under the sway of incompetent governors the country round Bassora had become overrun with thieves and murderers, and disturbed by all kinds of tumult. Ziyad was put in the command, and hastened to take possession of his turbulent post. He found Bassora a complete den of assassins; not a night was safe 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 unsparing punishment on all offenders; he advised all such, therefore, to leave the city. He warned all persons from appearing in public after evening prayers, as a patrol would go the rounds and 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 afterward, nor was there any further tumult or disturbance.

Moawyah then employed him to effect the same reforms in Khorassan and many other provinces, and the more he had to execute, the more was his ability evinced, until his mere name would excite commotion, and awe the most turbulent into quietude. Yet he was not sanguinary nor cruel, 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, engaged to replace anything that should be stolen; and effective was his police that no robberies were committed.

Though Ziyad had whole provinces under his government, he felt himself not sufficiently employed; he wrote to the Caliph, therefore, complaining that, while his left hand was occupied governing Babylonia, his right hand was idle, and he requested the government of Arabia Petrea 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 while on the point of setting out for Arabia. The disease made its appearance with an ulcer in his hand, and the agony made him deliberate what to smite it off. As it was a case of conscience among predestinarians, he consulted a venerable *cad*i. "If you die," said the old expounder of the law, "you go before God without that which you have cut off to avoid appearing in presence. If you live, you give a by-name to your children, who will be called the sons of 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 and cauterizing irons again deterred him. He was surrounded by the most expert physicians, but the Arabians, "It was not in their power to reverse the sealed decree." He died in the fifth year of the Hegira and of his own age, the people he had governed with so much severity considered his death a deliverance. His son Obeid'allah, though only twenty-five years of

...; but Moawyah disregarded the had probably gratified natural affection, and he was of interest a man of extent of the ablest generals of

good service in his valiant brother. Under the sway of the country round Berrun with thieves and murderers by all kinds of tumultuous command, and hastened to this turbulent post. He had a den of assassins; not a night riot and bloodshed, so that the streets after dark, Ziyad, man, and he made a public point. He gave notice with the sword, and to write on all offenders; headless to leave the city. He was appearing in public after even would go the rounds and who should be found in and this measure into effect. Sons were put to death by night, only five during a drop of blood was shed before any further tumult or

employed him to effect the same and many other provinces to execute, the more was his mere name would give the most turbulent he was not sanguinary nor cruel in his discipline, and infused justice. It was his custom, to order the inhabitants open at night, with mercy to exclude cattle, engaged that should be stolen; and police that no robberies were

and whole provinces under himself not sufficiently to the Caliph, therefore, on his left hand was occupied, his right hand was to the government of Arabia. The Caliph gladly granted him of its inhabitants, who dreaded the sand of Ziyad was attacked with the plague, waiting out for Arabia. The clearance with an ulcering made him deliberate what it was a case of conscience, he consulted a venerable, said the old expounder, before God without that he off to avoid appearing alive, you give a by-name will be called the sons of you, therefore, to let it alone pain, however, made him, but the sight of the his again deterred him. He most expert physicians, but was not in their power to cure." He died in the Hegira and of his own age, governed with so much severity a deliverance. His only twenty-five years of

immediately invested by the Caliph with the government of Khorassan, and gave instant proofs of the spirit of his father. On his way to the government he surprised a large Turkish force, and put them to such sudden flight that the queen left one of her huskins behind, which he sent to the hands of her pursuers, and was estimated from the richness of its jewels, at two thousand pieces of gold.

He left another son named Salem, who was, twenty years afterward, when but twenty-four years of age, appointed to the government of Khorassan, and rendered himself so beloved by the people that upward of twenty thousand children were named after him. He had a third son called Ziyad, who was distinguished for sagacity and valour, and he furthermore left from his progeny a dynasty of princes in Arabia Felix, who were under the denomination of the children of Ziyad.

The wise measures of Moawyah produced a glow throughout his empire, although his throne seemed to be elevated on the surface of a volcano. He had reinstated the famous Amru Ibn al-Aas in the government of Egypt, allowing him to retain the revenues of that opulent province, in reward for his having proclaimed him Caliph during his contest with Ali, but stipulating that he should maintain the forces stationed there. A veteran general did not long enjoy this post, he died in the forty-third year of the Hegira, 660, as full of honors as of years. In him the cause of Islam lost one of its wisest men and most famous conquerors. "Show me," said Omar Ibn al-Khattab on one occasion, "the sword with which you have fought so many battles and slain so many traitors." The Caliph expressed surprise when he unsheathed an ordinary scimitar. "This," said Amru, "the sword without the scabbard is no sharper nor heavier than the sword of Farzadak the poet."

Moawyah, whose death preceded that of Amru by only thirty years, declared, that there was no more Muslim than he would prove to be, nor one more scallard in the faith. Although Amru had most of his life in the exercise of arms, he had time to cultivate the softer arts which belong to peace. We have already shown that he was an orator and a poet. The witty lampoons, however, which he wrote against the prophet in his youth, he deeply regretted in his declining years. He sought the company of men of learning and science, and delighted in the conversation of philosophers. He has left some proverbs distinguished for pithy wisdom, and some beautiful sayings, and his dying advice to his children was regarded for many sense and affecting pathos.

CHAPTER XLIII.

TRUCE WITH THE EMPIRE — MURDER OF HASSAN — DEATH OF MOAWYAH.

The Caliph Moawyah 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 affections of the people; for he secretly enter-

tained 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 a kind of holy war; for it was fulfilling one of the most ardent wishes of Mahomet, who had looked forward to the conquest of the proud capital of the Caesars as one of the highest triumphs of Islam, and had promised full pardon of all their sins to the Moslem army that should achieve it.

The general command of the army in this expedition was given to a veteran named Sophian, and he was accompanied by several of those old soldiers of the faith, battered in the wars, and almost broken down by years, who had fought by the side of the prophet at Beder and Ohod, and were, therefore, honored by the title of "Companions," and who now showed among the ashes of age the sparks 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 Moslem troops were numerous and hardy, inured to toil and practised 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 very few particulars, notwithstanding that it lasted long, and must have been checkered by striking vicissitudes. The Moslem fleet passed without impediment through the Dardanelles, and the army disembarked within seven miles of Constantinople. For many days they pressed the siege with vigor, but the city was strongly garrisoned by fugitive troops from various quarters, who had profited by sad 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 terrific agent of destruction.

Finding all their efforts in vain, the Moslems consoled 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 unavailing 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 Ohod. He won an honored grave; for though it remained for ages unknown, yet nearly eight centuries after this event, when Constantinople 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 seigniors of the Ottoman empire repaired to be belted with the scimitar on their accession to the throne.

The protracted war with the Greeks revived their military ardor, and they assailed the Mos-

lems in their turn. Moawyah found the war which he had provoked threatening his own security. Other enemies were pressing on him; age, also, had sapped his bodily and mental vigor, and he became so anxious for safety and repose that he in a manner purchased a truce of the emperor for thirty years, by agreeing to pay an annual tribute of three thousand pieces of gold, fifty slaves, and fifty horses of the noblest Arabian blood.

Yezid, the eldest son of Moawyah, and his secretly-intended successor, had failed to establish a renown in this enterprise, and if Arabian historians speak true, his ambition led him to a perfidious act sufficient to stamp his name with infamy. He is accused of instigating the murder of the virtuous Hassan, the son of Ali, who had abdicated in favor of Moawyah, but who was to resume the Caliphate on the death of that potentate. It is questionable whether Hassan would ever have claimed this right, for he was of quiet, retired habits, and preferred the security and repose of a private station. He was strong, however, in the affection of the people, and to remove out of the way so dangerous a rival, Yezid, it is said, prevailed upon one of his wives to poison him, promising to marry her in reward of her treason. The murder took place in the forty-ninth year of the Hegira, A.D. 660, when Hassan was forty-seven years of age. In his last agonies, his brother Hosein inquired at whose instigation he supposed himself to have been poisoned, that he might avenge his death, but Hassan refused to name him. "This world," said he, "is only a long night; leave him alone until he and I shall meet in open daylight, in the presence of the Most High."

Yezid refused to fulfil his promise of taking the murderess to wife, alleging that it would be madness to intrust himself to the embraces of such a female; he, however, commuted the engagement for a large amount in money and jewels. Moawyah is accused of either countenancing or being pleased with a murder which made his son more eligible to the succession, for it is said that when he heard of the death of Hassan, "he fell down and worshipped."

Hassan had been somewhat uxorious; or rather, he had numerous wives, and was prone to change them when attracted by new beauties. One of them was the daughter of Yezdegird, the last king of the Persians, and she bore him several children. He had, altogether, fifteen sons and five daughters, and contributed greatly to increase the race of Sheriffs, or Fatimites, descendants from the prophet. In his testament he left directions that he should be buried by the sepulchre of his grandsire Mahomet; but Ayesha, whose hatred for the family of Ali went beyond the grave, declared that the mansion was hers, and refused her consent; he was, therefore, interred in the common burial-ground of the city.

Ayesha, herself, died some time afterward, in the fifty-eighth year of the Hegira, having survived the prophet forty-seven years. She was often called the Prophetess, and generally denominated the Mother of the Faithful, although she had never borne any issue to Mahomet, and had employed her widowhood in intrigues to prevent Ali and his children, who were the only progeny of the prophet, from sitting on the throne of the Caliphs. All the other wives of Mahomet who survived him passed the remainder of their lives in widowhood; but none, save her, seem to have been held in especial reverence.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MOSLEM CONQUESTS IN NORTHERN AFRICA: ACHIEVEMENTS OF ACHAH; HIS DEATH.

THE conquest of Northern Africa, so awfully commenced by Abdallah Ibn Saad, been suspended for a number of years by pressure of other concerns, and particularly the siege of Constantinople, which engrossed great part of the Moslem forces; in the mean time Cyrene had shaken off the yoke, all Cyrene was in a state of insurrection, and there was danger that the places which had been taken and posts which had been established by the conquerors would be completely lost.

The Caliph Moawyah now looked round some active and able general, competent to see and extend his sway along the African sea-coast. Such a one he found in Achah Ibn Nale el Fehri, whom he dispatched from Damascus with thousand horse. Achah made his way with speed into Africa, his forces augmenting as he proceeded, by the accession of barbarian troops. He passed triumphantly through Cyrenaica; he close siege to the city of Cyrene, and reconquered notwithstanding its strong walls and great population; but in the course of the siege many of the ancient and magnificent edifices were destroyed.

Achah continued his victorious course onward, traversing wildernesses sometimes bare and desolate, sometimes entangled with lions and infested by serpents and savage animals, until he reached the domains of ancient Carthage, the present territory of Tunis. Here he determined to found a city to serve as a stronghold 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. Achah, they, went forth into the forest, and adjured savage inhabitants. "Hence! ye beasts and serpents! Hence, quit this wooded valley!" This solemn adjuration he repeated three several times, on three several days, not a lion, tiger, leopard, nor serpent, but departed from the place.

Others, less poetic, record that he cleared a forest which had been a lurking place not only for wild beasts and serpents, but for rebels and barbarous natives; that he used the wood in constructing walls for his new city, and when the walls were completed, planted his lance in the centre and exclaimed to his followers, "This is my caravan." Such was the origin of the city Kairwan or Caerwan, situated thirty-three leagues southeast of Carthage, and twelve from the borders of the great desert. Here Achah fixed his seat of government, erecting mosques and other public edifices, and holding all the surrounding country in subjection.

While Achah was thus honorably occupied, the Caliph Moawyah, little aware of the immense countries embraced in these recent conquests, united them with Egypt under one command, if they had been two small provinces, and appointed Muhagir Ibn Omm Dinar, one of the Ansari, as emir or governor. Muhagir was ambitious, or rather an envious and perfidious man. Scarce had he entered upon his government when he began to sicken with envy of the brilliant fame of Achah and his vast popularity, not merely with the army, but throughout the country; he accordingly made such untoward

CHAPTER XLIV.

IN NORTHERN AFRICA
OF ACHAH; HIS DEATH.

of Northern Africa, so and by Abdallah Ibn Sand, for a number of years by concerns, and particularly antiope, which engrossed Moslem forces; in the mean off the yoke, all Cyrena surrection, and there was which had been taken and been established by the A completely lost.

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of the character and conduct of that gen in his letters to the Caliph, that the latter aduced to displace him from the command the African army, and recall him to Damascus. The letter of recall being sent under cover to Muhegir, he transmitted it by Muslama Ibn Machirone of his generals, to Achah, charging him to proceed with great caution, and to treat Achah with profound deference, lest the troops, and their love for him, should resist the order of his deposition. Muslama found Achah in his camp at Cyrene, and presented him the Caliph's recall, and a letter from Muhegir as governor of the province, letting him know that Muslama and 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 Achah. He at once discerned whence the blow proceeded. "God!" exclaimed he, "spare my life until I can vindicate myself from the slanders of Muhegir." He then departed in haste, without even entering his house; made his way with all speed to Damascus, and appeared before Moawyah in the presence of his generals and the officers of his court. Addressing the Caliph with noble indignation, "I have traversed deserts," said he, "and encountered savages; I have conquered towns and regions, and have brought their infidel inhabitants to the knowledge of God and his law. I have built mosques and palaces, and fortified our dominion in the land, and in reward I have been degraded from my post, and summoned hither as a culprit. I appeal to your justice, whether I have merited such treatment?"

Moawyah felt rebuked by the magnanimous bearing of his general, for he was aware that he had been precipitate in condemning him on false accusations. "I am already informed," said he, "of the true nature of the case. I now know you are Muhegir, and who is Achah; return to the command of the army, and pursue your glorious career of conquest.

Although it was not until the succeeding Caliph that Achah resumed the command in Africa, we will anticipate dates in order to maintain the thread of his story. In passing through Egypt he deposed Muslama from a command in which he had been placed by Muhegir, and ordered him to remain in one of the Egyptian towns a prisoner at large.

He was grieved to perceive the mischief that had been done in Africa, during his absence, by 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. Achah stripped him of his command, placed him in chains, and proceeded to remedy the evils he had perpetrated. The population was restored to Caerwan, its edifices were rebuilt, and it rose again as temporary decline more prosperous and beautiful than ever. Achah then left Zohair Ibn Muslama in command of this metropolis, and resumed his career of western conquest, carrying Muhegir and him in chains. He crossed the kingdom of Mauritania, now Algiers, and the vast regions of Mauritania, now Morocco, subduing their infidel inhabitants or converting them with the sword. When coming to the western shores of Africa, he ordered 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 Achah 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 legions, 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 too adventurous generals. Turning his steps he hastened back, marching at a rapid rate. As he passed through Zab or Numidia, he was harassed by a horde of Berbers or Moors, headed by Aben Cahina, a native 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 his 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 Achah 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 Koreish.

Achah now distributed a part of his army about the neighborhood, formed of the residue 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 Tehuda; 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.

Achah scanned the number and array of the advancing enemy, and saw there was no retreat, and that destruction was inevitable. He marshalled his little 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. Achah 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. Achah was one of the last of his devoted band, and his corpse was found, scimitar in hand, upon a heap of the enemy whom he had slain.

CHAPTER XLV.

MOAWYAH NAMES HIS SUCCESSOR—HIS LAST ACTS
AND DEATH—TRAITS OF HIS CHARACTER.

MOAWYAH was now far advanced in years, and aware that he had not long to live; he sought there-

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 Caliphate hereditary, and to perpetuate it in his line. For this purpose he openly named his son Yezid 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 what Abu Bekr, 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; Yezid, to whom he proposed to bequeath the government, was publicly detested, yet, notwithstanding all these objections, such influence had Moawyah acquired over the public mind that delegates arrived at Damascus from all parts, and gave their hands to Yezid in pledge of future fealty. Thus was established the dynasty of the Ommyades, 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 Omaya (or rather Ommyah). The ambition of rule manifested in Moawyah, the founder of the dynasty, continued even among his remote descendants, who exercised sovereignty nearly four centuries afterward in Spain. One of them, anxious to ascend the throne in a time of turbulence and peril, exclaimed, "Only make me king to-day, and you may kill me to-morrow!"

The character of the Caliph had much changed in the hands of Moawyah, and in the luxurious city of Damascus assumed more and more the state of the oriental sovereigns which it superseded. The frugal simplicity of the Arab, and the stern virtues of the primitive disciples of Islam, were softening down and disappearing among the voluptuous delights of Syria. Moawyah, however, endeavored to throw over his favorite city of Damascus some of the sanctity with which Mecca and Medina were invested. For this purpose he sought to transfer to it, from Medina, the pulpit of the prophet, as also his walking-staff; "for such precious relics of the apostle of God," said he, "ought not to remain among the murderers of Othman."

The staff 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 superstitious Arabs considered this a signal of divine disapprobation, and the pulpit was suffered to remain in Medina.

Feeling his end approaching, Moawyah summoned his son Yezid to his presence, and gave advice full of experience and wisdom. "Confide in the Arabs," said he, "as the sure foundation of your power. Prize the Syrians, for they are faithful and enterprising, though prone to degenerate when out of their own country. Gratify the people of Irak in all their demands, for they are restless and turbulent, and would unsheathe a hundred thousand scimitars against thee on the least provocation."

"There are four rivals, my son," added he, "on whom thou must keep a vigilant eye. The first is Husein, 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 Abdallah Ibn Omar; but he is a devout man, and will eventually come under allegiance to thee. The third is Abda'Irahman; but he is a man of no force of mind, and merely speaks from the dic-

tates of others; he is, moreover, incontinent, a gambler; he is not a rival to be feared. The fourth is Abdallah Ibn Zobeir; he unites the craft of the fox with the strength and courage of a lion. If he appear against thee, oppose him valiantly; if he offer peace, accept it, and spare the blood of thy people. If he fall within thy power, cut him to pieces!"

Moawyah was gathered to his fathers in the fortieth year of the Hegira, A.D. 679, at the age of seventy, or, as some say, seventy-five years, which he had reigned nearly twenty. He was buried in Damascus, which he had made the capital of the Moslem empire, and which continued to be so during the dynasty of the Ommyades. The inscription of his signet was, "Every deed hath its meed;" or, according to others, "All power rests with God."

Though several circumstances in his reign bear a high name in Moslem history. His courage was undoubted, and of a generous kind; though fierce in combat, he was clement 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 affable and accessible at all times, and made himself popular among 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 subsequently bought off the right of his rival Husein, the legitimate Caliph, and transcended magnificently all the stipulations of his 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 may be recollected they had the plundering of the empires of the East, and as yet were flush with the spoils of recent conquests.

The liberality of Moawyah is extolled as beyond all bounds; one instance on record of his generosity, savors of policy. He gave Ayesha a bracelet valued at a hundred thousand pieces of gold, that had formerly perhaps sparkled on the arm of some Semiramis; but Ayesha, he knew, was a potent friend and a dangerous enemy.

Moawyah was sensible to the charms of 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 of a want by which he had been driven. Touched by the poetry, Moawyah 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 lavished all his fortune upon 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, pouring forth with Arab eloquence, and with all the passion of a lover, praying redress or death. Moawyah, 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, entreated the Caliph to let him have the enjoyment of her for one year, and then to take his head. The curiosity of the Caliph was awakened by this amorous contest, and he caused the female to be sent to him. Struck with her

moreover, incontinent, a rival to be feared. Zobeir ; he unites the strength and courage of peace, accept it, and speak. If he fall within your power, he will be a great addition to your empire, and which continued the dynasty of the Ommyades, his signet was, "Every deed according to others, "All circumstances in his reign, a treacherous policy, yet he Moslem history. His command of a generous kind ; he was clement in himself greatly upon being and was highly aristocratic, sovereign power ; yet he was at all times, and made his people. His ambition was : considerations of justice, one, it is true, by the aid of regular election ; but off the right of his rival H. Caliph, and transcended the calculations of his purchase, time, with four million pieces, regards with incredulous sums passing from hand to Arab conquerors, as freely native deserts ; but it made the plundering of the and as yet were flush with conquests.

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was that of a young beautiful damsel, of whom he lavished all his treasures on Cufa, happening with her beauty that mouth by force. The Caliph in verse, young, and with all the power, redress or death. Moved by the poetic appeal, governor of Cufa to restore. The governor, intimated the Caliph to let him for one year, and the curiosity of the Caliph was, almost unattended, and with great peril to him. Struck with beauty, with the grace of her deportment, and the eloquence of her expressions, he did not restrain his admiration ; and in the moment told her to choose between the young Arab, the governor of Cufa, and She acknowledged the honor proffered the Caliph to be utterly beyond her merit ; but that affection and duty still inclined her to command. Her modesty and virtue delighted Moawiah even more than her beauty ; he restored her husband, and enriched them both with munificence.

CHAPTER XLVI.

ACCESSION OF YEZID, SEVENTH CALIPH—FINAL FORTUNES OF HOSEIN, THE SON OF ALI.

Yezid, the son of Moawiah, succeeded to the Caliphate without the ceremony of an election. His inauguration took place in the new moon of the month Rajeb, in the sixtieth year of the Hegira, coincident with the seventh day of April of our Lord 680. He was thirty-four years of age, and is described as tall and thin, 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 rare gift of poetry. The effect of his residence in the luxuries and refinements of Syria was marked in a fondness for silken raiment and the arts of music ; but he was stigmatized as degenerate, 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 parts of Babylonia. His first aim was to secure the 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 Zobeir. They were both at Medina, and sent orders to Waleed Ibn Othbah, the governor of that city, to exact from them an oath of fealty. Waleed, who was of an undecided character, consulted Merwan Ibn Hakem, formerly a friend of Othman, and suspected of forging letters which effected the ruin of that Caliph.

Waleed was in fact one of the most crafty as well as the most cruel of the age. His advice to the governor was to summon Hosein and Abdallah to his presence before they should hear of the death of Moawiah, and concert any measures of opposition ; and to tender to them the oath of fealty to Yezid, should they refuse, to smite off their heads. Waleed and Abdallah discovered the plot in time to effect their escape with their families to Mecca, where they declared themselves openly in opposition to Yezid. In a little while Hosein received secret messages from the people of Cufa, urging him to their city, assuring him not merely of protection, but of joyful homage as the son of Ali, the legitimate successor of the prophet. He said only, they said, to show himself in their city, and all Babylonia would rise in arms in his support.

Hosein sent his cousin, Muslim Ibn Okail, to ascertain the truth of these representations, and to ascertain the spirit of insurrection should it really exist among the people of Cufa. Muslim made the journey, almost unattended, and with great peril to himself, across the deserts 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 zealots in the cause, until it amounted to one hundred and forty thousand. Of all this Muslim sent repeated accounts to Hosein, urging him to come on, and assuring him that the conspiracy had been carried on with such secrecy that Nu'man Ibn Baschir, the governor of Cufa, had no suspicion of it.

But though the conspiracy had escaped the vigilance of Nu'man, intimation of it had reached the Caliph Yezid at Damascus, who sent instant orders to Obeid'allah, the emir of Bassora, to repair with all speed to Cufa, displace its 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 critical, he set off from Bassora with 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, as was the custom likewise with Hosein. The populace crowded 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 chagrin 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 shed bitter tears on his capture ; not on his own account, but on the account of Hosein, whom he feared his letters and sanguine representations had involved in ruin, by inducing him to come on to Cufa. The head of Muslim was struck off and sent to the Caliph.

His letters had indeed produced the dreaded effect. On receiving them Hosein prepared to comply with the earnest invitation of the people of Cufa. It was ; vain his friends reminded him of the proverbial faithlessness 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 Abdallah 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 predestinarian, declared he would leave the event to God, and accordingly set out with his wives and children, and a number of his relatives, escorted by a handful of Arab troops.

Arrived in the confines of Babylonia, he was met by a body of a thousand horse, led on by Harro, an Arab of the tribe of Temimah. He at first supposed them to be a detachment of his partisans sent to meet him, but was soon informed by Harro that he came from the emir Obeid'allah to conduct him and all the people with him to Cufa.

Hosein haughtily 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 wise hostile 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 accompanied by a guide. One 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 against you to 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 Kais, 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 shed 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 receive us with them to thy mercy."

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 roused himself at one time from a dream or reverie. He had beheld in his phantasy, a horseman who had addressed him in warning words: "Men travel in the night, and their destiny travels in the night to meet them." This he pronounced a messenger of death.

In this dubious and desponding 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 Saad. 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 repeated appearance of hostile troops, 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 people of Cufa, and now offered 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; cut him off from the water as he did عثمان; force him to acknowledge allegiance to Yezid, and then we will treat of terms."

Amar obeyed these orders with reluctance, and

the little camp of Hosein suffered the extreme of thirst. Still he could not be brought to acknowledge Yezid as Caliph. He now offered three things: either to go to Damascus and negotiate matters personally with Yezid; to return into Arabia; or to repair to some frontier post in Khorassan to fight against the Turks. These terms were wisely transmitted by Amar to Obeid'allah.

The emir was exasperated at these demands which he considered as intended to gain time, tampering with the public feeling. His next letter to Amar was brief and explicit. "If Hosein his men submit and take the oath of allegiance, treat them kindly; if they refuse, slay them—over them—trample them under the feet of horses!" This letter was sent by Shamar, a warrior of note, and of a fierce spirit. He gave private instructions. "If Amar fail to do what I have ordered, strike off his head and take command of his troops." He was furnished also with a letter of protection, and passports for four of his sons of Ali, who had accompanied their father, Hosein.

Amar, on receiving the letter of the emir, held another parley with Hosein. He found him in front of his tent conversing with his brother Abbas, just after the hour of evening prayer, made known to him the peremptory demand of the emir and its alternative. He also produced the letter of protection and the passports for his brothers, but they refused to accept them.

Hosein obtained a truce until the morning to consider the demand of the emir; but his mind was already made up. He saw that all hope of honorable terms was vain, and he resolved to fight.

After the departure of Amar, he remained seated alone at the door of his tent, leaning his sword, lost in gloomy cogitation on the fate of the coming day. A heaviness again came upon him, with the same kind of portentous fancies that he has already experienced. The approach of his favorite sister, Zenaib, roused him. He gazed at her with mournful significance. "I have just seen," said he, "in a dream, our grandfather the prophet, and he said, 'Thou wilt soon be with me in paradise.'"

The boding mind of Zenaib interpreted the portent. "Woe unto us and our family," she, smiting her breast; "our mother Fatima dead, and our father Ali and our brother Hassan! Alas for the desolation of the past and the destruction that is to come!" So saying, her grief overcame her, and she fell into a swoon. Harro raised her tenderly, sprinkled water in her face, and restored her to consciousness. He entreated her to rely with confidence on God, reminding her that all the people of the earth must die, and everything that exists must perish, but that God, who created them, would restore them to life, and give them to himself. "My father, and my mother, and my brother," said he, "were better than you yet they died, and every Moslem has had a share in the death of the apostle of God." Taking her then by the hand, he led her into the tent, charging her, in case of his death, not to grieve, but to survive your fall; and his words were taken to heart by the rest.

Seeing his little band thus determined to survive, he next addressed his friends and followers. "These troops by whom we are surrounded," he said, "seek no life but mine, and will be content with my death. Tarry not with me, therefore, your destruction, but leave me to my fate."

"God forbid," cried Ali Abbas, "that we should survive your fall;" and his words were taken to heart by the rest.

Seeing his little band thus determined to survive, he next addressed his friends and followers.

Hosein suffered the extremity of his fate. He could not be brought to acknowledge his guilt. He now offered three times to return into Arabia; but the emir refused to return to Khorassan; and the terms were set. "If you refuse, say them—slay them—under the feet of the emir." The emir was sent by Shammar, a fierce spirit. He said, "If Amar fail to do so, I will cut off his head and take it to the emir." He was furnished also with arms, and passports for four of his men, and accompanied their brother.

The letter of the emir, which he found him, was a message of evening prayer, and the emir's demand. He also produced the passports for four of his men, and accompanied their brother.

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Hosein prepared to sell his life dear, and make their deaths a memorial. By his orders all the tents were covered in two lines, and the cords interwoven to form barriers on both sides of the camp, and a deep trench in the rear was filled with oil to be set on fire in case of attack. It was done, therefore, only in front. This done, the emir, conscious that the next day was his last, passed the night in prayer, while the enemy's horse kept riding round to prevent their escape.

The morning dawned, Hosein prepared to fight. His whole force amounted only to three hundred soldiers and two-and-thirty horse; but he was animated with the spirit of martyrs. He and several of his chief men washed, dressed, and perfumed themselves; "for in a moment," said they, "we shall be with the angels of paradise."

The steadfastness of soul, however, was shaken by the loud lamentations of his sisters and brothers, and the thought of the exposed and wretched state in which his death would leave them. He called to mind, too, the advice which he had neglected of Abdallah Ibn Abbas, to keep his women in safety at Mecca. "God will punish thee, Abdallah!" exclaimed he in the fullness of his feelings.

A squadron of thirty horse, headed by Harro, rode up, but they came as friends and not as enemies. Harro repented him of having given the check to Hosein, and now came in atonement to fight and die for him. "Alas for you, O Cula!" cried he, as Amar 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 the family the waters of the Euphrates, which were even to infidels and the beasts of the field, and have shut him up like a lion in the den."

Hosein began to justify himself and to plead the rights of the emir; but the fierce Shammar cut him off all parley by letting fly an arrow into the camp of Hosein, calling all to witness that he was 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 with the Arabs. In the greatest loss was on the side of the enemy. Hosein's men fought with the desperation of a resolved on death.

They now made a general assault, but the enemy being open only in front, was successfully repulsed. Shammar and his followers attempted to burn down the tents, but met with vigorous resistance. He thrust his lance through the tent of the emir and called for fire to burn it. The men ran out shrieking. "The fire of Jehennam be thy portion!" cried Hosein; "wouldst thou destroy my family?"

The savage Shammar stayed his hand at the sight of the defenceless women, and he and his band retired with the loss of several of their number. The parties desisted from the fight at the hour of evening prayer; and Hosein put up the prayer, 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 killed off one by one, until he was left almost alone. He set 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 withholdest help from us, at least take vengeance on the wicked for this innocent blood."

His nephew, 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 imprecating the vengeance of Heaven upon the murderers of her family. Her voice was overpowered 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 ere 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 Obeid'allah, 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 wounded. All the arms and furniture of Hosein and his family were taken as lawful spoils, although against the command of Amar.

Shammar dispatched one of his troopers to bear the head of Hosein to the emir Obeid'allah. 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 Obeid'allah, 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 those lips pressed by the sacred lips of the prophet!"

As Obeid'allah 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 Zeinab, sister of Hosein, and her 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, haughtily, "who hath 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 Zeinab, "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 youth just approaching manhood, and ordered him to be beheaded. The proud heart of Zeinab 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?" cried she to Obeid'allah; "and dost thou thirst for the blood of this 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 Zeinab. At length his better feelings prevailed, and the life of Ali was spared.

The head of Hosein was transmitted to the Caliph Yezid, at Damascus, in charge of the savage-hearted Shamar; and with it were sent Zeinab and her woman, and the youth 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 Shamar presented the head with the greetings of Obeid'allah, the Caliph shed tears, for he recalled the dying counsel of his father with respect to the son of Ali. "Oh Hosein!" ejaculated he, "hadst thou fallen into my hands thou wouldst not have been slain." Then giving vent to his indignation against the absent Obeid'allah, "The curse of God," exclaimed he, "be upon the son of Somyah!"*

He had been urged by one of his courtiers to kill Ali, and extinguish the whole generation of Hosein, but milder 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 Obeid'allah. In conversing with Zeinab, 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 Zeinab and the other females of the family of Hosein treated with proper 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 Moawyah came and kept them company, and joined with them in mourning for Hosein. Yezid 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. Yezid asked him one day jestingly, "Wilt thou fight with my son Khaled?" The urchin'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, Yezid furnished them abundantly with every comfort for the journey, and made arrangements under a caretaker officer, who treated them with due deference. When their journey was accomplished, Zeinab and Fatima, the young daughter of Hosein, could have presented their conductor with some of their jewels, but the

* A sneer at Obeid'allah's illegitimate descent from Somyah, the wife of a Greek slave.

worthy Syrian declined their offer. "Had I asked for reward," said he, "less than these jewels would have sufficed; but what I have done is 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, entitling him Shahed or Martyr, and Seyejed or Lord; and he and his lineal descendants for nine generations are enumerated 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 alter years on the spot where he fell, and was called in Arabic Mezbeh Hosein, The Sepulchre of Hosein. The Shiites or sectaries of Ali, relate divers prodigies as having signalized his martyrdom. The sun withdrew his light, the stars twinkled at noonday and died away; just each other, and the clouds rained showers of blood. A supernatural light beamed from the head 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 Sennites, who hold Ali and his race an abomination.

CHAPTER XLVII.

INSURRECTION OF ABDALLAH IBN ZOBEIR— DINA TAKEN AND SACKED—MECCA BESIEGED— —DEATH OF YEZID.

THE death of Hosein had removed one formidable rival of Yezid, but gave strength to the claims of another, who was scarcely less popular. This was Abdallah, the son of Zobeir; he was renowned for his devotion to the faith, beloved for the amenity of his manners, and of such adroitness that he soon managed to be proclaimed Caliph by the partisans of the house of Hosein, 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 harangues, with which, after his inauguration, he sought to sway the popular feelings. He called to mind the virtues of that grandson of the prophet, his pious watchings, fastings, and prayers; the perfidy of the people of Cufa, to whom he had fallen a victim; the lofty heroisms of the 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 politic eulogist. An Egyptian orator, famed for skill in divination, and who had studied the prophet Daniel, declared that Abdallah would live and die a king; and this opinion was powerfully in his favor among the superstitious Arabs, so that his party rapidly increased in numbers.

The Caliph Yezid, although almost all the princes 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 II. Hakem, then governor of Medina, directing him to put it 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 Abdallah, and his growing

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each in his turn was outwitted by the su
signacy of Abdallah, or overawed by the
discontent of the people.

rious negotiations took place between Yezid
these disaffected cities, and dispatches were
from the latter to Damaseus; but these only
deepened the schism in the Caliphate more threat
ing. The deputies brought back accounts of
absolute lile of Yezid, which shocked the
and abstemious Arabs of the sacred cities.
represented him as destitute of religion and
neglectful of the hours of worship; a
sensualist addicted to wine and banquet
in effeminate voluptuary, passing his time
in singing and dancing women, listening to
and loose minstrelsy, and surrounded by
and eunuchs.

the contempt and loathing caused by their rep
resentations were fomented by the partisans of
Abdallah Ibn Zobeir, and extended to the whole
of Ommiah, of which Yezid was a member.
The rebellion at length broke out in a manner
characteristic of the Arabs. During an assem
bly in the mosque of Medina, one of the conspir
ers threw his turban on the ground, exclaim
ing, "I cast off Yezid as I cast off this turban."
The seconded him with the exclamation, "I
cast Yezid as I cast off this shoe." Heaps of
turbans soon showed that the feeling
was unanimous.

the next move was to banish the house of Om
miah 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
the same race. Here they were closely besieged and
Yezid, imploring instant succor.

With difficulty Yezid could prevail upon
his generals to engage in so unpopular a
cause. Meslem Ibn Okbah, a stout-hearted but
old general, at length undertook it; but
suffered with contempt, that a thousand men
suffered themselves to be cooped up like
without fighting, scarce deserved assist

When the troops were about to depart, Yezid
went among them, his scimitar by his side,
and Arab bow across his shoulder, calling
on them to show their loyalty and courage.
Instructions to Meslem were to summon the
people of Medina, three days in succession, before
he made any assault; if it refused to surrender,
to assault, after taking it, give it up to three days'
siege. He charged him, however, to be careful
of the youth Ali, son of Hosein, who
was in the city, but had taken no part in the re

Meslem departed at the head of twelve thou
sand horse and five thousand foot. When he ar
rived before Medina he found a huge trench dig
around the city, and great preparations made
for defence. On three successive days he sum
moned it to surrender, and on each day received
refusal. On the fourth day he attacked it by
making his assault on the east side, that
besieged might be blinded by the rising sun.
He held out until most of its prime leaders
were slain; it would then have capitulated, but
the 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
sacking of the city; this done, he abandoned the
place for three days to his soldiery, and a scene
of slaughter, violence, and rapine ensued, too
horrible to be detailed. Those of the inhabitants
who survived the massacre were compelled to
submit as slaves and vassals of Yezid. The rigid
severity of old Meslem, which far surpassed his
orders, gained him the appellation of Musreph,
or The Extortionate. His memory has ever been
held in odium by the Moslems, for the outrages
which he permitted in this sacred city. This
capture of Medina took place at night, in the sixty
third year of the Hegira, and the year 682 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 Hozein Ibn Thamir. The
latter led his force up to the walls of Mecca, where
Abdallah Ibn Zobeir commanded in person. For
the space of forty days he besieged the city, bat
ttering the walls with engines brought from Syria.
In the course of the siege a part of the Caaba was
beaten down and the rest burnt. Some ascribe
the fire to the engines of the besiegers; others
affirm 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 com
municated to the veil which covered the edi
fice.

Mecca was reduced to extremity, and the in
habitants began to dread the fate of Medina, when
a swift messenger brought to Abdallah Ibn Zobeir
the joyful tidings of the death of Yezid. He im
mediately 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.

Hozein now held a conference 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, which
were some of the leading men of Syria. Abdal
lah, for once, was too cautious for his own good.
He shrank from trusting himself with Hozein 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 Hozein and his host departed
on the march homeward; and the late be
leaguered family of Ommiah 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. 683, 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 sacking of Medina, the burial
place of the prophet; for the latter had predicted,
"Whoever injureth Medina, shall melt away even
as salt melteth in water." The Persian writers also,
sectarians of Ali, hold the memory of Yezid in ab
horrence, charging him with the deaths of
Hassan and Hosein, and accompany his name
with the imprecation, "May he be accursed of
God!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

INAUGURATION OF MOAWYAH II., EIGHTH CALIPH—HIS ABDICATION AND DEATH—MERWÂN IBN HAKEM AND ABDALLAH IBN ZOBEIR, RIVAL CALIPHS—CIVIL WARS IN SYRIA.

ON the death of Yezid, his son, Moawyah II., was proclaimed at Damascus, being the third Caliph of the house of Ommiah. 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 Almeksus, of the sect of the Kadarii, who maintain the free-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 his health obliged him to shun daylight, and keep in darkened rooms; whence the Arabs, in their propensity to bynames, gave him the derisive appellation of Abuleilah, "Father of the Night."

He abdicated at the end of six months, alleging his incompetency. The Ommiades were indignant at his conduct; they attributed it, and probably with reason, to the counsels of the sage Omar Almeksus, 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 sceptre from the hands of a better man; his father Yezid 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 dictates of the sage Omar Almeksus.

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, some say, by the plague, others by poison. His own diseased frame and morbid temperament, however, account sufficiently for his dissolution.

The election of a Caliph again distracted the Moslem empire. The leading men at Damascus determined upon Merwân Ibn Hakem, of the family of Ommiah, and once the secretary of state of Othman, who had so craftily 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 Yezid, as yet a minor. Merwân, 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 arose in Obeid'allah Ibn Ziyad, the emir of Bassora, the same who had caused the massacre of Hosein. He harangued an assemblage 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 itself in independence, 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 pointed. The assembly was convinced by reasoning, and urged him to accept the appointment. He declined it repeatedly, with grace, but was at length prevailed upon; and leaders gave him their hands, promising alliance 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 act of allegiance in tumultuous opposition to the man who had so recently honored, and Obeid'allah was to disguise himself in female attire, and take refuge in the house of an adherent. During his sway, however, he had secured an immense amount of gold from the public treasury, which he now shared among his partisans, and distributed by handfuls among the multitude; though he squandered in this way above two hundred thousand pieces of gold upon the people, and raised a few transient tumults in his favor, was ultimately obliged to fly for his life, and effects were pillaged by the rabble. So far with the temporary tyrant who smote the head of the virtuous Hosein.

He fled by night at the head of only a handful of men; after a time weariness compelled him to exchange the camel on which he was mounted for an ass. In this humble plight, with drooping head, and legs dangling to the ground, found the imperious Obeid'allah, who, but the day before, was governor of Babylonia, and aspired to the throne of the Caliphs. One of his attendants, noticing his dejection, and hearing him mutter himself, supposed him smitten with contrition, and upbraiding himself with having incurred these calamities, as a judgment for the death of Hosein; he ventured to suggest his thoughts to offer consolation; but Obeid'allah quickly perceived him know that his only repentance and self-protection were for not having attacked the Bakharians, and struck off their heads at the outbreak of their revolt. Obeid'allah effected his escape into Syria, and arrived at Damascus at a time to take an active part in the election of Merwân to the Caliphate; in the mean time he had declared its allegiance to Abdallah Ibn Zobeir.

The claims of Merwân to the Caliphate were well known in Syria alone, but Syria, it undervalued, was an empire in itself. It was divided, however, into two powerful factions, headed by Dehac Ibn Khaled, late governor of Cufa, disputed the pretensions of Merwân, and declared for Abdallah. He appeared in arms in the plain near Damascus, and Merwân took the field against them in person. A great and sanguinary battle took place; and a fourscore of the flower of Syrian nobility slain, and an immense number of their adherents. Victory declared for Merwân. He called off his soldiers from the pursuit, reminding them that the fugitives were their brethren.

When the head of Dehac was brought to him, he turned from it with sorrow. "Alas," exclaimed he, "that an old and worn-out man like me should occasion the young and vigorous to be cut to pieces!"

His troops hailed him as Caliph beyond all dispute, and bore him back in triumph to Damascus. He took up his abode in the palace of predecessors Moawyah and Yezid; but now he had a harder part of his task. It had been supposed that at his death Khaled the son of Yezid should

a Caliph be unanimously elected him to accept the appointment it repeatedly, with length prevailed upon; and their hands, promising a provisional chief, until a Caliph elected. His authority, short duration. The people experienced his tyranny as soon as his election as protection upon the feeble Bassorah their late act of allegiance opposition to the man, and Obeid'allah was in female attire, and taken of an adherent. During the had secured an income from the public treasury, among his partisans, and in this way above two thousand of gold upon the popular tumults in his land, and to fly for his life, and by the rabble. So far, a tyrant who smote the Husein.

at the head of only a hundred, the weariness compelled him on which he was mounted in humble plight, with drooping to the ground, journeyed Obeid'allah, who, but the day of Babylonia, and aspired Caliphs. One of his attendants, and hearing him mutter him smitten with contrition himself with having incurred a judgment for the death of suggest his thoughts; but Obeid'allah quickly only repentance and self having attacked the soldiers off their heads at the revolt. Obeid'allah effected and arrived at Damascus part in the election of at; in the mean time Bassorah to Abdallah Ibn Zobeir Merwan to the Caliphate were alone, but Syria, it undid itself. It was divided, however, headed by Dehaq Ibn Cufa, disputed the pretensions declared for Abdallah. In the plain near Damascus, a battle took place; the flower of Syrian nobility, a large number of their adherents Merwan. He called on pursuit, reminding them of their brethren.

Dehaq was brought to him sorrow. "Alas!" exclaimed worn-out man like my young and vigorous to be

him as Caliph beyond all back in triumph to Damascus abode in the palace of Yah and Yezid; but now task. It had been stipulated the son of Yezid should

successor; it was now urged that he should the widow of Yezid, the mother of the and thus make himself his legitimate

Merwan would fain have evaded this, 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 bride, and set off with an army to put down the growing ascendancy of Abdallah in that region. He sent in advance Abdallah Saad, who acted with such promptness that while the Caliph was yet on the way he received tidings that the lieutenant of Abdallah had been driven from the province, and the Egyptians brought under subjection; whereupon Merwan turned his face again toward Damascus.

Intelligence now overtook him that an army under Abdallah, brother of Abdallah, was advancing toward Egypt. The old Caliph again faced about, and resumed his march in that direction, but he was anticipated by Amru, who routed him in a pitched battle, and completely established the sway of Merwan over Egypt. The Caliph now appointed his son Abd'alaziz to the government of that important country, and once returned to Damascus, whither he was soon followed by the victorious Amru.

CHAPTER XLIX.

STATE OF AFFAIRS IN KHORASSAN—CONSPIRACY AT CUFU—DEATH OF THE PENITENTS; THEIR CRIMES—DEATH OF THE CALIPH MERWAN.

In the present divided state of the Moslem empire the people of Khorassan remained neuter, waiting to acknowledge either Caliph. They appointed Salem, the son of Ziyad, to act as regent, and the unity of the Moslem government should be restored. He continued for a length of time in this position, maintaining the peace of the province and winning the hearts of the inhabitants by justice, equity, and moderation.

About this time there was a sudden awakening among the sect of Ali, in Babylonia. The people of Cufa, proverbially fickle and faithless, were seized with tardy remorse for the fate of Husein, which they were conscious of being the cause. Those who had not personally assisted in his murder formed an association to avenge his death. Above a hundred of the chief men of the party joined them; they took the name of The Penitents, to express their contrition for having been instrumental in the death of the martyr, and chose for their leader one of the veteran companions of the prophet, the venerable Solymán, who devoted his gray hairs to this vengeance.

The awakening spread far and wide; in a little time upward of sixteen thousand names were enrolled; a general appeal to arms was anticipated throughout the country, and the veteran Solymán called upon all true Moslems disposed to prosecute this "holy war," to assemble at a place called Kechaila. Before the appointed time, however, temporary remorse of the people of Cufa had cooled the enthusiasm for the memory of Husein had cooled throughout the province; in the mean time, jealous of the appointment of Solymán, had been at work, and when the veteran

came to the place of assemblage he found but an inconsiderable number prepared for action.

He now dispatched two horsemen to Cufa, who arrived there at the hour of the last evening prayer, galloped through the streets to the great mosque, rousing the Penitents with the war-cry of "Vengeance for Husein." The call was not lost on the real enthusiasts; a kind of madness seized upon many of the people, who thronged after the couriers, echoing the cry of vengeance. The cry penetrated into the depths of the houses. One man tore himself from the arms of a beautiful and tenderly beloved wife, and began to arm for battle. She asked him if he were mad. "No!" cried he, "but I hear the summons of the herald of God, and I fly to avenge the death of Husein." "And in whose protection do you leave our child?" "I commend him and thee to the protection of Allah!" So saying, he departed.

Another called for a lance and steed; told his daughter that he fled from crime to penitence; took a hurried leave of his family and galloped to the camp of Solymán.

Still, when the army of Penitents was mustered on the following day it did not exceed four thousand. Solymán flattered himself, however, that reinforcements, promised him from various quarters, would join him when on the march. He harangued his scanty host, roused their ardor, and marched them to the place of Husein's murder, where they passed a day and night in prayer and lamentation. They then resumed their march. Their intention was to depose both Caliphs, Merwan and Abdallah, to overthrow the family of Ommiah, and restore the throne to the house of Ali; but their first object was vengeance on Obeid'allah, the son of Ziyad, to whom they chiefly ascribed the murder of Husein. The aged Solymán led his little army of enthusiasts through Syria, continually disappointed of recruits, but unabated in their expectation of aid from Heaven, until they were encountered by Obeid'allah with an army of twenty thousand horsemen, and cut in pieces.

In the midst of these internal feuds and dissensions, a spark of the old Saracen spirit was aroused by the news of disastrous reverses in Northern Africa. We have recorded in a former chapter the heroic but disastrous end of Aelbah on the plains of Numidia, where he and his little army were massacred by a Berber host, led on by Aben Cahina. That Moorish chieftain, while flushed with victory, had been defeated by Zohair before the walls of Caerwan, and the spirits of the Moslems had once more revived; especially on the arrival of reinforcements sent by Abd'alaziz from Egypt. A sad reverse, however, again took place. A large force of imperialists, veteran and well armed soldiers from Constantinople, were landed on the African coast to take advantage of the domestic troubles of the Moslems, and drive them from their African possessions. Being joined by the light troops of Barbary, they attacked Zohair in open field. He fought long and desperately, but being deserted by the Egyptian reinforcements, and overpowered by numbers, was compelled to retreat to Barca, while the conquering foe marched on to Caerwan, captured that city, and made themselves masters of the surrounding country.

It was the tidings of this disastrous reverse, and of the loss of the great outpost of Moslem conquest in Northern Africa, that roused the Saracen spirit from its domestic feuds. Abd'al-malec, the eldest son of the Caliph Merwan, who

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 Caerwan. Having thus wiped out the recent disgraces, Abd'almâlec left Zobeir in command of that region, and returned covered with glory to sustain his aged father in the Caliphate at Damascus.

The latter days of Merwân 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 Yezid; he had since promised it to his nephew Amru, who had fought his battles and confirmed his power; in his latter days he caused his own son Abd'almâlec, 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, Merwân called the youth 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 Merwân. 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 65th year of the Hegira, A.D. 684, after a brief reign of not quite a year.

CHAPTER L.

INAUGURATION OF ABD'ALMÂLEC, THE ELEVENTH CALIPH—STORY OF AL MOKTÂR, THE AVENGER.

ON the death of Merwân, his son Abd'almâlec was inaugurated Caliph at Damascus, and acknowledged throughout Syria and Egypt, as well as in the newly-conquered parts of Africa. He was in the full vigor of life, being about 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 his successor, and ambition of sway had taken place of the military ardor 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 superstitious; 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 surnames, used to call him Rathol Hejer, that is to say, Sweat-Stone, equivalent to our vulgar epithet of skin-itch.

Abdallah Ibn Zobeir 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'almâlec determined to establish a rival place of pilgrimage within his own dominions. For this

purpose he chose the temple of Jerusalem, said to be the eyes of the Moslems, as connected with acts and revelations of Moses, of Jesus, and 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 steps upon which the Caliph Omar prayed on the surrender of that city. It was thus converted into a mosque, and the venerable and sanctified spot called Jacob's pillow, on which the patriarch Isaac lay, was presented for the kisses of pilgrims, in like manner as the stone of the Caaba.

There was at this time a general of bold and ferocious character, who played a sort of independent part in the troubles and commotions of the Moslem empire. He was the son of Obeidah, and was sometimes called Al Moktâr, from his native city Thayet, but won for him the more universal appellation of Al Moktâr the Avenger. The first notice we find of him is during the short reign of Hassan, the son of Merwân, being zealously devoted to the family of that Caliph. We next find him at Cuta, harboring and assisting Muslem, the emissary of Hosein, secretly fomenting the conspiracy in favor of the latter. When the emir Obeid'allah came to Cuta, he was told of the secret practices of Al Moktâr and questioned him on the subject. Receiving a delusive reply, he smote 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 massacre of Hosein. Intercessions were made in favor with the Caliph Yezid, who ordered his release. The emir executed the order, but gave Moktâr notice that if, after the expiration of ten days, he were found within his jurisdiction, his life should be forfeit.

Al Moktâr departed, uttering threats and imprecations. One of his friends who met him, inquired concerning the loss of his eye. "It is the act of that son of a wanton, Obeid'allah," 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. "May Allah forsake me," he would say, "if I do not kill as many in vengeance of the massacre, as were destroyed to avenge the blood of John, the son of Zacharias, on whom peace be!"

He now repaired to Mecca, and 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 Moktâr fought valiantly in defence of the sacred city while besieged; but when the siege was raised in consequence of the death of Yezid and Abdallah became generally acknowledged, he found the Caliph showing cold toward him, toward the constant purpose of his thoughts; left him therefore, and set out for Cuta, 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 Cuta he found his self-appointed office of avenger likely to be forestalled by the Persian Solymán, who was about to depart on a mad enterprise with his crazy Penitents. Calling together the sectaries of Ali, he produced credentials from Mahomet, the brother of Hosein, which gained for him their confidence, and then re-

the temple of Jerusalem, said Moslems, as connected with the names of Moses, of Jesus, and being surrounded by the tomb. He caused this sacred edifice to include within its walls the Caliph Omar prayed on the city. It was thus converted into a venerable and sanctified place, on which the patriarch's dream, was presented for the first time in like manner as the blood of the Caliph.

At this time a general of bold and daring spirit, who played a sort of part in the troubles and commotions of the empire. He was the son of a man sometimes called Al Thaqafi, but won for himself the appellation of Al Mokhtar. The first notice we find of him is in the reign of Hassan, the son of Umar, devoted to the family of that Caliph, and him at Cufa, harboring a conspiracy in favor of the emir Obeid'allah came to the secret practices of Al Mokhtar on the subject. Receiving the blow, he smote him over the face and struck out one of his eyes. He then lay until the morning.

Intercessions were made in his behalf by the Caliph Yazid, who ordered him to be executed the order, but gave him time, at if, after the expiration of the term within his jurisdiction, he was to be put to death.

He started, uttering threats and imprecations against his friends who met him, and the loss of his eye. "It is the will of a wanton, Obeid'allah," he said, "it may Allah confound me if I do not kill him in pieces." Blood revenge, however, became now his rule. "Allah forsake me," he would say, "if I do not kill as many in vengeance of those who were destroyed to avenge the blood of Zacharias, on whom the curse of God is pronounced."

He was sent to Mecca, and presented himself to the Caliph Ibn Zobeir, who had received him; but he would not take the oath of allegiance until the Caliph had declared his intention to avenge the murder of Hosein. "I will the affairs of Abdallah be at the head of his army take revenge."

He fought valiantly in defence of the city, besieged; but when the sequence of the death of Yazid became generally acknowledged, he was growing cold toward him, and set out for Cufa, visiting the way, haranguing the people on the death of Hosein, and his avenger.

Cufa he found his self-appointed leader, likely to be forestalled by the Caliph, who was about to depart on his way with his crazy Penitents. Caliphies of Ali, he produced credit, the brother of Hosein, and their confidence, and then re-

turned to them the rashness and futility of the proposed expedition; and to his opposition may be ascribed the diminished number of volunteers that responded to the call of Solymian.

While thus occupied he was arrested on a charge of plotting an insurrection with a view to the seizure of the province, and was thrown into the prison in which he had been confined by the Caliph. During his confinement he kept up correspondence with the sectaries of Ali by letters conveyed in the lining of a cap. On the arrival of the Caliph Merwan he was released from prison, and found himself head of the Alians, or sect of Ali, who even offered their adherence to him as Caliph, on condition that he would conform according to the Koran, and the Sonna or traditions, and would destroy the murderers of Hosein and his family.

Al Mokhtar entered heartily upon the latter part of his duties, and soon established his claim to the name of Avenger. The first on whom he wreaked his vengeance was the atrocious Shammar, who distinguished himself in the massacre of Hosein. Him he overcame and slew. The next was Abdallah, who cut off the head of Hosein and presented it to the emir Obeid'allah. Him he beheaded in his dwelling, and killed, and gave him to the flames. His next victim was Amar, the commander of the army that surrounded Hosein; with him he slew his son, and cut off their heads to Mahomet, the brother of Hosein. He then seized Adi Ibn Hathem, who carried the body of Hosein while the limbs were quivering with life. Him he handed over to some of the sect of Ali, who stripped him, and made 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 Mokhtar went on, reaching out the murderers of Hosein wherever they were to be found, and inflicting on them a speedy death.

He was named by the Alians, or sect of Ali, he now assumed a military sway in Cufa, and held, in a sovereign authority over Babylonia; he believed, that his situation was precarious; he was sent out of Syria, sent by Abd'almalec, was leaving him on one side; and Musab, brother of the Caliph Abdallah, was in great force at Cufa, menacing him on the other. He now resorted to stratagems to sustain his power, and to accomplish his great scheme of vengeance. He made overtures to Abdallah, offering to join with his forces. The wary Caliph suspected treachery, 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'almalec.

Al Mokhtar promptly sent off an officer, named Musab, with three thousand men, with orders to march into Medina. Abdallah, still wary and suspicious, dispatched a shrewd general, Abbas Ibn Ali, with a competent force to meet Serjabil, and to watch his intentions, and if he were convinced of his lurking treachery, to act accordingly. Serjabil and Serjabil encountered at the head of their troops on the highway to Medina. They had an amicable conference, in which Abbas did not discover sufficient proof of perfidy, and measures accordingly. Finding the likelihood of Serjabil almost furnished for lack of food, he killed a great number of fat sheep, and distributed them among the hungry troops. He then in a hurry and glad confusion immediately set out.

Some scattered themselves about the wood in search of fuel; some were cook-

ing, 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.

Al Mokhtar, finding 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 Mokhtar of his belief in the sincerity of his offers; but declining all appeal to arms, saying he was resolved to bear his lot with patience, and leave the event to God. As the messenger was departing, he gave him a parting word: "Bid Al Mokhtar fear God and abstain from shedding blood."

The pious resignation and passive life of Mahomet were 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 in Mecca did not fail to do honor to Mahomet Ibn Ali and his family. The secret messages of Al Mokhtar to Mahomet were likewise known. The Caliph 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 Mokhtar, 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 house of your 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 Mokhtar marshalled out seven hundred and fifty men, bold riders, hard fighters, well armed and fleetly mounted, arranged them in small troops to follow each other at considerable intervals, troop after troop like the waves of the sea; 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, whence 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 interceded, 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."

The Caliph, taken by surprise, lost all presence of mind. He knew the popularity of Mahomet

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 unmolested; Mahomet distributed among his friends and adherents a great sum of money, which had been sent to him by Al Moktâr, and then with his family departed in safety from Mecca.

Al Moktâr 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'almâlec, to recover that city, holding out to his troops a promise of three days' sack and pillage. Al Moktâr called on the inhabitants to take arms against their former tyrant and the murderer of Hosein. A body of troops sallied forth headed by Ibrahim, the son of Alashtar. To give a mysterious sanctity to the expedition, Al Moktâr caused a kind of throne covered with a veil to be placed on a mule, and led forth with the army; to be to them what the 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 all the people were to respond, "Amen!"

The army of Ibrahim encountered the host of Obeid'allah 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 Obeid'allah. The battle was fierce and bloody; the Syrian force, though greatly superior, was completely routed; Obeid'allah 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 thenceforward was regarded almost with idolatry.

Ibrahim caused the body of Obeid'allah to be burned to ashes, and sent his head to Al Moktâr. 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 gory head of Obeid'allah, even as he had been smitten.

Thus, says the royal and pious historian Abulfeda, did Allah make use of the deadly hate of Al Moktâr to punish Obeid'allah, the son of Ziyad, for the martyrdom of Hosein.

The triumph of Al Moktâr 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 charged with 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 Shebet, an enthusiast 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 his arrival, joined forces with him to attack Avenger in his seat of power.

Al Moktâr did not wait to be besieged, took the field with his accustomed daring, gave battle beneath the walls of his capital, was a bloody fight; the presence of the mysterious throne had its effect upon the superstitious minds of the Cufians, but Al Moktâr had been hateful from his tyranny, and many of the people were disaffected to him. His army routed; he retreated into the royal citadel of Cufa, and defended it bravely and skilfully, he received a mortal wound. Their chief killed, the garrison surrendered at discretion, Musab put every man to the sword, to the number of seven thousand.

Thus fell Al Moktâr Ibn Abu Obeidah, in sixty-seventh year, after having defeated the generals of three Caliphs, and by the sole use of his sword made himself the independent ruler of all Babylonia. He is said never to have done an enemy, to have persecuted with moderate 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 fifty thousand men, exclusive of those who were slain in his 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 — OMENS; THE EFFECT UPON ABD'ALMALEC — EXPLOITS OF MOHALLAB.

THE death of Al Moktâr 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, a comely person, engaging in manners, generous in spirit, and of consummate bravery, though not conversed in warfare. He had been an intimate friend of Abd'almâlec before the latter was Caliph, but he was brother to the rival Caliph, and connected by marriage with families in direct opposition to the house of Omimiah. Abd'almâlec, therefore, regarded him as a former foe, and, warned by the disasters of his army under Obeid'allah, resolved now to set out at the head of a second expedition in person, desirous of the invasion of Babylonia.

In setting forth on this enterprise he consulted the government of Damascus to his cousin, Amru Ibn Saad; he did this in consideration of the military skill of Amru, though secretly there was long nourished hate between them. The cause of this hatred shows the simplicity of Saracenic manners in those days. When boys, Abd'almâlec and Amru were often under the care of a common beldame of their family, who used to prepare meals, and produce quarrels between them in 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 fell into deadly jealousy and envy, as they became conquering generals; but the elevation of Amru

l with men and money; and forces with him to attack it of power.

not wait to be besieged, but his accustomed daring, with the walls of his capital; the presence of the musk effect upon the superstitious, but Al Moktâr had been tyrannical, and many of the fected to him. His army ted into the royal citadel it bravely and skilfully. tal wound. Their chief he surrendered at discretion, man to the sword, to the nam

Moktâr Ibn Abu Obeidâh, after having defeated the Caliph, and by the sole power himself the independent. He is said never to have to have persecuted with no were hostile to the family of Amru the massacre of those of nearly fifty thousand those who were slain in the title of the Avenger.

CHAPTER II.

IR TAKES POSSESSION OF BABYLONIA OF AMRU IBN SA'AD EXPEDITION OF ABD'ALMÂLEK—THE RESULT—OMAS; THE ABD'ALMÂLEK—EXPLOITS OF

Al Moktâr threw the province's strong capital, Cufa, into Ibn Zobeir, brother to the Caliph, was well calculated to win. He was in the flower of thirty-six years of age, came in manners, generous in spirit, brave, though not more. He had been an ally of Amalec before the latter was slain, brother to the rival Caliph, marriage with families in the house of Ommiah. He regarded him as a forerunner by the disasters of his army, resolved now to set out on an expedition in person, desig

Babylonia. On this enterprise he came from Damascus to his cousin Al Moktâr in consideration of the ruin, though secretly there was hate between them. The old shows the simplicity of the days. When boys, Al Moktâr is often under the care of a family, who used to prepare quarrels between them in their porquons. These childish quarrels and broils, and were rivals in their youth. In manhood they fought, and envy, as they became; but the elevation of Ab

to the Caliphat sank deep into the heart of Amru, as a flagrant wrong; the succession had been promised to him by his uncle, the Caliph Merwân, as a reward for having subjugated Egypt. As soon, therefore, as Abd'al-malec had departed from Damascus, Amru, not content with holding the government of the city, meditated the sovereignty of Syria, as his rightful inheritance.

Abd'al-malec heard of the usurpation while on his march, returned rapidly in his steps, and a conflict ensued between the forces of the cousins in the streets of Damascus. The men rushed between them; held up their children and implored the combatants to desist from unnatural warfare. Amru laid down his arms, and articles of reconciliation were drawn up between the cousins.

Abd'al-malec proved faithless to his engagements, getting Amru into his power by an artifice, he struck off his head, put to death the principal persons who had supported him in his usurpation, and banished his family. As the men were about to depart, he demanded of the son of Amru the written articles of pacification which he had exchanged with her husband. He replied that she had folded them up in his breast, to be at hand at the final day of retri

Abd'al-malec now resumed his march for Amru. He had sent agents before him to secure with the fidelity of the principal persons. At these, Ibrahim Ibn Alashtar, he had offered to make emir if he would serve his cause. A man, who was of incorruptible integrity, he sent the letter to Musab, warned him that similar attempts must have been made to sap the loyalty of other persons of importance, and advised him to use the scimitar freely, wherever he suspected disaffection; but Musab was too just and dignified to act thus upon mere suspicion. The men showed that Ibrahim understood the fickle and treacherous nature of the people of Irak.

Khalid took place on the margin of the desert, near Palmyra. It commenced with a gallant charge of cavalry, headed by Ibrahim Ibn Alashtar, which broke the ranks of the Syrians and made great havoc. Abd'al-malec came up as a reinforcement, and rallied his scattered troops. In making a second charge, however, he was slain, and now the perfidy of the Syrians became apparent. Musab's general of the wheeled round and spurred ignominiously from the field; others of the leaders refused to follow. Musab called loudly for Ibrahim; but he lay lifeless on the ground. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "there is no Ibrahim for me this

daying to his son Isa, a mere stripling, yet he had fought with manly valor by his side. "My son," cried he; "fly to thy uncle Abd'al-malec at Mecca; tell him of my fate, and of the fate of the men of Irak." Isa, who inherited the adventurous spirit of the family of Zobeir, refused to leave his father. "Let us retreat," said he to Bassora, where you will find friends, and may thence make good your return to Mecca." "My son!" replied Musab, "never shall I be said among the men of Koreish, that I fled from a battle, or entered the temple of Mecca to be a vanquished general!"

During an interval of the battle, Abd'al-malec offered Musab an offer of his life. His reply was, "I will come to conquer or to die. The conflict shall have 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'al-malec 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 Babylonia and Persian Irak. He distributed great sums of money to win the light affections of the populace, and gave a sumptuous banquet in the citadel to which all were welcome.

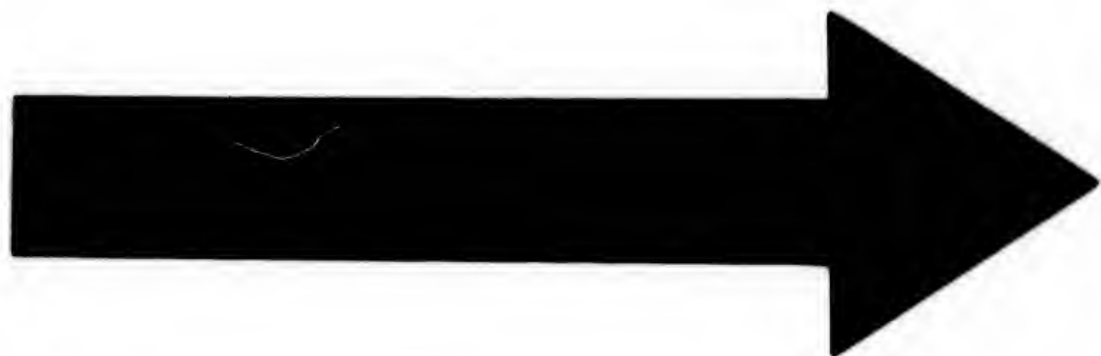
In the height of the banquet, when all was revelry, a thought passed through the mind of the Caliph, as to the transient duration of all human grandeur. "Alas!" he ejaculated, "how sweetly we might live, if a shadow would but last!" The same vein of melancholy continued when the banquet was over, and he walked about the castle with an old gray-headed inhabitant, listening to his account of its antiquities and traditions. Every reply of the old man to his questions about things or persons began with the words, "This was—That was—He was."

"Alas!" sighed the Caliph, repeating a verse from an Arabian poet; "everything new soon runneth to decay, and of every one that is, it is soon said, He was!"

While thus conversing, the head of Musab was brought to him, and he ordered a thousand dinars of gold to the soldier who brought it, but he refused the reward. "I slew him," he said, "not for money, but to avenge a private wrong." The old chronicler of the castle now broke forth on the wonderful succession of events. "I am fourscore and ten years old," said he, "and have outlived many generations. In this very castle I have seen the head of Hosein presented to Obeid'allah, the son of Ziyad; then the head of Obeid'allah to Al Moktâr; then the head of Al Moktâr to Musab, and now that of Musab to yourself." The Caliph was superstitious, and the words of the old man sounded ominously as the presage of a brief career to himself. He determined that his own head should not meet with similar fate within that castle's walls, and gave orders to raze the noble citadel of Cufa to the foundation.

Abd'al-malec now appointed his brother Beshir Ibn Merwan to the government of Babylonia; and as he was extremely young, he gave him, as chief counsellor, or vizier, a veteran named Musa Ibn Nosseyr, who had long enjoyed the confidence of the family of Merwan, as had his father before him. It is said by some that his father Nosseyr was a liberated slave of the Caliph's brother Abd'al-alaziz, and employed by him in high functions. So great was the confidence of the Caliph in Musa that he intrusted him with all the military rolls of the province, and signified to him that in future the responsibility would rest upon him. On taking possession of his government, Beshir delivered his seal of office into the hands of Musa, and intrusted him with the entire management of affairs. This Musa, it will be found, rose afterward to great renown.

The Caliph also appointed Khaled Ibn Ab lallah to the command at Bassora, after which he returned to his capital of Damascus. The province of Babylonia, however, was not destined to remain long at peace. There was at this time a powerful Moslem sect in Persia, a branch of the Motalazites, called Azarakites from the name of their founder Ibn Al Azarak, but known also by the name of Separatists. They were enemies of



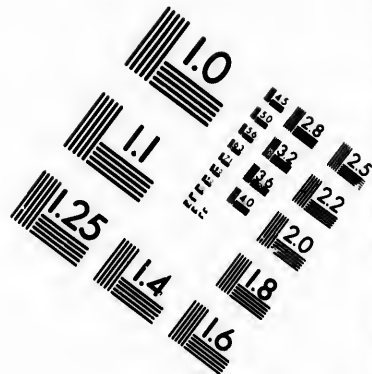
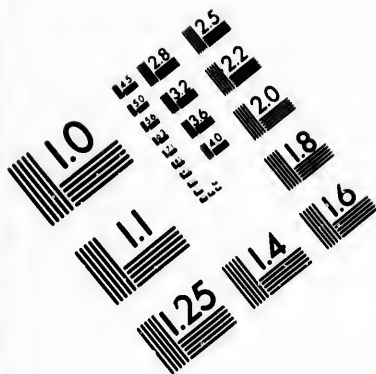
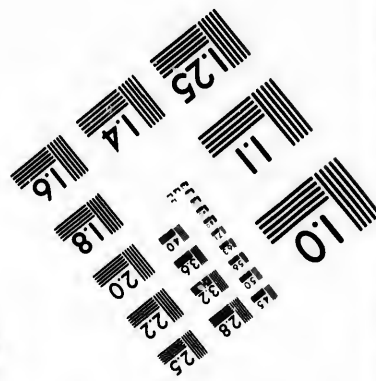
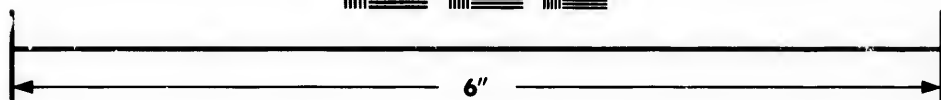
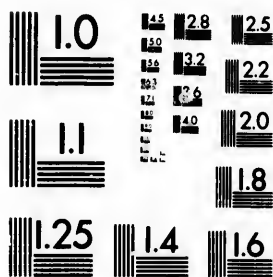


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all regular government, and fomenters of sedition and rebellion. During the sway of the unfortunate Musab they had given him great trouble by insurrections in various parts of the country, accompanied by atrocious cruelties. They had been kept in check, 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 invasion and 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'almalec. 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'alaziz. 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'alaziz 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 dinars; until a furious zealot, indignant that her beauty should cause dissension among them, struck off her head.

The Caliph Abd'almalec 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 Mohalleb, a man of penetrating judgment, and hardened in war, and given it to Abd'alaziz, "a mere Arab of Mecca." He ordered him, therefore, to replace Mohalleb forthwith, and wrote also to his brother Beshar, emir of Babylonia, to send the general reinforcements.

Once more Mohalleb proved his generalship by defeating the Azrakites in a signal and bloody battle near the city of Abwaz; nor did he suffer them to rally, but pursued them over the borders and into the heart of the mountains, until his troops lost almost all their horses, and returned crowned with victory, but wayworn 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'almalec, finding enemies enough among those of his own faith, had been fain to purchase a humiliating truce of the Christian potentate by an additional yearly tribute of fifty thousand ducats.

CHAPTER LI.

ABD'ALMALEC MAKES WAR UPON HIS RIVAL CALIPH IN MECCA—SIEGE OF THE SACRED CITY—DEATH OF ABDALLAH—DEMOLITION AND RECONSTRUCTION OF THE CAABA.

ABD'ALMALEC, by his recent victories, had made himself sovereign of all the eastern part of the

Moslem dominions; he had protected himself from the Christian emperor by a disgraceful augmentation of tribute; he now determined on a war against his rival, Abdallah, to the ruin of Mecca, and make himself sovereign of the divided empire.

The general chosen for this important enterprise was Al Hejagi, or Hejjage, Ibn Yusef, who rose to renown as one of the ablest and most eloquent men of that era. He set off for Damascus with but two thousand men, but was joined by Taric Ibn Amar with five thousand more. Abd'almalec had made proclamation beforehand, promising protection and toleration 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 watch 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 on the walls, carrying letters, in which the Muslims were assured that he came merely to release them from the tyranny of Abdallah, and were urged to accept the most favorable terms, and abscond a man who would fain die with the title of Caliph, though the ruins of Mecca should be his sepulchre.

The city was now assailed with battering-ram and catapults; breaches were made in the walls; the houses within were shattered by stones, or set on fire by flaming balls of pitch and naphtha.

A violent storm of thunder and lightning killed several of the besiegers, and brought them to pause. "Allah is wreaking 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. "Ye 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 Mahomet. During the early part of the siege he resided chiefly in the Caaba; that sacred edifice therefore became an object of attack; a part of it was battered down by stones, and it was set on fire repeatedly by the balls of naphtha. He then abandoned it, and retired to his own dwelling. He was sustained throughout all this time of peril by the presence and counsels of his wife, a woman of masculine spirit, and containing, though ninety years of age, she was the daughter of Abu Bekker, and proved herself faithful of her descent. She accompanied her son to the ramparts, caused refreshments to be distributed among the fighting men, was conscious of every emergency and present in every danger.

The siege continued with unrelenting storm; many of Abdallah's most devoted friends were killed; others became disheartened, nearly a thousand of the inhabitants deserted to the enemy, even two of the Caliph's sons, Hamza and Khaled, forsook him, and made terms for themselves with the besiegers.

In this forlorn state, his means of defence almost exhausted, and those who ought to have been most faithful deserting him, Abdallah was

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dition of surrender.

He turned to his aged mother for advice.
"Judge for yourself, my son," said the resolute
descendant of Abu Bekker. "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 Om-
iyyah. How much better an honorable death
than a dishonored life for the brief term you have
yet to live."

The Caliph kissed her venerable forehead.
"The thoughts are my own," said he, "nor has
any other motive than zeal for God induced me
thus far to persevere. From this moment, con-
sider the son as dead, and refrain from immoder-
ate 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
glided under the outer garments of Abdallah, and
told him to put it off, as unsuited to a martyr pre-
pared to die. "I have worn it," replied he,
"but I might be the better able to defend thee,
my mother." He added that he had little fear of
death, but a horror of the insults and exposures
to which his body might be subjected after death.

"A sheep once killed, my son, feels not the flay-
ing." With these words she gave him, to rouse
his spirits, a cordial draught in which was a
strong infusion of musk, and Abdallah went forth
a devoted martyr.

Thus sadly the veteran Caliph struck ter-
rified astonishment into the enemy. At the
head of a hundred troops he repulsed them from
the breach, drove them into the ditch, and slew
an incredible number with his own hand; others,
however, thronged up in their place; he fought
and his followers were slain, his arrows ex-
hausted, and he had no weapon but sword and
dagger. He now retreated, step by step, with his
back to the foe, disputing every inch of ground,
till he arrived in a narrow place where he could
not be issued in front. Here he made his last
stand. His opponents, not daring to come within
reach of his weapons, assailed him from a dis-
tance with darts and arrows, and when these
missives were expended, with bricks and tiles and
stones. A blow on the head from a stone made
him stagger, and the blood streamed down his face
and hair. His assailants gave a shout; but
he covered himself and uttered a verse of a
poet: "The blood of our wounds falls on our in-
famous on our heels," implying that he had not
turned his back upon the foe. At length he sank
under his wounds and bruises, and the enemy
clung upon him cut off his head. Thus died
Abdallah, the son of Zobeir, in the seventy-third
year of his age, and the seventy-second year
of his own age, after a stormy and disastrous reign
of twenty years.

The Ibn Amar, struck with admiration of his
personal 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'almalec,
when the speech was reported to him, concurred in
the praise of his fallen rival. "By Allah!" ex-
claimed he, "what Taric 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
thirty 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 miserly, inasmuch that he wore the
same garment for several years. It was a saying
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 fast corrupting
the chivalrous spirit of the Arab conquerors. He
was equally renowned for piety, being according
to tradition so fixed and immovable in prayer that
a pigeon once perched upon his head mistaking
him for a statue.

With the death of Abdallah ended the rival Cal-
iphate, and the conquering general received the
oaths of allegiance of the Arabs for Abd'almalec.
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, some-
times 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 re-
construction of the dilapidated Caaba on the origi-
nal 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'almalec, sole sovereign of the Moslem em-
pire, 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, might make him a dangerous
rebel; Abd'almalec, 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 de-
ceased Caliph, to intimate the fate he might ex-
pect should he prove refractory.

The emir, instead of being intimidated, was filled
with horror, and swore never to acknowledge
Abd'almalec as Commander of the Faithful. He
reverently washed and embalmed the head, folded
it 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'almalec in his presence, and dis-
missed 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 re-
peated 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 Be-
sher; 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 in-
habitants 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 satrap, and Syria by an imperial prefect, 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 Ommiah, Irak had espoused the cause of Ali. Even since the reunion and integrity of the Caliphate, 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 LIII.

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 Cuta at the head of four thousand horse, he spurred on to the mosque, alighted at the portal, 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 turbaned 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 came prepared to exercise the utmost severity, was the veteran Musa Ibn Nosseyr, who had officiated as prime minister to the deceased emir Easher. 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 on thy person and inflict on thee the most severe punishment; so away! away! thy safety depends on the fleetness of thy horse. If thou succeed in placing thyself under the protection of Abd'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 received with protecting kindness the veteran adherent of the family, and accompanied him before the Caliph. "How darest thou show thy beard here?" exclaimed Abd'al-malec. "Why should I hide it?" replied the veteran; "what have I done to offend the Com-

mander of the Faithful?" "Thou hast disobeyed my orders, and squandered my treasures." "I did no such thing," replied Musa, trembling. "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 defalcation good fifty times over!" The veteran was about to make an angry reply, but at 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; when, however, Abd'alaziz enabled him to pay, and on his return to his government in Egypt took his favorite with him. How his further advancement Musa for his maltreatment will be shown hereafter."

To resume the affairs of Al Hejagi in Irak. Having exercised the rod of government in Cuta, he proceeded to Bassora, 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 promptly in the field; defeated the rebels in a pitched battle, set the heads of eighteen of their leaders to the Caliph, and then returned to the administration of affairs at Bassora. He afterward sent one of his lieutenants to suppress a new movement among the Avarakite sectaries, who were defeated and driven out of the province.

In the 70th year of the Hejra a conspiracy was formed against the life of Abd'al-malec. It was Karigite fanatics, named Shebb Ibn Zia and Saleh Ibn Mari. Their conspiracy was discovered and defeated, but they made their escape and repaired to the town of Daras, in Mesopotamia, where they managed to get together a number of the number of one hundred and twenty men. Saleh was smooth-tongued and suave, having a melodious voice and a great command of figurative language. He completely fascinated and bewildered his companion Shebb, and recruited followers, mingling his effusive harangues with pious precepts and expositions of the Koran. In the end he was named Commander of the Faithful by the motley crew, and easily accepted the office. His men were armed, but most of them were on foot, better armed than to a neighboring village, where they stood upon the best horses in the name of Allah, the prophet, to whom they referred the matter for payment.

Mahomet, brother of Abd'al-malec, was at that time emir of Mesopotamia, and was in laughter when he heard of this new band of his handful of rabble followers, and ordered Adi, one of his officers, to take five hundred men and sweep them from the province.

Adi shook his head doubtfully. "You made man," said he, "is more dangerous than his soldiers in their senses."

"Take one thousand then," said the emir, and with that number, well armed and well equipped, set out in quest of the fanatics. He was followed by his pseudo Caliph living in free quarters in the lat of the land, and daily receiving presents in straggling parties of two, and 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 full confidence that 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

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Aliph as well as sectarian, admonished Adi and
men to conform to his doctrines, and come
to his allegiance. The conference ended while
was yet the morning hour. Adi still forbore
to attack such a handful of misguided men, and
will delay for his forbearance. At noontide,
when he and his men were engaged in the cus-
tomary prayer, and their steeds were feeding,
the fanatic band charged suddenly upon them
with the cry of Allah Achbar! Adi was slain in
his own tent, and his body was trampled under foot;
his troops were slaughtered or dispersed, and his
camp and horses, with a good supply of arms, be-
came booty to the victors.

The number of sectarians increased in numbers
and in daring after this signal exploit. Al Hej-
agi sent two thousand veteran troops against
him under Al Hareth Alamdani. These came
upon the two leaders, Saleh and Shebib, who
were a party of only ninety men, at a village
not far from Mosul, the capital of
Mesopotamia. The fanatic chiefs attacked the
troops with a kind of frantic courage, but Saleh,
the mock Caliph, was instantly killed, with a
great number of his followers. Shebib was struck from
his horse, but managed to keep together the remain-
der of his party; made good his retreat with
him to Montbagi, a dismantled fortress, and
secured the ponderous gate.

The victors kindled a great fire against the
gate, and waited patiently until it should burn
down, and bring their prey secure.

At length advanced, Shebib, who from his
watch-tower watched anxiously for some
sign of escape, perceived, by the light of the
fire, that the greater part of the besiegers, fati-
gued in their march, were buried in deep sleep,
and, exhorting from his men an oath of implicit
obedience which they took between his hands,
he ordered them to steep most of their clothing
in a tank of water within the castle, after
which, drawing the bolts of the flaming
gate, they threw it down on the fire kindled
against it, hanging their wet garments on the burn-
ing beams. The soldiers suddenly formed, and rushed
on with their hands.

Contenting themselves with an es-
cape, the zealous charged into the very
heart of the sleeping camp and wounded the gen-
eral before an alarm was given. The soldiers
awakened in the midst of havoc and confusion,
finding themselves surprised by a num-
ber of whom they fled in all directions, never
stopping until they had taken refuge in
a walled city, or some other walled city.

Shebib rushed himself amid the abundance
of the sleeping camp; scarce any of his men
escaped, and wounded in this midnight
attack. He considered himself therefore invin-
cible, and named himself Commander of the
Faithful, and put himself at the head of his
followers.

With his numbers, he led his fanatic horde
to Cula, and had the address and good fortune
to make himself master of it, Al Hejjagi, the
Caliph, was present at Bassora. He was soon
afterwards by his wife Gazala; established himself as
a ruler, and some ceremonial, and doubtless his
policy was more acceptable to the peo-
ple of Cula than the iron rule of Al Hejjagi.

The mock Caliph, however, was of brief dura-
tion. Al Hejjagi, reinforced by troops from Syria,
came in person against Cula. He was boldly
met on the plains near that city by Shebib, at the
head of four 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 force inconsiderable in
numbers, but formidable for enthusiasm and desper-
ate valor. He was encountered at the bridge of
Dojail al Awaz. Here a sudden and unexpected
end was put to his fanatic career. His horse
struck his fore feet on some loose stones on the
margin of the bridge, and threw his rider into the
stream. He rose twice to the surface, and each
time uttered a pious ejaculation. "What God
decrees is just!" was the first exclamation.
"The will of God be done!" was the second, and
the waters closed over him. His followers cried
with loud lamentations, "The Commander of the
Faithful is no more!" and every man betook him-
self to flight. The water was dragged with a net,
the body was found and decapitated, and the
head sent to Al Hejjagi, who transmitted it to the
Caliph. The heart of this enthusiast was also
taken out of his breast, and is said to have been
as hard as stone. He was assuredly a man of ex-
traordinary daring.

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 Yezid Ibn Naim for his harem.
Just before she gave birth to Shebib, she had a
dream that a coal of fire proceeded from her, and,
after kindling a flame over the infant, 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 war-
rior, but would eventually be drowned. So strong
was her belief in this omen, that when she heard,
on one occasion, of his defeat and of his alleged
death on the battle-field, 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 Hejjagi was destined to have still
farther commotions in his turbulent and inconst-
ant province. A violent feud existed between
him and Abdalrahman Ibn Mohammed, a general
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. Abdalrahman set out on his
march, but when fairly in the field, with a force
at his command, conceived a project either of re-
venge or ambition.

Addressing his soldiers in a spirited harangue,
he told them that their numbers were totally inad-
equate to the enterprise; that the object of Al
Hejjagi in sending him on such a dangerous ser-
vice 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 Abdalrahman and ven-
geance upon the emir. Without giving their pas-
sion time to cool, he led them back to put their
threats in execution. Al Hejjagi heard of the
treason, and took the field to meet them, but
probably was not well seconded by the people of
Babylonia, for he was defeated in a pitched bat-
tle. Abdalrahman then marched to the city of
Bassora; the inhabitants welcomed him as their
deliverer from a tyrant, and, captivated by his
humane and engaging manners, hailed him as
Caliph. Intoxicated by his success, he gravely
assumed the title, and proceeded toward Cula,

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 any change that released them from the yoke of Al Hejagi.

Abd'rahman 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, for he soon had on foot 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'al-malec, received reinforcements from the Caliph, and by dint of indetigable 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 his superior military skill, and he succeeded. By an artful manœuvre he cut off Abd'rahman, 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 Wazab, or the Centre, from its lying at equal distance from Cula, Bassora, Bagdad, and I Ahwâ, 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 battle, and that, at the time of his death, he left fifty thousand confined in different prisons. Can we wonder that he was detested as a tyrant?

In his last illness, say the Arabian 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 infallible. "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 relieved 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 he asked him to drink. The Arab bade him, rudely, to get and help himself. It was during the retreat of Abd'rahman. After he had slaked his thirst, he demanded of the Arab whether he was for the Caliph Abd'al-malec. The Arab replied, "No, but the Caliph had sent the worst man in the world to govern the province." Just then a bird passed overhead, uttered a croaking note. The Arab turned a quick eye upon the emir. "Who art thou?" cried he, with consternation. "Whatfore the question?" "Because I understand the language of birds, and he says that thou art chief of yon 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, he meat set before him, and the camel-driver, before he complied, the Arab uttered a groan. "Alas, that the end of this meal may be as hasty as its beginning."

The emir inquired if he recollected their conversation of yesterday. "Perchance! but I cannot thee to forget it, for it was a secret which should be buried in oblivion."

"Here are two conditions for thy liberty," said the emir; "recant what thou hast said, and come into my service, or abide the decision of the Caliph, to whom thy treasonable speech shall be repeated." "There is a third course," replied the Arab, "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 rebellious and faithless people of Cula became submissive and obedient. Abulraghass, a great general died of eating dirt. It appears that he was subject to dyspepsia or indigestion, for which he used to eat Terra Lemnia and other small absorbent earths. Whether he felt it to be a malady or the medicine is not clearly ascertained.

CHAPTER LIV.

RENUNCIATION OF TRIBUTE TO THE EMPEROR—BATTLES IN NORTHERN AFRICA; THE PROPHET QUEEN CAHINA; HER ACCOMPLISHMENTS 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'al-malec now looked abroad, and was anxious to revive the foreign glories of Islam, which he declined during the late vicissitudes. His first movement was to throw off the yoking tribute to the Greek emperor. This, under Moawia, he originally been three thousand dinars of gold, but had been augmented to three hundred and sixty-five thousand, being one thousand for every year in the Christian year. It was accompanied by three hundred and sixty-five female slaves, and

The Moslems, as Cahina predicted, returned with augmented forces ; but when she took the field to oppose them, the ranks of her 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. Those who captured her spared her life, because she was a woman and a queen. When brought into the presence of Hossan she maintained her haughty and fierce demeanor. He proposed the usual conditions, of conversion or tribute. She refused both with scorn, and fell a victim to her patriotism and religious constancy, being beheaded in presence of the emir.

Hossán Ibn An-no'mán 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 Calima. He was received with great distinction, loaded with honors, and the government of Barca was added to his military command.

This last honor proved fatal to Hossán. Abd'alaziz Ibn Merwán, 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 Hossán 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 Hossán produced the mandate of the Caliph. Finding it correct, Abd'alaziz urged him to resign the office. "Violence only," said Hossán, "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 Hossán of his command, he despoiled him of all his property, and carried his persecution 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 Calima reconciles us to the injustice wreaked upon himself.

CHAPTER LV.

MUSA IBN NOSSEYR MADE EMIR OF NORTHERN AFRICA: HIS CAMPAIGNS AGAINST THE BERBERS.

THE general appointed by the Caliph's brother, Abd'alaziz Ibn Merwán, to the command in Northern Africa, was Musa Ibn Nosseyr, the same old adherent of the Merwán family that had been prime counsellor of the Caliph's brother Bisher, when emir of Irak, and had escaped by dint of hood from the clutches of Al Hejazi, 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 it may have been with some view to self-reimbursement that the Egyptian emir now took the somewhat bold step of giving him the place assigned to Hossán by Abd'almálee.

At the time of his appointment Musa was sixty years of age. He was still active and vigorous, of noble presence, and concealed his age by tinging 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 named Merwán, the family name of Abd'alaziz and the Caliph.

Musa joined the army at its muster on a simple language. "I am a poor soldier for yourselves," said he; "wherever I act, I only thank God, and endeavor to imitate him. When I am wrong, reprove me, that I may amend. We are all sinners and liable to err. It may be that any time a complaint to make, I will state it frankly, and it shall be attended to. I have orders from the emir Abd'alaziz to reward the 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 long as a star row fluttered into his bosom. Interpreting it as a good 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 Calima, victory is ours!"

It is evident that Musa understood the character and toils of his troops, to secure their favor by his munificence, and sustain them by his affability; always accosting them with kind words and cheerful looks; carefully avoiding the error of those reserved commanders, set up in the fancied dignity of station, who would, he said, "as if God had tied a knot in their throat, so that they could not utter a word."

"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 courageous, confiding in his good fortune, and endeavoring to do more than is expected of him. He should be doubly cautious after victory, rather than after defeat."

Musa found a part of Eastern Africa, during the present states of Tunis and Algiers, in complete confusion and insurrection. A tribe called Warkattid by name, scattered over the desert land between Zaghwan and Carthage. The Berbers had this advantage: if routed in the plain, they took refuge in the mountains, which ran parallel to the coast, forming part of the great chain of Atlas; in the fastnesses of these mountains they felt themselves secure. But they could be driven out of these they could not escape the boundless deserts of the interior at a distance to pursue.

The energy of Musa rose with the magnitude of his enterprise. "Take courage," he said to his troops. "God is on our side, and will enable us to cope with our enemies, to overcome their holds. By Allah! I'll carry the yoke of our haughty mountains, nor cease until we have seized upon their passes, surmounted their summits, and made ourselves masters 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 Merwán with troops in different directions, who attacked the enemy in their mountain-holds, and drove them beyond

* Northern Africa, extending from Egypt to the extremity of Mauritania, was subdivided into Eastern and Western Africa.

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gold for his share. This done, the fleet
to Africa.

Soon after the return of his ships, Musa re-
ceived news of the death of his patron Abd'alaziz,
which was followed soon after by tidings of the
triumph. On hearing of the death of
his patron, Musa immediately sent a messenger to
the new Caliph; to inform him of the
triumphs of his son Abdolola, and to
claim his share of the immense booty
which the Caliph was to secure his
successor in office as emir of Africa.

The malady which terminated in the death of
Abd'alaziz is supposed to have been the dropsy.
It was in its last stages with excessive
swelling, and was aggravated by the prohibition
of all fluids, so that any water should be given
to him should cause certain death. In the
last moments of his son Abdolola, and to
claim his share of the immense booty
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CHAPTER LVII.

THE CALIPH OF WALED, TWELFTH CALIPH—
REVIVAL OF THE ARTS UNDER HIS REIGN—
THE TASTE FOR ARCHITECTURE—ERECTION OF
MONUMENTS—CONQUESTS OF HIS GENERALS.

WALED, the eldest son of Abd'almalee, was
appointed 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 about thirty-eight years of age, and is
described as being tall and robust, with a swarthy
complexion, a face much pitted with the small-
pox, and a broad flat nose; in other respects,
and as far as his countenance, he is said to have
been of a good countenance. His habits were
moderate 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;
and a more genial home in the luxurious city
of Damascus than they had done in the holy cities

of Mecca or Medina. Foreign conquests had
brought the Arabs in contact with the Greeks and
the Persians. Intercourse with them, and resi-
dence in their cities, had gradually refined away
the gross habits of the desert; had awakened
thirst for the sciences, and a relish for the ele-
gancies of cultivated life. Little skilled in the
principles of government, accustomed in their na-
tive deserts to the patriarchal rule of separate
tribes, without any extended scheme of policy or
combined system of union, the Arabs, suddenly
masters of a vast and continually widening em-
pire, had to study the art of governing in the
political institutions of the countries they con-
quered. Persia, the best organized monarchy in
Asia, held out a model by which they were fain to
profit; 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 satraps or viceroys, the provincial depositaries
of the power of the Khosrus.

Since Moawyah had moved the seat of the Cal-
iph at 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 poorly
clad Arab chieftain with his veteran warriors and
gray-beard companions, seated on their mats 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 nothing had the Moslem conquerors showed
more ignorance of affairs than in financial mat-
ters. The vast spoils acquired in their conquests,
and the tribute and taxes imposed on subjugated
countries, had for a time been treated like the
chance booty caught up 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 grasp-
ing avarice, that avidity of spoil and treasure,
which were more and more destroying the original
singleness of purpose of the soldiers of Islam.

Moawyah was the first of the Caliphs who or-
dered that registers of tribute and taxes, as well
as of spoils, should be kept in the Islamite coun-
tries, in their respective languages; that is to say,
in the Greek language in Syria, and in the Per-
sian language in Irak; but Abd'almalee went
further, and ordered that they should all be kept
in Arabic. Nothing, however, could effectually
check the extortion and corruption which was pre-
vailing more and more in the administration of
the conquered provinces. Even the rude Arab
soldier, who in his desert would have been con-
tent with his tent of hair-cloth, now aspired to the
possession of fertile lands, or a residence amid
the voluptuous pleasures of the city.

Waled had grown up amid the refinements and
corruptions of the transplanted Caliphate. He was
more of a Greek and Persian than an Arab in his
tastes, and the very opposite of that primitive
Moslem, Omar, in most of his habits. On as-
suming the sovereign power he confirmed all the
emirs or governors of provinces, and also the
generals appointed by his father. On these he
devolved all measures of government and warlike
duties; for himself, he led a soft, luxurious life
amidst the delights of his harem. Yet, though
he had sixty-three wives, he does not appear to

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 time.

He caused the principal mosque at Cairo to be demolished, and one erected of greater majesty, the 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 bounds of the mosque at Medina 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 a magnificent 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 well 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 sects of Moslems which came in pilgrimage.

All these works were carried on under the supervision of his emirs, but the Caliph attended 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 superb 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 Christian owners a single dirhem 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 Waled 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 Waled lived indolently and voluptuously at Damascus, or occupied himself in erecting mosques, his generals extended his empire in various directions. Moslema Ibn Abd'almalec, 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 siege was fierce on both sides, for both sides were irritated by hunger, and the pestilence which could hold out no longer.

The duration of the siege was so long, that to send reinforcements to the poor, raw, undisciplined recruits, who were the hungry Moslems, their commanders, and their provisions greedily devoured. These reinforcements rendered the siege more desperate, and the pressure of a capitulation, the besieged not being able to sustain themselves, the besiegers were nearly as poor as themselves. Moslema is reproached by some writers of having violated the promise of a capitulation; many of the inhabitants were taken into the deserts, and many of the women taken for slaves. In a subsequent campaign Moslema made a successful incursion into Armenia, a great part of which he brought under his power; he took the city of Amasia, after a long and bloody siege. He afterward made a victorious campaign into Galatia, ravaging the whole country, and bearing away rich spoils and numerous captives.

While Moslema was thus bringing Armenia into subjection, his son Khatiba, a youth of great bravery, was no less successful in extending the empire of the faith toward the East. Appointed to the government of Khorassan, he contented himself with attending to the affairs of his own province, but crossing the Oxus, he defeated the provinces of Turkistan, defeated a great army of Turks and Tartars, by whom he had been beleaguered and reduced to great straits, and took the capital city of Bokhara, with no less success in the interior note.

He defeated also Magourek, the King of the ism, and drove him to take refuge in the city of Samarcand. This city, formerly a capital of the empire, was one of the chief marts of Asia for the wares imported from China, and lay across the desert of Gobi, as it was called, through the mountains of the Gobi, and those conveyed from India to Persia. It was, therefore, a great resort of caravans for caravans from all quarters. The country was renowned for its fertility, and ranked among the richest of the dens of Asia.

To this city Khatiba laid siege, and the inhabitants set him at defiance, being confident in the strength of their walls, and aware that they had no battering-rams, nor other engines necessary for the attack of fortified places. A close siege, however, reduced the garrison to great extremity, and finding that the city was preparing to carry the place, the garrison capitulated, agreeing to pay one hundred thousand dinars of gold and to surrender all their slaves.

Khatiba erected a magnificent seat of government, and officiated personally in promulgating the doctrines of Islam, which he soon superseded the religion of the Magians. Extensive victories were likewise achieved in India during the reign of Waled. A Mahomedan, Ibn Casem, a native of Thayet, one of his generals, who conquered the king-land of Sind, killed his sovereign in battle, and set his head on a pole; he 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 Hindoos.

CHAPTER LVIII.

OTHER TRIUMPHS OF MUSA IBN NOSSEYR—
SICILY, ENTERPRISES—DESCENTS IN SICILY,
SARDINIA, AND MALLOREA—INVASION OF TIN-
GIANIA—PROJECTS FOR THE INVASION OF
SPAN—CONCLUSION.

TURKEY to affairs in Africa. During the first years of the Caliphate of Waleed the naval armaments were fitted out by Musa in the ports of Eastern Africa, and he continued to scour the Mediterranean and devastate into its islands. One of them visited the island of Sicily in the eighty-first year of the Hegira, and attacked the city of Syracuse; but the object appears to have been more piratical, not to retain possession. Another voyage to the island of Sardinia, sacked its cities, and brought off a vast number of prisoners and immense booty. Among the captives were Christian women of great beauty, and highly prized in the Eastern harems. The command of the sea was minutely given by Musa to his son Abdo-Allah who added to his nautical reputation by a descent upon the island of Mallorea.

Waleed Adolola was rejoicing his father's heart in reports and triumphs on the sea, Abd'alaziz contributed no less to his pride and exultation by his achievements on land. Aided by this favorite son, Musa carried the terror of the Moslem arms to the western extremity of Mount Atlas, subduing Fer Duquella, Morocco, and Sus. The mount tribes of the Zenetes at length made peace, and entered into compact with him; from other tribes Musa took hostages, and by degrees the base of the Caliph was established throughout Western Annagreb to Cape Non on the Atlantic.

Musa was not a ferocious conqueror. The countries subdued by his arms became objects of his paternal care. He introduced law and order, he taught the natives in the doctrines of Islam, and even led the peaceful cultivators of the fields to the tents of the cities against the incursions of the robbers. In return they requited his protection by contributing their fruits and flocks to the support of the armies, and furnishing steeds for the use of speed and beauty.

He was, however, yet remained to be subjugated in the conquest of Northern Africa. The empire, the ancient Tingis, or Tingitana, the northern extremity of Annagreb. Here the coast of Africa protruded boldly to meet the continent of Europe; a narrow strait intervened the strait of Hercules, the gate of the Mediterranean Sea. Two rocky promontories appeared to guard it on each side, the far-famed pillars of Heracles. Two rock-built cities, Ceuta and Tangiers on the African coast, were the keys of the gulf, and controlled the neighboring seas. These had been held in ancient times by the Phoenician kings, who made this region their seat of power; but the keys had been wrested from their hands at various separated periods, first by the Vandals, and afterwards by the Goths, the conquerors of the western country of Spain; and the Gothic Spaniards held military possession for several generations.

Musa seems to have reserved this province for his African campaign. He stationed his son Merwan, with ten thousand men, in a fortified camp on the frontier, while Taric Ibn Zeyad, a veteran general scoured in many a battle, scoured

the country from the fountains or head waters of the river Moluya to the mountains of Aldaran. The province was bravely defended by a Gothic noble, Count Julian by name, but he was gradually driven to shut himself up in Ceuta. Meantime Tangiers yielded to the Moslem arms after an obstinate defence, and was strongly garrisoned by Arab and Egyptian troops, and the command given to Taric. An attempt was made to convert the Christian inhabitants to the faith of Islam; the Berber part easily conformed, but the Gothic persisted in unbelief, and rather than give up their religion, abandoned their abodes, and crossed over to Andaluz with the loss of all their property.

Musa now advanced upon Ceuta, into which Count Julian had drawn all his troops. He attempted to carry it by storm, but was gallantly repulsed, with the loss of many of his best troops. Repeated assaults were made with no better success; the city was situated on a promontory, and strongly fortified. Musa now laid waste the surrounding country, thinking to reduce the place by famine, but the proximity of Spain enabled the garrison to receive supplies and reinforcements across the straits.

Months were expended in this protracted and unavailing siege. According to some accounts Musa retired personally from the attempt, and returned to his seat of government at Caerwan, leaving the army and province in charge of his son Merwan and Taric in command of Tangiers.

And now occurred one of the most memorable pieces of treason in history. Count Julian, who had so nobly defended his post and checked the hitherto irresistible arms of Islam, all at once made secret offers, not merely to deliver up Ceuta to the Moslem commander, but to betray Andaluz itself into his hands. The country he represented as ripe for a revolt against Roderick, the Gothic king, who was considered a usurper; and he offered to accompany and aid the Moslems in a descent upon the coast, where he had numerous friends ready to flock to his standard.

Of the private wrongs received by Count Julian from his sovereign, which provoked him to this stupendous act of treason, we shall here say nothing. Musa was startled by his proposition. He had long cast a wistful eye at the mountains of Andaluz, brightening beyond the strait, but hitherto the conquest of Northern Africa had tasked all his means. Even now he feared to trust too readily to a man whose very proposition showed an utter want of faith. He determined, therefore, to dispatch Taric Ibn Zeyad on a reconnoitering expedition to coast the opposite shores, accompanied by Count Julian, and ascertain the truth of his representations.

Taric accordingly embarked with a few hundred men in four merchant vessels, crossed the straits under the guidance of Count Julian, who, on landing, dispatched emissaries to his friends and adherents, summoning them to a conference at Jesirah al Khadra, or the Green Island, now Algeziras. Here, in presence of Taric, they confirmed all that Julian had said of the rebellious disposition of the country, and of their own readiness to join the standard of an invader. A plundering cruise along the coast convinced Taric of the wealth of the country, and he returned to the African shores with ample spoils and female captives of great beauty.

A new career of conquest seemed thus opening upon Musa. His predecessor, Acbah, had spurred his steed into the waves of the Atlantic,

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; rivaling 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; Heglaz 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 fiercer tribes of Zab and Derar, Zaara, Mazamuda, and Sus; the standard of Islam floats triumphant on the walls of Tangiers; thence to the opposite coast of Andaluz 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 Andaluz.

We have thus accomplished our sole task. We have set forth, in simple and unadorned narrative, a certain portion of his 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 "covered the ancient quarters of the world." We have faded glories. We have shown the triumph 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 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 Magnesia; and now planting their standard on the pillars of 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 Moslems the strait of Hercules, and narrate the memorable conquest of Gothic Spain, is one of those uncertainties of mortal life and aspiration of literary zeal which beguile us with agreeable dreams, but too often end in disappointment.

THE END.

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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, is introductory to a selection from his writings; and, though the facts contained in it 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 minutest particulars of the poet's history with unwearied research and scrupulous fidelity; but when I considered them, as I thought, in a form too tedious 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, and likewise availing himself of the labors of the indefatigable Prior, and of a few new facts since evolved, has produced a biography of the poet, executed with a spirit, a feeling, a grace and a consequence, that leave nothing to be desired. Indeed it would have been presumption in me to undertake the subject after it had been so ably and so judiciously treated, did I not stand committed by my previous sketch. That sketch now appears too meagre and insufficient to satisfy the reader, and yet it had to take its place in the regular series of my works unless something more substantial could be substituted. Under these circumstances I have again taken up the subject, and come to it with more fulness than formerly, putting more of the facts which I considered essential to the life and character of the poet, and arranging them in as graphic a style as I could command. Still the hurried manner in which I have written this amidst the pressure of other claims for my attention, and with the press dogging at my heels, has prevented me from giving some of the subject the thorough handling I could have wished. Those who would like to see it more fully and more at large, with the addition of some disquisitions and the advantage of collateral facts would do well to refer themselves to the more circumstantial volumes, or to the elegant and discursive pages of Mr. Forster.

In my own part, I can only regret my shortcomings. 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' lo mio maestro, e 'l mio autore:
Tu se' solo colui, da cui, io tolsi
Lo bello stilo, che m' ha fatto onore.

W. I.

SUNNYSIDE, Aug. 1, 1849.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE—CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GOLDSMITH RACE—POETICAL BIRTHPLACE—GOBLIN HOUSE—SCENES OF BOYHOOD—TIN-SOY—PICTURE OF A COUNTRY PARSON—GOLDSMITH'S SCHOOLMISTRESS—BYRNE, THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER—GOLDSMITH'S HORNPIPE AND EPIGRAM—UNCLE CONTARINE—SCHOOL STUDIES AND SCHOOL SPORTS—MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

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 so 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

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 parti-colored story. Many of his most ludicrous scenes and ridiculous incidents have been drawn from his own blunders and mischances, and he seems really to have been buffeted into almost every maxim imparted by him for the instruction 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 seemed to be doing anything 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 race.

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, eked out by the produce of some fields which he farmed, 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 Lny. 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 untenanted, went to decay, the roof 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 furies battled stoutly to maintain possession. A huge misshapen hobgoblin used to bestride 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 all the work of the preceding day. The house was therefore left to its fate, and went to ruin.

Such 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 rectory of Kilkenny West; and, abandoning the old goblin mansion, he removed to Lissoy, 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 whence he drew many of those pictures, rural and domestic, whimsical and touch-

ing, which abound throughout his works, and which appeal so eloquently both to the fancy and the heart. Lissoy is confidently cited as the original of his "Auburn" in the "Deserted Village." His father's establishment, a mixture of farm and parsonage, furnished hints, it is said, for the rural economy of the Vicar of Wakefield, and father himself, with his learned, guileless wisdom, his amiable piety, and ignorance of the world, has been exquisitely portrayed in the worthy Dr. Primrose. Let us pause for a moment, and draw from Goldsmith's writings one or two of those pictures where, under feigned names, represent his father and Lissoy and the happy fireside of his childish days.

"My father," says the "Man in Black," "in some respects, is a counterpart of himself, my father, the younger son of a good family, was possessed of a small acreage and a church. His education was above his rank, and his generosity greater than his estate. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers; he courted himself; for every dinner he gave them they turned him an equivalent in praise; and thus all he wanted. The same ambition that actuated a monarch at the head of his army, influenced father at the head of his table: he hid these of the ivy-tree, and that was laughed at; he repeated the jest of the two scholars and men of breeches, and the company laughed at him; but the story of Tally in the sedan-chair was to set the table in a roar. Thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave; he loved all the world, and he fancied as the world loved him.

"As his fortune was but small, he had the very extent of it; he had no intention of making his children money, for that was lost; resolved they should have learning, for learning he used to observe, was better than silver. For this purpose he undertook to improve himself, and took as much care to form a mind as to improve our understanding. We were that universal benevolence was what is wanted in society; we were taught to consider the wants of mankind as our own, to regard *human face divine* with all eyes and hearts; wound us up to be mere machines, rendered us incapable of without the slightest impulse made either by real or false distress. In a word, we were perfectly initiated the art of giving away thousands of pounds, without the necessary qualifications of giving farthing."

In the "Deserted Village" we have a picture of his father and his father's rectory.

"His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relented their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast.
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd.
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow here,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and I should how he here

won,
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow.

And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began."

The family of the worthy parson consisted of five sons and three daughters. Henry, the eldest

ound throughout his works, and eloquently both to the fancy and to the understanding. His story is confidently and as the original "Deserted Village" establishment, a mixture of farm and city hints, it is said, for the Vicar of Wakefield, and with his learned friend, Mr. M., his amiable piety, and other world, has been exquisitely portrayed by Dr. Primrose, but the author and draw from Goldsmith's own experience of those pictures where, and represent his father and his own fireside of his childish days.

"The Man in Black," which is a counterpart of Goldsmith's father, the younger son of a goodly family, possessed of a small property, and education was above his rank, his industry greater than his talents, he had his flatterers, and at every dinner he gave them their equivalent in praise; and his own head of his army, and his head of his table; he told the story, and that was laughed at by the two scholars and the company, and the company laughed at the story of the sedan-chair passenger in a roar. This is the portion to the pleasure of every world, and he laughed at the world.

ture was but small, but he had of it; he had no intention of getting money, for that was not his should have learning, for learning was better than silver or gold; he undertook to instruct his pupils much care to learn, and his understanding was not to be overcome; we were taught to consider mankind as our own, to regard with affection and esteem; to be mere machines, and capable of withstanding the struggle either by trial or by force; and we were particularly instructed away thousands of the necessary qualifications of a good

ted Village we have a shepherd and his father's friend.

known to all the vagrant train, wanderers, and the rich and the poor, the beggar was his guest; descending, swept his age, a breast of thrift, now no longer proud, and there, and had his claims acknowledged, kindly bade to stay, and talk'd the night away, wounds, or tales of sorrow and of crutch, and I should have felt

is guests, the good man learned

at their vices in their way; merits or their faults to scan, ere charity began."

of the worthy pastor consisted of his daughters. Henry, the eldest

the good man's pride and hope, and he task of his slender means to the utmost in educating him for a learned and distinguished career. Oliver was the second son, and seven years younger than Henry, who was the guide and protector of his childhood, and to whom he was most tenderly attached throughout life.

Oliver's education began when he was about three years old; that is to say, he was gathered under the wings of one of those good old mother-figures, found in every village, who cluck together the whole callow brood of the neighborhood to teach them their letters and keep them out of harm's way. Mistress Elizabeth Delap, for that was her name, flourished in this capacity for upward of fifty years, and it was the pride and boast of her declining days, when nearly ninety years of age, that she was the first that had put a son (doubtless a hornhook) into Goldsmith's hands. Apparently he did not much profit by it, for he confessed he was one of the dumbest boys he had ever dealt with, inasmuch that she had sometimes doubted whether it was possible to make anything of him: a common case with imaginative children, who are apt to be beguiled from the dry abstractions of elementary study by the phantasies of the fancy.

At six years of age he passed into the hands of the village schoolmaster, one Thomas (or, as he was commonly and irreverently named, Paddy) Dune, a capital tutor for a poet. 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 quartermaster of a regiment in Spain. At the return of peace, having no longer exercise for the sword, he named the terule, and drilled the urchin populace of Lissoy. Goldsmith is supposed to have had him and his school in view in the following sketch in his *Deserted Village*:

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
Aman severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The fates' disasters in his morning face;
Till one day laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full of the base whisper circling round,
Came the dismal tidings when he frown'd:
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The son he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew,
That certain he could write and cipher too;
And he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge:
To gauge, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For, even though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics ranged around—
And still they gaz'd, 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 fond of talking of his vagabond wanderings in foreign lands, and had brought with him from the wars a world of campaigning stories, of which he was generally the hero, and which he would deal forth to his wondering scholars when brought to have been teaching them their lessons. These travellers' tales had a powerful effect upon the vivid imagination of Goldsmith, and awakened an unconquerable passion for wandering and seeking adventure.

Byrne was, moreover, of a romantic vein, and exceedingly superstitious. He was deeply versed in the fairy superstitions which abound in Ireland, all which he professed implicitly to believe. Under his tuition Goldsmith soon became almost as great a proficient in fairy lore. From this branch of good-for-nothing knowledge, his studies, by an easy transition, extended to the histories of robbers, pirates, smugglers, and the whole race of Irish rogues and rapparees. Everything, in short, that savored of romance, fable, and adventure was congenial to his poetic mind, and took instant root there; but the slow plants of useful knowledge were apt to be overrun, if not choked, by the weeds of his quick imagination.

Another trait of his motley preceptor, Byrne, was a disposition to dabble in poetry, and this likewise was caught by his pupil. Before he was eight years old Goldsmith had contracted a habit of scribbling verses on small scraps of paper, which, in a little while, he would throw into the fire. A few of these sybilline leaves, however, were rescued from the flames and conveyed to his mother. The good woman read them with a mother's delight, and saw at once that her son was a genius and a poet. From that time she beset her husband with solicitations to give the boy an education suitable to his talents. The worthy man was already straitened by the costs of instruction of his eldest son Henry, and had intended to bring his second son up to a trade; but the mother would listen to no such thing; as usual, her influence prevailed, and Oliver, instead of being instructed in some humble but cheerful and gainful handicraft, was devoted to poverty and the Muse.

A severe attack of the small-pox caused him to be taken from under the care of his story-telling preceptor, Byrne. His malady had nearly proved fatal, and his face remained pitted through life. On his recovery he was placed under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Griffin, schoolmaster of Elphin, in Roscommon, and became an inmate in the house of his uncle, John Goldsmith, Esq., of Ballyoughter, in that vicinity. He now entered upon studies of a higher order, but without making any uncommon progress. Still a careless, easy facility of disposition, an amusing eccentricity of manners, and a vein of quiet and peculiar humor, rendered him a general favorite, and a trilling incident soon induced his uncle's family to concur in his mother's opinion of his genius.

A number of young folks had assembled at his uncle's to dance. One of the company, named Cummings, played on the violin. In the course of the evening Oliver undertook a hornpipe. His short and clumsy figure, and his face pitted and discolored with the small-pox, rendered him a ludicrous figure in the eyes of the musician, who made merry at his expense, dubbing him his little Esop. Goldsmith was nettled by the jest, and, stopping short in the hornpipe, exclaimed,

"Our herald hath proclaimed this saying,
See Esop dancing, and his monkey playing."

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 the same advantages with his elder brother Henry, who had been sent to the University; and, as his father's circumstances would not afford 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 was now a widower, 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 continued to the last one of his most active, unwavering, and generous friends.

Fitted out in a great measure by this considerate 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 superintendence of the Rev. Patrick Hughes.

Even at these schools his proficiency 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 toward the Latin poets and historians; relished Ovid and Horace, and delighted in Livy. He exercised himself with pleasure in reading and translating Tacitus, and was brought to pay attention to style in his compositions by a reproof from his brother Henry, to whom he had written brief and confused letters, and who told him in reply, that if he had but little to say, to endeavor to say 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 temper was quick and sensitive, and easily offended; but his anger was momentary, and it was impossible for him to harbor resentment. He was the leader of all boyish sports and athletic amusements, especially ball-playing, and he was foremost in all mischievous pranks. Many years afterward, an old man, Jack Fitzimmons, one of the directors of the sports and keeper of the ball-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 Tirlicken, an old family residence of Lord Annaly. The exploit, however, had nearly involved disastrous consequences; for the crew of juvenile depredators were captured, like Shakespeare and his deer-stealing colleagues, and nothing but the respectability of Goldsmith's connections saved him from the punishment that would have awaited more plebeian delinquents.

An amusing incident is related as occurring in Goldsmith's last journey homeward from Edgeworthstown. 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 expenses. He was but a stripling of sixteen, and being thus suddenly mounted on 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 style. Accordingly instead of pushing direct 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. Unluckily the person he had accosted was one Kelly, a notorious wag, who was quartered in the family of one Mr. Featherstone, a gentleman of fortune. Amused with the self-consequence of the stripling, 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 mansion of Mr. Featherstone. Goldsmith accordingly 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 diffident and awkward in his manners, but here he was "at ease in his inn," and felt called upon to show manhood and enact the experienced traveller. 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 physical mistake, and, being a man of humor, determined to indulge it, especially as he accidentally learned that this intruding guest was the son of an old acquaintance.

Accordingly Goldsmith was "flooded to the top of his bent," and permitted to have full swing throughout the evening. Never was schoolmate more elated. When supper was served, he more condescendingly insisted that the landlord, his wife and daughter should partake, and ordered a bottle of wine to crown the repast and benefit the house. His last flourish was on going to bed when he gave especial orders to have a hot collation at breakfast. His confusion and dismay, on discovering the next morning that he had been swagging in this free and easy way in the house of a private gentleman, may be readily conceived. True to his habit of turning the events of his life to literary account, we find this chapter of his crouching blunders and cross purposes dramatized many years afterward in his admirable comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer, or the Mistake of Night."

CHAPTER II.

IMPROVIDENT MARRIAGES IN THE GOLDSMITH FAMILY—GOLDSMITH AT THE UNIVERSITY—SITUATION OF A SIZER—TYRANNY OF WHILE THE TUTOR—PECUNIARY STRAITS—STREET BALLADS—COLLEGE RIOI—GALLOWS WASH—COLLEGE PRIZE—A DANCE INTERRUPTED

WHILE Oliver was making his way somewhat negligently through the schools, his elder brother Henry was rejoicing his father's heart by his career at the University. He soon distinguished himself at the examinations, and obtained a scholarship in 1743. This is a collegiate distinction which serves as a stepping-stone to many of the learned professions, and which leads to advancement 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 dignities and emoluments. Henry, however, had

money in independent travel, or, instead of pushing directly for the night at the little town, crossing the first person with somewhat of a consequence in the place. Unluckily, he had costed was one Kelly, and he was quartered in the family of Featherstone, a gentleman of fortune. The self-consequence of the strip to play off a practical joke at the expense of him to what was literal in the place, namely, the family of Featherstone. Goldsmith accordingly he supposed to be an angel to be taken to the stable, wall, or, seated himself by the fire, and he could have for supper. He was diffident and even manners, but here he was, and felt called upon to show the experienced traveler by no means calculated to please, for he was short and thick-skinned face, and an air and carriage distinguished cast. The owner, however, soon discovered his whim, and, being a man of humor, took the opportunity, especially as he accidentally intruding guest was the son of a friend.

Goldsmith was "looked to the" and permitted to have "full swing" evening. Never was school when supper was served, he insisted that the landlord should partake, and ordered the crown the repast and benediction flourish was on going to the special orders to have a hot caldieu, confusion and dismay, and the morning that he had been swayed and easy way in the house of man, may be readily conceive of turning the events of his life into a chapter of his and cross purposes dramatic forward in his dramatic career to Conquer, or the Mistakes of

CHAPTER II.

CARRIAGES IN THE STREET.
GOLDSMITH AT THE UNIVERSITY.
A SIZER - TYRANNY OF WILDER.
PECCAVIT STRAITS - SIRE.
LEGAL ROSE - GALLIOWS WASH.
A DANCE INTERRUPTED.

was making his way somewhat through the schools, his elder brother, having his father's heart by the University. He soon distinguished examinations, and obtained a degree. This is a collegiate office as a stepping-stone in any profession, and which leads to the University should the individual there. His father now trusted forward for that comfortable swiftness, and thence to higher offices. Henry, however, had

providence or the "unworldliness" of his race; returning to the country during the succeeding vacation, he married for love, relinquished, of course, all his collegiate prospects and advantages, set up a school in his father's neighborhood, and buried his talents and acquisitions 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 serenity of its worthy head. This was the marriage of his daughter Catherine with a young gentleman of the name of Hodson, 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. Proof 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 a mercenary match. In the first transports of his feelings he is said to have uttered a wish that his daughter might never have a child to bring like shame and sorrow on her head. The wish, so contrary to the usual benignity of the man, was recalled and repented of almost as soon as uttered; but it was considered baleful in 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 himself. 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. Hodson his fine 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 sense of honor.

The first of his family to feel the effects of this economy was Oliver. The time had now arrived when he was sent to the University, and, accordingly, on the 11th June, 1747, when sixteen years of age, he entered Trinity College, Dublin; but his father was no longer able to place him there as 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, where 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 will be a diligent student, and render himself useful in a variety of ways. 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 inflicting indignities. He was obliged to sweep part of the courts in the morning, to carry up the dishes from the kitchen to the fellows' table, and to wait in the hall until that body had dined. 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 Trinity 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 menial hands.

It was with the utmost repugnance 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. A recollection of these early mortifications induced him, in after years, most strongly to dissuade 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 ignorant and stupid; ridiculed him 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 loud in expressing his contempt for mathematics and his dislike of ethics and logic; and the prejudices 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 slightly 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 chalked out, by four or five years' perseverance will probably obtain every advantage and honor his college can bestow. I would com-

pare the man whose youth has been thus passed in the tranquillity of dispassionate prudence, to liquors that never ferment, and, consequently, continue always muddy."

The death of his worthy father, which took place early in 1747, rendered Goldsmith's situation at college extremely irksome. His mother was left with little more than the means of providing for the wants of her household, and was unable to furnish him any remittances. He would have been compelled, therefore, to leave college, had it not been for the occasional contributions of friends, the foremost among whom was his generous and warm-hearted uncle Contarine. Still these supplies were so scanty and precarious, that in the intervals between them he was put to great straits. He had two college associates from whom he would occasionally borrow small sums; one was an early schoolmate, by the name of Beatty; the other a cousin, and the chosen companion of his frolics, Robert (or rather Bob) Bryanton, of Ballymulvey House, near Ballymahon. When these casual supplies failed him he was more than once obliged to raise funds for his immediate wants by pawning his books. At times he sank into despondency, but he had what he termed "a knack at hoping," which soon buoyed him up again. He began now to resort to his poetical vein as a source of profit, scribbling street-ballads, which he privately sold for five shillings each at a shop which dealt in such small wares of literature. He felt an author's affection for these unowned bantlings, and we are told would stroll privately through the streets at night to hear them sung, listening to the comments and criticisms of bystanders, and observing the degree of applause which each received.

Edmund Burke was a fellow-student with Goldsmith at the college. Neither the statesman nor the poet gave promise of their future celebrity, though Burke certainly surpassed his contemporary in industry and application, and evinced more disposition for self-improvement, associating himself with a number of his fellow-students in a debating club, in which they discussed literary topics, and exercised themselves in composition.

Goldsmith may likewise have belonged to this association, but his propensity was rather to mingle with the gay and thoughtless. On one occasion we find him implicated in an affair that came high producing his expulsion. A report was brought to college that a scholar was in the hands of the bailiffs. This was an insult in which every gownsmen felt himself involved. A number of the scholars flew to arms, and sallied forth to battle, headed by a hair-brained fellow nicknamed Gallows Walsh, noted for his aptness at mischief and fondness for riot. The stronghold of the bailiff was carried by storm, the scholar set at liberty, and the delinquent catchpole borne off captive to the college, where, having no pump to put him under, they satisfied the demands of collegiate law by ducking him in an old cistern.

Flushed with this signal victory, Gallows Walsh now harangued his followers, and proposed to break open Newgate, or the Black Dog, as the prison was called, and effect a general jail delivery. He was answered by shouts of concurrence, and away went the throng of madcap youngsters, fully bent upon putting an end to the tyranny of law. They were joined by the mob of the city, and made an attack upon the prison with true

Irish precipitation and thoughtlessness, never having provided themselves with cannon to batter the stone walls. A few shots from the prison brought them to their senses, and they beat a hasty retreat, two of the townsmen being killed, and several wounded.

A severe scrutiny of this affair took place at the University. Four students, who had been ringleaders, were expelled; four others, who had been prominent in the affray, were publicly admonished; among the latter was the unhappy Goldsmith.

To make up for this disgrace, he gained, within a month afterward, one of the major prizes of the college. It is true it was one of the very smallest, amounting in pecuniary value to but three shillings, but it was the first distinction he had gained in his whole collegiate career. This token of success and sudden influx of wealth proved much for the head of our poor student. He now gave a supper and dance at his chamber to a number of young 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 unhallowed festivity, inflicted corporal punishment on the "father of the feast," and turned the astonished guests neck and heels out of doors.

This filled the measure of poor Goldsmith's humiliations; he felt degraded both within and without. He dreaded the ridicule of his school-fellows for the ludicrous termination of his organ, and he was ashamed to meet his city acquaintances after the degrading chastisement received in the presence, and after their own ignominious expulsion. Above all, he felt it impossible to submit any longer to the insulting tyranny of Wilder, who had terminated, therefore, to leave, not merely the college, but also his native land, and to betake himself to some distant country. He accordingly sold his books and clothes, and sallied forth from the college walls the very next day, intending to seek his fortune at Cork (for he scarce knew where) and thence to any other part beyond sea. With his usual careless imprudence, however, he lingered about Dublin until his finances were reduced to a shilling, with this amount of specie 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, inasmuch that he declared, during the 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. In a word, he had retraced his steps, could he have found with any salvo for the lingerings of his pride. In his extremity he conveyed to his brother Henry information of his distress, and of the rash 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 effected an indifferent reconciliation between him and Wilder.

After this irregular sally upon life he remained nearly two years longer at the University, giving proofs of talent in occasional translations from the classics, for one of which he received a premium awarded only to those who are the first in literary merit. Still he never made much figure at college, his natural disinclination to study being

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experience from his tutor.

Among the anecdotes told of him while at col-
lege is one indicative of that prompt but thought-
less and often whimsical benevolence which
throughout life formed one of the most eccentric
and endearing points of his character. He was
one day to breakfast one day with a college inti-
mate, but failed to make his appearance. His
servant repaired to his room, knocked at the door,
and was bidden to enter. To his surprise, he
found Goldsmith in his bed, immersed in 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 implored his charity. Her
husband was in the hospital; she was just from
the country, a stranger, and destitute, without
tool or shelter for her helpless offspring. This
was too much for the kind heart of Goldsmith.
He was almost as poor as herself, it is true, and
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
up his bed and buried himself among the feath-

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 emancipa-
tion so ardently coveted by the thoughtless stu-
dent, 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
eradicate my resentment for past injuries, it might
be gratified by learning subsequently that
his passionate career of Wilder was terminated by
violent death in the course of a dissolute brawl;
and Goldsmith took no delight in the misfortunes
of his enemies.

He now returned to his friends, no longer the
wanderer to sport away the happy interval of vaca-
tion, but the anxious man, who is henceforth to
find 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
home at Lissoy, in which Goldsmith had passed
his childhood, had been taken by Mr. Hodson,
who had married his sister Catherine. His
mother had removed to Ballymahon, where she
occupied a small house, and had to practise the
severest frugality. His elder brother Henry served
at the curacy and taught the school of his late
father's parish, and lived in narrow circum-
stances at Goldsmith's birthplace, the old goblin-
mansion at Pallas.

None of his relatives were in circumstances to
aid him with anything more than a temporary
loan, and the aspect of every one seemed some-
what changed. In fact, his career at college had
disappointed his friends, and they began to doubt
if he was the great genius they had fancied him.
He was miserably alludes to this circumstance in
the poem of autobiography, "The Man in
Black," in the Citizen of the World.

The first opportunity my father had of find-
ing his expectations disappointed was in the mil-
lennium figure I made at the University; he had
cherished himself that he should soon see me rising
to the foremost rank in literary reputation, but
was mortified to find me utterly unnoticed and
unknown. This disappointment might have been

partly ascribed to his having overrated my tal-
ents, and partly to my dislike of mathematical
reasonings 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, did not please my tu-
tors, 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 ap-
pear 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 di-
rect, and a latent genius that wanted time to ma-
ture, and these impressions none of his subse-
quent follies and irregularities wholly obliter-
ated. His purse and affection, therefore, as well
as his house, were now open to him, and he be-
came 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 a settled repug-
nance to a clerical life. This has been ascribed
by some to conscientious scruples, not consid-
ering himself of a temper and frame of mind for
such a sacred office; others attributed it to his
roving propensities, and his desire to visit foreign
countries; he himself gives a whimsical objec-
tion 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 propo-
sal."

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 thoughtless en-
joyment in the rural sports and occupations of his
brother-in-law, Mr. Hodson; sometimes he was
with his brother Henry, at the old goblin man-
sion at Pallas, assisting him occasionally in his
school. The early marriage and unambitious
retirement of Henry, though so subversive of the
fond plans of his father, had proved happy in their
results. He was already surrounded by a bloom-
ing family; he was contented with his lot, beloved
by his parishioners, and lived in the daily prac-
tice of all the amiable virtues, and the immediate
enjoyment of their reward. Of the tender affec-
tion inspired in the breast of Goldsmith by the
constant kindness 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 of "The Traveller":

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt or wandering Po;

* * * * *

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'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 cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:

* Citizen of the World, Letter xxvii.

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 sigh 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; such as biography, travels, poetry, novels, plays—everything, in short, that administered to the imagination. Sometimes he strolled along the banks of the river Liffey, 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 sledge, 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 toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree:
And many a gamut frolicked 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 crony, Robert Bryanton, with whom he sojourned occasionally at Ballymulvey House in the neighborhood. They used to make excursions about the country on foot, sometimes fishing, sometimes hunting otter in the Liffey. 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 Slang, the horse-doctor; little Aminidab, that grinds the music-box, and Tom Twist that spins the pewter 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 forum 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 hare,
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.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll."

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 checkered 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, his heart would still yearn in secret after the "THREE JOLLY PIGEONS."

CHAPTER III

GOLDSMITH REJECTED BY THE BISHOP—HE APPLIES FOR ORDERS, AND HE PRESENTS HIMSELF ACCORDINGLY BEFORE THE BISHOP OF LILIN FOR A DEGREE. WE HAVE STATED HIS GREAT OBJECTION TO CERNAL OF THE OBLIGATION TO WEAR A BLACK COAT, AND WHAT AS IT MAY APPEAR, DRESS SEEMS A FEEL HAVE FORMED AN OBSTACLE TO HIS ENTRANCE INTO THE CHURCH. HE HAD EVER A PASSION FOR PUTTING HIS STURDY BUT AWKWARD LITTLE PERSON IN A GAY COAT, AND ON THIS SOLEMN OCCASION, WHEN HE FIRST SUPPOSED HIS GARB WOULD BE OF SIGNIFICANCE, HE APPEARED LUMINOUSLY ARRAYED IN SCARLET BREECHES. HE WAS REJECTED BY THE BISHOP, WHO SAID HE WANTED SUFFICIENT STUDIOUS PREPARATION, HIS AMBLES AND FROLICS WITH BOB BRYANTON, THE BISHOP, WITH THE CLUB AT BALLYMAHON, LEAVING REMAINS IN THE WAY OF HIS THEOLOGICAL STUDIES; HE PAID TRIBUTE HIS REJECTION TO REPORTS OF HIS OUTRAGEOUSULARITIES, WHICH THE BISHOP HAD RECEIVED FROM AN OLD TYRANT WILDER; BUT THOSE WHO COULD NOT MATTER WITH MORE KNOWING EYES, PROMISED SCARLET BREECHES TO HAVE BEEN THE IMMEDIATE OBJECTION. "MY FRIENDS," SAYS GOLDSMITH, SPEAKING THROUGH HIS HUMOROUS REPRESENTATIVE, THE "MAN IN BLACK" "MY FRIENDS WERE NOW PERFECTLY SATISFIED I WAS UNDONE, AND YET THEY THOUGHT IT A PITY FOR ONE THAT HAD NOT THE LEAST NAME, HIM, AND WAS SO VERY GOOD-NATURED." HIS UNCONTINENCE, HOWEVER, STILL REMAINED UNAVERTED IN HIS KINDNESS, THOUGH MUCH LESS THAN HIS EXPECTATIONS. HE NOW LOOKED FORWARD TO HIS BLESSED SPHERE OF ACTION, AND THOUGH HIS PLANS AND EXERTIONS OLIVER WAS RECEIVED INTO THE FAMILY OF A MR. FLINN, A GENTLEMAN OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD. THE SITUATION WAS APPARENTLY RESPECTABLE; HE HAD HIS SEAT AT THE TABLE, AND POSSIBLY FAMILY IN THEIR DOMESTIC RECREATIONS, AND THE EVENING GAME AT CARDS. THERE WAS A STRAIN, HOWEVER, IN HIS POSITION, WHICH WAS NOT OF HIS TASTE; NOR DID HIS DEFERENCE FOR THE MOTHERLY CREASE UPON FAMILIAR INTERCOURSE. HE CHARGED MEMBER OF IT WITH UNFAIR PLAY AT CARDS. A VIOLENT ALTERCATION ENSUED, WHICH ENDED IN HIS THROWING UP HIS SITUATION AS A TUTOR. HE HAD FOUND HIMSELF IN POSSESSION OF A MODERATE AMOUNT OF MONEY. HIS WANDERING PROPENSITY AND HIS DESIRE TO SEE THE WORLD WERE STRONG IN THE ASCENDENCY. WITHOUT CONSIDERING HIS PLANS OR INTENTIONS TO HIS TRAVEL, HE PURCHASED A GOOD HORSE, AND WITH THIRTY POUNDS HE MADE HIS SECOND SALLY FORTH INTO THE WORLD.

The worthy niece and housekeeper of the baron of La Mancha could not have been more surprised and dismayed at one of the Don's classic expeditions, than were the mother and friends of Goldsmith when they heard of his mysterious departure. Weeks elapsed, and nothing was seen or heard of him. It was feared that he had left the country on one of his wandering frolics, and his poor mother was reduced almost to despair when one day he arrived at her door almost as forlorn in plight as the prodigal son. He had three pounds not a shilling was left; and instead of the goodly steed on which he had issued forth on his errantry, he was mounted on a sorry little pony which he had nicknamed Fiddle-back. As soon as his mother was well assured of his safety, she

CHAPTER III.

LECTED BY THE PLEASANT
OF THE WORLD—TAKES PASSAGE
A—SHIP SAILS WITHOUT HIM—
FIDDLE-BACK—A HOSPITAL
COUNSELLOR.

as now arrived for his destination, and he presented himself accordingly to the Bishop of Linn for a donation of his great objection to a great life to wear a black coat, and when he appeared, dress seems to be a great obstacle to his obtaining a donation, and over a passion of being a great little person, he was often on occasion, when he was to be, he would be of such a great, he was usually arrayed in some of the robes by the bishop, some said it was a studious preparation, some said it was with Bob Bryant, and some said it was at Ballymahon. Having some of his theological studies, others said it was to reports of his college, and the bishop had received, and some said that those who were of the knowledge, eyes, and some said that to have been the immediate friends," says Goldsmith, and some said it was a humorous representation of the "my friends were too poor was undone, and yet they thought that had not the least harm to a very good-natured." His mind, ever, still remained in a state, though much he said, he might be now looked upon as a man of action, and though his pen and liver was received as a man of Flinn, a gentleman of the great situation was apparently his seat at the table, and some of the domestic recreations, and did at cards. There was a small position, which was not of his deference for the time of his familiar intercourse. He ranged with unfair play at cards. And, indeed, which ended in his position as tutor, and he was of in possession of a small hand. His wandering popishness, and the world was not to be seen without continuing his sons to his friends, he counted with thirty pounds in his pocket, and Sally forth into the world. He and housekeeper of the house, and not have been more surprised one of the Don's plan, and some of the mother and friends, they heard of his great success, and some said he was seen. It was feared that he had been of his wandering friends, and was reduced almost to despair, arrived at her door almost as for the prodigal son. His traveling was left; and instead of the which he had issued forth on the ground on a sorry little pony named Fiddle-back. As soon as well assured of his safety, he

and him soundly for his inconsiderate conduct. His brothers and sisters, who were tenderly attached to him, interfered, and succeeded in mollifying her ire; and whatever lurking anger the old dame might have, was no doubt effectually quashed by the following whimsical narrative which he drew up at his brother's house and delivered to her:

"My dear mother, if you will sit down and listen to what I say, you shall be fully rewarded 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 ship did not answer for three weeks; and you know, mother, that I could not command the elegance. My misfortune was, that, when the wind failed, I happened to be with a party in the country, and my friend the captain never inquired after me, but set sail with as much indifference 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 spare while he has money in his pocket.

"I recollect, however, to my last two guineas, I began to think of my dear mother and friends whom I had left behind me, and so bought that precious beast Fiddle-back, and bade adieu to my only five shillings in my pocket. This, I am sure, was but a scanty allowance for man and horse toward a journey of above a hundred miles; but I did not despair, for I knew I must succeed on the road.

"I recollect particularly an old and faithful acquaintance I made at college, who had often earnestly pressed me to spend a summer with him, and he lived but eight miles from Cork. In consequence of my vicinity he would expatiate to me with peculiar emphasis. 'We shall,' said he, 'enjoy the delights of both city and country, and you shall command my stable and my horse.'

"However, upon the way I met a poor woman in tears, who told me her husband had been seized for a debt he was not able to pay, and that her children must now starve, bereaved of the support of his industry, which had been their support. I thought myself at home, being lodged in my good friend's house, and therefore I gave her a moiety of all my store; and my mother, ought I not to have given her the same? I thought, for what she got would be of use to her? However, I soon arrived at the residence of my affectionate friend, guarded by the gate 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 courtesy released me from the jaws of this Cerberus, 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 cold, came down in his nightcap, nightgown, and slippers, 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 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, like a ship after weathering out the storm, 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 esteem for him, and, as that increased, I gave the most favorable interpretation to his silence. I construed it into delicacy of sentiment, as if 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. This appearance, without increasing my spirits, did not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned with a small bowl of sago, a small porringer of sour milk, a loaf of stale brown bread, and the heel of an old cheese all over crawling with 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 *lie down with the lamb 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 upon the occasion. 'To be sure,' 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 seeing of this foolish expedition you have made. Notwithstanding all this, and without any hope of softening such a sordid 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 when I returned to the parlor, he introduced me, as if nothing of the kind had happened, to the gentleman who en-

tered, as Mr. Goldsmith, his most ingenious 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 mien 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 dine with him at 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 bed 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 never re-enter his doors. He went away with a laugh, 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 daughters, 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 the latter I declined, and only took a guinea to bear my necessary expenses on the road.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"To Mrs. Anne Goldsmith, Ballymahon."

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.

SALLIES FORTH AS A LAW STUDENT—STUMBLES AT THE OUTSET—COUSIN JANE AND THE VALENTINE—A FAMILY ORACLE—SALLIES FORTH AS A STUDENT OF MEDICINE—HOCUS-FOCUS OF A BOARDING-HOUSE—TRANSFORMATIONS OF A LEG OF MUTTON—THE MOCK GHOST—SKETCHES OF SCOTLAND—TRIALS OF TOWNISM—A POET'S PURSE FOR A CONTINENTAL TOUR.

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, which he set off for London, to enter on his studies at the Temple. Unfortunately, he fell in company at Dublin with a Roscommon acquaintance, one whose wits had been sharpened a good deal who beguiled him into a gambling house, and soon left him as penniless as when he had left the redoubtable 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 desolate condition. He heard of it, however, and he was invited back to the country, and indulgently forgiven by his generous uncle, but less readily by his mother, who was mortified and disheartened at seeing all his 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 usual affectionate intercourse.

The only home where poor erring Goldsmith still received a welcome was the parsonage of his affectionate, forgiving uncle. Here he used to talk of literature with the good, simple, and warm man, and delight him and his daughter with his verses. Jane, his early playmate, was now a woman grown; their intercourse was of a more intellectual kind than formerly; the daughter 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 never performed but by ear; it had probably much merit as the poetry, which, if we may judge by the following specimen, was as yet untried.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

WITH THE DRAWING OF A HEART.

With submission at your shrine,
Comes a heart your Valentine;
From the side where once it grew,
See it panting thro' to you.
Take it, fair one, to your breast,
Soothe the fluttering thing to rest!
Let the gentle, spotless toy,
Be your sweetest, greatest joy.
Every night when wrapp'd in sleep,
Next your heart the conquest keep;
Or it dreams your fancy move,
Hear it whisper me and love.
Then in pity to the swain,
Who must heartless else remain,
Soft as gentle dewy showers,
Slow descend on April flowers;
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 addressed to the stripling poet, it was unavailing; for in the end she was married to a Mr. Lauder. We trust, however, it was but a poetical jest, of that transient kind which grows up in idleness and exhales itself in rhyme. While Oliver was thus piping and poetizing at the parsonage, his uncle Contarine received a visit from Dean Goldsmith of Cloyne; a kind of magnate in the law, but improvident family connection, through which his word was law and almost gospel. The august dignitary was pleased to discover signs of talent in Oliver, and suggested that as he had

I to advance the necessary funds, he furnished him with fifty pounds, and sent him to London, to enter on his studies. Unfortunately, he fell in company with a Rose-mountain acquaintance, who had been shewn a more profitable way into a gambling-house, and he returned penniless as when he left the back.

Heamed of this fresh misadventure, and his impudence, but he returned in Dublin without complaint, and his desolate condition. The ever, and he was invited to a party, indulgently forgiven by his guests, less readily by his mother, who had disheartened at seeing all her son so repeatedly beguiled. He too, began to lose patience at failures, resulting from these parties; and a quarrel took place which interrupted their usual affection.

where poor erring Goldsmith welcome was the paragon of a living uncle. Here he used to sit with the good, simple-hearted him, and his daughter with his early playmate, was now their intercourse was of a more than formerly; they discourse music; she played on the harp, accompanied her with his that not have been very artistic, as but by ear; it had probably the poetry, which, if we may judge specimen, was as yet but a mere

ADY ON VALENTINES DAY

THE DRAWING OF A HEART.

mission at your shrine,
Heart your Valentine;
side where once it grew,
ting thies to you.
fair one, to your feast,
the fluttering thing to rest;
gentle, spotless joy,
sweetest, greatest joy,
lit when wrapp'd in sleep,
heart the conquest keep;
ms your fancy move,
hisper me and love,
ity to the swain.
heartless else remain,
tle dewy shows,
tle riv'lets gale
died to my side
you have to spare,
rown and place there.

was intended for the fair Jan, a tender sentiment addressed to her, it was unwelcome. Some time married to a Mr. Lawder, it was but a poetical passion, and which grows up in silence in rhyme. While Oliver was poetizing at the post-office, he received a visit from Dean Fort, a kind of magnate in the family connection, through his law and almost gospel. The was pleased to discover signs, and suggested that as he had a

struggled divinity and law without success, he now try physic. The advice came from an important source to be disregarded, and it was determined to send him to Edinburgh to continue his studies. The Dean having given the above, added to it, we trust, his blessing, but no more that was furnished from the scantier of Goldsmith's brother, his sister (Mrs. Fort), and his ever-ready uncle, Contarine.

It was in the autumn of 1752 that Goldsmith arrived in Edinburgh. His outset in that city came according to the list of his indiscretions and expenses. Having taken lodgings at haphazard, he found his trunk there, containing all his worldly goods, and called forth to see the town. After wandering about the streets until a late hour, he sought of returning home, when, to his confusion, he found he had not acquainted himself with either of his landlady or of the street in which he served. Fortunately, in the height of his perplexity, he met the caddy or porter who carried his trunk, and who now served as a guide.

He did not remain long in the lodgings in which he had put up. The hostess was too adroit at the prospect of the table which often is practised in cheap boarding-houses. No one could share a single joint through a greater variety of meats. A joint of mutton, according to Goldsmith's account, would serve him and two fellow-students a whole week. "A brandered chop was made up one day, a fried steak another, collops and onion sauce a third, and so on until the supplies were quite consumed, when finally a Scotch broth was manufactured from the bones the seventh day, and the landlady rested from her labors." Goldsmith had a good-humored and easy-going nature, and for a short time made himself with the shifts and expedients of poverty, which struck him in a ludicrous manner. Soon, however, tell in with fellow-students from his own country, whom he joined at more or less quarters.

He attended medical lectures, and attached himself to an association of students called the Bachelors' Society. He set out, as usual, with the same notions, but, as usual, soon fell into idle, dissipated, thoughtless habits. Edinburgh was in the midst of a sore trial for one of its temperate and moral meetings were all the vogue, and there was the universal rallying-place of the city. And then Goldsmith's intimacy with the Irish students, who were always ready for a wild freak and frolic, and then he was a prime favorite and somewhat of a leader, from his exuberance of spirits, his good humor, and his talent at singing an Irish song and telling an Irish story.

His want of foresight in money matters attended him. Though his supplies from home were irregular, he never could bring himself to habits of prudence and economy; often he was strapped of all his present finances at play; and he wished them away in fits of ungoverned generosity. Sometimes among his more companions he assumed a ludicrous swagger in money matters, which no one afterward was more ready than himself to laugh at. At a general meeting with a number of his fellow-students he suddenly proposed to draw lots with any person present which of the two should treat the other to the play. The moment the proposition had issued from his lips, his heart was in his hand. "To my great though secret joy," said he, "they all declined the challenge. Had it been

accepted, and had I proved the loser, a part of my wardrobe must have been pledged in order to raise the money."

At another of these meetings there was an earnest dispute on the question of ghosts, some being firm believers in the possibility of departed spirits returning to visit their friends and familiar haunts. One of the disputants set sail the next day for London, but the vessel put back through the stress of weather. His return was unknown except to one of the believers in ghosts, who concerted with him a trick to be played off on the opposite party. In the evening, at a meeting of the students, the discussion was renewed; and one of the most strenuous opposers of ghosts was asked whether he considered himself proof against ocular demonstration? He persisted in his scoffing. Some solemn process of conjuration was performed, and the comrade supposed to be on his way to London made his appearance. The effect was fatal. The unbeliever fainted at the sight, and ultimately went mad. We have no account of what share Goldsmith took in this transaction, at which he was present.

The following letter to his friend Bryanton contains some of Goldsmith's impressions concerning Scotland and its inhabitants, and gives indications of that humor which characterized some of his later writings.

"Robert Bryanton, at Ballymahon, Ireland.

"EDINBURGH, September 26, 1753.

"MY DEAR BOB: How many good excuses (and you know I was ever good at an excuse) might I call up to vindicate my past shameful silence. I might tell how I wrote a long letter on my first coming hither, and seem vastly angry at my not receiving an answer; I might allege that business (with business you know I was always pestered) had never given me time to finger a pen. But I suppress those and twenty more as plausible, and as easily invented, since they might be attended with a slight inconvenience of being known to be lies. Let me then speak truth. An hereditary indolence I have it from the mother's side) has hitherto prevented my writing to you, and still prevents my writing at least twenty-five letters more, due to my friends in Ireland. No turn-spit-dog gets up into his wheel with more reluctance than I sit down to write; yet no dog ever loved the roast meat he turns better than I do him I now address.

"Yet what shall I say now I am entered? Shall I tire you with a description of this unfruitful country; where I must lead you over their hills all brown with heath, or their valleys scarcely able to feed a rabbit? Man alone seems to be the only creature who has arrived to the natural size in this poor soil. Every part of the country presents the same dismal landscape. No grove, nor brook, lend their music to cheer the stranger, or make the inhabitants forget their poverty. Yet with all these disadvantages to call him down to humility, a Scotchman is one of the proudest things alive. The poor have pride ever ready to relieve them. If mankind should happen to despise them, they are masters of their own admiration, and that they can plentifully bestow upon themselves.

"From their pride and poverty, as I take it, results one advantage this country enjoys—namely, the gentlemen here are much better bred than among us. No such character, here as our fox-hunters; and they have expressed great surprise

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, came among 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, dancing in particular. Now that 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 a group by themselves; in the other end 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 directress, or intendant, or what you will, pitches upon a lady and gentleman to walk a minuet; which they perform with a formality that approaches to despondence. After five or six couple have thus walked the gauntlet, all stand up to country dances; each gentleman furnished with a partner from the store and lady directress; so they dance much, say nothing, and I thus concludes our assembly. I told a Scotch gentleman that such profound silence resembled the ancient procession of the Roman matrons 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 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 a language so prettily become a pretty mouth 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 'Whor wul I gong?' with a becoming widening of mouth, and I'll lay my life they'll wound every hearer.

"We have no such character here as a coquet, but alas! how in my envious prides! Some days ago I walked into my Lord Kilcubry's (don't be surprised, my lord is but a glover,* when the Duchess of Hamilton—that fair who sacrificed her beauty to her ambition, and her inward peace to a title and light equipage—passed by in her chariot; her battered husband, or more properly the guardian of her charms, sat by her side. Straight envy began, in the shape of no less than three ladies who sat with me, to find faults in her faultless 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.'—'Mamma, am of your opinion,' says the second, 'and her face has a palish cast to an unbecoming order.'—'And let me tell you, added the third lady, whose mouth was puckered up to form an issue, 'that the Duchess has too much of a mouth.'—At this every lady drew up her mouth as if going to pronounce the next phrase.

"But how ill, my Betsy, do you make me and my ridicule women with whom I have so long correspondence! There are, 'tis certain, some women here; and 'tis certain, too, that handsome men to keep them company. And a poor man is society only for himself in this society the world lets me enjoy a good dance. Fortune has given you an education and nature a person to look charming in the face of the fair. Nor do I envy my dear lady's blessings, while I may sit down and sigh at the world and at myself—the most ridiculous of men in it. But you see I am grown now a glib netie, and perhaps the fit may come to receive an answer to this. I know you will send me much news from Ballymation, but I'll not send it all; every thing you send will be sent to me.

"Has George Conway put up a signet of his? Binley left off drinking drams, or lost a wig? But I leave you to your own news, what to write. While I live, know you are true friend in yours, etc., etc.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"P.S. Give my sincere respects to your parents, do you mind to your agreeable home and give my service to my mother, it is so long for, as you express it in Ireland, I have a great kindness for her still. Direct me, if you please, in Physic, in Edinburgh."

Nothing worthy of preservation appeared in his pen during his residence in Edinburgh. Indeed his poetical powers, highly as they had been estimated by his friends, had not produced anything of superior merit. It was on one occasion a month's excursion to the Highlands. "I set out the first day on foot," says in a letter to his uncle Constantine, "I had a tattered corn I have on my toe which had prevented that cheap mode of travel. On the second day I hired a horse and a driver, a ram, and he walked away not a whit more pensive as his master."

During his residence in Scotland his talents gained him at one time a great quarter, which, however, he had not been able to appreciate correctly. "I have spent," says in one of his letters, "more than a fortnight on the second day at the Duke of Hamilton's, and seems they like me more as a visitor than a companion, so I disband I so give a compliment as unworthy my calling is a loss. Here we again find the origin of most of the 'Man in Black,' wherein that worthy figure a flatterer to a great man." "At last," says "I was surprised that the situation of a flatterer at a great man's table could be thought desirable; there was no great trouble in assenting when his lordship spoke, and when he looked round for applause. These good manners might have obliged me to persevere, I found, however, too soon, his lordship was greater dunce than myself, and from that moment flattery was at an end. I now rather aimed at setting him right, than at receiving his absurdities."

* William Maclellan, 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 sixteen Peers for Scotland, and to have sold gloves in the lobby at this and other public assemblages.

in her complexion. "My dear
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fashionable east too and the
let me tell you, add to the
truth was packed in the
the Duchess has her lips at
"At this every only one
ing to pronounce the letter P
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here; and 'tis certain
to keep them—money. And
Society only for himself. And
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or do I envy my dear Bob
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aps the fit may confer
to this. I know you
from Ballymahon, but
ry thing you send will

Conway put up a signet; or
inking drams, or I don't
ut I leave you to your
While I live, know you
ours, etc., etc.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH
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mind to your agreeable
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commission to flatter those we do not know
the task, but to flatter our intimate ac-
quaintances, all whose foibles are strongly in our
is drudgery insupportable. Every time I
and my lips in praise, my falsehood went
science; his lordship soon perceived me
very unfit for his service: I was therefore
sired, my patron at the same time being
pleased to observe that he believed I
was a good-natured, and had not the least

After standing two winters at Edinburgh, Gold-
smith prepared to finish his medical studies on
the Continent, for which his uncle Contarine
was to furnish the funds. "I intend," said he,
to visit Paris, where the
Lafayette, Pent, and Du Hamel de Mon-
to instruct their pupils in all the branches of
science. They speak French, and consequently
to me much the advantage of most of my
countrymen as I am perfectly acquainted with
the language, and few who leave Ireland are so.
I shall spend the spring and summer in Paris, and
the coming of next winter go to Leyden. The
Duchess is still alive there, and 'twill be
pleasant to go, though only to have it said that we
were in so famous a university.

He shall not have another opportunity of re-
ceiving money from your bounty till my return to
Ireland, so I have drawn for the last sum that I
shall ever trouble you for; 'tis £20. And
dear sir, let me here acknowledge the
value of the station in which you found me;
I feel now I was despised by most, and hate-
d myself. Poverty, hopeless poverty, was my
lot. Melancholy was beginning to make me
wretched. When you—but I stop here, to inquire
your health goes on? How does my cousin
John? Has she recovered her late complaint?
And my poor Jack Goldsmith? I fear his
condition is such a nature as he won't easily re-
cover. I wish, my dear sir, you would make me
another letter before I go abroad, for
I shall hardly hear from you. . . . Give
me, shall I express it? Give my earnest
thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Lawder."

His Lawder was Jane, his early playmate—the
girl of his valentine—his first poetical inspira-
tion, which had been for some time married.

Her instruction, it will be perceived, was
entirely the motive for this visit to the Conti-
nent, the real one, in all probability, was his
long-cherished desire to see foreign parts. This,
however, he would not acknowledge even to him-
self, but sought to reconcile his roving propensi-
ties with some grand moral purpose. "I esteem
the teacher who instructs the heart," says he,
one of his subsequent writings, "but despise
the man who indulges the imagination. A man
who goes 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 a vagabond." He, of course, was to
travel as a philosopher, and in truth his out-
fits for a continental tour were in character. "I
shall even just £33 to France," said he, "with
a store of clothes, shirts, etc., and that with
economy will suffice." He forgot to make men-
tion of his flute, which it will be found had occa-
sionally to come in play when economy could not
open his purse, nor philosophy find him a
refuge. Thus slenderly provided with money,
reference, or experience, and almost as slightly
armed against "hard knocks" as the hero of La
Bancha, 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 checkered ills in store for
him; little thinking when he penned his vale-
dictory 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 Lissoy" and Ballymahon.

CHAPTER V.

THE AGREEABLE FELLOW—PASSENGERS—RISKS
FROM FRIENDS PICKED UP BY THE WAY—
SKETCHES OF HOLLAND AND THE DUTCH—
SHIFTS WHILE A POOR STUDENT AT LEYDEN
—THE TULIP SPECULATION—THE PROVIDENT
FLUTE—SOJOURN AT PARIS—SKETCH OF VOL-
TAIRE—TRAVELLING SHIFTS OF A PHILOSOPH-
IC VAGABOND.

HIS usual indiscretion attended Goldsmith at
the very outset of his foreign enterprise. 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 ploughing 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 stress of weather to Newcastle-
upon-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
frisked 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-revellers to prison,
whence he with difficulty obtained 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 deten-
tion 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 Hol-
land direct, and in nine days he arrived at Rotter-
dam, whence he proceeded, without any more de-
viations, to Leyden. He gives a whimsical picture,
in one of his letters, of the appearance of the Hol-
landers. "The modern Dutchman is quite 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 oddest figures in nature. Upon a lank
head of hair he wears a half-cocked narrow hat,
laced with black riband; no coat, but seven

waistcoats and nine pair of breeches, so that his hips reach up almost 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 appetite! 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 lady 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 snugs under her petticoats, and at this chimney dozing Strephon lights his pipe."

In the same letter he contrasts Scotland and Holland. "There hills and rocks intercept every prospect; here it is all a continued 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 country itself awakened his admiration. "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 usefully 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,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark 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 amphibious world before him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding 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 Geertrius on chemistry and Albinus on anatomy; though his studies are said to have been miscellaneous, and 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 precarious 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, which were always scrupulously paid. Ellis discovered the innate merits of the poor awkward student, and used to declare in after life that it was a common remark 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."

Sometimes, in his emergencies, Goldsmith undertook to teach the English language. It is true he was ignorant of the Dutch, but he had a smattering of the French, picked up among the Irish priests at Ballymahon. He depicts his whimsical embarrassment in this respect, in his account in the *Vicar of Wakefield* of the *philosophical vaga-*

bond who went to Holland to teach the English, without knowing a word of that language. Sometimes, when sorely pinched, sometimes, perhaps, when flush, he resorted to gambling tables, which in those days abounded in Holland. His good friend Ellis repeatedly warned him against this unfortunate practice, but in vain. It brought its own cure, and its own punishment, by stripping him of every shilling.

Ellis once more stepped in to his relief, true Irishman's generosity, but with more liberateness than generally characterizes an Irishman, for he only granted pecuniary aid in consideration of his quitting the sphere of cards. Goldsmith gladly consented to leave Holland, anxious to visit other parts. He intended to proceed to Paris and pursue his studies, and was furnished by his friend with money for journey. Unluckily, he rambled into the garden of a florist just before quitting Leyden. Dutch mania was still prevalent in Holland, and a species of that splendid flower brought high prices. In wandering through the garden Goldsmith recollected that his uncle Contarine was a tulip fancier. The thought suddenly struck that there was an opportunity of being in a delicate manner, his sense of that dear uncle's past kindnesses. In an unobtrusive way was in his pocket; a number of choice tulip-roots were purchased and packed for Contarine; and it was not until he had told them that he bethought himself that he had spent all the money borrowed for his travelling expenses. Too proud, however, to give up his money, and too shamed to make another appeal to his friend's liberality, he determined to go on foot, and depend upon chance and good luck for the means of getting forward; and that he actually set off on a tour of the continent in February, 1775, with but one spare shirt, flute, and a single guinea.

"Blessed," says one of his biographers, "was a good constitution, an adventurous spirit, with that thoughtless, or, perhaps, dissipation which takes no care for tomorrow, continued his travels for a long time, amidst innumerable privations." In his narrative of the adventures of a "Poor Fellow Traveller" in the "Vicar of Wakefield," Goldsmith shadowed out the expedients by which he acquired some knowledge of music, without the aid of a penny. I now turned what was once my misfortune into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, among such of the French as were too poor to be very merry, for I never found them in proportion to their wants. Whenever I reached a peasant's house, toward night, I played one of my merriest tunes, and that procured me only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day; but in truth I must own, whenever I was entertained persons of a higher rank than myself, my performance was not without effect. I thought my performance ominous, and that it would me any return for my endeavors to pass the time.

At Paris he attended the dancing at the Rouelle, then in great vogue, where he witnessed as bright a circle of beauty as was to be seen at the court of Versailles. His love of music, also, led him to attend the performances of celebrated actresses. Mademoiselle Conté, in 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 times with the prophetic eye of a poet. In

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ambles about the environs of Paris he was struck
with the immense quantities of game running
about almost in a tame state; and saw in those
easy and rigid preserves for the amusement and
pleasure of the privileged few a sure "badger of the
freedom of the people." This slavery he predicted
was drawing toward a close. "When I consider
that these parliaments, the members of which are
elected by the court, and the presidents of which
are in a direct or immediate direction, presume even
to mention privileges and freedom, who till of late
received directions from the throne with implicit
obedience; when this is considered, I cannot help
thinking that the genius of Freedom has entered
the kingdom in disguise. If they have but three
weak monarchs more successively on the throne,
the mess will be laid aside, and the country will
be free, once more be free." Events have testi-
fied 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 enjoyed the honor and pleasure of making the
acquaintance of Voltaire; of whom, in after
years, he wrote a memoir. "As a companion,"
he says, "no man ever exceeded him when he
was in the conversation; which, however,
was not always the case. In company which he
either dislike or despise, few could be more re-
gretful than he; but when he was warmed in dis-
cussion, and got over a hesitating manner, which
sometimes he was subject to, it was rapture to
hear him. His meagre visage seemed insensibly
to gather beauty; every muscle in it had mean-
ing, and his eye beamed with unusual brightness.
The person who writes this memoir, continues
to remember to have seen him in a select
company of wits of both sexes at Paris, when the sub-
ject happened to turn upon English taste and
learning. Fontenelle (then nearly a hundred
years old, who was of the party, and who being
acquainted with the language or authors of the
works he undertook to condemn, with a spirit
of raillery began to revile both. Diderot, who
knew the English, and knew something of their
literary pretensions, attempted to vindicate their
merits and learning, but with unequal abilities.
The company quickly perceived that Fontenelle
was superior in the dispute, and were surprised at
his manner, which Voltaire had preserved all the
night, but at the night, particularly as the con-
versation began to turn upon one of his favorite
topics. Fontenelle continued his triumph
till about twelve o'clock, when Voltaire ap-
peared to rouse him from his reverie. His whole
manner animated. He began his defence
with a most defiance mixed with spirit, and
did not let fall the finest strokes of raillery
against his antagonist; and his harangue lasted till
about the morning. I must confess that,
free from national partiality or from the ele-
gant superiority of his manner, I never was so
much as I did ever remember so absolute a
victory as he gained in this dispute." Gold-
smith's ruminations took him into Germany and
Switzerland from which last mentioned country
he went to his brother in Ireland the first brief
sketch afterward amplified into his poem of the
"Traveler."

At Geneva he became travelling tutor to a
young gentleman, son of a London
pawnee, who had been suddenly elevated
to fortune and absurdity by the death of an
uncle. The youth, before setting up for a gentle-
man, had been an attorney's apprentice, and was
an ardent pettifogger in money matters. Never

were two beings more illy assorted than he and
Goldsmith. We may form an idea of the tutor
and the pupil from the following extract from the
narrative of the "Philosophic Vagabond."

"I was to be the young gentleman's governor,
but with a proviso that he should always be per-
mitted to govern himself. My pupil, in fact, under-
stood 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 ap-
prentice to an attorney. Thus avarice was his
prevailing passion; all his questions on the road
were how money might be saved—which was the
least expensive course of travel—whether any-
thing could be bought that would turn to account
when disposed of again in London. Such curiosi-
ties 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 all
this though not yet twenty-one."

In this sketch Goldsmith undoubtedly shadows
forth his annoyances as travelling tutor to this
concrete young gentleman, compounded of the
pawnee, the pettifogger, and the West Indian
heir, with an overlaying of the city miser. They
had continual difficulties on all points of expense
until they reached Marseilles, where both were
glad to separate.

Once more on foot, but freed from the irksome
duties of "bear leader," and with some of his
pay, as tutor, in his pocket, Goldsmith continued
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 shifting along and living by expedients,
and a new one presented itself in Italy. "My
skill in music," says he, in the *Philosophic 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 disputation. In all the foreign univer-
sities and convents there are, upon certain days,
philosophical theses maintained against every ad-
ventitious disputant; for which, if the champion
opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gra-
tuité in money, a dinner, and a bed for one
night." Though 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 always forgot the meanness of my cir-
cumstances."

At Padua, where he remained some months, he
is said to have taken 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 occa-
sional, 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 acquaintance, but without
success. Their faith and hope in him were most
probably at an end; as yet he had disappointed

them at every point, he had given none of the anticipated proofs of talent, and they were too poor to support what they may have considered the wandering propensities of a heedless spendthrift.

Thus left 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 shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply though my harsh note falt'ring still,
But mocked all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages: Dames of ancient days
Have led 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—STRUGGLES WITH PENURY—MISERIES OF A TUTOR—A DOCTOR IN THE SUBURB—POOR PRACTICE AND SECOND-HAND FINERY—A TRAGEDY IN EMBRYO—PROJECT OF THE WRITTEN MOUNTAINS.

AFTER two years spent in roving 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 neglect of his relatives and friends to reply 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 bores 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 my follies, I had principle to resist the one, and resolution to combat the other."

He applied at one place, we are told, for em-

ployment 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 as a temporary expedient, and figured in low comedy at a country town in Kent. This accords with his last shift of the Holograph 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, which he must have trod the lower paths of humanity, are only to be conjectured from vague traditions, or scraps of autobiography gleaned from his miscellaneous writings.

At length we find him hunched 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 desert of Arabia are not more dreary and inhospitable than the streets of London at such a time, and 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! no sound is heard but of the chiming clock, or the distant watch-dog. How few appear in those streets, which but some 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, wanderers, and vagabonds, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Some are without the cover of even of rags, and others emaciated with disease the world has disclaimed them; society turns back upon their distress, and has given them to nakedness and hunger. *These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and have flattered into beauty.* They are now turned out to meet the severity of winter. Perhaps now, lying at the doors of their betrayers, they see wretches whose hearts are insensible, or deaf to the cheers who may curse, but will not relieve them."

"Why, why was I born a man, and yet to the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve. To houseless creatures! The world will give you no aid, but will not give you relief."

Poor houseless Goldsmith! we may here enquire late—to what shifts he must have been driven to find shelter and sustenance for himself in this first venture into London! Many years afterwards, in the days of his social elevation, he stated a polite circle at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, humorously dating an anecdote about the time "lived among the beggars of Ave Lane." So may have been the desolate quarters with which he was fain to content himself when he was adrift upon the town, with but a few half-pence in his pocket.

The first authentic trace we have of this new part of his career, is filling the situation of an usher to a school, and even this employment was with some difficulty, after a reference to a character to his friends 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." "Then you dress the boys' hair?" "No." "Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three hours?" "No." "Then you will never do for a school."

shop of a country apothecary. Medical science gathered in his shop, and did not gain him the management of a mortar. He even resorted to it as a temporary expedient, and immediately a country town in Kent, with his last shift of the Philosopher, with the knowledge of chemistry displayed in his "Adventures of a Doctor," or may be a story suggested by his part of his career. However, he have trod the lowest paths of life to be conjectured from vague traces of autobiography gleaned from his writings.

He found him launched on the great ocean, drifting about its streets, in a gloomy month of February, with a shilling in his pocket. The deer was not more dreary and inhospitable of London at such a time, and each a plight. Do we want a picture of his life? We have it in his own words, doubtless, from his own

as just struck two; what a glow and no sound is heard but of the distant watch-tower. He those streets, which but some are crowded! But who are those who their couch, and find a shortchedness at the doors of the open strangers, wanders, and of circumstances are too humble, and whose distresses are too great.

Some are without the corner and others emaciated with disease, disclaimed them; society turns to distress, and has given them hunger. These few show in once seen happier days, and in beauty. They are now turned to misery of winter. Perhaps now, of their betrayers, they steal hearts are insensible of their curse, but will not release them. I was I born a man, and yet a wretched I cannot release. I am sure! The world will give you will not give you rest.

As Goldsmith, we may here find lifts he must have been given sustenance for himself in this into London! Many years after of his social condition, he wrote a letter at Sir Joshua Reynolds, an anecdote, about the time the beggars of Ave Lane. So the desolate quarters with which content himself when it is said with but a few had; once in

hentic trace we have in his career, is filling the sensation school, and even this employment difficulty, after a reference his friends in the University Vicar of Wakefield he may undergo a whimsical catechism requisites for an usher. "The apprentice to the business in you won't do for a school. O boys' hair?" "No." "Then a school. Can you lie three?" "Then you will never do for

school. Have you a good stomach?" "Yes." "Then you will by no means do for a school. I have been an usher in a boarding-school myself, and I die of an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be a turkey in Newgate. I was up early and late; I was browbeaten by the master, hated for my fidelity by the mistress, worried by the boys."

Goldsmith remained but a short time in this position, and to the mortifications experienced there, we doubtless owe the picturings given in his writings of the hardships of an usher's life. He is generally," says he, "the laughing-stock of the school. Every trick is played upon him; the oddity of his manner, his dress, or his language is a fund of eternal ridicule; the master himself now and then cannot avoid joining in the laugh; and the poor wretch, eternally resenting his ill usage, lives in a state of war with all the family." He is obliged, perhaps, to sleep in the same bed with the French teacher, who disturbs him for an hour every night in papering and pulling his hair, and stinks worse than a carmen with his rancid pomatums, when he lays his head on the bolster."

His next shift was as assistant in the laboratory of a chemist near Fish Street Hill. After remaining here a few months, he heard that Dr. Sleight, who had been his friend and fellow-student at Cambridge, was in London. Eager to meet with a friendly face in this land of strangers, he immediately called on him; "but though it was Sunday and it is to be supposed I was in my best dress, Sleight scarcely knew me—such is the tax the unfortunate pay to poverty. However, when he did recollect me, I found his heart as warm as ever, and he shared his purse and friendship with me during his continuance in London."

Through the advice and assistance of Dr. Sleight, he now commenced the practice of medicine, but in a small way, in Bankside, Southwark, and chiefly among the poor; for he wanted a figure, address, polish, and management, to compete among the rich. His old schoolmate and large companion, Beatty, who used to aid him with his purse at the university, met him about this time, decked out in the tarnished finery of a second-hand suit of green and gold, with a shirt and waistcoat of a fortnight's wear.

For Goldsmith endeavored to assume a professional air in the eyes of his early associate. "He is a very fine physic," he said, "and doing very well." At this moment poverty was pinching him to the bone in spite of his practice and his industry. His fees were necessarily small, and he had to be tam to seek some precarious assistance from his pen. Here his quondam fellow-student, Dr. Sleight, was again of service, introducing him to some of the booksellers, who were him of assistance, though starveling employment. According to tradition, however, his most frequent patron just now was a journeyman printer, one of his poor patients of Bankside, who had formed a good opinion of his talents, and offered him poverty and his literary shifts. The printer was in the employ of Mr. Samuel Richardson, the author of Pamela, Clarissa, and Sir Charles Grandison; who combined the novelist and the publisher, and was in flourishing circumstances. Through the journeyman's intervention Goldsmith is said to have become acquainted with Richardson, who employed him as reader and corrector of the press, at his printing establishment in Salisbury Court; an occupation which he alternated with his medical duties.

Being admitted occasionally to Richardson's

parlor, he began to form literary acquaintances, among whom the most important was Dr. Young, the author of Night Thoughts, a poem in the height of fashion. It is not probable, however, that much familiarity took place at the time between the literary lion of the day and the poor Æsculapius of Bankside, the humble corrector of the press. Still the communion with literary men had its effect to set his imagination teeming. Dr. Farr, one of his Edinburgh fellow-students, who was at London about this time, attending the hospitals and lectures, gives us an amusing account of Goldsmith in his literary character.

"Early in January he called upon me one morning before I was up, and, on my entering the room, I recognized my old acquaintance, dressed in a rusty, full-trimmed black suit, with his pockets full of papers, which instantly reminded me of the poet in Garrick's farce of *Lethé*. After we had finished our breakfast he drew from his pocket part of a tragedy, which he said he had brought for my correction. In vain I pleaded inability, when he began to read; and every part on which I expressed a doubt as to the propriety was immediately blotted out. I then most earnestly pressed him not to trust to my judgment, but to take the opinion of persons better qualified to decide on dramatic compositions. He now told me he had submitted his productions, so far as he had written, to Mr. Richardson, the author of *Clarissa*, on which I peremptorily declined offering another criticism on the performance."

From the graphic description given of him by Dr. Farr, it will be perceived that the tarnished finery of green and gold had been succeeded by a professional suit of black, to which, we are told, were added the wig and cane indispensable to medical doctors in those days. The coat was a second-hand one, of rusty velvet, with a patch on the left breast, which he adroitly covered with his three-cornered hat during his medical visits; and we have an amusing anecdote of his contest of courtesy with a patient who persisted in endeavoring to relieve him from the hat, which only made him press it more devoutly to his head.

Nothing further has ever been heard of the tragedy mentioned by Dr. Farr; it was probably never completed. The same gentleman speaks of a strange Quixotic scheme which Goldsmith had in contemplation at the time, "of going to decipher the inscriptions on the *written mountains*, though he was altogether ignorant of Arabic, or the language in which they might be supposed to be written. "The salary of three hundred pounds," adds Dr. Farr, "which had been left for the purpose, was the temptation." This was probably one of many dreamy projects with which his fervid brain was apt to teem. On such subjects he was prone to talk vaguely and magnificently, but inconsiderately, from a kindled imagination rather than a well-instructed judgment. He had always a great notion of expeditions to the East, and wonders to be seen and effected in the oriental countries.

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE OF A PEDAGOGUE—KINDNESS TO SCHOOL-BOYS—PERTNESS IN RETURN—EXPENSIVE CHARITIES—THE GRIFFITHS AND THE "MONTHLY REVIEW"—TOOLS OF A LITERARY HACK—RUPTURE WITH THE GRIFFITHS.

AMONG the most cordial of Goldsmith's intimates in London during this time of precarious

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 for him that good will which his genial nature seems 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 cane, therefore, and once more wielding the ferule, 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 sports, told them droll stories, played on the flute for their amusement, and spent his money in treating them to sweetmeats and other school-boy dainties. His familiarity was sometimes carried too far; he indulged in boyish pranks and practical jokes, and drew upon himself retorts in kind, which, however, he bore with great good humor. Once, indeed, he was touched to the quick by a piece of schoolboy pertness. After playing on the flute, he spoke with enthusiasm of music, as delightful in itself, and as a valuable accomplishment for a gentleman, whereupon a youngster, with a glance at his ungainly person, wished to know if he considered himself a gentleman. Poor Goldsmith, feelingly alive to the awkwardness of his appearance and the humility of his situation, winced at this unthinking sneer, which long rankled in his mind.

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 sturdy beggar; so that, between his charity and his munificence, 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 reply.

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 popular pen of Dr. Smollett. 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, and in April, 1757, 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 Butcher, Paternoster Row. As usual, we trace the phase of his fortunes in his semi-fictional writings; his sudden transmutation of the pedagogue into the author being humorously set forth in the case of "George Formose," in the "Vicar of Wakefield." "Come," says George's adviser, "see you are a lad of spirit and some learning; what do you think of commencing author? You have read in books, no doubt, of men not getting starved at the trade; at present I'll show you forty very dull fellows about town that are in it in opulence. All honest, jog-trot rascals, who go on smoothly and dully, and write history, politics, and are praised; men, sir, who, had they been bred cobblers, would all their lives only have mended shoes, but never made them." "Finding" (says George) "that there is to great degree of gentility annexed to the character of an usher, I resolved to accept his proposal, and having the highest respect for literature, took the *antiqua mater* of Grub Street with reverence. I thought it my glory to pursue a track which Dryden and Otway trod 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 bread, which he devoured with the voracity of a starving man.

In Goldsmith's experience the track soon proved a thorny one. Griffiths was a hard business man, of shrewd, worldly good sense, but without 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 *art de vivre*." Such was the literary vassalage to which Goldsmith had unwarily subjected himself. Diurnal drudgery was imposed on him, in obedience to his indolent habits, and attended by circumstances humiliating to his pride. He had to work daily from nine o'clock until two, and often throughout the day; whether in the van or not, 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 "literary book-selling Griffiths," as Smollett called him, "who presumed to revise, alter, and abridge the articles contributed to their *Review*." "That heaven," cried 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 unawed by old women!"

This literary vassalage, however, did not last long. The bookseller became more and more exacting. He accused his hack writer of idleness; of abandoning his writings to the literary workshop at an early hour of the day, and of assuming a tone and manner of *sauf-dite* impertinence; his wife with meanness and parsimony in her household treatment of him, and both of literary meddling and marring. The engagement was broken off at the end of six months, by mutual consent, and without any violent rupture, as it will be found they afterwards had occasional dealings with each other.

Though Goldsmith was now nearly thirty years of age, he had produced nothing to give him a decided reputation. He was as yet a mere writer

Griffiths, at the sign of the Purple Row. As usual we have the tunes in his semi-fictional transmutation of the polyglot being humorously set forth in the "Purple Row," in the "Vicar of Wakefield," says George to a friend, "and of spirit and some learning," of commencing authorship. "books, no doubt, of the of the trade; at present I'll show you fellows about town that are honest, jog-trot, and who dully, and write history and poets; men, sir, who, like the others, would all their lives on shoes, but never made them." George "that there is a great affinity to the character of a poet to accept his proposal, and respect for literature, hale of Grub Street with reverence to glory to pursue a track which I've trod before me." Was, Dr. Griffiths indigence all his days; and a victim to famine in his being strangled by a rail, devoured with the voracity of

experience the track's poor Griffiths was a hard business, worldly good sense, but after a while. He meddled, or rather, literature, too, in a bad way, and occasionally in a worse, and in this he was aided, according to Smollett, was "a critic and a dabbler in the literary vassalage to which he was imposed on him, his habits, and attended by curiosity to his pride. He had to write a clock until two, and after day; whether in the morning or dictated by his taskmaster, his taste; in a word, he was a literary hack. But this was not a critical supervision of his work, which he did not much grieve him, the "literary Griffiths," as Smollett called him, to revise, alter, and send to their friends. "The only thing under the restraint of a bookseller's principal writers, who, as a rule, were unconnected with the old woman." "vassalage, however, to a bookseller became a necessity, and he refused his writing, and he, at an early hour of the day, in one and a manner, at the end of the day, in return, charged his wife with the management of the household to attract of him, a meddling and meddling. The broken off at the end of the day, and without any consent, and without any dealings with each other. Griffiths was now nearly thirty years old, produced nothing to give him any credit. He was as yet a mere writer

bread. The articles he had contributed to the were anonymous, and were never avowed to him. They have since been, for the most part, ascertained; and though thrown off hastily, often creating on subjects of temporary interest, and in the Griffiths interpolations, they are characterized by his sound, easy good sense, and the genial graces of his style. Johnson observed that Goldsmith's genius flowered late; he should have said it flowered early, but was late in bringing its fruit to maturity.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEWBURY, OF PICTURE-BOOK MEMORY—HOW TO KEEP UP APPEARANCES—MISERIES OF AUTHORSHIP—A POOR RELATION—LETTER TO HODSON.

BEFORE 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 of that by Mr. John Newbery, bookseller, St. Paul's Churchyard, renowned in nursery literature throughout the latter half of the last century for his picture-books for children. Newbery was a worthy, intelligent, kind-hearted man, and a reasonable though cautious friend to authors, giving them with small loans when in pecuniary difficulties, though always taking care to be repaid by the labor of their pens. Goldsmith considers 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 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 ready to be gone; for he was ever on business importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the history of one Mr. Thomas Tupp. I immediately recollected this portraitured man's red-pimpled face."

Besides his literary job work, Goldsmith also retained his medical practice, but with very trifling success. The scantiness of his purse still obliged him to live in obscure lodgings somewhere in the neighborhood of Salisbury Square, Fleet Street; but his medical acquaintance and rising importance drew him to consult appearances. He adopted a respectable, then very common, and still practiced in London among those who have to tread the narrow path between pride and poverty; while improved in lodgings suited to his means, he "lived," 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. "Thirty pounds a year," said a poor acquaintance, who understood the art of shuffling, "is enough to enable a man to live in London without being contemptible. Ten pounds will not do in clothes and linen; he can live in a house on eighteen pence a week; hail from a coffee-house, where, by occasionally spending a penny, he may pass some hours each day in the company; he may breakfast on bread and butter for a penny; dine for sixpence; do without supper; and on *clean-shirt-day* he may go to bed and pay visits."

Goldsmith seems to have taken a leaf from this poor devil's manual in respect to the coffee-house life. Indeed, coffee-houses in those days were

the resorts of wits and literati, where the topics of the day were gossiped over, and the affairs of literature and the drama discussed and criticised. In this way he enlarged the circle of his intimacy, which now embraced several names of notoriety.

Do we want a picture of Goldsmith's experience in this part of his career? we have it in his 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, be 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, courts 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 conclude, perhaps, that he is attended with silent admiration, 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 times is used most hardly. 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 him, 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 nectar of the neighboring 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 displeased if it is the only property a man sometimes has. We must not underrate him who uses it 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 consideration as a child of the public, not as a rent-charge on the community. And indeed a child of the public he is in all respects; for while so well able to direct others, how incapable is he frequently found of guiding himself. His simplicity exposes him to all the insidious approaches of cunning; his sensibility, to the slightest invasions of contempt. Though possessed of fortitude to stand unmoved the expected bursts of an earthquake, yet of feelings so exquisitely poignant as to agonize under the slightest disappointment. Broken rest, tasteless meals, and causeless anxieties shorten life, and render it unfit for active employments; prolonged vigils and intense application still farther contract

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 success 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 man in the metropolis, some of Goldsmith's poor kindred pictured him to 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 double share of the family heedlessness, and who expected to be forthwith helped into some snug by-path to fortune by one or other of Oliver's great friends. Charles was sadly disconcerted 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 him no better off. "All in good time, my 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 garret 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."

Charles Goldsmith did not remain long to embarrass his brother in London. With the same roving 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 above 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 Hodson, Esq., of which 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 muses than poverty; but it were well if they only left us at the door. The mischief is they sometimes choose to give us their company to the entertainment; and want, instead of being gentleman-usher, often turns 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 four pairs of stairs high, I still remember them with ardor; nay, my very country comes in for a share of my affection. Unaccountable fondness for country, this *maladie 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's, who refused to be cured of the itch because it made him und thoughtful 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? No. There is no good company in Ireland? No. The conversation there is generally made up of a smattering of a bawdy song; the vivacity supported by some humble cousin, who had just loitered enough to eat his dinner. Then, perhaps, there's more wit in learning among the Irish? Oh, Lord, no! There has been more money spent in the encouragement of the Padareen more there one sense 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 nothing at all. Why the plague, then, so fond of Ireland? Then, all at once, because you my friend, and a few more who are exceptions to the general picture, have a residence there. This is that gives me all the pangs I feel in separation. I confess I carry this spirit sometimes to the singing the pleasures I at present possess. If I go to the opera, where Signora Columba pours out the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for the fireside, and Johnny Armstrong's 'Last Good night' from Peggy Golden. If I climb Hamstead Hill, than where nature never exhibited a more magnificent prospect, I confess it grieves me; but I had rather be placed on the little mound before Lissoy gate, and there take in, to me, the most pleasing horizon in nature.

"Before Charles came hither my thoughts sometimes found refuge from severer studies among my friends in Ireland. I fancied strange revelations at home; but I find it was the rapidity of my own motion that gave an imaginary air to subjects really at rest. No alterations there, my friends, he tells me, are still lean, but very rich others very fat, but still very poor. Nay, all the news I hear of you is, that you sail out among the neighbors, and sometimes make a migration from the blue bed to the brown. From my heart wish that you and she (Mrs. Hodson), and Lissoy and Ballymahon, and all of you would fairly make a migration into Middlesex, though, upon second thoughts this might be attended with a few inconveniences. Therefore, the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed shall go to the mountain. Or, speak plain English, as you cannot conveniently pay me a visit, if next summer I can contrive to be absent six weeks from London, I shall spend three of them among my friends in Ireland. At first, believe me, my design is purely to visit; neither to cut a figure nor levy contributions; neither to excite envy nor solicit favor; but my circumstances are adapted to neither. I am too poor to be gazed at, and too rich to need assistance."

CHAPTER IX.

HACKNEY AUTHORSHIP—THOUGHTS OF LITERARY SUICIDE—RETURN TO PLECHAM—ORIENTAL PROJECTS—LITERARY ENTERPRISE TO RAISE FUNDS—LETTER TO EDWARD WELLS—TO ROBERT BRYANTON—DEATH OF UNCLE CHRISTOPHER—LETTER TO COUSIN JANE.

FOR some time Goldsmith continued to write miscellaneously for reviews and other periods.

surely my affection, equal to the Scotchman's, who refused to write because it made him and his wife and bonny literary life so serious; let me ask myself, wish to see Ireland again. The answer, perhaps? No. There is no Ireland? No. The conversationally made up of a smattering of the vivacity supported by some who had just folly enough to call it, perhaps, there's more wit than the Irish? Oh, Lord, no! The money spent in the encouragement in more there one season, the to learned men since the time of their productions in learning about translation, or a few traces in their productions in wit to just not by the plague, then, so benevolent all at once, because you my dear more who are exceptions to the have a residence there. This all the pangs I feel in separate the spirit sometimes to the ones I at present possess. If I go to the Signora Columba pours out a melody, I sit and sigh for the Johnny Armstrong's 'Last of the Golden. I climb Hamstead's nature never exhibited a respect, I confess it true, but the placed on the little mound behind there take in, to me, the no in nature. I came hither my thoughts some huge from severer studies on Ireland. I fancied strange that I find it was the rapacity that gave an imaginary one to the rest. No alterations then. Some me, are still lean, but very red, but still very poor. Nay, all to you is, that you sail out to visit your neighbors, and sometimes make a blue bed to the brow. I confess that you and she Mrs. H. and Ballymahon, and all of you take a migration into Middlesex second thoughts this might be a w inconvenciences. How, say, will not come to Mohammed, will go to the mountain, or, English, as you cannot circulate it next summer I can converse weeks from London, I shall spend among my friends in Ireland. But my design is purely to visit, and a figure nor levy contribution, I envy nor solicit favor, on faces are adapted to neither. I gazed at, and too rich to need

allusions, but without making any decided hit, 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, however, from labor and delighting in holiday, to be scourged up to its task; still it was this truant disposition which threw an unconscious charm over everything he wrote; bringing forth honeyed thoughts and pictured images which had sprung up in his mind in the sunny hours of idleness: these effusions, dashed off on compulsion in the exigency of the moment, were published anonymously; so that they made no colorable impression on the public, and reflected no name in the name of their author.

An essay published some time subsequently in the *Edinburgh Review*, Goldsmith adverts, in his own humorous way, to his impatience at the tardiness with which his desultory and unacknowledged manuscript found its way into notice. "I was once induced," he writes, "to show my indignation against the delay by discontinuing my efforts to please; and I bravely resolved, like Raleigh, to vex them by publishing my manuscripts in a passion. Upon reflection, however, I considered what set or body of people would be displeased at my rashness. I then, after so sad an accident, might shine in the morning as bright as usual; men might laugh and sing the next day, and transact business as usual; and not a single creature feel any regret but myself. Instead of having Apollo in the person of the Muses in a fit of the spleen; instead of having the learned world apostrophizing me as a prematurely deceased; perhaps all Grub Street would laugh at my late, and self-approving digression, and be unable to shield me from ridicule.

Circumstances occurred about this time to give a new direction to Goldsmith's hopes and desires. Having resumed for a brief period the penitence of the Peckham school during a visit to Dr. Milner, that gentleman, in return for his timely services, promised to use his influence with a friend, 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 Goldsmith was to find the ways and means of fitting himself out for a voyage to the Indies? In an emergency he was driven to a more extended use of the pen than he had yet attempted.

Scorning among books as a reviewer, and disquisitions ramble among the schools and disputes and literati of the Continent, had filled his mind with facts and observations which he set about digesting into a treatise of some magnitude to be entitled "An Inquiry into the present State of Polite Learning in Europe." As years grew on his hands his sanguine temper became more of his labors. Feeling secure of success in England, he was anxious to forestall the efforts 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, urging them to circulate his proposals for a contemplated work, and obtain subscriptions in advance; the money to be transmitted to Mr. Bradley, an eminent bookseller in Dublin, who would give a receipt for it and be accountable for the delivery of the books. The letters written by him on this occasion are worthy of a conspicuous citation as being full of character and interest. One was to his relative and college in-

timate, Edward Wells, who had studied for the bar, but was now living at ease on his estate at Roscommon. "You have quitted," writes Goldsmith, "the plan of life which you once intended to pursue, and given up ambition for domestic tranquillity. I cannot avoid feeling some regret that one of my few friends has declined a pursuit 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 gracing the bench, or thundering at the bar; while I have taken no small pride to myself, and whispered to all that I could come near, that this was my cousin. Instead of this, it seems, you are merely contented to be a happy man; to be esteemed by your acquaintances; to cultivate your paternal acres; to take unmolested a nap under one of your own hawthorns or in Mrs. Mills's bedchamber, which, even a poet must confess, is rather the more comfortable place of the two. But, however your resolutions may be altered with regard to your situation in life, I persuade myself they are unalterable with respect to your friends in it. I cannot think the world has taken such entire possession of that heart once so susceptible of friendship as not to have left a corner there for a friend or two, but I flatter myself that even I have a place among the number. This I have a claim to from the similitude of our dispositions; or setting that aside, I can demand it as a right by the most equitable law of nature; I mean that of retaliation; for indeed you have more than your share in mine. I am a man of few professions; and yet at this very instant I cannot avoid the painful apprehension that my present professions (which speak not half my feelings) should be considered only as a pretext to cover a request, as I have a request to make. No, my dear Ned, I know you are too generous to think so, and you know me too proud to stoop to unnecessary insincerity—I have a request, it is true, to make; but as I know to whom I am a petitioner, I make it without diffidence or confusion. It is in short this, I am going to publish a book in London," etc. The residue of the letter specifies the nature of the request, which was merely to aid in circulating his proposals and obtaining subscriptions. The letter of the poor author, however, was unattended to and unacknowledged by the prosperous Mr. Wells, of Roscommon, though in after years he was proud to claim relationship to Dr. Goldsmith, when he had risen to celebrity.

Another of Goldsmith's letters was to Robert Bryanton, with whom he had long ceased to be in correspondence. "I believe," writes he, "that they who are drunk, or out of their wits, fancy everybody else in the same condition. Mine is a friendship that neither distance nor time can efface, which is probably the reason that, for the soul of me, I can't avoid thinking yours of the same complexion; and yet I have many reasons for being of a contrary opinion, else why, in so long an absence, was I never made a partner in your concerns? To hear of your success would have given me the utmost pleasure; and a communication of your very disappointments would divide the uneasiness I too frequently feel for my own. Indeed, my dear Bob, you don't conceive how unkindly you have treated one whose circumstances afford him few prospects of pleasure, except those reflected from the happiness of his friends. However, since you have not let me hear from you, I have in some measure disappointed your neglect by frequently thinking of you. Every day or so I remember the calm anecdotes of your

CHAPTER IX.

SHIP—THOUGHTS OF LITERARY RETURN TO PECKHAM—QUEST FOR A LITERARY ENTERPRISE—TO RETURN TO EDWARD WELLS—TO ROBERT BRYANTON—DEATH OF UNCLE JOSEPH—TO COUSIN JANE.

Goldsmith continued to write for reviews and other periodicals.

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. Is it 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 tied to the circumference, and whirled disagreeably round, as it on a whirligig."

He then runs into a whimsical and extravagant tirade about his future prospects. The wonderful career of fame and fortune that awaits him, and after indulging in all kinds of humorous gasconades, 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 the d—*I is I?* Oh gods ! gods ! here in a garret, writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk score !"

He would, on this occasion, have doubtless written to his uncle Contarine, but that generous friend was sunk into a helpless hopeless state from which death soon released him.

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 her interest with 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 best excuse in recrimination. I wrote to Kilmore from Leyden in Holland, from Louvain in Flanders, and Rouen in France, but received no answer. To what could I attribute this silence but to displeasure or forgetfulness ? Whether I was right in my conjecture I do not pretend to determine ; but this I must ingenuously 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, spent whole days in efforts to tear their image from my heart. Could I have succeeded, you had not now been troubled with this renewal of a discontinued 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 Kilmore, in such circumstances, that all my endeavors to continue your regards 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 jealousy is ever attendant on the warmest regard. I could not—I own I could not—continue a correspondence in which every acknowledgment for

past favors might be considered as an indirect quest for future ones ; and where it might thought I gave my heart from a motive of gratitude alone, when I was conscious of having stowed it on much more disinterested principle. It is true, this conduct might have been stronger enough ; but yourself must confess it was an acter. Those who know me at all know that I have always been actuated by different principles from the rest of mankind, and while I regarded the interest of his friend more, no man earth regarded his own less. I have obtained bluntness to avoid the imputation of flattery have frequently seemed to overlook those more obvious to escape notice, and pre-ter-natural regard to those instances of good nature and good sense, which I could not fail tacitly to appear and all this lest I should be ranked among grinning tribe, who say ' very true ' to as still said ; who fill a vacant chair at a table whose narrow souls never moved in a wider circle than the circumference of a guinea ; and I had rather be reckoning the money in your pocket than the virtue in your breast. All this I say have done, and a thousand other very so though very disinterested, things in my time, for all which no soul cares a farthing about."

Is it to be wondered that he should in his life forget you, who has been all his life getting himself ? However, it is probable that may one of these days see me turned into a lect hunk, and as dark and intricate as a mole hole. I have already given my landlady order for an entire reform in the state of my finances, declaim against hot suppers, drink less sugar my tea, and check my grate with brickbats, instead of hanging my room with pictures, I intend to adorn it with maxims of frugality. These make pretty furniture enough, and won't be a too expensive ; for I will draw them all out with my own hands, and my landlady's daughter shall frame them with the parings of my black wax coat. Each maxim is to be inscribed on a sheet of clean paper, and wrote with my best pen, which the following will serve as a sample : *Look sharp : Mind the main chance : Jealous money nose : If you have a thin and paper, can put your hands by your sides, and say, are worth a thousand pounds every day of year : Take a farthing from a handkerchief and will be a hundred no longer.* Thus, whenever I turn my eyes, they are sure to meet of those friendly monitors ; and as we are told an actor who hung his room round with looking glass to correct the defects of his person, my apartment shall be furnished in a peculiar manner, to correct the errors of my mind. I am, madam, I heartily wish to be rich, if I were for this reason, to say without a blush how much I esteem you. But alas ! I have many a fall to encounter before that happy time comes, your poor old simple friend may again grow loose to the luxuriance of his nature, sitting Kilmore fireside, recount the various adventures of a hard-bought life ; laugh over the follies of a day ; join his flute to your harpsichord, and forget that ever he starved in those streets where Butler and Otway starved before him. And I mention those great names : my uncle's heart more that soul of fire as when I once knew him. Newton and Swift grew dim with age as well he. But what shall I say ? His mind was active an inhabitant not to disorder the mansion of his abode : for the richest jewels select wear their settings. Yet who but the

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would lament his condition! He now forgets the
calamities of life. Perhaps indulgent Heaven has
given 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 per
formance there without making the author any
consideration. I would, in this respect, disap
point their avarice and have all the profits of my
labor to myself. I must therefore request Mr. Law
der 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
request, when collected, they may be sent to Mr.
Bradley, as aforesaid, who will give a receipt, and
be accountable for the work, or a return of the
subscription. If this request (which, if it be con
sidered with, will in some measure be an encour
agement to a man of learning) should be dis
agreeable or troublesome, I would not press it;
for I would be the last man on earth to have my
labors go begging; but if I know Mr. Lawder
and sure I ought to know him, he will accept the
employment with pleasure. All I can say—it he
wishes 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 obliged kinsman, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
You see how I blot and blunder, when I am ask
ing a favor."

CHAPTER X.

ORIENTAL APPOINTMENT—AND DISAPPOINTMENT
—EXAMINATION AT THE COLLEGE OF SUR
GEONS—HOW TO PROCURE A SUIT OF CLOTHES
—FRESH DISAPPOINTMENT—A TALE OF DIS
TRESS—THE SUIT OF CLOTHES IN PAWN—
PUNISHMENT FOR DOING AN ACT OF CHARITY
—ADVICES OF GREEN ARBOR COURT—LETTER
TO HIS BROTHER—LIFE OF VOLTAIRE—SCROG
GIN, AN ATTEMPT AT MOCK HEROIC POETRY.

WHEN Goldsmith was yet laboring at his trea
sure, the promise made him by Dr. Milner was
not to be forgotten, and he was actually appointed
physician and surgeon to one of the factories on
the coast of Coromandel. His imagination was
kindled by the fire with visions of Oriental wealth
and opulence. It is true the salary did not
amount to more than a hundred pounds, but then, as appoin
tment, 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 once in 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
he imparted to them his brilliant prospects,
arguing the importance of their circulating his pro
posals 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-war
rant. Other expenses pressed hard upon him.
Fortunately, though as yet unknown to fame, his
literary capability was known to "the trade," and
the coinage of his brain passed current in Grub
Street. Archibald Hamilton, proprietor of the
Critical Review, the rival to that of Griffiths,
readily made him a small advance on receiving
three articles for his periodical. His purse thus
slenderly replenished, Goldsmith paid for his war
rant; wiped off the score of his milkmaid; aban
doned his garret, and moved into a shabby first
floor in a forlorn court near the Old Bailey; there
to await the time for his migration to the magnifi
cent coast of Coromandel.

Alas! poor Goldsmith! ever doomed to disap
pointment. Early in the gloomy month of No
vember, that month of log and despondency in
London, he learned the shipwreck of his hope.
The great Coromandel enterprise fell through; or
rather the post promised to him was transferred
to some other candidate. The cause of this dis
appointment it is now impossible to ascertain.
The death of his quasi patron, Dr. Milner, which
happened about this time, may have had some
effect in producing it; or there may have been
some heedlessness and blundering on his own
part; or some obstacle arising from his insuper
able indigence; whatever may have been the
cause, he never mentioned it, which gives some
ground to surmise that he himself was to blame.
His friends learned with surprise that he had sud
denly relinquished his appointment to India, about
which he had raised such sanguine expectations;
some accused him of fickleness and caprice;
others supposed him unwilling to tear himself
from the growing fascinations of the literary so
ciety of London.

In the mean time cut down in his hopes, and
humiliated in his pride by the failure of his Co
romandel scheme, he sought, without consulting his
friends, to be examined at the College of Physi
cians 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 as well as out of
cash. Here again the muse, so often jilted and
neglected by him, came to his aid. In considera
tion of four articles furnished to the *Monthly Re
view*, Griffiths, his old taskmaster, was to be
come 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 tem
porary purpose was served they would either be
returned or paid for. The books to be reviewed
were accordingly lent to him; the muse was
again set to her compulsory drudgery; the ar
ticles 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 of December, 1758.

Either from a confusion of mind incident to sen
sitive and imaginative persons on such occasions,
or from a real want of surgical science, which
last is extremely probable, he failed in his exami
nation, and was rejected as unqualified. 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 afflictions. Her husband had been arrested in the night for debt, and thrown into prison. This was too much for the quick feelings of Goldsmith; he was ready at any time to help the distressed, but in this instance he was himself in some measure a cause of the distress. What was to be done? He had no money, it is true; but there hung the new suit of clothes in which he had stood his unlucky examination at Surgeons' Hall. Without giving himself time for reflection, he sent it off to the pawnbroker's, and raised thereon a sufficient sum to pay off his own debt, and to release his landlord from prison.

Under the same pressure of penury and despondency, he borrowed from a neighbor a pittance to relieve his immediate wants, leaving as a security the books which he had recently reviewed. In the midst of these straits 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 furnish 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 and a prison.

The following letter from poor Goldsmith gives the most touching picture of an inconsiderate but sensitive man, harassed by care, stung by humiliations, and driven almost to despondency.

"SIR: I know of no misery but a jail to which my own imprudences and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, 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 those passions which make contempt insupportable. What, then, has a jail that is formidable. 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 circumstances.

"I am guilty, I own, of meannesses 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 unjustly 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: whatever 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 may inwardly burn with grateful sentiment. 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 invective till my book and Mr. Doddsley shall be published, and then, perhaps, you may see the bright side of a man when my professions shall not appear the dictate of necessity, but of choice.

"You seem to think Dr. Milner knew me not. Perhaps so; but he was a man I shall ever honor, but I have friendships only with the dead. I beg 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,

"P.S. —I shall expect impatiently 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 subscription advertised by Griffiths in the course of the following month; but the parties were not 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 overran all prudent forecast, and involved him in difficulties and disgraces, which a more selfish man would have avoided. The pawning of the clothes charged upon him as a crime by the grinding bookseller, and apparently admitted by him as one of "the meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it," resulted as we have shown from a tenderness of heart and generosity of habit in which another man would have gloried; 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 "meannesses" in its train.

And now let us be indulged in a few particulars about these lodgings in which Goldsmith was guilty of this thoughtless act of benevolence. They were in a very shabby house, No. 12 Green Arbor Court, between the Old Bailey and Fleet Market. An old woman was still living in it, who was a relative of the identical Landlady who Goldsmith relieved by the money received from the pawnbroker. She was a child about seventy years of age at the time that the poet rented his apartment of her relative, and I 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 sound 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

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Scarcely retiring (Goldsmith).

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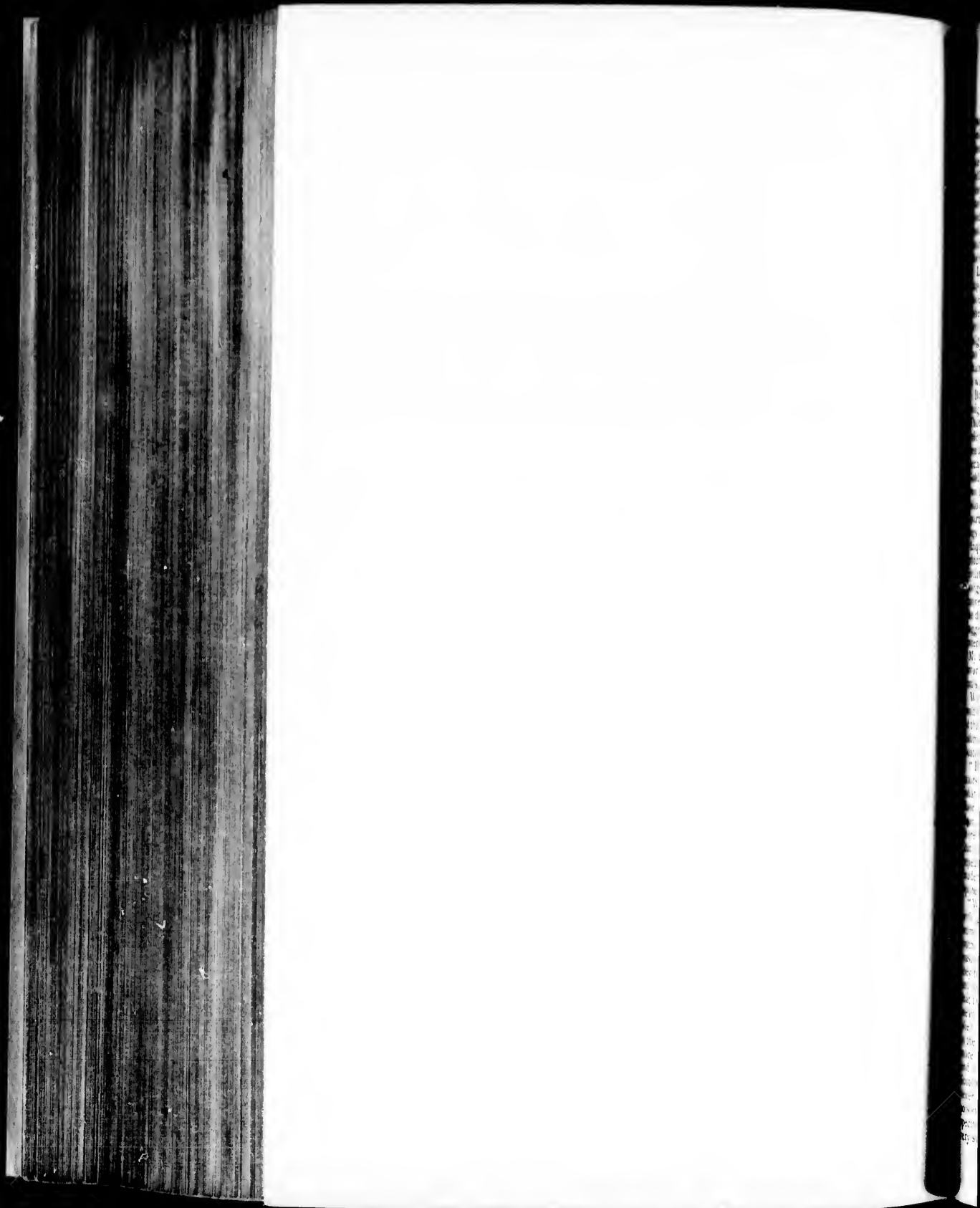
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Study reforming Wilson



most of the day, however, in his room, and he went out in the evenings. His days were no more devoted to the drudgery of the pen, and it would appear that he occasionally found the book-keepers urgent taskmasters. On one occasion a letter was shown up to his room, and immediately their voices were heard in high altercation, and the key was turned within the lock. The lady, at first, was disposed to go to the assistance of her lodger; but a calm succeeding, she chose to interfere.

Late in the evening the door was unlocked; a letter ordered by the visitor from a neighboring room, and Goldsmith and his intrusive guest finished the evening in great good-humor. It was probably his old taskmaster Griffiths, whose press had been waiting, and who found no other way of getting a stipulated task from Goldsmith than by knocking him in, and staying by him until he was finished.

But we have a more particular account of these things in Green Arbor Court from the Rev. Thomas Percy, afterward Bishop of Dromore, and celebrated for his relics of ancient poetry, his pastoral ballads, and other works. During an occasional visit to London, he was introduced to Goldsmith by Grainger, and ever after continued to be his most steadfast and valued friends. The following is his description of the poet's squalid 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 duty, 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, aged little girl, of a very becoming demeanor, entered the room, and, dropping a courtesy, said, 'My mamma sends her compliments and begs the pleasure to lead her a chamber-pot full of piss.'"

We are reminded in this anecdote of Goldsmith's picture of the lodgings of Beau Tibbs, and the poet's introduction into the secrets of a makeshift establishment given to a visitor by the blundering old woman.

"But as time we were arrived as high as the stairs, I permit us to ascend, till we came to the door, which was facetiously pleased to call the first knock at the chimney; and, knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded 'Who's there?' Mr. conductor answered that it was him. Satisfying the querist, the voice again demanded the demand, to which he answered 'I am here before; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance.

"We have got in he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony; and, turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady. 'Good night,' replied she, in a peculiar dialect, 'she's washing your two shirts at the next door, because she has taken an oath against lending the tub to any body.' 'My two shirts,' cried he, in a tone of confusion; 'what does the idiot mean?' 'I see what I mean well enough,' replied she; 'she's washing your two shirts for me, for, because —' 'Fire and fury! no more of thy stupid explanations,' cried he; 'go and inform her we have company. Were that I could tag to be for ever in my family, she would learn politeness, nor forget that absurd provincial accent of hers, or testily the smallest signs of breeding or high life; and yet it is so surprising to me, as I had her from a Parliament

man, a friend of mine from the Highlands, one of the politest 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 intestines 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 of every window, and such a clamor of tongues ensued that I was fain to stop my ears. Every amazon took part with one or other of the disputants and brandished her arms, dripping with soap-suds, and fired away from her window as from the embrasure of a fortress; while the screams of children nestled and cradled in every procreant chamber of this hive, wailing with the noise, set up their shrill pipes to swell the general concert."

While in these forlorn quarters, suffering under extreme depression of spirits, caused 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 recompense I can make for being so frequently troublesome. The behavior of Mr. Mills and Mr. Lawder is a little extraordinary. However, their answering neither you nor me is a sufficient indication of their disliking the employment which I assigned them. As their conduct is different from what I had expected, so I have made an alteration in mine. I shall, the beginning of next month, send over two hundred and fifty books,† which are all that I fancy can be well sold among you, and I would have you make some distinction in the persons who have subscribed. The money, which will amount to sixty pounds, may be left with Mr. Bradley as soon as possible. I am not certain but I shall quickly have occasion for it.

"I have met with no disappointment with respect to my East India voyage, nor are my resolutions altered; though, at the same time, I must confess, it gives me some pain to think I am almost beginning the world at the age of thirty-one. Though I never had a day's sickness since I saw you, yet I am not that strong, active man you once knew me. You scarcely can conceive how much eight years of disappointment, anguish, and study have worn me down. If I remember right you are seven or eight years older than me,

* Citizen of the World, Letter iv.

† 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, with an eye disgustingly severe, and a big wig; and you may have a perfect 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-nature 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 every country 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 assiduous and divested of strong passions for passions in youth always lead to pleasures, 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 civil 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 or novel; these paint beauty in 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 fortune has 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. They afford the only ladder for the poor to rise 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 tinged from experience the necessity of being prudent, had contracted the habits and notions of a philosopher, while I was exposing myself to the approaches of insidious cunning; and even being, even with my narrow means, I found to excess, I forgot the rules of justice, and cast myself in the very situation of the person who thanked me for my bounty. When I went to the remotest part of the world, tell him this, perhaps he may improve from my example, but find myself again falling into my former ways of thinking.

"My mother, I am informed, is so contented even though I had the utmost inclination to return home, under such circumstances I could not but to behold her in distress without a compassionate feeling her from it, would add much to her sordid habit. Your last letter was fine, but she it should have answered some queries I made in my former. Just sit down as I do, and write forward until you have filled aly or paper, requires no thought, at least from the person which my own sentiments rise when I am addressed to you. For, believe me, my heart has no share in all I write; my heart dictates the whole. Pray give my love to Bob Brant, and entreat him from me not to drink. Write sir, give me some account about poor Tom. Yet her husband loves her; if so, she cannot be unhappy.

"I know not whether I should tell you why should I conceal these trifles, or, more anything from you? There is a look of mine to be published in a few days; the title of a very extraordinary man; no less than the great Voltaire. You know already by the title that it is worth more than a catchpenny. However, I spent but a few weeks on the whole performance, for which I received twenty pounds. When finished, 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 amusement.

"Your last letter, I repeat it, was too short; you should have given me your opinion of the sign of the heron comic poem, which I sent you. You remember I intended to contribute some of the poem as lying in a paltry and loose way. It may take the following specimen of the manner in which I flatter myself is quite original, and in which he lies may be described in the following way:

"The window, patched with paper, in a cave
That feebly show'd the state in what he lay;
The san'd floor that grins beneath the mail,
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread,
The game of goose was there exposed to view,
And the twelve rules the royal mantle drew.
The Seasons, framed with listening ears to place
And Prussia's monarch show'd his seat to grace.
The morn was cold, he views with sick distress
A rusty grate unconscious of a fire;
An unpaid reckoning on the freeze was scolded,
And five crack'd teacups dress'd the dinner board."

"And now imagine, after his so long a landlord to make his appearance, to tell him for the reckoning:

* His sister, Mrs. Johnston; her marriage, that of Mrs. Hodson, was private but the matters much less fortunate.

CHAPTER XI.

"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 began,"
etc.*

"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 lines 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 were 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 lead 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; and appeared separately in a magazine.

As to the heroic-comical poem, also, cited in the foregoing letter, it appears to have perished in time. Had it been brought to maturity we should have had further traits of autobiography; for on already described was probably his own quarters in Green Arbor Court; and in a 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,
Times each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt and Parson's black champagne
Regle the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane;
Here, in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The mouse-hound Scroggin stretch'd beneath a rug;
An ancient deck'd his brows instead of bay,
And at night, a stocking all the day!"

It is to be regretted that this poetical conception was brought out; like the author's other writings, might have abounded with pictures of life and tricks 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 formed a language a first-rate specimen of the mock-heroic.

* The projected poem, of which the above were specimens, appears never to have been completed.

PUBLICATION OF "THE INQUIRY"—ATTACKED BY GRIFFITHS' REVIEW—KENRICK THE LITERARY ISHMAELITE—PERIODICAL LITERATURE—GOLDSMITH'S ESSAYS—GARRICK AS A MANAGER—SMOLLETT AND HIS SCHEMES—CHANGE OF LODGINGS—THE ROBIN HOOD CLUB.

TOWARD the end of March, 1759, the treatise on which Goldsmith had laid so much stress, on which he at one time had calculated to defray the expenses of his outfit to India, and to which he had adverted in his correspondence with Griffiths, made its appearance. It was published by the Doddsleys, and entitled "An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe."

In the present day, when the whole field of contemporary literature is so widely surveyed and amply discussed, and when the current productions of every country are constantly collated and ably criticised, a treatise like that of Goldsmith would be considered as extremely limited and unsatisfactory; but at that time it possessed novelty in its views and wideness in its scope, and being indued with the peculiar charm of style inseparable from the author, it commanded public attention and a profitable sale. As it was the most important production that had yet come from Goldsmith's pen, he was anxious to have the credit of it; yet it appeared without his name on the title-page. The authorship, however, was well known throughout the world of letters, and the author had now grown into sufficient literary importance to become an object of hostility to the underlings of the press. One of the most virulent attacks upon him was in a criticism on this treatise, and appeared in the *Monthly Review*, to which he himself had been recently a contributor. It slandered him as a man while it decried him as an author, and accused him, by innuendo, of "laboring under the infamy of having, by the vilest and meanest actions, forfeited all pretensions to honor and honesty," and of practising "those acts which bring the sharper to the cart's tail or the pillory."

It will be remembered that the *Review* was owned by Griffiths the bookseller, with whom Goldsmith had recently had a misunderstanding. The criticism, therefore, was no doubt dictated by the lingerings of resentment; and the imputations upon Goldsmith's character for honor and honesty, and the vile and mean actions hinted at, could only allude to the unfortunate pawning of the clothes. All this, too, was after Griffiths had received the affecting letter from Goldsmith, drawing a picture of his poverty and perplexities, and after the latter had made him a literary compensation. Griffiths, in fact, was sensible of the falsehood and extravagance of the attack, and tried to exonerate himself by declaring that the criticism was written by a person in his employ; but we see no difference in atrocity between him who wields the knife and him who hires the cut-throat. It may be well, however, in passing, to bestow our mite of notoriety upon the miscreant who launched the slander. He deserves it for a long course of dastardly and venomous attacks, not merely upon Goldsmith, but upon most of the successful authors of the day. His name was Kenrick. He was originally a mechanic, but, possessing some degree of talent and industry, applied himself to literature as a profession. This he pursued for many years, and tried his hand in every department of prose and poetry; he wrote

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mischievous cunning; and often
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for my bounty. When I thought
of the world, tell him this, and
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wall with paltry pictures
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A goose was there exposed
five rules the royal man
s, framed with list, and
a monarch show'd his
as cold, he owes his
the unconscious of a
erking on the floor was
rack'd teenagers dress'd the

not whether I should let you
I conceal these truths, or
you? There is a look in
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man; no less than the great
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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 popular name, though he received 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*."

Soured 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 Ishmaelites 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 tear
From other's brows that wreath he must wear—
Next Kenrick came: all furious and replete
With brandy, malice, pertness, and conceit;
Unskill'd in classic lore, through envy blind
To all that's beauteous, learned, or refined;
For faults alone behold the savage prowl,
With reason's oil glut his ravening soul;
Pleased with his prey, its inmost blood he drinks,
And mumbles, paws, and turns it 'till it stinks."

The British press about this time was extravagantly fruitful of periodical publications. That "oldest inhabitant," the *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 choked each other almost at the outset, and few of them have escaped oblivion.

Goldsmith wrote for some of the most successful, such as the *Bees*, 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 Drama, and was doomed to experience its effect. A clamor had been raised against Garrick for exercising a despotism 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; with scenes, fireworks, and *his own writings*. A good new play I never expect to see more; nor have seen since the Provoked Husband, which came out

when I was at school." Goldsmith, who was extremely fond of the theatre, and felt the evils of this system, inveighed in his treatise against the wrongs experienced by authors at the hands of managers. "Our poet's performance," said he, "must undergo a process truly chemical before it is presented to the public. It must be kindled in the manager's fire; strained through a censor's sieve; suffer from repeated corrections, till it is a mere *caput mortuum* when it arrives before the public." Again, "Getting a place, even in three or four years is a privilege reserved only to the happy few who have the arts of courting the manager as well as the muse; who have ambition to please his vanity, powerful patrons to support their merit, or money to indemnify disappointment. Our Saxon ancestors had but one name for a wit and a witch. I will not create the propriety of uniting those characters; then let the man who under present discouragements ventures to write for the stage, whatever else he may have to the appellation of a wit, at least be at 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 fellow who sweeps the stage with the besom, or the hero who brushes it with his train. It were a matter of indifference to me whether our heroes are in keeping, or our candle snuffers burn their fingers; did not such make a great part of public and polite conversation. Our actors assume all the state off the stage which they do on it, and use an expression borrowed from the Greek, *every one is up in his part*. I am sorry to say it, they seem to forget their real characters."

These strictures were considered by Garrick as intended for himself, and they were ranking 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 own renown and his intimacy with the great, knew Goldsmith only by his budding reputation; he may not have considered him of sufficient importance to be conciliated. In reply to his invitations, he observed that he could not accept of friendly exertions after the unprovoked attack he had made upon his management. Goldsmith replied that he had indulged in mere conjectures, and had only spoken what he believed to be the truth. He made no further apology or expiation; 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 long the author and actor became intimate; and after years, this false step at the outset of their intercourse was never forgotten.

About this time Goldsmith engaged with Smollett, who was about to launch the *British Magazine*. Smollett was a condemned speculator in literature, and added to enterprises that had money rather than reputation in view. Goldsmith has a great deal to be said in this propensity in one of his tracts in the *Bees*, in which he represents Johnson, Hume, and others taking seats in the stage coach toward Fame, while Smollett prefers that tedious route to 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 in

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ment employer of Goldsmith was
ry, who engaged him to continue
says to a newspaper entitled the
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 lucubra-
tions attracted general attention; they were re-
printed in the various periodical publications 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 there-
cent of frequent sums from the booksellers, Gold-
smith, 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
suspicion to the poor hostess, whose necessi-
ties he had relieved by pawning his gala coat, for
he was told that "he often supplied her with food
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. Gold-
smith spoke here occasionally, and is recorded in
the Robin Hood archives as "a candid disputant,
with a clear head and an honest heart, 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 chair-
man 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-
ON—PILKINGTON AND THE WHITE MOUSE—IN-
TRODUCTION TO DR. JOHNSON—DAVIES AND
HIS BOOK-SHOP—PRETTY MRS. DAVIES—FOOTE
AND HIS PROJECTS—CRITICISM OF THE CUDGEL.

In his new lodgings in Wine-Office Court, Gold-
smith began to receive visits of ceremony, and to
entertain his literary friends. Among the latter
he now numbered several names of note, such as
Gordon Murphy, Christopher Smart, and Bicker-
staff. He had also a numerous class of hangers-
on, the small fry of literature; who, knowing his
almost utter incapacity to refuse a pecuniary re-
quest, were apt, now that he was considered flush,
to levy trivial taxes upon his purse.

Among others, one Pilkington, an old college
acquaintance, but now a shifting adventurer,
exploited him in the most ludicrous manner. He
called on him with a face full of perplexity. A
flaw of the first rank having an extraordinary
taste for curious animals, for which she was will-
ing 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. Un-
fortunately, 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 simple 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 said, so done; the
watch was delivered to 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 scapegrace, he was on
his death-bed, starving with want, upon which,
forgetting or forgiving 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 Bonbennin
and the White Mouse in the *Citizen of the World*.

In this year Goldsmith became personally ac-
quainted 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 differ-
ent ways. Goldsmith, buoyant, heedless, sanguine,
tolerant of evils and easily pleased, had shifted
along by any temporary expedient; east down at
every turn, but rising again with indomitable
good-humor, and still carried forward by his tal-
ent at hoping. Johnson, melancholy, and hypo-
chondriacal, and prone to apprehend the worst,
yet sternly resolute to battle with and conquer it,
had made his way doggedly and gloomily, but
with a noble principle of self-reliance and a dis-
regard of foreign aid. Both had been irregular
at college, Goldsmith, as we have shown, from
the levity of his nature and his social and con-
vivial habits; Johnson, from his acerbity and
gloom. When, in after life, the latter heard him-
self spoken of as gay and frolicsome 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 to
fight 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 guileless pride which kept Johnson from fall-
ing into the degrading shifts of poverty. Gold-
smith 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 stern-
est 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 immetaphorical stu-
dent, he had imbibed deeper draughts of knowl-
edge, and made himself a ripe 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; to the resources of read-
ing and meditation; threw a deeper though dark-
er enthusiasm into his mind, and stored a reten-
tive memory with all kinds of knowledge.

After several years of youth passed in the coun-
try 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 trag-
edy 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 tied," said Garrick sportively in after years of prosperity, when he spoke of their humble wayfaring. "I came to London," said Johnson, "with twopence halfpenny in my pocket." "Eh, what's that you say?" cried Garrick, "with twopence halfpenny in your pocket?" "Why, yes; I came with twopence halfpenny in *my* pocket, and thou, Davy, with but three halfpence in thine." Nor was there much 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, "fighting 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, both too poor to pay for a night's lodging, yet both full of poetry and patriotism, and determined to stand by their country; so shabby 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 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 in body, he had been resolutely self-dependent, and proudly self-respectful; he had fulfilled his college vow, he had "bought 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-wayfarer and adventurer Garrick had become of the stage, and had been humorously dubbed by Smollett, "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, to a numerous party at his new lodgings in 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 *Review* 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-powdered wig; and could not but notice his uncommon spruceness. "Why, sir," replied Johnson, "I fear 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 is worthy of some specification. Mr. Thomas Davies, 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 *Rossiad*:

"Statesman all over—in plots famous grown,
He mouths a sentence as *unz* mouth a roan."

This unlucky sentence is said to have tripped him in the midst of his tragic career, and ultimately to have driven him from the stage. He carried into the bookselling craft some what of the grandiose manner of the stage, and was prone to be mouthy 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 lie,
That fellow has a very pretty wife."

"Pretty Mrs. Davies" continued to let the star of his fortunes. Her tea-table became as much a literary lounge as her husband's shop. She found favor in the eyes of the *Fast Club* of literature by her winning ways, as she put tea for him cups without stint of his table her crage. Indeed it is suggested that she was a leading cause of his habitual resort to his literary haunt. Others were drawn thither on the heels of Johnson's conversation, and thus a common resort of many of the notorieties of the day. He might occasionally be seen Benet Langton, George Stevens, Dr. Percy, celebrities of the ancient ballads, and sometimes Warburton in prelate state. Garrick resorted to it at a time, but soon grew shy and suspicious, declaring that most of the authors who frequented Mr. Davies' shop went merely to abuse him.

Footo, the Aristophanes of the day, was a frequent visitor; his broad face beaming with wit and wagery, and his satirical eye cast on the lookout for characters and incidents for his raucous. 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 large *case of the* *Forza*, intended as a hit at the Robt. Ho. Clubbing club, and resolved to show up the two sectarians in it for the entertainment of the town.

"What is the common price of an *stick* sir?" said Johnson to Davies. "Eight pence," was the reply. "Why, then, sir, give me a stick, and send your servant to purchase a shilling's worth. I have a double quantity, for I am of two men to take me off, as he calls it, and I am determined the fellow shall not do it with impunity."

Footo had no disposition to indulge the criticism of the cudgel wielded by such a giant, and so the farce of *The Orator* appeared with the caricatures of the lexicographer and the essayist.

CHAPTER XIII.

ORIENTAL PROJECTS—LITERARY JOBS—THE ORATOR—CHIEFS—MIRZA ISHAN—AND THE WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE—LETTERS ON THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND—JAMES POSWELL—JOHN OF DAVIES—ANECDOTES OF JOHNSON AND GOLDSMITH.

NOTWITHSTANDING his growing success Goldsmith continued to consider literature a mere makeshift, and his vagrant imagination teemed with schemes and plans of a grand but impracticable 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-

just the description given of him
the Roscius:

over—in plots famous grown,
his presence as chief would be known.

His presence is said to have roused
in his tragic career, and driven
him from the stage. He was
book-selling craft some way of
the stage, and was prone to
magniloquent.

It is estimated, that while on the stage
for his pretty wife than his

mighty Davies; on my life,
is a very pretty wife."

"Davies" continued to bet a whole
s. Her tea-table lay in a room
lounge as her husband's shop
in the eyes of the Londoners
winning ways, as she poured out
about him, of his private life
is suggested that he was
his habitual resort to a literary
were drawn thither as to these
conversation, and thus it became
the notoriety of the day. He
ly he seen Benoit Lagarde
Dr. Percy, celebrated for his
and sometimes Warburton, and
harrick resorted to it for a time
and suspicious, deeming that
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to abuse him.

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and Goldsmith, now so every-
in Davies's shop. He was
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a hut at the Robin Hood celebra-
to show up the prodigious
ainment of the town.

common price of an estate
to Davies. "I spent a whole
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to purchase a good one." "I
ity," for I am not a man
he calls it, and I am not
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Others appeared, such as the
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MERRY ISLINGTON AND THE
HOLST. THE LITERARY JOBS
ND—JAMES FOSWICK. THE
EDDOLLS OF JOHN'S AND

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s vagrant imagination, and
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or visiting the East, in expec-
Asia. He had, as has been be-
ague notion that valuable dis-

coveries were to be made there, and many useful
inventions in the arts brought back to the stock of
European knowledge. "Thus, in Siberian Tar-
tar," observes he in one of his writings, "the
savages extract a strong spirit from milk, which is
secret probably unknown to the chemists of
Europe. In the most savage parts of India they
possessed of the secret of dying vegetable sub-
stances scarlet, and that of refining lead into a
metal which, for hardness and color, is little in-
ferior to silver."

Goldsmith adds a description of the kind of per-
son suited to such an enterprise, in which he evi-
dently had himself in view.

"He should be a man of philosophical turn,
apt to deduce consequences of general utility
from particular occurrences; neither swayed with
prejudice, nor hardened by prejudice; neither wedded
to one particular science, nor instructed only in
one particular science; neither wholly a botanist,
nor quite an antiquarian; his mind should be
enriched with miscellaneous knowledge, and his
manners humanized by an intercourse with men.
He should be in some measure an enthusiast to
the design; fond of travelling, from a rapid imagi-
nation and an innate love of change; furnished
with a body capable of sustaining every fatigue,
and a heart not easily terrified at danger."

When Lord Bute became prime minister in
the accession of George the Third, Goldsmith
drew up a memorial on the subject, suggesting
the advantages to be derived from a mission to
those countries solely for useful and scientific pur-
poses; and, the better to insure success, he prece-
ded his application to the government by an inge-
nuous appeal to the same effect in the *Public Ledger*.

His memorial and his essay were fruitless, his
project most probably being deemed the dream
of a visionary. Still it continued to haunt his
mind, and he would often talk of making an ex-
pedition to Aleppo some time or other, when his
means were greater, to inquire into the arts pecu-
liar to the East, and to bring home such as might
be valuable. Johnson, who knew how little poor
Goldsmith was tutored by scientific lore for this fa-
mous scheme 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
things as we already possess, and consequently,
could not know what would be accessions to our
present stock of mechanical knowledge. Sir, he
will bring home a grinding barrow, which you
can buy every street in London, and think that he
has discovered a wonderful improvement."

His connection with Newbery the bookseller
led him into a variety of temporary jobs,
such as a pamphlet on the Cock-lane Ghost, a *Late*
of Ben Nasi, the famous Master of Ceremonies
at Bath, and one of the best things for his fame.
Next came the remodelling and republication
of his Chinese Letters under the title of "The
Gleanings 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
more accurate, or more delicate delineation of
manners. Wit, humor, and sentiment
permeate every page; the vices and follies of the
age are touched with the most playful and divert-
ing satire; and English characteristics, in endless
variety, are hit off with the pencil of a master."
In seeking materials for his varied views of life,
he often mingled in strange scenes and got in-
volved in whimsical situations. In the summer

of 1762 he was one of the thousands who went to
see the Cherokee chiefs, whom he mentions in one
of his writings. The Indians made their appear-
ance in grand costume, hideously painted and
besmeared. In the course of the visit Goldsmith
made one of the chiefs a present, who, in the ec-
stasy of his gratitude, gave him an embrace that
left his face well bedaubed with oil and 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 confine-
ment, 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 fa-
mous among the essayists of the last century.
While strolling one day in these gardens, he met
three females of the family of a respectable trades-
man to whom he was under some obligation.
With his prompt disposition to oblige, he conduct-
ed them about the garden, treated them to tea,
and ran up a bill in the most open-handed man-
ner 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
scene of perplexity now took place between him
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 sneers of the
waiter revealed it. His acquaintances amused
themselves for some time at his expense, profess-
ing their inability to relieve him. When, how-
ever, they had enjoyed their banter, the waiter
was paid, and poor Goldsmith enabled to convoy
off the ladies with flying colors.

Among the various productions thrown off by
him for the booksellers during this growing pe-
riod of his reputation, was a small work in two
volumes, entitled "The History of England, in a
series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son."
It was digested from Hume, Rapin, Carte, 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, before going to bed, write
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 free 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 Lyttelton. The
latter seemed pleased to be the putative father,
and never disowned the bantling 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 perceiv-
ed, grew slowly; he was known and estimated by
a few; but he had not those brilliant though fal-
lacious qualities which flash upon the public, and
excite loud but transient applause. His works
were more read than cited; and the charm of
style, for which he was especially noted, was
more apt to be felt than talked about. He used

often to repine, 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 gossipings 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. "At this time," says 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,' and of 'The Citizen of the World,' a series of letters supposed to be written from London by a Chinese."

A conversation took place at table between Goldsmith and Mr. Robert Dodsley, 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. Dodsley 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.

Boswell has made no note of this conversation; 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 imitations of the great lexicographer; mouthing his words, rolling his head, and assuming a 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 fain to consider them derived in a great measure from his Magnus Apollo. "He had sagacity enough," says he, "to cultivate assiduously the acquaintance of Johnson, and his faculties were gradually enlarged by the contemplation 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 onerous charge upon him. "He is poor an honest," said Goldsmith, "which is recommendation enough to Johnson."

Boswell mentioned another person of a very different character, and wondered at Johnson's indifference to him. "He is now become miserable," said Goldsmith, "and that insures the protection of Johnson." Encomiums like these speak almost much for the heart of him who praises as of him who is praised.

Subsequently, when Boswell had become more intense in his literary idolatry, he attributed to undervalue Goldsmith, and a lurking tendency to be discernible throughout his writings, which may have attributed to a silly spirit of jealousy of a superior esteem evinced for the poet of Dr. Johnson. We have a gleam of this in his account of the first evening he spent in company with the two eminent authors at their famous resort, the Mitre Tavern, in Fleet Street. He took place on the 1st of July, 1763. The troupe of the day and passed some time in literary conversation. On quitting the tavern, Johnson, who had not been sociably acquainted with Goldsmith for years, and knew his merits, took him and him drink tea with his blind pensioner, Miss Williams, a high privilege among his intimates and admirers. To Boswell, a recent acquaintance, the intrusive sycophancy had not yet made its way into his confidential intimacy, he gave no attention. Boswell felt it with all the jealousy of a deceiver. "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 esoteric over exoteric disciple of a sage of antiquity. I saw Miss Williams. I confess I then envied him the mighty privilege, of which he seemed to be 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, cunning, and spaniel-like subservience. Really the behavior of the man to illustrate his mental greatness and by continually placing himself in juxtaposition with the great lexicographer, has something perfectly ludicrous. Never, since the days of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, has there been presented to the world a more whimsical contrast pair of associates than Johnson and Boswell.

"Who is this Scotch cur at Johnson's?" asked some one when Boswell first worked his way into incessant companionship. "He is a cur," replied Goldsmith, "you are too severe; he is only a burr. Tom Davies thought him a Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking."

CHAPTER XIV.

HOGARTH A VISITOR AT ISLINGTON. HIS CHARACTER—STREET STUDIOS—SYMPATHIES BETWEEN ARTISTS AND PAINTERS—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS—HIS CHARACTER—HIS DINNERS—THE LITERARY CLUB—ITS MEMBERS—JOHNSON'S REVELS WITH LANKY AND LAU—GOLDSMITH AT THE CLUB.

AMONG the intimates who used to visit the occasionally in his retreat at Islington, was Hogarth the painter. Goldsmith had spoken well

and a dependent in his bounty
all thought, must be an inmate
of the "The poor and the great," said
which is recommendation enough

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pondered at Johnson's address
become inmate. "said Gold
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birth, and a turning to stare to him
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evidenced for the poet by Dr. John
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CHAPTER XIV.

FOR AT ISLINGTON—THE CHA
LET STUDIES—SAMPATHUR
DRS AND PAINTERS—SIR JOHN
IS CHARACTER—HIS TALKS
Y CLUB—ITS MEMBERS—JOH
WITH LANKY AND BLAU—GOL
S CLUB.

imates who used to visit the po
his retreat at Islington, was h
Goldsmith had spoken well

in his essays in the *Public Ledger*, and this
the first link in their friendship. He was
this time upward of sixty years of age, and is
scribed as a stout, active, bustling little man,
a grey-blue coat, satirical and dogmatic, yet full
of benevolence and the love of human nature.
He was the moralist and philosopher of the pen
like Goldsmith he had sounded the depths of
life and misery, without being polluted by them;
though his picturings had not the pervading
energy of those of the essayist, and dwelt more
on the crimes and vices than the follies and humors
of mankind, yet they were all calculated, in like
manner, to fill the mind with instruction and pre
cept, and to make the heart better.

Goldsmith does not appear to have had much of
a rivalry, feeling with which Goldsmith was so
deeply imbued, and may not have accompanied
him on his scrolls about hedges and green lanes;
he was a fit companion with whom to explore
the corners of London, in which he was continually
the look-out for character and incident. One
of Goldsmith's admirers speaks of having come
on him in Castle Street, engaged in one of his
studies, watching two boys who were quarrel
ing; putting one on the back who flinched,
endeavoring to spirit him up to a fresh en
counter. "At him again! D—him, if I would
see of him! at him again!"

And in memorial of this intimacy between the
poet and the poet exists in a portrait in oil,
of "Goldsmith's Hostess." It is supposed to
have been painted by Hogarth in the course of his
visit to Islington, and given by him to the poet
in token of paying his landlady. There are no
resemblances among men of talents more likely to
be found than those between painters and poets.
The same qualities of mind, governed
the same principles of taste and natural laws
of grace and beauty, but applying them to differ
ent mutually illustrative arts, they are con
stantly in sympathy and never in collision with
each other.

And more congenial intimacy of the kind was
contracted by Goldsmith with Mr. afterward
Joshua Reynolds. The latter was now about
thirty years of age, a few years older than the poet,
and he charmed by the blandness and benignity
of his manners, and the nobleness and generosity
of his disposition, as much as he did by the graces
of his pencil, and the magic of his coloring. They
were men of kindred genius, excelling in corre
sponding qualities of their several arts, for style in
writing is what color is in painting; both are in
deed ennoblers, and equally magical in their
arts. Certain graces and harmonies of both
were acquired by diligent study and imitation,
but only to a limited degree; whereas by their
own powers they are exercised spontaneous
ly and unconsciously, and with ever-varying
moderation. Reynolds soon understood and ap
preciated the merits of Goldsmith, and a sincere
lasting friendship ensued between them.

At Reynolds's house Goldsmith mingled in a
large circle of company than he had been accus
tomed to. The fame of this celebrated artist, and
the amenity of manners, were gathering round
him men of talents of all kinds, and the increasing
ease of his circumstances enabled him to give
hospitality to his hospitable disposition. Poor
Goldsmith had not yet, like Dr. Johnson, acquired
the power enough to atone for his external defects
by the want of the air of good society. Miss
Reynolds used to inveigh against his personal ap
pearance, which gave her the idea, she said, of a

low mechanic, a journeyman tailor. One evening
at a large supper party, being called upon to give
as a toast, the ugliest man she knew, she gave
Dr. Goldsmith, upon which a lady who sat op
posite, and whom she had never met before,
shook hands with her across the table, and
"hoped to become better acquainted."

We have a graphic and amusing picture of Rey
nolds's hospitable but motley establishment, in an
account given by a Mr. Courtenay to Sir James
Mackintosh; though it speaks of a time after Rey
nolds had received the honor of knighthood.
"There was something singular," said he, "in
the style and economy of Sir Joshua's table that
contributed to pleasantry and good-humor, a
coarse, inelegant plenty, without any regard to
order and arrangement. At five o'clock precise
ly, dinner was served, whether all the invited
guests were arrived or not. Sir Joshua was never
so fashionably ill-bred as to wait an hour perhaps
for two or three persons of rank or title, and put
the rest of the company out of humor by this in
vidious distinction. His invitations, however, did
not regulate the number of his guests. Many
dropped in uninvited. A table prepared for seven
or eight was often compelled to contain fifteen or
sixteen. There was a consequent deficiency of
knives, forks, plates, and glasses. The attend
ance was in the same style, and those who were
knowing in the ways of the house took care on
sitting down to call instantly for beer, bread, or
wine, that they might secure a supply before the
first course was over. He was once prevailed on
to furnish the table with decanters and glasses at
dinner, to save time and prevent confusion. These
gradually were demolished in the course of ser
vice, and were never replaced. These trifling
embarrassments, however, only served to enhance
the hilarity and singular pleasure of the entertain
ment. The wine, cookery and dishes were but
little attended to; nor was the fish or venison ever
talked of or recommended. Amid this convivial
animated bustle among his guests, our host sat
perfectly composed; always attentive to what
was said, never minding what was ate or drank,
but left every one at perfect liberty to scramble
for himself."

Out of the casual but frequent meeting of men
of talent at this hospitable board rose that associa
tion of wits, authors, scholars, and statesmen, re
nowned as the Literary Club. Reynolds was the
first to propose a regular association of the kind,
and was eagerly seconded by Johnson, who pro
posed as a model a club which he had formed
many years previously in Ivy Lane, but which was
now extinct. Like that club the number of mem
bers was limited to nine. They were to meet and
sup together once a week, on Monday night, at
the Turk's Head on Gerard Street, Soho, and two
members were to constitute a meeting. It took a
regular form in the year 1764, but did not receive
its literary appellation until several years after
ward.

The original members were Reynolds, Johnson,
Burke, Dr. Nugent, Bennet Langton, Topham
Beauchere, Chamier, Hawkins, and Goldsmith;
and here a few words concerning some of the
members may be acceptable. Burke was at that
time about thirty-three years of age; he had
mingled a little in politics, and been Under Sec
retary to Hamilton at Dublin, but was again a
writer for the booksellers, and as yet but in the
dawning of his fame. Dr. Nugent was his father-in
law, a Roman Catholic, and a physician of
talent 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 now a Middlesex magistrate. 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 also 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 savageness." 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 Beauclerc, by whom he was proposed. We have left our mention of Bennet Langton and Topham Beauclerc 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 very 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 obtain an introduction to the author. 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 decent, 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 Beauclerc, a youth two years older than himself, very gay and dissipated, and wondered what sympathies could draw two young men together of such opposite characters. On becoming acquainted with Beauclerc 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 Beauclerc, a grandson of the Duke of St. Albans, and was thought in some particulars to have resembled to Charles the Second. These were his recommendations with Johnson, and when the young man testified a profound respect for him and an admiration of his talents the conquest was complete, so that in a "short time," says Boswell, "the moral pious Johnson and the gay dissipated Beauclerc were companions."

The intimacy begun 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 adoration to two high-born, high-bred aristocratic young men, and throwing gravity aside, was ready to join in their vagaries and play the part of "young man upon town." Such at least is a picture given of him by Boswell on one occasion when Beauclerc and Langton having supped together at a tavern determined to give Johnson a rouse at three o'clock in the morning. They accordingly rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple. The indignant sage sallied forth in his shirt, poker in hand, and a little wig on the top of his head, instead of being prepared to wreak vengeance on the assailants of his castle; but when his two young friends Lankey and Beau, as he used to call them, presented themselves, summoning him forth to morning ramble, his whole manner changed. "What, is it you, ye dogs?" cried he. "Fa! I'll have a frisk with you!"

So said so done. They sallied forth together into Covent Garden; figured among the grocers and fruit women, just come from the country with their hampers, repaired to a neighboring tavern, where Johnson brewed a bowl of *bishop*, a favorite beverage with him, gave him over his cups, and anathematized sleep in a 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 Richmond, and Johnson and Beauclerc determined to "mad wags," to "keep it up" for the rest of the day. Langton, however, the most sober-minded of the three, pleaded an engagement to break with some young ladies; whereupon the great moralist reproached him with "leaving his friends to go and sit with a set of wretched ideal girls."

This madeap break of the great biographer made a sensation, as may well be supposed among his intimates. "I heard of your frolic to other night," said Garrick to him. "You told the *Chronicle*." He uttered worse words to others. "I shall have my own train to call of the round-house," said he. "I shall, however, valued himself upon having thus closed a chapter in the "Rake's Progress," and reproved Garrick on the occasion. "I'll dare not do such a thing!" chuckled he, "his wife would let him!"

When these two young men entered the club, Langton was about twenty-two, and Beauclerc about twenty-four years of age, and both were launched on London life. Langton, however, was still the mild, enthusiastic scholar, steeped in the lips in Greek, with fine conversational powers, and an invaluable talent for listening. He was upward of six feet high, and very spare. "That we could sketch him," exclaims Miss H.

CHAPTER XV.

JOHNSON A MONITOR TO GOLDSMITH—FINDS
HIM IN DISTRESS WITH HIS LANDLADY—RE-
LIEVED BY THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD—THE
ORATORIO—POEM OF THE TRAVELLER—THE
POET AND HIS DOG—SUCCESS OF THE POEM—
ASTONISHMENT OF THE CLUB—OBSERVATIONS
ON THE POEM.

JOHNSON had now become one of Goldsmith's best friends and advisers. He knew all the weak points of his character, but he knew also his merits ; and while he would rebuke him like a child, and rail at his errors and follies, he would suffer no one else to undervalue him. Goldsmith knew the soundness of his judgment and his practical benevolence, and often sought his counsel and aid amid the difficulties into which his heedlessness was continually plunging him.

"I received one morning," says Johnson, "a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion : I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merit ; told the landlady I should soon return ; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

The novel in question was the "Vicar of Wakefield"; the bookseller to whom Johnson sold it was Francis Newbery, nephew to John. Strange as it may seem, this captivating work, which has obtained and preserved an almost unrivalled popularity in various languages, was so little appreciated by the bookseller, that he kept it by him for nearly two years unpublished!

Goldsmith had, at yet, produced nothing of moment in poetry. Among his literary jobs, it is true, was an oratorio entitled "The Captivity," founded on the bondage of the Israelites in Babylon. It was one of those unhappy offsprings of the muse ushered into existence amid the distortions of music. Most of the oratorio has passed into oblivion ; but the following song from it will never die :

“The wretch condemned from life to part,
Still, still on hope relies,
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

"Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
 Illumes and cheers our way ;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray."

Goldsmith distrusted his qualifications to succeed in poetry, and doubted the disposition of the public mind in regard to it. "I fear," said he, "I have come too late into the world; Pope and other poets have taken up the places in the temple of Fame; and as few at any period can possess poetical reputation, a man of genius can now

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 it had already been observed, 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 him 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 warm approbation of the latter 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 "poet's eye in a fine frenzy 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 beguiled,
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 19th of December, 1764, in a quarto form, by Newbery, and was the first of his works to which Goldsmith prefixed his name. As a testimony of cherished and well-merited affection, he dedicated it to his brother Henry. There is an amusing affectation 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 poetic 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 three 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 altered Goldsmith's intellectual standing 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 as-

tonishment that a "newspaper essayist" and "bookseller's drudge" should have written such a poem. On the evening of its announcement, Goldsmith had gone away early, after having put away as usual, and they knew not how to reconcile his heedless garrulity with the serene beauty, the easy grace, the sound good sense, and the occasional elevation of his poetry. They could scarcely believe that such a poem could have flowed from a man to whom in conversation Johnson, "it was with difficulty that he could get a hearing." "Well," exclaimed Chamberlain, "I believe he wrote this poem himself, and at least tell you, that is believing a great deal."

At the next meeting of the club, Chamberlain told the author a little about his poem. "Mr. Goldsmith," said he, "what do you mean by the last word in the first line of your 'Traveller'—'remote, unfriended, solitary, *solitary*'? do you mean tardiness of locomotion?" "Yes," replied Goldsmith inconsiderately, being probably flurried at the moment. "No, sir," interposed his pointing friend Johnson, "you did not mean tardiness of locomotion; you meant that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude." "Ah," exclaimed Goldsmith, "that is what I meant." Chamberlain immediately believed, for Johnson himself had written the line, and a rule became prevalent that he was the author of many of the finest passages. This was ultimately settled by Johnson himself, who marked with a pen all the verses he had contributed, nine in number inserted toward the conclusion, and by so doing the best in the poem. He moreover, with generous warmth, pronounced it the finest poem he had appeared since the days of Pope.

But one of the highest testimonials to the character of the poem was given by Miss Reynolds, who had toasted poor Goldsmith as the ugliest man in her acquaintance. Shortly after the appearance of "The Traveller," Dr. Johnson read it at a dinner from beginning to end in her presence. "Well," exclaimed she, when he had finished, "I am more than ever convinced that Dr. Goldsmith is ugly."

On another occasion, when the merits of "The Traveller" were discussed at Reynolds's house, Langton declared "There was not a bad line in the poem, not one of Dryden's carcase verses." "I was glad," observed Reynolds, "to hear Charles Fox say it was one of the best poems in the English language." "Why was you glad?" rejoined Langton; "you surely had no objection to this before." "No," interposed Johnson, decisively; "the merit of 'The Traveller' is well established that Mr. Fox's praise cannot augment it, nor 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 almost to a par with his idol. He accounted for it by concluding that much both of the sentiments and expression of the poem had been derived from conversations with Johnson. "It imitates you, sir," said this incarnation of Latinity. "Why, no, sir," replied Johnson, "John Hawksworth is one of my imitators, but not Goldsmith. Goldy, sir, has great merit." "But," 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 mimicry of me."

The poem went through several editions in the course of the first year, and received some additions and corrections from the author's pen.

CHAPTER XVI.

NEW LODGINGS -- JOHNSON'S COMPLIMENT -- A
TITLED PATRON -- THE POET AT NORTH-MER-
LAND HOUSE -- HIS INDEPENDENCE OF THE
GREAT -- THE COUNTESS OF NORTH-MERLAND
-- FLOWN AND ANGELINA -- GOSFORD AND
LORD CLARE -- PUBLICATION OF ESSAYS -- EVILS
OF A RISING REPUTATION -- HANGERS-ON -- JOE
WRITING -- GOODY TWO SHOES -- A MEDICAL
CAMPAIGN -- MRS. SIDEBOTHAM.

GOLDSMITH, now that he was rising in the world and becoming a notoriety, felt himself impelled to improve his style of living. He accordingly emerged from Wine-Office Court, and took chambers in the Temple. It is true they were not of humble pretensions, situated on what was then the library staircase, and it would appear that he was a kind of inmate with Jeffs, the clerk of the society. Still he was in the Temple, and his region rendered famous by the *Spectator* and other essayists, as the abode of gay wits and thoughtful men of letters; and which, with its courts and embowered gardens, in the heart of a noisy metropolis, is, to the quiet student and author, an oasis freshening the verdure in the midst of a desert. Johnson, to his affairs, paid him a visit soon after he had installed himself in his new quarters, and, entering the apartment, in his neighborly manner, examining everything minutely, Goldsmith was fidgeted by this curious scrutiny, and upon being left a disposition to find fault, exclaimed, with the air of a man who had money in his pocket, "I shall soon be in better chambers than these." The harmless bravado drew a reply from Johnson which touched the chord of proper pride. "Nay, sir," said he, "never mind that. I am a quaker's extra," implying that his reputation rendered him independent of outward show. Johnson would it have been for poor Goldsmith, and he had kept this consolatory compliment in his mind, and squared his expenses ac-

Among the persons of rank who were struck by the merits of "The Traveller" was the Earl of Northumberland. He produced several other of Goldsmith's writings, the result of which tended to elevate the author in good opinion, and to gain for him his good name. The Earl held the office of Lord Lieutenant of the county, and understanding Goldsmith was an author, was disposed to extend to him the patronage which his high post afforded. He introduced the same to his relative, Dr. Percy, who, being well acquainted with the poet, and expressing a wish that the latter should wait upon him. Here, then, was another opportunity for Goldsmith to better his fortune, had he been knowing and worldly enough to profit by it. Unluckily he pursued the path to fortune lay through the aristocratical circles of Northumberland House, and the poet never re-appeared at the outset. The following is the account he used to give of his visit: "I dressed myself

self 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. They showed 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 fine things I had composed in order to compliment him on the honor he had done me; when, 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 further 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 made my business as short as I could, and, as a reason, mentioned that Dr. Goldsmith was waiting without. The earl asked me if I was acquainted with him. I told him that I was, adding what I thought was most likely to recommend him. I retired, and stayed in the outer room to take 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," continues Sir John, "did this idiot in the affairs of the world trifle with his fortunes, and put back the hand that was held out to assist 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 Hawkinsees, 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 Northumberland. "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 him by Dr. Percy, who was at that time making his 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. Printed for the Amusement of the Countess of Northumberland."

All this, though it may not have been attended with any immediate pecuniary advantage, contributed to give Goldsmith's name and poetry the high stamp of fashion, so potent in England; the circle at Northumberland House, however, was of too stately and aristocratical a nature to be much to his taste, and we do not find that he became familiar in it.

He was much more at home at Gosford, the noble seat of his countryman, Robert Nugent, afterward Baron Nugent and Viscount Clare, who appreciated his merits even more heartily than the Earl of Northumberland, and occasionally made him his guest both in town and country. Nugent is described as a jovial voluptuary, who left the Roman Catholic for the Protestant religion, with a view to bettering his fortunes; he had an Irishman's inclination for rich widows, and an Irishman's luck with the sex; having been thrice married and gained a fortune with each wife. He was now nearly sixty, with a remarkably loud voice, broad Irish brogue, and ready, but somewhat coarse wit. With all his occasional coarseness he was capable of high thought, and had produced poems which showed a truly poetic vein. He was long a member of the House of Commons, where his ready wit, his fearless decision, and good-humored audacity of expression, always gained him a hearing, though his tall person and awkward manner gained him the nickname of Squire Cawky, among the political scribblers of the day. With a patron of this jovial temperament Goldsmith probably felt more at ease than with those of higher refinement.

The celebrity which Goldsmith had acquired by his poem of "The Traveller," occasioned a resuscitation of many of his miscellaneous and anonymous tales and essays from the various newspapers and other transient publications in which they lay dormant. These he published in 1765, in a collected form, under the title of "Essays by Mr. Goldsmith." "The following essays," observes he in his preface, "have already appeared at different times, and in different publications. The pamphlets in which they were inserted being generally unsuccessful, these shared the common fate, without assisting the booksellers' aims, or extending the author's reputation. The public were too strenuously employed with their own follies to be assiduous in estimating mine; so that many of my best attempts in this way have fallen victims to the transient topic of the times—the Ghost in Cock-lane, or the Siege of Ticonderoga."

"But, though they have passed pretty silently into the world, I can by no means complain of their circulation. The magazines and papers of the day have indeed 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 kennel 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 others as their own. I have seen them discussed at the beginning with praise, and signed at the end with the names of Philautus, Philanthropos, Philoceros, and Philanthropos. It is true, I have last to vindicate my claims; and as the owners have partly lived upon me for some years, I now try if I cannot live a little upon them. It was but little, in fact, for a plain man's emolument he received from the sale of the twenty guineas. It had a good effect, however, was translated into French, and maintained its stand among the British classics."

Notwithstanding that the reputation of Goldsmith had greatly risen, his finances were then at a very low ebb, owing to his headlong and expensive, his liability to be imposed upon, and spontaneous and irresistible propensity to help every one who asked. The very ease of his situation had increased these embarrassments. He had enlarged his circle of ready acquaintance, and authors poorer in pocket than himself, were in search of literary counsel; which generally meant a guinea and a breakfast. And then Irish hangers-on! "Our Doctor," said these spongers, "had a constant levee of distressed countrymen, whose wants, as I trust, was able, he always relieved; and he has been known to leave himself without a guinea, in order to supply the necessities of others."

This constant drainage of the purse therefore obliged him to undertake all jobs proposed by booksellers, and to keep up a kind of running account with Mr. Newbery; who was his bank on all occasions, sometimes for pounds, sometimes for shillings; but who was a rigid accountant, and took care to be amply repaid in manuscript. Many effusions hastily penned in moments of exigency, were published anonymously, and never claimed. Some of them, but recently been traced to his pen, while many the true authorship will probably never be discovered. Among others it is suggested, with great probability, that he wrote for Mr. Newbery, the famous nursery story of "Georgy and Hans Shoes," which appeared in 1765, at a time when Goldsmith was scribbling for Newbery, much pressed for funds. Several of his tales introduced in his Essays show that it was a turn for this species of mock-heroic, and advertisement and title-page bear the stamp of his sly and playful humor.

"We are desir'd to give notice, that there is in the press, and speedily will be published, and by subscription or otherwise, as the public shall please to determine, the History of Georgy and Hans Shoes, otherwise Mrs. Margery Two-shoes, with the means by which she acquires learning and wisdom, and, in consequence thereof, is exalted; set forth at large for the benefit of those

"Who, from a state of rags and care,
And having shoes but half a pair,
Their fortune and their fame should see
And gallop in a coach and six."

The world is probably not aware of the innuendo, humor, good sense, and sly satire contained in many of the old English nursery-tales. They have evidently been the sportive productions of able writers, who would not trust their names to productions that might be considered beneath their dignity. The ponderous works on which they relied for immortality have perhaps sunk into oblivion, and carried their names down with

and claimed by others. I have seen them in the praise, and signed the Philantos, Philanthropos. It is a little my claim, and the public, as the one ed upon me for some not live a little upon little, in fact, for the received from the

It had a good chance of being translated into French, and was well received among the English, especially when the reputation of the author had risen, his finances were comfortable, owing to his literary success, and his ability to be in possession of a good and irresistible penname, to which he was asked. The very success of his work increased the embarras of his position in this circle of literary acquaintances. In pocket than himself, was a literary counsel; who gave him a book and a breakfast. Another one! "Our Doctor," and he "had a constant level of both" - "men, whose wants, and needs, were always relieved," and he "leave himself without a penny," "the necessities of others."

At the drainage of the press there undertake all jobs, possibly to keep up a kind of running order, Newbery; who was his bookman, sometimes for pence, sometimes for shillings; but who was a regular care to be simply repair it from effusions hastily printed in the exigency, were published and never claimed. Some of them have been traced to his pen, where the authorship will probably be among others it is suggested that the ability, that he wrote of the Newbury nursery story "The Book" appeared in 1773, and the same was his subediting for Newbury for funds. Several quotations in his Essays show that he was a species of mock-heroic, and that he had a heart to stamp out humor.

desired to give notice that a special speedy will be held, so that the one or otherwise, as the case may be, the History of the County of otherwise Mrs. Mergely, by the State, by which she can be found, in consequence of the fact, at large for the benefit of those from a state of rags and tattered shoes but half a pair, fortune and their fame should ex-
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s probably not aware of the ingood sense, and sly satire contain old English nursery-rhymes. They have been the sportive productions of who would not trust their names if it might be considered beneath them. The ponderous works on which immortality have perhaps sunk, have carried their names down with

them, while their unacknowledged offspring, Jack the Giant Killer, Giles Gingerbread, and Tom Thumb, flourish in wide-spreading and increasing popularity.

extensive acquaintance, he attempted, with the advice of his friends, to procure a more liberal and ample support by resuming the medical profession. He accordingly launched himself into a new style; hired a man-servant; replenished his wardrobe at considerable expense, and appeared in a professional wig and cane, a new and small-clothes, and a scarlet roquelaure annexed to the chin; a fantastic garb, as we may think at the present day, but not unsuited to the fashion of the times.

WAS a sturdy little person thus arrayed in the grand magnificence of purple and fine linen, and his scarlet roquelaure flaunting from his shoulders, he used to strut into the apartments of his master swaying his three-cornered hat in one hand, and by his medical sceptre, the cane, in the other, and assuming an air of gravity and importance suited to the solemnity of his wig ; at least, such is the picture given of him by the waiting gentleman who let him into the chamber of death his lady patients.

He soon, however, grew tired and impatient of his duties and restraints of his profession; his rage was chiefly among his friends, and the fees were not sufficient for his maintenance; he disgusted with attendance on sick-chambers and numerous patients, and looked back with regret to his tavern haunts and broad convivial evenings from which the dignity and duties of his office and calling restrained him. At length, on returning to a lady of his acquaintance who, to his surprise, uttered the phrase, "rejoiced" in the aristocratic name of Sidebotham, a warm dispute sprang up between him and the apothecary as to the quantity of medicine to be administered. The quarrel turned up for the rights and dignities of his profession, and resented the interference of the inferior order of drugs. His rights and dignities, however, were disregarded; his wig and cane and strict roquelaure were of no avail; Mrs. Sidebotham sided with the hero of the pestle and mortar, and Goldsmith flung out of the house in a rage. "I am determined henceforth," said the doctor, "to leave off prescribing medicines." "Do so, my dear doctor," was the reply, "whenever you undertake to kill, let it be by your enemies."

CHAPTER XVII.

ELEGATION OF THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD—
 OPINIONS CONCERNING IT—OF DR. JOHNSON—
 REMARKS ON THE POET—OF GOETHE—ITS MERITS
 —IN THE EXTRACT—ATTACK BY KENRICK
 —REPLY—BOOK-BUILDING—PROJECT OF A
 COMEDY.

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, dubious of its success, retarded the publication until the full harvest of "The Traveller" should be reaped. 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 alter, so little expectation had the bookseller from it. Had it been sold after 'The Traveller,' he might have had twice as much money; though sixty guineas was no mean price."

Sixty guineas for the Vicar of Wakefield ! and this could be pronounced *no mean price* by Dr. Johnson, at that time the arbiter of British talent, and who had 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 the 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 assuredly 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, as we have occasionally shown in the course of this memoir, took his 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 domestic happiness, should be drawn by a homeless man; that the most amiable picture of domestic virtue and all the endearments of the married 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 loveliness should have been made by a man whose deficiency in all the graces of person and manner seemed to mark him out for a cynical disparager 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, in which are told a whole 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 Olivia 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 corroding it. Her mother, too, upon this occasion, 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 already obliged us. Do, child; it will please your old father.' She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic as moved me.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
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."

Scarcely had the Vicar of Wakefield made its appearance 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 journal of the day:

"To the Printer of the *St. James's Chronicle*.

"Sir: In the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, published about two years ago, is a very beautiful little 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 Shakespeare'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 for her love who had from some cause been by her disdain. She is answered by a nun that he is dead:

"No, no, he is dead, gone to his death's bed.
He never will come again.

The lady weeps and laments her misery, the friar endeavors to comfort her with notions of religion, but all in vain; she expresses the deepest grief, and the most tender sentiments of love till at last the friar discovers lameness.

"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 greatest simplicity; yet, though this ballad was recently published in the *Ancient Reliques* by Goldsmith has been hardly enough to publish a poem called 'The Hermit,' where the circumstances and catastrophe are exactly the same only with this difference, that the natural simplicity and tenderness of the original are entirely lost in the languid smoothness and pompous paraphrase of the copy, which is as devoid of merits as Mr. Percy's ballad as the misquoting of a negus is to the genuine flavor of champagne.

"I am, sir, yours, etc.
D. H. CROK."

This attack, supposed to be from a small constant persecutor, the malignant Kennes, brought from him the following note to the editor:

"Sir: As there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly when it permits me to be as concise as possible, I am writing a correspondent of yours that I might trouble Blainville's travels because I thought he was a good one; and I think so. I had was told by the bookseller that it was not published; but in that it seems I was mistaken, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right.

"Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ball of Pope's poetry some time ago, from one by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not think there is any great reason for this, as the two pieces in question are entirely different. The ballad was taken from mine. I sent it to Mr. Percy some years ago, and I think he has considered these things as trifles and not worth his usual good-humor. The next time I saw him that he had taken my plan to do so. I sent him a copy of Shakespeare into a ball of the same kind. He read me his little Cento, and I thought it was highly approved it. Such a plan, however, these are scarcely worth printing. I am sorry for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, the public should never know that he owes me the hint of being so certain an obliged to his friendship and leaving for communications 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 entitled to participate in the profits of repeated editions; and a memorandum, still extant, shows

ing him make an awkward figure in the elegant drawing-rooms which were now open to him, and disappointing those who had formed an idea of him from the fascinating ease and gracefulness of his poetry.

Even the literary club, the circle of which it formed a part, after their surprise at the intellectual flights of which he showed himself capable, fell into a conventional mode of judging and talking of him, and of placing him in absurd and whimsical points of view. His very celebrity operated here to his disadvantage. It brought him into continual comparison with Johnson who was the oracle of that circle and had given it a tone. Conversation was the great staple there, and of this Johnson was a master. He had been a reader and thinker from childhood; his melancholy temperament, which unfitted him for the pleasures of youth, had made him so. For many years past the vast variety of works he had been obliged to consult in preparing his Dictionary, had stored an uncommonly retentive memory with facts on all kinds of subjects; making it a perfect colloquial armory. "He had all his life," says Boswell, "habituating himself to consider 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 expression to escape him, 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. He either gives you new thoughts or a new coloring."

A stronger and more graphic eulogium 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 Johnson excelled and delighted in, was to 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 best 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 to somewhat of the same purport. "No man," said he, "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 ring and was expected to make fight, so with that heedlessness which characterized him in every thing else he dashed on at a venture, trusting to chance in this as in other things, and he was occasionally to make a lucky hit. Johnson perceived his hap-hazard temerity, but gave him no credit for the real diffidence which lay at bottom. "The misfortune of Goldsmith in conversation," said he, "is this, he goes on without knowing, or 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 him." In company with two bouncers, he was once 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; he is so much mortified when he loses. But, game of jokes is composed partly of skill, partly of chance; a man may be beat at times even who has not the tenth part of his wit. You Goldsmith, putting himself against another, is like a man laying a hundred to one, who cannot stand the hundred. It is not worth a man's while; a man should not lay a hundred to one unless he can easily spare it, though he has a hundred chances for him; he can get but a guinea, and then a hundred. Goldsmith is in this state. Which contends, if he gets the better, it is a very small addition to a man of his literary reputation; if he does not get the better, he is miserably vexed."

Johnson was not aware how much he had set to blame in producing this satire. "Goldsmith," said Miss Reynolds, "always seemed to be overawed by Johnson, particularly in that company with people of any consequence; ways as it impressed with fear of detection, indeed well he might. I have been witness to many mortifications he has suffered in Johnson's company."

It may not have been disgraceful if it were but rudeness. The great levity of expression by the homage of society, was still more than himself to lose temper when he was wronged against him. He could not resist a temptation to be worsted; but would attempt to crush his adversary by the rolling tide of his periods; and when that failed, would become right insulting. Boswell called it "a course to some sudden mode of victory," but Goldsmith designated it as a "scotch tune." "There is no arguing with him," he said, "for when his pistol misfires he always goes down with the butt end of it."

In several of the intellectual contests referred by Boswell as triumphs of Dr. Johnson, it appears to us that Goldsmith had the strength of the wit and the argument, and especially of the courtesy and good-nature.

On one occasion he certainly gave Johnson a capital reproof as to his own colloquial peculiarities.

* The following is given by Boswell, as an instance of robust sophistry: "Once, when I was pressing upon him with visible advantage, he stopped thus, 'My dear Boswell, let's have no more of this; you'll make nothing of it. I'd rather hear you sing a Scotch tune.'"

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tillidence which lay at the bottom
of Goldsmith in conversation.
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Talking of fables, Goldsmith observed that
the animals introduced in them seldom talked in
character. "For instance," said he, "the fable
of the little fishes, who saw birds fly over their
heads, and, envying them, petitioned Jupiter to be
changed into birds. The skill consists in making
them talk like little fishes." Just then observing
that Dr. Johnson was shaking his sides and laugh-
ing, he immediately added, "Why, Dr. Johnson,
this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if
we were to make little fishes talk, they would talk
like whales."

But though Goldsmith suffered frequent morti-
fications in society from the overbearing, and
sometimes harsh, conduct of Johnson, he always
did justice to his benevolence. When royal pen-
sions were granted to Dr. Johnson and Dr. Sheb-
berr, a punster remarked, that the king had
presented a *she-bear* and a *he-bear*; to which
Goldsmith replied, "Johnson, to be sure, has a
pugnacity in his manner, but no man alive has a
more tender heart. *He has nothing of the bear*
in the skin."

Goldsmith, in conversation, shone most when
he at least thought of shining; when he gave up
in effort to appear wise and learned, or to cope
with the oracular sententiousness of Johnson, and
gave way to his natural impulses. Even Boswell
could perceive his merits on these occasions.
"For my part," said he, condescendingly, "I
very well to hear *honest Goldsmith* talk away
"excessively," and many a much wiser man than
Boswell delighted in those outpourings of a fertile
tongue and a generous heart. In his happy moods,
Goldsmith had an artless simplicity and buoyant
good-humor, that led to a thousand amusing
humors and whimsical confessions, much to the
entertainment of his intimates; yet, in his most
thoughtless garrulity, there was occasionally the
flash of the gold and the flash of the diamond.

CHAPTER XIX.

REGULAR RESORTS—THE SHILLING WHIST CLUB—A
JACK OF ALL TRADES—THE WEDNESDAY CLUB—THE
"TWO OF MAN"—THE PIG BUTCHER—TOM KING
—HUGH KELLY—GLOVER AND HIS CHARACTER-
ISTICS.

THOUGH Goldsmith's pride and ambition led
him to struggle occasionally with high society, and
to engage in the colloquial conflicts of the learned
circle, both of which he was ill at ease and con-
scious of being undervalued, yet he had some so-
cieties in which he indemnified himself for
their restraints by indulging 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,
because it held there in old times, to which "rare
beasts" had furnished the rules. The com-
position was of a familiar, unceremonious kind, de-
termined in that very questionable wit which con-
sisted in playing off practical jokes upon each
other. One of these Goldsmith made the
club coming to the club one night in a hackney
coach, he gave the coachman by mistake a guinea
instead of a shilling, which he set down as a dead
loss for there was no likelihood, he said, that a
member of this class would have the honesty to re-
turn the money. On the next club evening he
was told a person at the street door wished
to speak with him. He went forth but soon re-
turned with a radiant countenance. To his sur-
prise and delight the coachman had actually

brought back the guinea. While he launched
forth in praise of this unlooked-for piece of hon-
esty, he declared it ought not to go unrewarded.
Collecting a small sum from the club, and no
doubt increasing it largely from his own purse,
he dismissed the Jehu with many encomiums on
his good conduct. He was still chanting his
praises when one of the club requested a sight of
the guinea thus honestly returned. To Gold-
smith's confusion it proved to be a counterfeit.
The universal burst of laughter which succeeded,
and the jokes by which he was assailed on every
side, showed him that the whole was a hoax, and
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 imi-
tations, burlesque parodies and broad sallies of
humor, formed a contrast to the sententious mor-
tality, pedantic casuistry, and polished sarcasm of
the learned circle. Here a huge "tun 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 weal-
thy pig butcher, charmed, no doubt, by the mild
philanthropy of "The Traveller," aspired to be on
the most sociable footing with the author, and here
was Tom King, the comedian, recently risen to con-
sequence by his performance of Lord Ogley 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
staymaker 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 censor and satirist, and, in a
paper called *Thespis*, in emulation of Churchill's
Rosciad, had harassed many of the poor actors
without mercy, and often without wit; but had
lavished his incense on Garrick, who, in conse-
quence, 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 sitting 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 arly 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 Gold-
smith's poor countrymen and hangers-on, by the
name of Glover. He had originally been edu-
cated for the medical profession, but had taken in
early life to the stage, though apparently 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, resumed the wig and
cane, and considered his fortune as secure. Un-
luckily, there were not many dead people to be re-
stored to life in Ireland; his practice did not
equal his expectation so he came to London,
where he continued to dabble indifferently, 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, Coleman, Sterne, 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 suffer from the over-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 drinking your good health." Alas! dignity was not poor Goldsmith's forte; 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 reproof," 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 contracted 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 boisterous in their merriment, 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 Glover, "and would leave the party 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 GREAT CHAM OF LITERATURE AND THE KING. SCENE AT SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S—GOLDSMITH ACCUSED OF JEALOUSY—NEGOTIATION WITH GARRICK—THE AUTHOR AND THE ACTOR—THEIR CORRESPONDENCE.

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 half way either in censure or 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, known the weight an introduction from the Great Chamber of literature would have with the public, but circumstances occurred which he feared might mar 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 noble collection of books, in the formation 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 want, during the whole interview, "says Boswell," Johnson talked to his majesty with profound respect but still in his open, manly manner, with a sonorous voice, and never in that subdued tone which is commonly used at the levee and in the drawing-room. "I found his majesty wise," Johnson said he, "and I made it my business to tell I find it does a man good to be talked to by his sovereign. In the first place, a man cannot help a passion—" "It would have been wonderful if Johnson's colloquial disputants, could he have been under such decorous restraint. He returned from the interview highly gratified with the conversation of the King and with his gracious behavior. "Sir," said he to the librarian, "they next talk the King as they will, but he is the best gentleman I have ever seen." "Sir," said he subsequently to Bennet Langton, "his manners are those of a fine gentleman as we may suppose Louis the Fourteenth or Charles the Second."

While Johnson's face was still reflecting the reflex of royalty, he was holding forth to a listening group at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, who were anxious to hear every particular of the 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, and should have thought so too," said the King, "you had not written so well." "No, truly," said Johnson, commenting on this speech, "I could have made a handsomer comment, but it would not fit for a king to say. It was decided, however, that he did not make no reply to this high compliment, and asked one of the company, "No, sir," replied the profoundly deterred Johnson, "the king had said it, it was to be so. I was not to me to bandy civilities with my sovereign."

During all the time that Johnson was the holding forth, Goldsmith, who was once again appeared to take no interest in the royal interview, remained seated on a sofa at a distance, in a moody fit of abstraction; at length, however, he sprang up, and advancing towards him with what Boswell calls his usual "frankness and simplicity," "Well, you acquitted yourself in conversation better than I should have expected 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 he trusted Johnson, in his present state of royal excitement, would fail to furnish the much-desired prologue.

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How natural and truthful is this explanation.
 Boswell presumes to pronounce Goldsmith's
 intention affected and attributes it to jealousy.
 "It was strongly suspected," says he, "that he
 was fretting with chagrin and envy at the singular
 honor Dr. Johnson had lately enjoyed." It need
 not the littleness of mind of Boswell to ascribe
 such partial motives to Goldsmith, and to enter
 into exaggerated notions of the honor paid
 to Dr. Johnson.

The *Natural Man* was now ready for per
 formance, 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 con
 fusion by the recent death of Rich, the manager.
 Mrs. Lane was under the management of Gar
 rick, but a feud, it will be recollected, existed be
 tween him and the poet, from the animadversions
 the latter on the mismanagement of theatrical
 affairs, and the refusal of the former to give the
 poet his share for the secretaryship of the Society
 of Arts. Times, however, were changed. Gold
 smith when that feud took place was an anon
 ymous writer, almost unknown to fame, and of no
 estimation in society. Now he had become a
 member; he was a member of the Literary
 Club; he was the associate of Johnson, Burke,
 and other magnates—in a
 word, he had risen to consequence in the public
 eye, and of course was of consequence in the eyes
 of Dr. Garriek. Sir Joshua Reynolds saw the
 strong scruples of pride existing between the
 two actors, and thinking it a pity that two
 men of such congenial talents, and who might be
 amicable to each other, should be kept asunder
 by a worn-out pique, exerted his friendly
 influence to bring them together. The meeting took
 place in Reynolds's house in Leicester Square.
 Garriek, however, could not entirely put off the
 majesty of the stage; he meant to be civil,
 but was rather too gracious and condescending.
 Tom Davies, in his "Life of Garriek," gives
 a amusing picture of the coming together of
 the pugnacious parties. "The manager," says
 Davies, "was fully conscious of his (Goldsmith's)
 merit and perhaps more ostentatious of his abili
 ties as a dramatic author than became a
 man of his prudence; Goldsmith was, on his
 part, fully persuaded of his own importance
 and independent greatness. Mr. Garriek, who
 had been treated with the complimentary
 regard to a successful patentee and ad
 vanced, expected that the writer would es
 teem the patronage of his play a favor; Goldsmith
 had a number of kindness in a bargain that
 was to be of mutual advantage to both
 parties, and in this he was certainly justifiable;
 Garriek could reasonably expect no thanks
 for bringing a new play, which he would have
 thought he had not been convinced it would
 be so well rewarded his pains and expense. I
 think the manager was willing to accept the
 play, and he wished to be courted to it; and the
 poet was not disposed to purchase his friendship
 by the resignation of his sincerity." They sepa
 rated, however, with an understanding on the part
 of Goldsmith that his play would be acted. The
 poet, Garriek subsequently proved evasive,
 though any lingerings of past hostility, but
 with a natural indecision in matters of the kind,
 he was not real scruples of delicacy. He did not
 think the piece likely to succeed on the stage, and
 hesitated to say as much to Goldsmith,
 though 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 the
 atrical season passed away.

Goldsmith's pocket, never well supplied,
 suffered grievously by this delay, and he consid
 ered himself entitled to call upon the manager,
 who still talked of acting the play, to advance him
 forty pounds upon a note of the younger Newbery.
 Garriek readily complied, but subsequently sug
 gested certain important alterations in the comedy
 as indispensable to its success; these were indig
 nantly rejected by the author, but pertinaciously
 insisted on by the manager. Garriek 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 Garriek, in the course
 of their joint authorship of *The Clandestine Mar
 riage*, the former had become manager and part
 proprietor of Covent Garden, and was preparing
 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 Garriek. He
 at once abandoned his piece to the discretion of
 Colman. "Dear sir," says he in a letter dated
 Temple Garden Court, July 9th, "I am very much
 obliged to you for your kind partiality in my
 favor, and your tenderness in shortening the in
 terval of my expectation. That the play is liable
 to many objections I well know, but I am happy
 that it is in hands the 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 good
 ness to me. And indeed, though most probably
 this be the last I shall ever write, yet I can't help
 feeling a secret satisfaction that poets for the fu
 ture are likely to have a protector who declines
 taking advantage of their dreadful situation; and
 seems that importance which may be acquired by
 trilling with their anxieties."

The next day Goldsmith wrote to Garriek, 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 patentee
 of which it was claimed, observing, "as I found
 you had very great difficulties about that piece, I
 complied with his desire. . . . I am ex
 tremely 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 inter
 est. 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, Garriek observed, "I was, indeed,
 much hurt that your warmth at our last meeting
 mistook my sincere and friendly 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

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 XXI.

MORE HACK AUTHORSHIP—TOM DAVIES AND THE ROMAN HISTORY—CANONBURY CASTLE—POLITICAL AUTHORSHIP—PICUNARY 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 scanty 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 bibliophile, 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 labors 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 Canonbury 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 he 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 Canonbury 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 panelling, wainscots and Gothic windows. The quietude and quietude of the place were still attractive. It was one of the resorts of citizens on the Sunday walks, who would ascend to the top of the tower and amuse themselves with reconnoitring the city through a telescope. Not far from its tower were the gardens of the White Conduit House, Cockney Elysium, where Goldsmith used to stroll in the humbler 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 pedestrian haunts, and in a new edition of his "Essays" there he speaks of the White Conduit House and its garden chamber, 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 pecuniary 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, Wilkes and other powerful writers were attacking the administration with all their force, and Fleet Street was stirred up to its lowest depths; immemorial talent of all kinds was in full activity, the kingdom was deluged with pamphlets, lampoons and libels of the grossest kind. The literary world were looking anxiously round for pecuniary support. It was thought that the poet Goldsmith might be readily enlisted. His personal friend and countryman, Robert Nugent, then known as Squire Gawky, had come out strenuously for colonial taxation; had been selected a lordship of the board of trade, and raised to the rank of Baron Nugent and Viscount Clare. If ample, it was thought, would be enough to induce to bring Goldsmith into the ministerial ranks. Then what writer of the day was proof against a full purse or a pension? Accordingly to Lord Scott, chaplain to Lord Sandwich, and other Anti-Senatus Panurge, and other political in support of the administration, was sent to negotiate with the poet, who at this time was returned to town. Dr. Scott, in other years, when his political subserviency had been rewarded with two fat crown livings, used to make what he considered a good story out of this embassy to the poet. "I found him," said he, "in a great suit of chambers in the Temple. I told him my authority; I told how I was employed to pay most liberally for his exertion; and he would believe it! he was so absurd as to say I could earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance was therefore unnecessary to me." "And so I found him in his garret!" Who does not require the independence of poor Goldsmith, toiling in his garret for nine guineas the job, and in contempt at the indignant wonder of the ministerial divine, albeit his subserviency was repaid by two fat crown livings?

Not long after this occurrence Goldsmith's friend, though frugal-handed employer, Neader of picture-book renown, closed his mortal career. The poet has celebrated him as the friend 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 for the plank put out to keep them from drowning. It is not likely his death caused much far

* See on the distant slope, majestic shows
Old Canonbury's tower, an ancient pile
To various fates assigned; and where by turns
Meanness and grandeur have alternate reign'd;
Thither, in latter days, have genius fled
From yonder city, to respire and die.
There the sweet bard of Auburn sat, and tuned
The plaintive moanings of his village dirge.
There learned Chambers treasured lore for men,
And Newbery there his A B C's for babes.

and small bedroom, with panelling
gothic windows. The quarters
the place were still attractive.

resorts of citizens on the Sunday
child ascend to the top of the tower
themselves with reconnoitring the city
scope. Not far from its base
as of the White Conduit House,
m, where Goldsmith used to spend
days of his fortune. In the first
"Essays" he speaks of a stroll
where he at that time, no doubt
in perfectly genteel society
the world, however, to hear
speak of such pebbles as
of his "Essays" therefore
House and its garden disappear
of "a stroll in the Park."

Goldsmith was literally living from hand
to mouth, and the forced drudgery of the pen,
his spirit was subjected to a severe
trial.

It was the opening of Lord
Sandwich's administration, a time of great public
the public mind was agitated by the
American taxation, and the
irritating tendency. James
powerful writers were attacking
with all their tone, fired
up to its lowest depths; and
all kinds was in full activity,
was deluged with pamphlets,
of the grossest kinds. The
singing anxiously round; there
is thought that the public
readily enlisted. His house-
hold, Robert Nugent, poetical
re Gavvy, had come out
of taxation; had been selected
board of trade, and later of
Nugent and Viscount Clare. His
thought, would be enough to
with into the ministerial ranks.
after of the day was proof of
pension? Accordingly he
to Lord Sandwich, and other
arrange, and other political
administration, was sent to
the poet, who at this time was
Dr. Scott, in after years the
serviency had been rewarded
ings, used to make him the
story out of this embassy to
him," said he, "in a manner
in the Temple. I told him
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of poor Goldsmith, who in
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celebrated him as the friend of
certainly lost nothing by his friend
of the brains of his authors in
agency, and made them pay
out to keep them from growing
is death caused much fatigues

among the scribbling tribe; we may express de-
cent respect for the memory of the just, but we
shed tears only at the grave of the generous.

CHAPTER XXII.

THEATRICAL MANŒUVRING—THE COMEDY OF
"FALSE DELICACY"—FIRST PERFORMANCE OF
"THE GOOD-NATURED MAN"—CONDUCT OF
JOHNSON—CONDUCT OF THE AUTHOR—INTER-
MIDDLING OF THE PRESS.

THE comedy of *The Good-Natured Man* was
doomed to experience delays and difficulties to the
very last. Garrick, notwithstanding his profes-
sions, had still a lurking grudge against the
author, and tasked his managerial arts to thwart
him in his theatrical enterprise. For this pur-
pose he undertook to build up Hugh Kelly, Gold-
smith's boon companion of the Wednesday Club,
as a kind of rival. Kelly had written a comedy
called *False Delicacy*, in which were embodied
all the meretricious qualities of the sentimental
school. Garrick, though he had derided that
school, and had brought out his comedy of *The
Clandestine Marriage* in opposition to it, now
lauded *False Delicacy* to the skies, and prepared
to bring it out at Drury Lane with all possible
stage effect. He even went so far as to write a
prologue and epilogue for it, and to touch up
some parts of the dialogue. He had become
reconciled to his former colleague, Colman, and
it is unfortunate that one condition in the treaty of
peace between these potentates of the realms of
stagecraft equally prone to play into each other's
hands with the confederate potentates on the
great theatre of life) was, that Goldsmith's play
should be kept back until Kelly's had been
brought forward.

In the mean time the poor author, little dream-
ing of the deleterious influence at work behind
the scenes, saw the appointed time arrive and
pass by without the performance of his play;
while *False Delicacy* was brought out at Drury
Lane (January 23, 1768) with all the trickery of
managerial management. Houses were packed
to applaud it to the echo; the newspapers vied
with each other in their venal praises, and night
after night seemed to give it a fresh triumph.

While *False Delicacy* was thus borne on the
chill tide of fictitious prosperity, *The Good-Na-
tured Man* was creeping through the last rehears-
als at Covent Garden. The success of the rival
piece threw a damp upon author, manager, and
actors. Goldsmith went about with a face full of
anxiety; Colman's hopes in the piece declined at
each rehearsal; as to his fellow proprietors, they
declared they had never entertained any. All the
actors were discontented with their parts, except-
ing Ned Suter, an excellent low comedian, and a
pretty actress named Miss Walford; both of whom
the poor author ever afterward held in grateful
recollection.

Johnson, Goldsmith's growling monitor and un-
flinching castigator in times of heedless levity,
stood by him at present with that protecting kind-
ness with which he ever befriended him in time of
need. He attended the rehearsals; he furnished
the prologue according to promise; he pish'd and
phew'd at any doubts and fears on the part of the
author, but gave him sound counsel, and held
him up with a steadfast and manly hand. In-

spirited by his 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 ward-
robe and toilet. Johnson could no longer accuse
him of being shabby in his appearance; he rather
went to the other extreme. On the present occa-
sion there is an entry in the books of his tailor,
Mr. William Filby, of a suit of "Tyrian bloom,
satin grain, and garter blue silk breeches, £8
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 na-
ture.

Johnson's prologue was solemn in itself, and
being delivered by Brinsley's 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 slight tokens of disapproba-
tion, 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, that he drew down
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 Gold-
smith left the theatre with his towering hopes
completely cut down. He endeavored to hide his
mortification, and even to assume an air of uncon-
cern while among his associates; but, the mo-
ment he was alone with Dr. Johnson, in whose
rough but magnanimous nature he reposed un-
limited 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 disap-
pointment of overrated expectations to warrant
such ungoverned emotions, and rebuked him
sternly for what he termed a silly affectation, say-
ing that "No man should be expected to sympa-
thize with the sorrows of vanity."

When Goldsmith had recovered from the blow,
he, with his usual unreserve, 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 enter-
tained the company with a particular and comic
account of all his feelings on the night of repre-
sentation, and his despair when the piece was
kissed. How he went, he said, to the Literary
Club; chatted gayly, as if nothing had gone
amiss; and, to give a greater idea of his uncon-
cern, 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 stran-
gled 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 sus-
pected the anguish of my heart; but, when all
were gone except Johnson here, I burst out a-cry-
ing, 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.

When the latter had come to a pause, "All this, doctor," said he dryly, "I thought had been a secret between you and me, and I am sure I would not have said anything about it for the world." But Goldsmith had no secrets: his follies, his weaknesses, his errors were all thrown to the surface; his heart was really too guileless and innocent to seek mystery and concealment. It is too often the false, designing man that is guarded in his conduct and never offends proprieties.

It is singular, however, that Goldsmith, who thus in conversation could keep nothing to himself, should be the author of a maxim which would inculcate the most thorough dissimulation. "Men of the world," says he, in one of the papers of the *Ree*, "maintain that the true end of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them." How often is this quoted as one of the subtle remarks of the fine-witted Talleyrand!

The Good-Natured Man was performed for ten nights in succession; the third, sixth, and ninth nights were for the author's benefit; the fifth night it was commanded by their majesties; after this it was played occasionally, but rarely, having always pleased more in the closet than on the stage.

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.

Goldsmith's old enemy, Kenrick, that "viper of the press," endeavored on this as on many other occasions 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 feelings.

Some scribblers on the other 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 mischievous 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, though no doubt sincerely, of Kelly's play; the latter retorted. Still, when they met one 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 or ill-will, and soon laughed at this unworthy 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 resource of distastefully and malignant spirits; but of this there is no positive proof.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BURNING THE CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS—FIRE-APARTMENTS—FINE FURNITURE—FINE CLOTHES—FINE ACQUAINTANCES—SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY AND JOLLY PIGEON ASSOCIATES—PETER BARLOW, GLOVER, AND THE HAMPSHIRE HOAX—POOR THINGS AND GREAT ACQUAINTANCES.

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 pounds from his publisher.

Five hundred pounds! and all at one miraculous draught! It appeared to him wealth inexhaustible. It at once opened his heart and hand, and led him into all kinds of extravagance. The first symptom was ten guineas sent to shatter 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 study lodgings with Jells the butler, in which he had been worried by Johnson's secretary, were now exchanged for chambers more becoming a 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 sand-green walls of the Temple garden. The lease he purchased for £400, and then went on to furnish his rooms with mahogany sofas, cutlery, and book-cases; with curtains, mirrors, and Wilton carpets. His awkward little person was now hushed out in a style befitting his apartment; for in addition to his suit of "Tyrian bloom, satyr grain," we find another charged about the time in the books of Mr. Filby, in no less gorgeous terms, being "lined with silk and furnished with gold buttons." Thus lodged and thus arrayed, he invited the visits of his most cultivated acquaintances, and no longer quailed before the courtly eye of Beauclerc. The gay company of Johnson, Reynolds, Percey, Fokkerstaff, and other friends of note; and superlatively young boys of both sexes. These last were passed in the games of cards, at which there was more art than skill, and in which the sport was to cheat each other; or by romping games, footballs and blind-man's buff, at which he engaged for sport and merriment. Blackstone, whose chambers were immediately below, and who was at once scrupled on his "Commentaries," as he called the racket made overhead by the revels of his neighbor.

Sometimes Goldsmith would make a party, composed of four or five of his "pigeon" friends, to enjoy what he humorously called a "shoemaker's holiday." They would assemble at his chambers in the forenoon, to partake of a plentiful and rather expensive repast, the remains of which, with his customary generosity, he generally gave to some poor woman of attendance. The repast ended, the party would set out on foot, in high spirits, making extensive rambles by foot-paths and green lanes to Blackheath, Wandsworth, Chelsea, Hampton Court, Highgate, or some other pleasant resort, within a few miles of London. A simple but gay and heartily relished dinner, at a country inn, crowned the excursion. In the evening they strolled back to town, all the better in health and spirits for a day spent in rural and social enjoyment. Occasionally, when extravagantly incited, they ad-

CHAPTER XXIII.

CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS—FIRE
FURNITURE—THE
ACQUAINTANCES—SHOE-
DAY AND JOLLY PIGEON ASSAULT
BARLOW, GLOVER, AND THE
HOAX—POOR FRIENDS AMONG
INSTANCES.

sulting from *The Good-Natured*
and any that Goldsmith had yet
works. He netted about four
from the theatre, and one hundred
in his publisher.

pounds! and all at one miracle
it appeared to him wealth; he
once opened his heart and hand
all kinds of extravagance. The
ten guineas sent to Shuter for a
benefit, when *The Good-Natured*
performed. The next was at
his domestic. The story he told
me better, in which he had been
son's secretary, were new ex-
amples more becoming a man of
e. The apartments consisted of

the second floor of No. 2 Brick
Temple, on the right hand as en-
tered, and overlooked the noble gar-
den. The house was par-
tially furnished, and then went on to furnish
chagany sofas, cushions, and
curtains, mirrors, and what-
ever a little person was a solar
style befitting his apartment; but
his suit of "Tyne bloom, such
another charged down his time.

Mr. Filby, in his lush gorge-
ousness, was not less gaudy
with silk and furnished with
Thus lodged and thus arrayed

ists of his most extensive ac-
no longer quailed beneath the
beauties. He gave dinners to
sals, Percy, Boscawen, and others,
and supper parties; young boys
these last were present, and at
it which there was more laughter
which the sport was to deal
by romping games of forfeits and
at which he enacted the part of
tone, whose charms were an-
and who was at times, were
amusements; and it was an
ade overheard by the revelling

Goldsmith would not keep a
of four or five hundred guineas
to enjoy what he gloriously
maker's holiday. He would
hangers in the carriage, and
and rather expensive road-
which, with his customary gener-
ly gave to some poor woman a
repast ended, they set a do-
a high spirits, made a extensive
paths and green lanes to Black-
with, Chelsea, Hampton Court,
other pleasant resort, within a
London. A simple but gay and
lunner, at a country house, where
in the evening they strolled back
ever in health and spirits for a
d and social enjoyment. Recre-
stravagantly inclined, they ad-

turned from dinner to drink tea at the White
chapel House; and, now and then, concluded
receptive day by supping at the Grecian or
Temple Exchange Coffee Houses, or at the Globe
Garden, in Fleet Street. The whole expenses of
day never exceeded a crown, and were oftener
from three and sixpence to four shillings; for the
best part of their entertainment, sweet air and
natural scenes, excellent exercise and joyous con-
versation, cost nothing.

One of Goldsmith's humble companions, on
these excursions, was his occasional amanuensis,
Peter Barlow, whose quaint peculiarities afforded
much amusement to the company. Peter was
poor but punctilious, squaring his expenses ac-
cording to his means. He always wore the same
old mixed his regular expenditure for dinner at
fourteen shillings, which, it left to himself, he never
exceeded, but which he always insisted on paying.
His oddities always made him a welcome com-
panion on the "shoemaker's holidays." The
fewer, on these occasions generally 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 his countryman, Glover, of whom mention
has already been made, as one of the wags and
jugglers of the Globe and Devil taverns, and a
member of the Wednesday Club.

This vagabond genius has bequeathed us a
famous 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
in Harrold Heath, and were descending the
hill, when in passing a cottage, they saw through
an open window a party at tea. Goldsmith, who
was fatigued, cast a wistful glance at the cheerful
party. "How I should like to be of that
party," exclaimed he. "Nothing more easy,"
said Glover, "allow me to introduce you." So
they entered the house with an air of the
most perfect familiarity, though an utter stranger,
was introduced by the unsuspecting Goldsmith,
as usual, of course, that he was a friend of
Goldsmith. The owner of the house rose on the
appearance of the strangers. The undaunted Glover
introduced him in the most cordial manner,
and fixed his eye on one of the company who
had a particularly good-natured physiognomy, mut-
tering, in a recognition, and forthwith
related an amusing story, invented at the
moment, of something which he pretended had
happened upon the road. The host supposed the
strangers were friends of his guests; the guests
they were friends of the host. Glover did
not give them time to find out the truth. He fol-
lowed the story with another; brought his
series of mimicry into play, and kept the com-
pany in a roar. Tea was offered and accepted;
but they went off in the most sociable manner im-
possible, at the end of which Glover bowed him-
self and his companion out of the house with
his characteristic last words, leaving the host and
company to compare notes, and to find out
that an impudent intrusion they had experienced.
Nothing could exceed the dismay and vexation
of Goldsmith when triumphantly told by Glover
that it was all a hoax, and that he did not know a
soul in the house. His first impulse was to
run instantly and vindicate himself from all
imputation in the jest; but a few words from
his free and easy companion dissuaded him.
"Nonsense," 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 to-morrow;
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 at his
squalid quarters in Green Arbor 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 Beauclerc
and General Oglethorpe; and sitting 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 fel-
low, that I stifled 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 respectably; 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 SHOEMAKER'S PARADISE—DEATH OF
HENRY GOLDSMITH—TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY
IN "THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

THE heedless 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 booksellers and loans from his friends in
the confident hope of soon turning up another
trump. 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 ruinous to him.

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 task, to take country lodgings 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 out along the lanes and hedge-rows, and taking out paper and 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 but pernicious liberty of borrowing.

The cottage which they had hired belonged to a rich shoemaker of Piccadilly, who had embellished his little domain of half an acre 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 acquitting 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 his 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 diffident 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 proffered him 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, accused him of negligence. 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 awakened by the death of this loved companion of his childhood, we may attribute some of the most heartfelt passages in his "*De-*

serted Village." Much of that poem, we are told, was composed this summer, in the course of solitary strolls about the green lanes and beautiful rural scenes of the neighborhood, and the much of the softness and sweetness of *Lissoy* landscape became blended with the tender features of *Lissoy*. It was in these lonely and solitary moments, when tender regret was mingled with self-upbraiding, that he poured forth the homage of the heart, rendered as it were at the grave of his brother. The picture of the village pastor in this poem, which we have already noticed, was taken in part from the character of his father, embodied likewise the recollections of his brother Henry; for the natures of the latter and son seem to have been identical. In the following lines, however, Goldsmith evidently contrasts the quiet, settled life of his brother, pos- sessed in the benevolent exercise of the Christian duties with his own restless, vagrant career:

" Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change a place."

To us the whole character seems traced as it were in an expiatory spirit; as if, conscious of his wandering restlessness, he sought to humble himself at the shrine of excellence which he had not been able to practice:

" At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran,
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile:

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

* * * * *

And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way."

CHAPTER XXV.

DINNER AT BICKERSTAFF'S—HITTMAN AND FRISHMAN—KERRICK'S TRIGRAM—HITTMAN'S CONSOLATION—GOLDSMITH'S FOLLY—THE BLOOM-COLORED COAT—NEW ACQUAINTANCES—THE HORNEUCKS—A TOUCH OF RELIGION AND PASSION—THE JESSAMY TRIBE.

IN October Goldsmith returned to town and resumed his usual haunts. We hear of him at dinner given by his countryman Isaac Bickerstaff, author of "*Love in a Village*," "*Lady and Clarissa*," and other successful dramatic pieces. The dinner was to be followed by reading by Bickerstaff of a new play. Among the guests was one Paul Hittman, likewise a Frishman; somewhat idle and intemperate; he lived nobody knew how nor where, some- where he had a chance, and often of course upon Goldsmith, who was ever the vagabond friend, or rather victim. Hittman was something of a physician, and elevated the emptiness of his purse into the dignity of a disease, which

Much of that poem, we are told, was written in the summer, in the course of some of the green lanes and beautiful walks of the neighborhood, and the tenderness and sweetness of the scene blended with the river features in these lonely and solitary walks, that he poured forth the heart, rendered as it were, another. The picture of the village, which we have already had in part from the character of Goldsmith, and likewise the recollections of the father and the mother, have been identical. In the latter, Goldsmith evidently contrasted the life of his brother, poor, without exercise of the faculties, restless, vagrant career.

owns he ran his golly rare, changed, nor wisted to change

character seems to glow as it were spirit; as if, conscious of his own greatness, he sought to humble himself in the excellence which he had attained.

h meek and unaffected grace, could the venerable place; his lips prevail'd with double sway, to came to scold, remain'd to pray, and, crown'd the pious man, each honest rustic run, follow'd, with endearing wile, his gown, to share the good man

le a parent's warmth express'd, pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd, heart, his love, his griefs were given, his thoughts had rest in heaven.

each fond endearment tries, few pledged offspring to the skies, art, repro'd each dall' delay, lighter words, and less the way.

CHAPTER XXV

BICKERSTAFF—HILFERNAN AND KENRICK'S PROGRAM—THE GOLDEN COAT—NEW ACQUAINTANCES—A TOUCH OF THE S—THE JESSAMY BRIDE.

Goldsmith returned to town and his haunts. We hear of him by his countryman Isaac Bickerstaff, "Love in a Village," "The Village," and other successful dramatic dinner was to be followed by Bickerstaff of a new play. Among one Paul Hiffernan, known as a somewhat idle and intemperate, who knew how nor where, sought a chance, and often of Goldsmith, who was ever the vagabond victim. Hiffernan was a musician, and elevated the empty into the dignity of a disease, which

he termed *impeccuosity*, and against which he claimed a right to call for relief from the healthier of his friends. He was a scribbler for the newspapers, and latterly a dramatic critic, which had probably gained him an invitation to the dinner and reading. The wine and wassail, however, belonged his senses. Scarce had the author got into the second act of his play, when Hiffernan 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 Hiffernan snored; until the author came to a pause. "Never mind the snore, Bick, but go on," cried Goldsmith. "He would have served Homer just so if he 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 Bretons, Romans, Grecians,
Compared with thorough-bred Milesians!
Step into Griffin's shop, he'll tell ye
Of Goldsmith, Bickerstaff, and Kelly. . .
And, take one Irish evidence for'ther,
E'en Homer's self is but their foster brother."

Johnson was a rough consolator to a man when coming under an attack of this kind. "Never 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. Fine, sir, is a shuttlecock; if it be struck only at one 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 in high vogue, the associate of the first wits of the day; a few years afterward he was obliged to fly the country to escape the punishment of a notorious crime. Johnson expressed great astonishment at hearing the offence for which he had fled. "Why, sir," said Thrale; "he had long been a suspect to me." Perhaps there was something back on the part of the eminent brewer, which made him somewhat contemptuous reply. "But those who look close to the ground," said Johnson, "don't will sometimes be seen; I hope they may from a greater distance."

We have already noticed the improvement, or rather increased expense, of Goldsmith's wardrobe, and his elevation into polite society. "He is," says one of his contemporaries, "of exalted his muscular little person in the gayest of the day, to which was added a baggy coat, and a sword." Thus arrayed, he used to go about in the sunshine in the Temple Gardens, and to his own satisfaction, but to the amusement of his acquaintances.

Boswell, in his memoirs, has rendered one of his visits forever famous. That worthy, on the 10th of October in this same year, gave a dinner to Goldsmith, Reynolds, Garrick, Murdock, Bickerstaff, and Davies. Goldsmith was generous to bustle in at the last moment, when the guests were taking their seats at table, and on this occasion he was unusually early. While waiting for some lingerers to arrive, "he was," says Boswell, "bragging of his dress, and I believe, was seriously vain of it, for he was undoubtedly prone to such impressions. 'Come, come,' said Garrick, 'talk no more of that. You are perhaps the worst—eh, 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," said Goldsmith, "when the tailor brought home my bloom-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,' cried Johnson, 'that was because he knew the strange color would attract crowds to gaze at it, 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 railery 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 pick-pockets"—his next was to step into the middle of the street, where there was room for action, 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 abandoning the ground, sneaked off with his brother wag amid the hootings of the spectators.

This proneness to finery in dress, however, which Boswell and others of Goldsmith's contemporaries, who did not understand the secret plies of his character, attributed to vanity, arose, 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 boyhood by the sneers and jeers of his playmates, and had been ground deeper into it by rude speeches made to him in every step of his struggling career, until it had become a constant cause of awkwardness and embarrassment. This he had experienced the more 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*, if we may use the phrase, which nature had denied him. If ever he betrayed a little self-complacency on first turning out in a new suit, 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 Lace*, 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 by-name among her friends of the *Jessamy 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, ever 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 of 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 Nesbitt,
And Baker and his bit,
And Kauffman beside,
And the *Jessamy Bride*,
With the rest of the crew,
The Reynoldses 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
To be frolic like him;

But alas! your good worships, how could they be wiser,
When both have been spoilt'd in to-day's *Advertiser*? *

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 hook 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 ratton, lined with satin; a pair of silk stocking

* The following lines had appeared in that day's *Advertiser*, on the portrait of Sir Joshua by Angelica Kauffman:

While fair Angelica, with matchless grace,
Paints Conway's Lurly form and Stanhope's face;
Our hearts to beauty willing homage pay,
We praise, admire, and gaze our souls away.

breeches, and another pair of a *beem cover*. Alas! poor Goldsmith! how much of this sickening finery was dictated, not by vanity, but humble consciousness of thy defects: how proud of two to atone for the uncouthness of thy person, and to win favor in the eyes of the Jessamy kind!

But when the likeness she hath done for thee,
O Reynolds! with astonishment we see,
Forced to submit, with all our pride we own,
Such strength, such harmony excels by none,
And thou art rivalled by thyself alone.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GOLDSMITH IN THE TEMPLE—JUDITH LAY AND GRATTAN—LABOR AND DISSIPATION—"HISTORY OF THE ROMAN HISTORY"—QUINTUS OF THE HISTORY OF ANIMALS—NATHAN TEMPLE—ROOKERY—ANECDOTES OF A STUDENT.

IN the winter of 1768 (6) Goldsmith occupied himself at his quarters in the Temple, soon "building up" his *Roman History*. We have pleasant views of him in this learned and cloistered retreat of wit and law, and legal students, in the reminiscences of Judge Black and the Irish Bench, who in his advanced age, deigned to recall the days of his youth when he was a templar, and to speak of the kindness which he and his fellow-student, Grattan, were shown by the poet. "I was just, rived to the core," said he, "full freighted with accident, and our author did not disdain to give me some opinions and hints toward a Greek or Roman histories. Being then a young man, I was much flattered by the notice of so celebrated a person. He took great delight in the conversation of Grattan, whose industry in the manner of life furnished full earnest of the splendor which awaited his merit. I was sitting us dwelling together in Essex Court, and he himself, where he frequently visited me, a warm friend, his warm heart became more and more pressed 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 habits similar in style to those already furnished. He frequented much the Grecian Coffee-House, then the favorite resort of the Irish and Lac-shun Templars. He delighted in collecting a crowd around him at evening parties, and in ostentatious hospitality. "Once only," said the judge, "he amused them with his play, with which, neither of which he played very particularly the latter, but, on losing, his money, he never lost his temper. In a run of bad and worse play, he would fling his cards upon the floor and exclaim, 'Beware George, beware! I never to renounce thee, to take to thee, I will not!'"

The judge was aware at the time that the learned labor of poor Goldsmith upon his *Roman History* was mere hack work to recruit his exhausted finances. "His price," he adds, "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 musement. Whenever funds were dissipated, and they fled more readily from being the dupe of many artful persons, male and female, who practised upon his bene-

another part of a letter in color, smith! how much of this sickness, not by vanity but humbly defects—how much of it was mouthfulness of thy person, and to eyes of the Jessamy Bride-ness she hath done for thee, th' astonishment we see, it, with all our pride we own, rich harmony excellently none, allied by thyself alone.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE TEMPLE. JUDITH, DAY AND
BOR AND DESTRUCTION. PETER
OMAN HISTORY. GENTLE
ANIMATED NATURE. TEMPLE
ECPOLES OF A SHIP.

of 1768 (6) Goldsmith occupied quarters in the Temple, showing his Roman History. We have of him in this period and talk of wit and lawyers, no legal reminiscences of Judge Day or of his advanced age, designedly of his youth when he was speak of the kindness with which a student, Gratian, was treated. I was just, rived from a college, eighted with aculeum, a college, did not disdain to be a student, and hints toward laetitia. Being then a young man, I was by the notice of so celebrated a book great delight in the conversation whose brilliancy in the morning full earnest of the day, awaited his morning, and together in 1768, to be frequently visited by a student, heart became a student, and the associate of one who had been on, in his romances to Goldsmith's school, habits, those already furnished. He to Grecian College House, the of the Irish and Low-shin Temple, in collecting, as friends evening parties, a host, and invited them with a cordial and hospitality. "Ours is a fine, amuse I play with his flute, of which he played a good part, but, on losing his property, temper. In a room of his, I would bring to the end of the room, a Persian tale, a Persian tale, they, to be a student, are aware at the time that all the poor Goldsmith upon his Roman are back work to be a student, es. "His pure, open, and, abhors of this kind, the season of pleasure took its turn, in attention, Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and other, and amusement. Whenever I sip, and they fled more rapidly, the dupe of many artful persons, who practised upon his bene-

ance—he returned to his literary labors, and shut himself up from society to provide fresh matter for his bookseller, and fresh supplies for himself."

How completely had the young student discerned the characteristics of poor, genial, generous, drizzling, holiday-loving Goldsmith; toiling that he might play; earning his bread by the sweat of his brains, and then throwing it out of the window.

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 announced as for the use of schools and colleges; but, though a work written for the school, not lame, such is its ease, perspicuity, grace, 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, was praised or dispraised things by halves, broke both in a warm eulogy of the author and the work, in a conversation with Boswell, to the great 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, you surely will not rank his compilation of the Roman History with the works of other historians of this age." Johnson.—"Why, who are before him?" Boswell.—"Hume—Robertson—La Fontaine." Johnson (his antipathy against the school beginning to rise).—"I have not read Hume; but doubtless Goldsmith's History is better than the verbiage of Robertson, or the loppiness of Darymple." 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 historical piece; he imagines an heroic countenance. You must look upon Robertson's work as a romance, and try it by that standard. History 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. Now Robertson might have put twice as much in his book. Robertson is like a man whose pocket is 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 cumbersome history, and time; but Goldsmith's plain narrative will please again and again. I would say to Robertson what an old tutor of a college said 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 compressing, and of saving everything he has to say in a pleasing manner. He is now writing a Natural History, and 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 1769, 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 pica; a hundred guineas to be paid to the author on the delivery of each volume in manuscript.

He was induced to engage in 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 drudge for bread, and talk of birds, and beasts, and creeping things, which Pindock'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 amuse 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-butcher 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 carnage 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." Thrale.—"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 it he makes experiments for so comprehensive a book as his, 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 and science. 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 the 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; of his mode of occupying 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 Rooks, "I have often amused myself," says he, "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."

The other passage which we take the liberty to quote at some length, is from an admirable paper in the *Bee*, 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 exult 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 take refuge in its hole. 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 cobweb. I must 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 hampered 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. I once 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 was 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; wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one began which was completed in the usual time.

"I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could turnish; wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its web-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 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 much 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 a length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not lay out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; for, upon his immediately approaching the terror of his appearance might give the spider strength sufficient to get loose; the matter, then, is to wait patiently, till, by intellectual and incessant struggles, the captive has weakened his strength, and then he becomes a certain prey to conquest.

"The insect I am now describing, lived three years; every year it changed its skin, and a new set of legs. I have sometimes observed a leg, which grew again, in two or three days. At first it dreaded my approach, and was so afraid of me that it became so familiar, that I could take it out of my hand; and, upon my touching the end of the web, would immediately leave it, as if prepared either for a defence or an attack.

CHAPTER XXVII

HONORS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS. — HIS BROTHER MAJOR GENERAL GIBBS. — JANE CONGARINE AND THE MINERAL PORTRAITS AND ENGRAVINGS SOCIETY ASSOCIATIONS. — JOHNSON AND GOLDSMITH IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE latter part of the year 1778 had been a memorable in the world of taste by the resignation of the Royal Academy of Arts, made in part in the name of the King, and the direct or indirect aid of the most distinguished artists. Reynolds, who had been mainly instrumental in bringing it into being, was unanimously elected president, and had received

ed to have fitted it for such a life, ally it subsisted for more than a it a wasp into the hole; but when was set at liberty, I expected the e about repairing the breaches in its net; but those it seems; wherefore the cobweb was now and a new one began to spin in the usual time mind to try how many coveys could furnish; wherefore I did the insect set about another, ed the other also, its web struck exhausted, and it could spin no it made use of to support itself, t its great means of subsistence, prising. I have seen it creep ball, and he motionless for hours utiously watching all the time; ned to approach subconsciously, it all at once, and often scold

however, it soon began to grow lved to invade the possession of er, since it could not make a sub- rmed an attack upon a neighbor with great vigor, and at last was pulsed. Not daunted, however, in this manner it continued to ther's web for three days and filled the defendant, actually to lose smaller flies happen to fall the spider does not say out at patiently waits till it is sure of his immediately approaching ap- pearance might give the spider out to get loose; the matter contin- ually, till, by intellectual and im- pudent the captive has wasted away in he becomes a certain prey

I am now describing how there ar at change its skin and again in two or three days. At my approach it is very quiet at familiar as to take a look upon my teaching, and it immediately retreats to its defence or in flight.

LAPTES XXVII

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS TO NEW LIFE LAMBY HOUSE, ST AND THE MINOR OF GRAVINGS SCHOOL ASSOCIATION AND GOLDMITH IN WISCONSIN

of the year 1788 had been made world of taste by the institution, form of Arts, many of the and the direct result of the ed artists. Reynolds, who had mental in bounding it had been ed president, and had therefore

received the honor of knighthood.* Johnson was so delighted with his friend's elevation, that he chose through a rule of total abstinence with respect to wine, which he had maintained for several years, and drank bumpers 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 professorships, 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.

Mr. Maurice Goldsmith, at James Law-
lers, Esq., at Kilmere, near Carrick-on-
Shannon.

"January, 1770.

"DEAR BROTHER: I should have answered your letter sooner, but, in truth, I am not fond of looking at 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 every way 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 think I could get both you and my poor brother-in-law something like that which you desire, but I am determined never to ask for little things, nor exact any little interest I may have, until I can relieve 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 the Royal Academy of Learning which he has just established, but there is no salary annexed; and I took it rather 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.

"I told me that there are fourteen or fifteen pounds in the hands of my cousin Lawder, and I ask me what I would have done with them. My dear brother, I would by no means permit you 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 up 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 can think the whole necessary to fit them out, or whether our poor sister Johnson may demand the half, I leave entirely to their and your discretion. The kindness of that good couple to our shattered family demands our sincerest grati-

* We must apologize for the anachronism we have permitted ourselves in the course of this memoir, in speaking of Reynolds as *Sir Joshua*, when treating of circumstances which occurred prior to his being ennobled; but it is so customary to speak of him by that title, that we found it difficult to dispense with it.

tude; 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 also send my friends over the Shannon 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 the news of our family and old 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. Tell me about my mother, my brother Hodson and his son, my brother Harry's son and daughter, my sister Johnson, the family of Ballyoughter, what is become of them, where they live, and how they do. You talked 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 Inn. Sister Johnson and her husband are as poorly off as Maurice, with, perhaps, no one at hand to quarter themselves upon; as to the rest, "what is become of 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 men- tion of him; he sends Jane his miniature; he be- lieves "it is the most acceptable present he can offer;" he evidently, therefore, does not believe she has almost forgotten him, although he in- timates that he does; in his memory she is still Jane Contarine, as he last saw her, when he ac- companied her harpsichord with his flute. Ab- sence, like death, sets a seal on the image of those we have loved; we cannot realize the intervening changes which time may have effected.

As to the rest of Goldsmith's relatives, he aban- dons his legacy of fifteen pounds, to be shared among them. It is all he has to give. His heed- less improvidence is eating up the pay of the book- sellers in advance. With all his literary success, he has neither money nor influence; but he has empty fame, and he is ready to participate with

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, and 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 mezzotint 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 youth 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 it 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 mementos 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 miscebitur istis.

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 miscebitur istis.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

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 poetic at-

tempts. On being questioned at the annual dinner of the Royal Academy by the Earl of Lisburne why he neglected the muses to compile histories and write novels, "My Lord," replied he, "in courting the muses I shall starve, but by my other labors I eat, drink, have good clothes, and can enjoy the luxuries of life." Sir Isaac Newton being asked by a poor writer what was the most profitable mode of exercising the pen, "My dear Sir," replied he, good-humoredly, "pay no regard to the draggled-tailed muses; for no poet I have found productions in prose much more sought after and better paid for."

Still, however, as we have heretofore shown, he found sweet moments of dalliance to steal away from his prosaic toils, and court the muse among the green lanes and hedge-rows in the rural environs of London, and on the 29th of May, 1770, he was enabled to bring his "Deserted Village" 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 current 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 that "Deserted Village" has ever been the greater favorite. Previous to its publication the bookseller gave him in advance a note for three hundred guineas, and when the poem was returning home he met a friend, to whom he mentioned the circumstance, and who appeared judging of poetry by quantity rather than quality, observed that it was a great sum for so small a poem. "In truth," said Goldsmith, "I thank you too; it is much more than the poorest man could afford or the piece is worth. I have not been since I received it." In fact, he actually returned the note to the bookseller, and left it to 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 counter-statement. This anecdote has been called in question, we know not on what grounds; we see nothing in it incompatible with the character of Goldsmith, and very impulsive, and prone to acts of uncalculated generosity.

As we do not pretend in this summary notice to go into a criticism or analysis of any of Goldsmith's writings, we shall not dwell upon the merits of this poem; we cannot do so, however, how truly it is a mirror to the human heart, and of all the fond pictures of youth and early life forever present there, it seems to us as if the very last accounts of his home, of his "shattered family," and of the situation that seemed to have settled upon him, of his childhood, had cut to the very root of his cherished hope, and produced to his exquisitely tender and mournful lines

"In all my wand'rings round this world of woe—
In all my griefs—and I find has given me show—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown—
Amid these idle bowers to lay me down,
To hush our life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting to repose;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amid the swains to show my book-leaved skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;

'Besides,' say they, 'the robin is the Irish nightingale.' And it is but 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 ills 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 foy, Best, this huge overgrown bush is mightily 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 foy!" 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 POET AMONG THE LADIES—DESCRIPTION OF HIS PERSON AND MANNERS—EXPEDITION TO PARIS WITH THE HORNECK FAMILY—THE TRAVELLER OF TWENTY AND THE TRAVELLER OF FORTY—HICKY, THE SPECIAL ATTORNEY—AN UNLUCKY EXPLOIT.

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 at ease 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 really 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 compeers, who had a propensity to represent him in caricature; but let us take the apparently truthful and discriminating picture of him as he 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 brown hair; such, at least, as 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 which the exquisite polish of his compositions would lead us to expect. He was

always cheerful and animated, often almost boisterous in his mirth; entered with great interest into every conversation; contributed largely to its enjoyment by solidity of information and the naivety and originality of his character. He talked often without premeditation, and laughed loudly without restraint."

This, it will be recollected, is towards him as he appeared to a young Templar, who probably saw him only in Temple coffee-houses at students' quarters, or at the rooms of the poet given at the poet's own chambers. But of course his mind was in its rough dress, as it might have been loud and his mirth boisterous, but we trust all these matters became softened and modified when he found himself in polished 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 of one of the Horneck circle; in fact, we believe to the least my Bride herself. After admitting, apparently with some reluctance, that "he was a very good man," she goes on to say, "but had he been much more so, it was impossible for me to love or respect his goodness of heart, which broke out on every occasion. His benevolence was unquestionable, and his countenance bore it out; but it was no one that knew him intimately could I have admiring and loving his good qualities." We to all this we add the idea of intellectual culture and refinement associated with him, as a scholar, and the newly plucked hairs that were flourished round his brow, we cannot be surprised that the most fashionable ladies should be proud of his attentions, and that even a young beauty should be altogether displeased with the thought of having a man of his genius in her clasp.

We are led to indulge some notion of the kind from finding him in the month of July, but a few weeks after the publication of the "Deserted Village," setting off on a six weeks' excursion to Paris, in company with Mrs. Horneck and her two beautiful daughters. A few months before his departure, we find another sketch of him charged to him on the books of the Westminster Abbey. Were the bright eyes of the scholar responsible for this additional sketch of his wardrobe? Goldsmith had read the works of Parnell; had he then followed the example of Edwin in the Temple?

"Yet spite of all that nature did
To make his uncouth form endued,
This creature dared to love.
He felt the force of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize
Could ladies seek within."

All this we throw out as mere conjecture, and draw no conclusions. It will be found that the poet was subjected to shrewd remarks by his contemporaries about the beauty of Mary Horneck, and that he was extremely susceptible of the subject.

It was in the month of June that he set out for Paris with his fair companions, and a 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, and we were extremely sea-sick, which must necessarily have happened, as my machine is so weak."

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ickness was not completed. We were glad to
Dover, because we hated to be imposed
so were in high spirits at coming to Calais,
where we were told that a little money would go
great way.

Upon landing, with two little trunks, which
as all we carried with us, we were surprised to
fourteen or fifteen fellows all running down to
to lay their hands upon them; four got
under each trunk, the rest surrounded and held
them; and in this manner our little baggage
was conducted, with a kind of funeral solemnity,
it was safely lodged at the custom-house. We
were well enough pleased with the people's
affinity till they came to be paid; every creature
had the happiness of but touching our trunks
with their finger expected sixpence; and they had
to procure and civil a manner of demanding it, that
we were not refusing them.

When we had done with the porters, we had
to speak with the custom-house officers, who
did their pretty civil ways too. We were directed
to the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, where a valet-de-
chambre came to offer his service, and spoke to me
a few minutes before I once found out that he was
speaking 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 a new ribbon for my wig at Canterbury,
and the barber at Calais broke it in order to gain
money by buying me a new one."

An incident which occurred in the course of
my journey has been tortured by that literary mag-
ician, Boswell, into a proof of Goldsmith's absurd
absence of any admiration shown to others in his
presence. While stopping at a hotel in Lisle,
we were drawn to the windows by a military
regiment in front. The extreme beauty of the Miss
Reynolds immediately attracted the attention of
the officers, who broke forth with enthusiastic
eulogies and compliments intended for their ears.
Goldsmith was amused for a while, but at length
bored impatience at this exclusive admiration of
a beautiful companions, and exclaimed, with
a severe aspect, "Elsewhere I also would
find admirers."

It is difficult to conceive the obtuseness of intel-
ligence necessary to misconstrue so obvious a piece
of jealousy and dry humor into an instance
of vanity and jealous self-conceit.

Goldsmith conscious of the admiration of a group
of officers for the charms of two beautiful
young women! This even out-Boswells Boswell;
there is but one of several similar absurdities,
and these misapprehensions of Goldsmith's peculiar
style of humor, by which the charge of envious
jealousy has been attempted to be fixed upon him.
The present instance it was contradicted by one
of the ladies herself, who was annoyed that it had
been made against him. "I am sure," said
she, "from the peculiar manner of his humor, and
from his countenance, what was often
mistaken was mistaken, by those who did
know him, for earnest." No one was more
sensible on this point than Boswell. He had
a perfect perception of wit, but none of humor.
In writing the letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds was
absolutely written:

To Sir Joshua Reynolds.

"PARIS, July 29 (1770).

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I began a long letter to
you 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 amuse-
ment 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 amuse-
ments here is scolding at everything we meet
with, and praising everything and every person
we left at home. You may judge, therefore,
whether your name is not frequently bandied at
table among us. To tell you the truth, I never
thought I could regret 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; of our quarrelling with postillions,
and being cheated by our landlords; but I re-
serve all this for a happy hour 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 over this very day. I long to hear from
you all, how you yourself do, how Johnson, Burke,
Dyer, Chamier, Colman, and every one of the
club do. I wish I could send you some amuse-
ment in this letter, but I protest I am so stupe-
fied by the air of this country for I am sure 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 in-
tention of going to France to save money. You
know there is not a place in the world more prom-
ising 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 dinner, I find
it all so tough that I have spent less time with my
knife than my picktooth. I said this as a good
thing at the table, 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 intend to let the
ladies go on, and I will take a country lodging
somewhere near that place in order to do some
business. I have so outrun the constable that I
must mortify a little to bring it up again. For
God's sake, the night you receive this, take your
pen in your hand and tell me something about
yourself and myself, if you know anything that
has happened. About Miss Reynolds, about Mr.
Bickerstaff, my nephew, or anybody that you re-
gard, I beg you will send to Griffin the book-
seller to know if there be any letters left for me,
and be so good as to send them to me at Paris.
They may perhaps be left for me at the Porter's
Lodge, opposite the pump in Temple Lane. The
same messenger will do. I expect one from Lord
Clare, from Ireland. As for the others, I am not
much uneasy about.

"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 fool. But 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

of the little islands was within a leap. Goldsmith maintained it but, being bantered on the subject of his former prowess as a poet, he, but, falling short, descended to the great amusement of the assembly. Bride a witness of this, Hickey is the one of whom Goldsmith subsequently gave a good poem of "The Retraction."

reclines, a most blunt, pleasant fellow, himself must allow him good nature; his friend, and he reish'd a bump to be had, and that one was a thumper may ask if the man was a miser, no, for he always was wiser, us, perhaps, or obligingly that, first for can't accuse him of that, confided in men as they do, too foolishly honest? Ah, no as his failing? Come, tell it, and he

ld he help it? a special attorney. few remarks extant made by Goldsmith on this tour is the following of an animated nature. "I have been through the towns of France, so could not help observing that the parrots spoke than ours, and I understood their parts so well. I could not understand our own people's native language. Let me to the different qualities of the d was for entering into an elation of the vowels and consonants, as with me solved the difficulty, trying me that the French say nothing else the whole day than their feather'd pupils, and not as distinct in their lessons in continual schooling.

does not seem to have felt a most fragrant recollection of matter his pen, while it is a pleasant repast, than Englishmen. I annoyances of it, and it is recommended to be read without the stress of it, as they are with the rest of the world, both if they can, else it is the of what in English we take

s to see that the world is a most of living on the Continent has been taken away from it, though even the late twist is correct.

CHAPTER XXX

GOLDSMITH'S MOTHER-DIEBARD—AFTERMIDNIGHT WITH DAVID—THE HUNCH OF VENISON

on to England, Goldsmith's findings of the death of his mother, the fame as an author to

had attained, she seems to have been disappointed in her early expectations from him. Like hers of his family, she had been more vexed by his early follies than pleased by his proofs of genius; and in subsequent years, when he had time and to intercourse with the great, he been annoyed at the ignorance of the world of 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, he resorted to his precarious 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 pious, hastily got up for pocket-money. John spoke slightly of it, and the author, himself, thought proper to apologize for its meagreness, yet, in so doing, used a simile, which for want of imagery and felicity of language, is enough of itself to stamp a value upon the essay.

"Some," says he, "is the very unpoetical detail of the life of a poet. Some dates and some few scarcely more interesting than those that are the ornaments of a country tombstone, are the remains of one whose labors now begin to excite universal curiosity. A poet, while living, is a golden object sufficiently great to attract much attention; his real merits are known but they, and these are generally sparing in their praise. When his fame is increased by time, it is then too late to investigate the peculiarities of a disposition; the dews of morning are past, and we vainly try to continue the chase by the midday 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 do a work for which there was a more immediate demand. Davies was about to republish Lord Bolingbroke's "Dissertation on Parties," which abridgment would be exceedingly applicable to the affairs of the day, and make a probable hit. Being the existing state of violent political excitement to give it still greater effect and currency, he engaged Goldsmith to introduce it with a preface of his own.

About this time Goldsmith's friend and countryman Lord Clare, was in great affliction, caused by the death of his only son, Colonel Nugent, and in need of the sympathies of a kind-hearted friend. At his request, therefore, Goldsmith paid a visit at his noble seat of Gosford, taking his usual with him. Davies was in a worry lest Gosford Park should prove a Capua to the poet, and a 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, however, were furnished in time for the press, and the work in December. The Biography, though written during a time of political excitement, introducing a work intended to be a study into the arena of politics, maintained that freedom from party prejudice observable in all the writings of Goldsmith. It was a selection of facts drawn from many unreadable sources, and arranged into a clear, flowing narrative, illustrating the career and character of one who, as he estimates, "seemed formed by nature to take delight in struggling with opposition; whose most precious hours were passed in storms of his own

creating; whose life was spent in a continual conflict of politics, and as it 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, is supposed, from 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," says 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 up to 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 platter:
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 virtu;
As in some Irish houses where things are so-so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;
But, for eating a rasher, of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it was fry'd 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 ruffles, when wanting a shirt."

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 had houses 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 con-

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.

This may be hung up as a companion-piece to his blunder on his first visit to Northumberland House.

CHAPTER X. M.

DINNER AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY—THE ROWLEY CONTROVERSY—HORACE WALPOLE'S CONDUCT TO CHATTERTON—JOHNSON AT REDCLIFFE CHURCH—GOLDSMITH'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND—DAVIES'S CRITICISM—LETTER TO PENNET 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; Drs. 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 their being genuine. 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 Ossian, rolled in 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 "*trouvaille*," as he called it, "*of 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 pleased, 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; had pronounced some specimen verses 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 an unknown correspondent was attacking him in sphere and indigent in criticisms, when Gray and Mason pronounced the verses forgeries, he had changed his whole conduct toward the unfortunate author, and by his reserve and coldness had dashed all his sanguine hopes to the ground.

Exulting in his superior discernment, so cheerful a man of society now went on to call himself, as he says, with the courtesy of Goldsmith, whom he was a custard to, "*an inspired idiot*;" but his worthiness declined, for on asking the poet what he thought of this Chatterton, he was answered, doubtless, the feeling tone of one who expected the pangs of despondent genius that he had to London as if he had destroyed himself.

The reply struck a pang of self-reproach even the cold heart of Walpole; a faint blush may have visited his cheek at his recent levity. "The sons of honor and veracity," he went on to say, said he in after years, who he found it necessary to exculpate himself from the charge of headless neglect of genius. "I attest with surprise and concern I thus first heard of his death." Well might he feel concerned. His neglect had doubtless contributed to madden the spirit of that youthful genius, and hurry him toward his untimely end; nor have all the excuses and palliations of Walpole's friends and admirers been ever able entirely to clear his good name from his fame.

But what was there in the enthusiasm and credulity of honest Goldsmith in this matter, to subject him to the laugh of Johnson and the sneer of Walpole? Granting the poems were ancient, were they not good? Granting they were not the productions of Rowley, were they not admirable for being the productions of Chatterton? Johnson himself testified to their merit and the genius of their composer when, some years afterward, he visited the tower of Redcliffe Church, and was shown the chamber of Chatterton. He had pretended to make them his own. He said he, "is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge, and I wonder how the world could be so stupid as to doubt of his genius."

As to Goldsmith, he persisted in his credulity and had subsequently a conversation with Johnson on the subject, which interrupted their friendship. After all, his credulity was of a generous, poetic kind; the poems remain beautiful monuments of genius, and it is even now difficult to persuade ourselves that they could be entirely the productions of a boy of sixteen.

In the month of August was published anonymously the History of England, of which Goldsmith had been for some time the principal author in four volumes, compiled, edited, and arranged in the preface, from Joseph Chamberlain and Hume, "each of whom I have consulted and their admirers, in proportion as they are studious of political antiquities, find in it a valuable anecdote, a warm partisan, or a judicious reasoner." It possessed the same qualities, merit, and its other historical compilation, a clear, succinct narrative, a simple, easy, and agreeable style, and an agreeable arrangement of facts, but was not remarkable for either breadth of observation or minute accuracy of research. Many passages were transferred, with little or no alteration, from his "*Letters from a Nobleman to his Son*."

were sung with some taste and humor; several, I believe, were of his own composition, and I regret that I neither have copies, 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 himself had played off. 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. "Being at all times gay in his 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 cleansed; but, either by accident, or probably 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 those who judge of his appearance only from the fine poetical head of Reynolds would not suspect; and on one occasion some person contrived seriously to mure this important adjunct to dress. It was the only one he had in the country, and the misfortune seemed irreparable until 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."

This was wicked waggery, 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 dubiously sensitive, and particularly when 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 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, "having arisen with 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, threw in a guinea; Goldsmith, not to be outdone in this kind of bravado, in attempting to fulfil 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 while 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 obtained an 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 countenance by his writings, threw it aside, forgetting that this was the very Newbery who kept his *Year of Wonders* in the field by him nearly two years through doubts as to its success. The loss of the manuscript is therefore to be regretted; it doubtless would have been properly wrought up before given to the press, and might have given us new scenes in life and traits of character, while it could not fail to bear traces of his delightful style. What a pity he had not been guided by the opinions of his fair listeners at Barton, instead of that of the astute Mr. Newbery!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DINNER AT GENERAL OGLETHORPE'S—ANECDOTE OF THE GENERAL—DISPUTE ABOUT DUELLING—GHOST STORIES.

WE have mentioned old General Oglethorpe as one of Goldsmith's aristocratical acquaintances. This veteran, born in 1698, had commenced early, by serving, when a mere stripling, under Prince Eugene, against the Turks. He continued in military life, and been promoted to the rank of major general in 1745, and received a command during the Scottish rebellion. Free 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 settlement of the colony of Georgia. His embalmed in honorable immortality a passage in Pope's:

"One, driven by strong love's desire,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from roistering peers."

The veteran was now seventy-four years of age, but healthy and vigorous, and as much the peer of a chevalier as in his younger days, when he served with Prince Eugene. His name was often the gathering-place of men of talent. He was frequently there, and delighted to converse with the general details of his various "expeditions." 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 vanity of the general's mind and the variety of his knowledge made him skip from subject to subject, as the Lexicographer. "Oglethorpe," groined the

"never completes what he has to say." Boswell gives us an interesting and characteristic account of a dinner party at the general's (April 10th, 1722), at which Goldsmith and Johnson were present. After dinner, when the cloth was removed, Oglethorpe, at Johnson's request, gave an account of the siege of Beograd, in the true veteran style. Pouring a little wine upon the table, he drew his lines and parallels with wet finger, describing the positions of the opposing forces. "Here were we—here were the Turks, to all which Johnson listened with the most atten-

when he came afterward to examine the manuscript, objected to it as a mere imitation of the *Grand Discours*. Man easily put out of countenance of his as he forgot, forgetting that this was a parody who kept his *Discours* of *Walden* nearly two years through *conduits* of the loss of the manuscript is deeply regretted; it doubtless would have been brought up before given to the press, and given its new *sores* in the *and* character, while it could not fail to be a delightful style. What a pity he had been by the opinions of his last *and* man, instead of that of the *astute* Mr.

CHAPTER XXXIII

GENERAL OGLETHORPE'S—ANECDOTE OF A FRENCHMAN—DISPUTE ABOUT DUELLING—OGLETHORPE'S.

mentioned old General Oglethorpe, a man of the aristocratical acquaintance, born in 1708, had commenced duelling, when a mere stippling, under the name of *the Duke*, against the Turks. He had a military life, and been promoted to major general in 1745, and received the Scottish rebellion. Being a white tendencies, he was suspected of favoring the rebels, and though a court of inquiry, was never altered; or, in technical language, was had since been regarded as a man of war, and had always distinguished himself, taste, active, let us say, principles. His name, however, historical, chiefly from his name, and the share he took in the colony of Georgia. His name, however, immortalized by a sage man.

By strong, I am told, that old General Oglethorpe, from the old

was now seventy-four years of age, vigorous, and as in the prime of his younger days, when I served Eugene. His name was often the subject of men of talent. I was once and delighted in conversation with him, and his various experiences. He said he should give the world his life, and said he, "where he would be, and the variety of his knowledge from subtle and subtle to last to her." "Oglethorpe," I said, "what is the best of it?"

It was an interesting and character of a dinner party at the general's, at which Goldsmith and Johnson were present. After dinner, when the old Oglethorpe, at Johnson's request, told of the siege of *Belgrade*, in the year 1739. Pouring a little wine upon his knees and parallels with the table, he said, "here were the Turks, and here were the most of the

attention, poring over the plans and diagrams, and his usual purblind closeness.

In the course of conversation the general gave a date of himself in early life, when serving under Prince Eugene. Sitting at table once in company with a prince of Wurtemberg, the latter gave him a glass of wine, so as to make a drink of it in Oglethorpe's face. The manner in which it was done was somewhat equivocal, and it was taken by the stripling officer? He must challenge the prince; but so long he might fix on himself the character of a coward. If passed over without notice, he might be charged with cowardice. His mind was made up in an instant. "Prince," said he, "that is an excellent joke; but we do it much better in England." So saying, he threw a glass of wine in the prince's face. "If a prince, in a prince," cried an old general present, "your favor commenced." (He has done you, my prince; you commenced it.) The general had the good sense to acquiesce in the decision of the veteran, and Oglethorpe's retort in this taken in good part.

It was probably at the close of this story that Boswell, ever anxious to promote conversation for the benefit of his note-book, started the question whether duelling were consistent with a man's duty. The old general fired up in answer. "Un doubtedly," said he, with a lofty air, "un doubtedly a man has a right to defend himself." Goldsmith immediately carried the matter to Boswell's own quarters, and pinned him to the question, "what he would do if affronted?" The phant Boswell, who for the moment forgot the general rather than of Johnson, fixed his eyes, replied, "he should think it necessary to fight." "Why, then, that solves the question," replied Goldsmith. "No, sir," thundered out Johnson; "it does not follow that what a man would do, is therefore right." He, however, wisely went into a discussion to show that there were necessities in the case arising from the artificial refinement of society, and its description of any one who should put up with affront without fighting a duel. "He then," said he, "who fights a duel does not fight on passion against his antagonist, but out of self-interest, to avert the stigma of the world, and prevent himself from being driven out of society. I could wish there were not that superfluity of refinement; but while such notions prevail, I doubt a man may lawfully fight a duel."

Another question started was, whether people should disagree on a capital point could live together in friendship. Johnson said they might. Goldsmith said they could not, as they had not *idem velle atque idem velle*—the same likings and aversions. Johnson rejoined, that they must disagree on the subject on which they disagreed. "But," said Goldsmith, "when people live together to have something as to which they disagree, and when they want to shun, they will be in the position mentioned in the story of Blue Beard; they must look into all the chambers but one; we should have the greatest inclination to go into that chamber, to talk of that subject."

"Sir," thundered Johnson, in a loud voice, "I am not saying that you could live in friendship with a man from whom you differ as to some point, I am only saying that I could do it." "Who will not say that Goldsmith had not the least of this petty contest? How just was his remark how felicitous the illustration of the blue chamber! how rude and overbearing was the ar-

gumentum ad hominem of Johnson, when he felt that he had the worst of the argument!

The conversation turned upon ghosts. General Oglethorpe told the story of a Colonel Prendergast, an officer in the Duke of Marlborough's army, who predicted among his comrades that he should die on a certain day. The battle of Malplaquet took place on that day. The colonel was in the midst of it but came out unhurt. The firing had ceased, and his brother officers jested with him about the fallacy of his prediction. "The day is not over," replied he, gravely, "I shall die notwithstanding what you see." His words proved true. The order for a cessation of firing had not reached one of the French batteries, and a random shot from it killed the colonel on the spot. Among his effects was found a pocket-book in which he had made a solemn entry, that Sir John Friend, who had been executed for high treason, had appeared to him, either in a dream or vision, and predicted that he would meet him on a certain day (the very day of the battle). Colonel Cecil, who took possession of the effects of Colonel Prendergast, and read the entry in the pocket-book, told this story to Pope, the poet, in the presence of General Oglethorpe.

This story, as related by the general, appears to have been well received, if not credited, by both Johnson and Goldsmith, each of whom had something to relate in kind. Goldsmith's brother, the clergyman in whom he had such implicit confidence, had assured him of his having seen an apparition. Johnson also had a friend, old Mr. Cave, the printer, at St. John's Gate, "an honest man, and a sensible man," who told him he had seen a ghost; he did not, however, like to talk of it, and seemed to be in great horror whenever it was mentioned. "And pray, Sir," asked Boswell, "what did he say was the appearance?" "Why, Sir, something of a shadowy being."

The reader will not be surprised at this superstitious turn in the conversation of such intelligent men, when he recollects that, but a few years before this time, all London had been agitated by the absurd story of the Cock Lane ghost; a matter which Dr. Johnson had deemed worthy of his serious investigation, and about which Goldsmith had written a pamphlet.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MR. JOSEPH CRADOCK—AN AUTHOR'S CONFIDINGS—AN AMATEUR'S—LIFE AT EDGEWARE—GOLDSMITH CONJURING—GEORGE COLMAN—THE FANTOCCHINI.

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 meddling with 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 *Zohide*, in a view to get it acted. There was no great difficulty 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

le dissimble all it can,
age is still much less than man."

is keenly sensitive to tricks of the
ing Kenrick at the Chapel College
m to sharp account of his name, and
y on account of his habits, sent at
ral resort and amusement. Kenrick
and snaked, protesting that he
derogatory to his private character.
him know, however, that he was
dastard kind, and that the out-
rage would be to his great regret.

played the raven, and so
himself as soon as he was
his having made a wretched
y making coarse and vulgar
versation and person.
is satire of Kenrick were
checked out of his system.
Sir Joshua Reynolds, one
orning, found him weeping at
mew of a raven, and he
s before him like a nobleman.
an expensive masterpiece, and
he had been told that it was
there was no other way of
money, he was trying to find

CHAPTER XXXV.

CHRISTMAS—THE SPRING-VELVET
HAYMAKING—WIG THE WIG
TOO—THE FAIR OF THE
THE JESSAMY LARD

ish dissipation of two, and
away to part of the year
country. In the month of
from Mrs. Bunbury, who
to pass the Christmas
written in the case of the
y intention, with his sister
come in his "she" and
a new wig, and he was
above a wig, and he was
doctor, who was
one of the best
sks, such as

word for the
it made the
parent, and
am about to
the p
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oe, *ipd*. A
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this gorgeous

no doubt is
the moon, at
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ing with the
some gaudy

course of his former visit to Barton; when he
the fields and lawns a chartered libertine,
and dumbled into the fish-ponds.

As to the suggestions about loo, they are in
agreement with the doctor's mode of playing
happened in their merry evening parties; affect-
ing a desperate gambler and easy dupe; run-
ning counter to all rule; making extravagant
remonstrances, reproaching all others with cowardice;
losing at all hazards at the pool, and getting
completely loo'd, to the great amuse-
ment of the company. The drift of the fair sister
above was most probably to tempt him on,
and to leave him in the lurch.

With these comments we subjoin Goldsmith's
reply to Mrs. Bunbury, a fine piece of off-hand,
impromptu writing, which has but in late years
been given to the public, and which throws a
glare of light on the social circle at Barton.

QUAM. I read your letter with all that allow-
ance and critical candor could require, but
I find so much to object to, and so much
in my indignation, that I cannot help giving
you a serious answer. I am not so ignorant,
I am not to see there are many sarcasms
in it, and solecisms also. (Solecism is
what comes from the town of Soles in At-
taining the Greeks, built by Solon, and ap-
plied to the word Kidderminster for cur-
rent in a town also of that name—but this is
amusing you have no taste for it—I say, madam,
in my sarcasms in it, and solecisms also.
To seem an ill-natured critic, I'll take
and state your own words, and give you my
opinion upon them as they occur. You begin as
follows:

There, my good Doctor, you soon will be here,
In your spring-velvet coat very smart will appear.
To open our ball the first day of the year.

"Then, madam, where did you ever find the
word 'lool' applied to the title of doctor?
I never called me 'learned doctor,' or 'grave
doctor,' or 'able doctor,' it might be allowable,
but they belong to the profession. But, not
to quarrel with you, you talk of 'my spring-velvet
coat'—advise me to wear it the first day in the
month of winter, in the middle of winter!—a spring-
velvet coat in the middle of winter!!! That
is a solecism indeed! and yet to increase
the solecism, in another part of your letter
you say, 'I am a beau.' Now, on one side or other
of the word 'beau,' I can never
see a spring-velvet in winter; and
you say, 'by then, that explains itself.'
I beg pardon to your two next strange lines:

With you a wig, that is modish and gay,
The girls that are makers of hay.

Barley of making hay at Christmas you
are sensible of: you say your sister will
be indeed she well may! The Latins
call it *segetum* for a contemptuous kind of
barley, *segetum* *aduncum*; that is, to
be a hooked nose. She may laugh at
the word of the ancients if she thinks fit.
But to the most extraordinary of all ex-
pressions, which is, to take your
sister's advice in playing at loo. The
doctor of the offer raises my indignation be-
yond all prose; it inspires me at once
with indignation and resentment. I take advice! and
I say, You shall hear.

But I suppose, what may shortly be true,
The
my set, and the word to be Loo:

All smirking, and pleasant, and big with adventure,
And ogling the stake which is fix'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, cautious and sly,
I wish all my friends may be bolder than I;
Yet still they sit snug, not a creature will aim
By losing their money to venture at fame.
'Tis in vain that at niggardly caution I scold,
'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 Hornet? 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 perplex'd,
I ask for a piece 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't
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 be-
fore 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 nosebags before 'em;
Both cover their faces with mobs 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 their crimes?' . . . 'They've been
pilfering f-and.'

'But, pray, who have they pilfer'd?' . . . 'A doc-
tor, I hear.'

'What, you solemn-faced, odd-looking man that stands
near?'

'The same.' . . . 'What a pity! how does it sur-
prise one,
Two handsomer culprits 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 Chriels advances with phrases 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?'

'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'

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 Christmas 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; enacting 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 Jessamy Bride for a partner.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THEATRICAL DELAYS—NEGOTIATIONS WITH COLMAN—LETTER TO GARRICK—CROWDING OF THE MANAGER—NAMING OF THE PLAY—SIR STOOPS TO CONQUER—FOOTL'S PRIMITIVE PUPPET-SHOW, PILLY ON PATTERNS—FIRST PERFORMANCE OF THE COMEDY—AGITATION OF THE AUTHOR—SUCCESS—COLMAN SQUABBLED OUT OF TOWN.

THE gay life depicted in the two last chapters, while it kept Goldsmith in a state of continual excitement, aggravated the malady which was impairing his constitution; yet his increasing perplexities in money matters drove him to the dissipation of society as a relief from solitary care. The delays of the theatre added to those perplexities. 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 capricious whims of actors. A long and harassing negotiation was carried on between Goldsmith and Colman, the manager of Covent Garden; who, to get the play in his hands until the middle of January, 1773, without coming to a decision. The theatrical season was rapidly passing away, and Goldsmith's pecuniary difficulties were increasing. He was pressing on him. We may judge of the violence of the following letter:

To Colman, Esq., at Gay.

"DEAR SIR: I am so glad to 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, can never submit to. I told you when I was asked when my other play was before Mr. Garrick, he offered to bring me before Mr. Whitehead's tribunal, but I refused the proposal with indignation: I hope I shall not experience a similar treatment from you as from him. I will not ask a large sum of money to make up for it, but in accepting my play, I can readily satisfy myself that way; at any rate, I must look forward with certainty to be prepared. For the sake of the play, and let us make the best of it, for you have the same measure, at least, what you have given as bad plays as mine.

I am your friend and servant,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

Colman returned the manuscript with the sides of the leaves scored with disparaging comments and suggested alterations. But at the intimation that the faith of the theatre was kept, and the play acted notwithstanding, Goldsmith submitted the criticisms to some of his friends, who pronounced them trivial and contemptible, and intimated that Colman, as a dramatic writer himself, might be affected by jealousy. The play was then sent, with Colman's comments written on it, to Garrick, who scarcely sent it when Johnson, at once, represented the evil that might result from a rejection of it by Covent Garden, and tried to go forthwith to Colman, and to extract from him on the subject. Goldsmith, in answer, penned the following note to Garrick:

"DEAR SIR: I ask many persons, whether I gave you yesterday. Upon mature deliberation, and the advice of a sensible man, I began to think it indecorous in me to bring you the odium of confirming Mr. Colman's sentence. I therefore request you will send me back by my servant, for I have been prevented, having it acted at the other theatre, my excuses yours in every respect, more than I could it would be folly in me to go to the length which lies in my power to do. I will leave Colman's opinion to the judgment of the public, but treat, if not too late, you will be obliged to keep it secret for some time.

I am, dear sir, your very humble servant,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

The negotiation of Johnson with Colman of Covent Garden was effected. Colman says, "was prevailed on by the representation, nay, a kind of bribe, to accept of the comedy." Still the manager, however, or, at least, indirect cause of the rejection, that it would not be a sensation. The plot, however, of interest not sustained, and the play died, and at last went out of the candle." The effect of this was apparent within the walls of the theatre, the most popular actor, William Smith, to whom the part of Sir Stoops was given, and an I Young Marlow with a good deal of them; one of them, however, was advised to post up the play, and until he could get the play, the play was declined by being saved by good actors.

Quick was substituted for William Smith.

es, either of its merits or faults
submit to. I had a foreboding
my play was before Mr. Garrick, he
ing me before Mr. Watteau, he
refused the prospect with indigna-
shall not experience as I have
as from him. I was as well known
money to make up such a large
y, I can readily satisfy my pro-
my rate, I must be a long time
prepared. To Goldsmith, however,
s make the best of a bad business
measure at least, was a very
plays as mine.

a your friend and son, &c.
"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

med the manuscript, and
ves scored with elegance, and
gested alterations, but in the
the faith of the poet, and
lay acted notwithstanding, and
of the criticisms to which he
announced them to his friends,
and intimated that to change
r himself, might be regarded
play was then sent, with com-
on on it, to Garrick, who
when Johnson did more, not
that might result from a point
y Covent Garden, and of course
to Colman, and he a risk in
subject. Goldsmith, in re-
sponse, wrote to Garrick.

I ask many pardon for the
yesterday. Upon my return
and the advice of a sensible friend,
at indecise in new business,
of continuing Mr. Garrick's
one request you were so kind
want; for I have been con-
at the other house, and I
every respect more than I
y in me to be going, and
power of doing so, and I
to the judgment of the
late, you will know that
time.
sir, your very obedient servant,
"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

on of Johnson with a large
was as follows:—The
vated on the stage, and
kind of performance, and
till the new comedy was
discreet and judicious
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Amphion, and Lee Lewis, the harlequin of the
theatre, for Gentleman Smith in Young Marlow;
and both did justice to their parts.

Great interest was taken by Goldsmith's friends
in the success of his piece. The rehearsals were
attended by Johnson, Cradock, Murphy, Reynolds,
and his sister, and the whole Horneek connection,
including, of course, the *Jessamy Bride*, whose
presence may have contributed to flutter the
sensitive heart of the author. The rehearsals
went off with great applause, but that Colman
contributed to the partiality of friends. He con-
tributed 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 representa-
tion, 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 literary 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
generatives of the comedy being produced by the
ruse of the hero, not the stratagem of the
beauty. The name was afterward adopted by
Mrs. Cowley for one of her comedies. *The Mis-
chief of a Night* was the title at length fixed upon,
to which Goldsmith prefixed the words *She
Sings to Conquer*.

Tareed boodings of Colman still continued;
they were even communicated in the box office to
the servant of the Duke of Gloucester, who was
sent to engage a box. Never did the play of a
popular writer struggle into existence through
such difficulties.

Inter-meatime Foote's Primitive Puppetshow,
entitled the *Handsome Housemaid, or Pity on
Pity*, had been brought out at the Haymarket
on the 14th of February. All the world, fashion-
able and unfashionable, had crowded to the the-
atre. The street was thronged with equipages—
the boxes were stormed by the mob. The bur-
lesque was completely successful, and sentimental
comedy received its quietus. Even Garrick, who
had lately befriended it, now gave it a kick, as
he was going down hill, and sent Goldsmith a
letter to beg him to help his comedy of the
next season. Garrick and Goldsmith, how-
ever, were on very cordial terms, to which
these trifling things in the circle of the Hornecks
and Barnums may have contributed.

On the 17th of March the new comedy was to
be acted. Those who had stood up for its
merits had been irritated and disgusted by the
hostility and received from the manager, de-
termined to muster their forces, and aid in giving
a good name to the town. The particular's
of its success, and of its triumphant suc-
cess, are amusingly told by Cumberland in his
memoirs.

They were not over sanguine of success, but
they determined to struggle hard for our au-
thor. We accordingly assembled our strength at
the Theatre Royal, in a considerable body,
at the private dinner, where Samuel Johnson took
the seat of honor at the head of a long table, and was the
chief of the corps; the poet took post
at his side, with the Burkes, Sir Joshua
Reynolds, Fitzherbert, Caleb Whiteford, and a
number of North British, predetermined ap-
pearing under the banner of Major Mills, all
of whom were true. Our illustrious president
was in a state of glee, and poor Goldsmith that

day took all his raillery as patiently and compla-
cently 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 though we had a
better comedy going, 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
preconcerted, so were our signals for louds arranged
and determined upon in a manner that
gave every one his cue where to look for them,
and how to follow them up.

"We had among us a very worthy and effi-
cient member, long since lost to his friends and
the world at large, Adam Drummond, of amia-
ble memory, who was gilded 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 Hyastepes 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
desired, therefore, to have a flapper at his elbow,
and I had the honor to be deputed to that office.
I planted him in an upper box, pretty nearly over
the stage, in full view of the pit and galleries,
and perfectly well situated to give the echo all its
play through the hollows and recesses of the the-
atre. The success of our manœuvre was complete.
All eyes were upon Johnson, who sat in a front
row of a side box; and when he laughed, every-
body thought themselves warranted to roar. In the
meantime, my friend followed signals with a rat-
tle so irresistibly comic that, when he had repeated
it several times, the attention of the spectators was
so engrossed by his person and performances, that
the progress of the play seemed likely to become
a secondary object, and I found it prudent to in-
sinuate to him that he might halt his music with-
out any prejudice to the author; but alas! it was
now too late to rein him in; he had laughed upon
my signal where he found no joke, and now, un-
luckily, he fancied that he found a joke in almost
everything that was said; so that nothing in na-
ture could be more mal-apropos than some of his
bursts every now and then were. These were dan-
gerous moments, for the pit began to take
umbrage; but we carried our point through, and
triumphed not only over Colman's judgment, but
our own."

Much of this statement has been deemed
as exaggerated or discolored. Cumberland's
memoirs have generally been characterized as
partaking of romance, and in the present instance
he had particular motives for tampering with the
truth. He was a dramatic writer, and jealous
of the success of a rival, and anxious to have it
attributed to the private management of friends.
According to various accounts, public and pri-
vate, such management was unnecessary, for the
piece was "received throughout with the greatest
acclamations."

Goldsmith, in the present instance, had not
dared, as on a former occasion, to be present at
the first performance. He had been so overcome
by his apprehensions that, at the preparatory din-
ner he could hardly utter a word, and was so
choked that he could not swallow a mouthful.
When his friends trooped to the theatre, he stole
away to St. James' Park; there he was found by
a friend between seven and eight o'clock, wander-
ing up and down the Mall like a troubled spirit.
With difficulty he was persuaded to go to the the-

re play; the following letter, the performance, and the author's thoughts with regard to theatrical literature.

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had taken sufficient interest in the subject, and that at the same time, he had been busy for many years with much other business, and so had not been able to attend to the subject. He then said that he had been very happy to see the author of the book, and that he had taken much interest in the subject, and that he had been very busy with other business, and so had not been able to attend to the subject. He then said that he had been very happy to see the author of the book, and that he had taken much interest in the subject, and that he had been very busy with other business, and so had not been able to attend to the subject.

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rights afforded but a slight palliation of pecuniary difficulties. His friends, while gratified in his success, little knew of his continuing increasing embarrassments, and of the anxious mind which kept tasking his pen while he strove for the ease and freedom of spirit necessary to his delicious composition.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

NEW-PAPER ATTACK—THE IVANS AFFRAY—
JOHNSON'S COMMENT.

the triumphant success of *She Stoops to Conquer* brought forth, of course, those carppings and mockings of underling scribblers, which are the usual tributes in the path of successful authors. Garrick, though easily nettled by attacks of this kind, was at present too well satisfied with the success of his comedy to heed them; but the following anonymous letter, which appeared in a London paper, was not to be taken with equal

"For the London Packet."

¹¹ TO DR. GOLDSMITH.

" Vous vous noyez par vanité,

183. The happy knack which you have
and in putting your own compositions, pro-
bably come forth. You have not been the
of newspapers and magazines not to dis-
trick of literary *humbug*; but the gauze
that the very foolish part of the world
ought, and discover the doctor's monkey
in your foot. Your poetic vanity is a
made as your personal. Would man be
and will woman bear it, to be told that
the great Goldsmith will stand survey-
ing a single orang-outang's figure in a pier-
glass? Was but the lovely *Il-k* as much
as you would not sigh, my gentle swain,
for *Thy* vanity is preposterous. How
the hard of Bedlam ring the changes
on Goldy! But what has he to be
of good or vain of? 'The Traveller' is a
man built upon false principles—prin-
ciples directly opposite to liberty. What is
the *Attended Man* but a poor, water-grub-
ber? What is 'The Deserted Villa-
ge' but a pretty poem of easy numbers, without
genius, or fire? And, pray, what
is *speaking pantomime*, so praised
of himself, but an incoherent piece of
figure of a woman with a fish's tail,
a man, least, or intrigue? We are made
of stolid dull wokes, wherein we mistake
for wit, and grimace for humor.
Every scene is unnatural and inconsistent
with the laws of nature: and of the
two gentlemen come to a man of
drunk, etc., and take it for an
is intended as a lover for the
she talks with her for some hours;
she sees her again in a different dress,
she is a char gari, and sweats she squint-
poses the master of the house, and
knock him out of his own doors. The
we are told is to be a fool, proves
most sensible being of the piece; and he
who act by bidding his mother be
a bush, persuading her that his

lather, her own husband, is a highwayman, and that he has come to cut their throats; and, to give his cousin an opportunity to go off, he drives his mother over hedges, ditches, and through ponds. There is not, sweet, sucking Johnson, a natural stroke in the whole play but the young fellow's giving the stolen jewels to the mother, supposing her to be the landlady. That Mr. Colman did no justice to this piece, I honestly allow; that he told all his friends it would be damned, I positively aver; and, from such ungenerous insinuations, without a dramatic merit, it rose to public notice, and it is now the ton to go and see it, though I never saw a person that either liked it or approved it, any more than the absurd plot of Home's tragedy of *Alfonzo*. Mr. Goldsmith, correct your arrogance, reduce your vanity, and endeavor to believe, as a man, you are of the plainest sort; and as an author, but a mortal piece of mediocrity.

“ Brise le miroir infidèle

Qui vous cache la vérité.

"IOM TICKLE."

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 "grotesque" person, to his studious attempts to adorn it ; and above all, to his being an unsuccessful admirer of the lovely H—k the Jessamy Bride, struck rudely upon the most sensitive part of an highly sensitive nature. The paragraph, Evans said, was first pointed out to him by an old school 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 for 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 stooped 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-blooded 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 unceasing fury. The shopman ran off for a constable, but Dr. Kendrick, who happened to be in the adjacent room, sallied forth, interceded between the combatants, and put an end to the fray. He conducted Goldsmith to a coach, in exceedingly battered and a wretched 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 pre-

THE THERAPY OF GARRICK HITCHCOCK

the "dishonour" of the club, Johnson was a devoted follower, Boswell, as a friend, held it in a note addressed to Goldsmith on the evening of the 23d of January. His nomination was seconded by Beauclerk according to the rules of the club, the place at the next meeting on the 27th there was an intervening week, therefore to discuss the pretensions of the candidate. We may easily imagine the discussion took place. Boswell had made himself out in such a variety of ways, that the very nomination was exceedingly irksome to the members. "The honor of being elected to the Turk's Head Club," said the Rev. St. Asaph, "is not inferior to that of being representative of Westminster and Surrey." Had Boswell done to merit such an honor? What chance had he of gaining it? The answer was simple: he had been the persevering shipper, not sycophant of Johnson. The

With all his gravity he possessed a deep fund of quiet humor, and felt a kind of whimsical responsibility to protect the club from the absurd propensities of the very questionable associate he had thus inflicted on them. Rising, therefore, as Boswell entered he leaped with a very doctored air, placed himself behind a chair, on which he leaned as on a desk or pulpit, and then delivered, *ex cathedra*, a mock solemn charge, pointing out the conduct expected from him as a good member of the club; what he was to do, and especially what he was to avoid; including in the latter, no doubt, all those petty, prying, questioning, gossiping, babbling habits which had so often grieved 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.

DINNER AT DILLY'S CONVERSATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY—INTERMEDIATION OF BOSWELL DISPUTE ABOUT TOLERATION—JOHNSON'S REFUTE 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



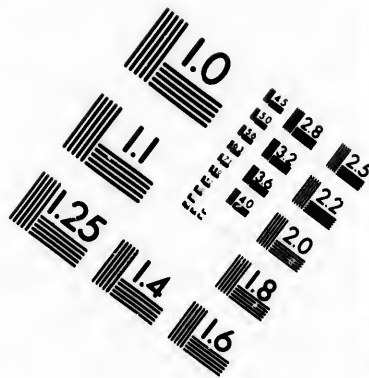
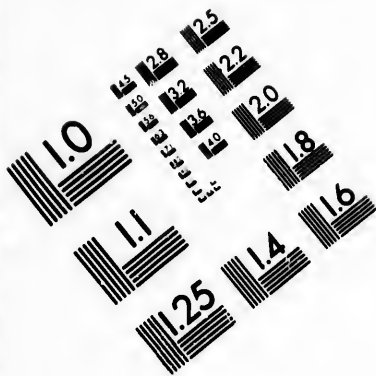
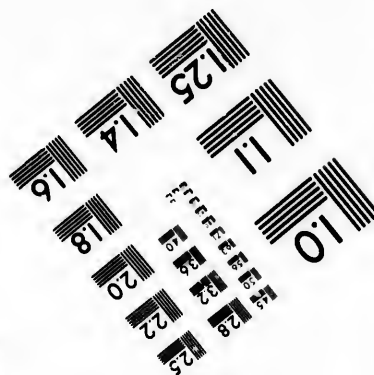
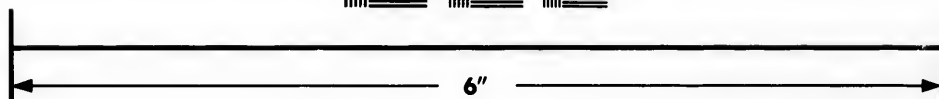
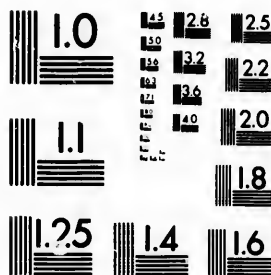


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find that indefatigable biographer giving particulars of a dinner at the Dillys, booksellers, in the Poultry, at which he met Goldsmith and Johnson, with several other literary characters. This anecdote of the conversation, of course, go to glorify Dr. Johnson; for, as he observes in his biography, "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 gleams of Goldsmith's 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 migration 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 any one they ever build." "Yet we see," observed Goldsmith, "if you take away a bird's nest with the eggs in it, she will make a slighter nest and lay 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; but, as has been 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 a wish to get in and shine. "Finding himself excluded," continues Boswell, "he has taken his hat to go away, but remained for a time with it in his hand, like a gamester, who, at the end of a long night, lingers for a little while to see if he can have a favorable opportunity to finish with success." 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, whereupon he threw down, as it were in disgust, his argument, and, darting an angry glance at Johnson, exclaimed in a bitter tone, "I am gone."

Just then one of the disputants was about to speak, when Johnson uttering some words, it about to interrupt him, Goldsmith, a comrade of Boswell, seized the opportunity to vent his own *energy and spleen* under pretext of supporting another person. "Sir," said he to Johnson, "the gentleman has heard you patiently for an hour; pray allow us now to hear him." It was reproof in the lexicographer's own step, 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 *impertinent*." Goldsmith made no reply, but after some time went away, leaving another engagement.

That evening, as Boswell was on the way to Johnson and Langton to the club, he seized the occasion to make some disparaging remarks at Goldsmith, which he thought would just then be acceptable to the great lexicographer. "It was a pity," he said, "that Goldsmith would, on every occasion, endeavor to shine, by which he often exposed himself." Langton contradicted him with Addison, who, content with the fame of his writings, acknowledged himself unfit for conversation; and on being taxed by a lady with shyness in company, replied, "Madam, I have but no 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," says Boswell, "over the reprimand 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, 'some thing passed to-day where you and I dined, and I beg your pardon.' The ire of the poet was extinguished in an instant, and his grateful attention for the magnanimous though somewhat overbearing moralist rushed to his heart. 'It must be much from you, sir,' said he, 'that I forgive you.' And so," adds Boswell, "the difference was over, and they were on as easy terms as ever. Goldsmith rattled away as usual." We may 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 been annoyed at times at being undervalued and elbowed aside by light-headed or plain men in their blind and exclusive homage to the literary autocrat. It was a time 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 Swiss, who sat near one George Michael Moser, keeper of the Royal Academy, perceiving Dr. Johnson rolling himself as if under

did not perceive his attempt to throw down, as it were, the gauntlet, and, darting an angry glance at him in a better tone, "Take it up, you disputant!" Johnson, uttering some short exclamation, interrupted him, Goldsmith, however, took the opportunity to vent his own opinion under pretext of supporting him. "Sir," said he to Johnson, "I have heard you patiently for an hour now to hear him. It was a lexiconographer's own story, and he has merited it, but he was not to be reproved. 'Sir,' said he, 'I am not interrupting the gentleman with a signal of my attention.'"¹ Goldsmith made no more; some time went away, having

as Boswell was on the way with Langton to the club, he seized the chance some disparaging remarks which he thought would just then be the great lexiconographer. "It was a tid," that Goldsmith would, endeavor to shine, by who these himself." Langton contrasted him who, content with the fame of his own knowledge himself until he came being taxed by a lady with silence replied, "Madam, I have but no money, but I can draw for a thousand."

To this Boswell replied that a great deal of gold in his cabinet was taking out his purse. "Yes," Johnson, "and that so often at

Johnson arrived at the club, how feelings had subsided, and his reason and sense of justice had got the better. He found Goldsmith in company with other members, but set apart, "brooding," as Boswell expressed it, he had received a heart yearned toward him, and a facile nature, "I'll make Goldsmith," whispered he; that, with Dr. Goldsmith, said he "some day where you and I dwell."

The fire of the poet was instantaneous, and his grateful affection was though sometimes, perhaps, pushed to his heart. "I must be," said he, "that I take it as Boswell, "the difference between us is as easy terms as we are away as usual." We are told by the poet's admirers, that all his modesty could not be proper merit, and must have been due to being undervalued and by light-handed or a poem, an exclusive homage to the literary as a time reproach he gave to Boswell, for taking of Johnson as an object of exclusive superiority. "Sir," said he, "I am not interrupting the gentleman with a signal of my attention."

Another occasion, when he was in company with great variety, and the satisfaction of those around him, Swiss, who sat near one George, keeper of the Royal Academy, Johnson rolling himself as if about

speak, exclaimed, "Stay, stay! Doctor Shon- is going to say something." "And are you sir," replied Goldsmith, sharply, "that you comprehend what he says?"

This clever rebuke, which gives the main zest 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 late George Graham, a master of Eton, who, notwithstanding the sobriety of his cloth, had introduced "to about the pitch of looking at the man and talking to another." "Doctor," said he in an ecstasy of devotion and good-will, but gazing by mistake upon Goldsmith, "I shall be glad to see you at Eton." "I shall be glad to wait upon you," replied Goldsmith. "Say so," cried the other eagerly, "tis not you 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 argument, however, which he is said to have made, betrays more of quaint and dry humor than bitterness: "That Graham," said he, "is eager to make one commit suicide." What we could be said to express the intolerable sense 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 before departing for Scotland; yet, even in this interview, he contrives to get up a charge of jealousy and envy." Goldsmith, he would faintly exclaim, is very angry that Johnson is going to leave him in Scotland; and endeavors to assure him that he will be a dead weight "to go along through the Highlands and Hebrides." Boswell, knowing the character and habits of Johnson, would have thought the same; and no doubt Boswell would have supposed his office of reader to the *ursa major* a thing to be

CHAPTER XLII.

OBJECT OF A DICTIONARY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES—DISAPPOINTMENT—NEGLIGENT ATTENTION—APPLICATION FOR A PENSION—GOLDSMITH'S ESSAY ON TRUTH—PUBLIC ADULATION—A HIGH-MINDED REBUKE.

THE works which Goldsmith had still in hand were already paid for, and the money gone, some

¹ One of Peter Pindar's (Dr. Wolcott) most amusing epigrams is his congratulatory epistle to Boswell on this tour, of which we subjoin a few lines.

Boswell, Bozzy, Bruce, whatever thy name,
Thou mighty shark for anecdote and fame;
Thou great, leading lion Johnson forth,
Thou great M. Pherson 'midst his native north;
Thou frighten grave professors with his roar,
Thou shake the Hebrides from shore to shore.

And be thy labors, most adventurous Bozzy,
Thou rival of Sir John and Dame Piozzi;
Thou artens' with what laurels shall thy head be crown'd!
Thou grove, a forest, shall thy ears surround!
Thou wilt the Rambler shall a comet blaze,
Thou wilt a world of darkness with his rays,
Thou, too, that world with wonderment shall hail,
Thou, bounding cracker at his tail!

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 any he had yet 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 Berkleyan 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. Burney to contribute an article on music. There 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 style.

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 well they might be, when we consider the powerful coadjutors already pledged. They were doomed, however, to complete disappointment. Davies, the bibliophile of Russell Street, lets 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 with whose indolence of temper and method of procrastination they had long been acquainted."

Goldsmith certainly gave reason for some such distrust by the heedlessness 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.

Cradoek tells us that on one occasion, when Goldsmith was hard at work on his Natural History, he sent to Dr. Percy and himself, 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 lying scattered about on the tables and on the floor; many of the books on natural history which he had recently consulted lay 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 Cradoek; "do you?" "Not I! I scarcely know a goose

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 Windsor, which had thus caused Goldsmith to break off suddenly from his multilaminous 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 22d 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 his 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 paper without reflection, when Gibbon pretended to recollect himself, and gave the true name, Porus.

This story, very probably, was a sportive exaggeration; but it was a multiplicity of anecdotes like this and 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 pecuniary difficulty, without regard to their political creed: when the merits and claims of Goldsmith, however, were laid before them, they met no favor. The sin of sturly independence lay at his door. He had refused to become a ministerial hack when offered a *cote blanche* by Parson Scott, the cabinet emissary. The wondering parson had left him in poverty and "his garret," and there the ministry were 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 ecstasy. He is cried up as the great champion of Christianity against the attacks of modern philosophers and infidels; he is feted and flattered in every way. He receives at Oxford the honorary degree of doctor of civil law, at the same time with Sir Joshua Reynolds. The king sends for him, praises his "Essay," 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 consider 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 sixpences, 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 life. Such what is called a "good thing." No one like better than himself the comparative value of the writings of Goldsmith, but the guinea of the sixpences and the guinea was not to be resisted.

"Everybody," exclaimed Mrs. Thrale, "hon Dr. Beattie, but Goldsmith, who says he cannot bear the sight of so much applause is surely stowed upon him. Did he not tell us sometimes one would believe he was so exceedingly ungrateful?"

He told them so himself because he was so open and unreserved to disguise his feelings, and because he really considered the praise lavished on Beattie extravagant, as it certainly was. It was, all of course, set down to sheer envy and uncharitableness. To add to his annoyance, he found his friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, painting the universal adulation. He had painted a full-length portrait of Beattie draped in the robes in which he had figured at Oxford, with "Essay on Truth" under his arm and the air of truth at his side, while Voltaire figured as the demon of infidelity, scepticism, and falsehood, driven into utter darkness.

Goldsmith had known Voltaire in early days; had been his admirer and his biographer; grieved to find him receiving such homage from the classic pencil of his friend. "It is a shame of you," said he to Sir Joshua, "to make so high a genius as Voltaire before some man as Beattie. Beattie and his book were together in ten years, while Voltaire's fame was not over. Take care it does not perpetuate the picture to the shame of such a man's name. The noble and high-minded rebuke is the only one on record of any reproachful words between poet and the painter; and we are happy that it did not destroy the harmony of their course."

CHAPTER XLIII.

TOIL WITHOUT HOPE—THE POET IN THE GARDEN ROOM—IN THE FLOWER GARDEN—AT A GAY HALL—DISSIPATION WITHOUT GAYETY—A DOCK IN TOWN—FRIENDLY SAMBARKING—PARTING SCENE—AN INVITATION TO THE CURE.

THWARTED in the plans and disappointed in the hopes which had recently cheered and animated him, Goldsmith found the labor of his unfinished tasks doubly irksome from the consciousness that the completion of them could not result from his pecuniary embarrassments. His impaired health, also, rendered him less capable than formerly of sedentary application, and the continual perplexities disturbed the leisure necessary for original composition. He lost usual gaiety and good-humor, and became sometimes peevish and irritable. Too proud of spirit to seek sympathy or relief from his friends, the pecuniary difficulties he had brought on himself by his errors and extravagances, and unwilling, perhaps, to make known their amount, he buried his cares and anxieties in his work, and endeavored in company to keep up the air of gaiety and unconcern. These misadventures, however, did not prevent Goldsmith from suddenly from moodiness and gloom, and from silent gravity to shallow laughter; causing

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 joyous 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 is 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. Garrick, in reply, evades the 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," writes he, "I thank you. I wish I could do something to serve you. I shall have a comedy for you in 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 retinal. . . . 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, by hard contrivance, poor Goldsmith turns his back upon care and trouble, and Temple quarters, to forget for a time his desolate bachelorhood in the family circle and a Christmas fireside at Barton.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A RETURN TO DRUDGERY—FORCED GAVETY—RETREAT TO THE COUNTRY—THE POEM OF RETALIATION—PORTRAIT OF GARRICK—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 beamed her last smile 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,

though it has yet to receive a few finishing touches. He is preparing a third "History of England," to be compressed and condensed in one volume, for the use of schools. He is revising his "Inquiry into Polite Learning, for which he receives the pittance of five guineas, much needed in his present scantiness of purse; he is arranging his "Survey of Experimental Philosophy," and he is translating the "Comic Romance of Scarron." Such is a part of the various labors of a drudging, depressing kind, by which his health is made wrong and his heart lant. "If there is a mental drudgery," says Sir Walter Scott, "which lowers the spirits and lacerates the nerves, like the toil of a slave, it is that which is exacted by literary composition, when the heart is not in unison with the work upon which the heart is employed. Add to the unhappy author's toil sickness, sorrow, or the pressure of unfavorable circumstances, and the labor of the bondman becomes light in comparison." Goldsmith can make an effort to rally his spirits by going into gay society. "Our club," writes Beauclerc to Charlemont, on the 12th of February, "has dwindled away to nothing. Sir Joshua and Goldsmith have got into such a round of pleasures that they have no time." This shows how little Beauclerc was the companion of the poet's mind, or could judge of him below the surface. Reynolds, the kind participator in joyless dissipation, could have told a different story of his companion's heartless gaiety.

In this forced mood Goldsmith gave entertainments in his chambers in the Temple, the first of which was a dinner to Johnson, Reynolds, and others of his intimates, who partook with some reluctance of his imprudent hospitality. To first course vexed them by its needless profusion. When a second, equally extravagant, was served up, Johnson and Reynolds declined to touch it; the rest of the company, understanding the motives, followed their example, and the feast went from the table untasted. Goldsmith, so sensibly this silent and well-intended rebuke.

The gaieties of society, however, could not relieve him for any length of time a mind so sear. Wearied by the distractions and harasses of the expenses of a town life, which he had not the discretion to regulate, Goldsmith took the resolution too tardily adopted, of retiring to the serene quiet and cheap and healthful pleasures of the country, and of passing only two months of the year in London. He accordingly made arrangements to sell his right in the Temple chambers, and in the month of March retired to his country quarters at Hyde, there to devote himself to his studies. At this dispirited juncture when inspiration seemed to be at an end, and the poet's fire extinguished, a spark fell on his combustible imagination and set it in a blaze.

He belonged to a temporary association of men of talent, some of them members of the Literary Club, who dined together occasionally at the St. James' Coffee-house. At these dinners, as usual, he was one of the last to arrive. On one occasion, when he was more dilatory than usual, a whim seized the company to write epigrams on him, as "The late Dr. Goldsmith, an seven were thrown off in a playful vein, outgiving his peculiarities. The only one extant was written by Garrick, and has been preserved, very probably, by its pungency.

"Here lies poet Goldsmith, for shortness called X.
Who wrote like an angel but talked like poor X."

yet to receive a few finishing touches, is preparing a third "History of the Press," compressed and condensed in the use of schools. He is revising into Polite Learning, for which a pittance of five guineas much present scantiness of purse, he is translating the "Comic Romance" such is a part of the various labors depressing kind, by which his head and his heart hurt. "It is there is edgery," says Sir Walter Scott, the spirits and lacerates the toil of a slave, it is that which is a rare composition, when the heart with the work upon which the head. Add to the unhappy author's task, or the pressure of unfavorable and the labor of the hominization comparison." Goldsmith again to rally his spirits by going into "Our Club," writes Beauclerc to the 12th of February, "has done nothing." Sir Joshua and Goldsmith such a round of pleasures that they

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e an angel but talked like poor John.

Goldsmith did not relish the sarcasm, especially
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 se-
ries of epigrammatic sketches, under the title of
Retaliation, in which the characters of his dis-
tinguished intimates were admirably hit off, with
a mixture of generous praise and good-humored
satire. In fact the poem for its graphic truth;
its nice discrimination; its terse good sense, and
its shrewd knowledge of the world, must have
electric the club almost as much as the first ap-
pearance of The Traveller, and let them still
deeper into the character and talents of the man
they had been accustomed to consider as their
heart. Retaliation, in a word, closed his accounts
with the club, and balanced all his previous deli-
cencies.

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
of gravity, which the recent attack had revived.
He may have forgotten David's cavalier treatment
of him, in the early days of his comparative ob-
scurity; he may have forgiven his refusal of his
plays; but Garrick had been capricious in his
conduct in the times of their recent intercourse;
sometimes treating him with gross familiarity, at
other times affecting dignity and reserve, and as-
suming airs of superiority; frequently he had
been facetious and witty in company at his ex-
pense 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
to his old rival, Kelly, and his critical persecutor,
Kenrick, in making them sycophantic satellites 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,
As a judgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he spread,
And he plaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
Trough 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 glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the pull of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish, grown callous almost to disease,
Was pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
In dances 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 reëcho the shouts that you
raised,

While he was be-Rosciused and you were be-praised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies:
Those poets 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 Bens be his Kellys above."

This portion of Retaliation soon brought a re-
tort 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 be 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, relig'ion, and raking.
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste;
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 the joy of each sex on the world 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
sportive 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 uni-
versally introduced into society. High play was,
in fact, a fashionable amusement, as at one time
was deep drinking; and a man might occasion-
ally 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 hundreds as carelessly as his
early comrades at Ballymahon could their half-
crowns. Being at all times magnificent in money
matters, he may have played with them in their
own way, without considering that what was
sport to them to him 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 be-
lieve 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 gam'd with
any one, it was probably with Beauclerc, 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 unattempted; 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.

"Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill he was still hard of
hearing;
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and
stuffs,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff,
By flattery unspoiled"—

The friendly portrait stood unfinished on the easel; the hand of the artist had failed! An access of a local complaint, under which he had suffered for some time past, added to a general prostration of health, brought Goldsmith back to town before he had well settled himself in the country. The local complaint subsided, but was followed by a low nervous fever. He was not aware of his critical situation, and intended to be at the club on the 25th of March, on which occasion Charles Fox, Sir Charles Bunbury (one of the Horneck connection), and two other new members were to be present. In the afternoon, however, he felt so unwell as to take to his bed, and his symptoms soon acquired sufficient force to keep him there. His malady fluctuated for several days, and hopes were entertained of his recovery, but they proved fallacious. He had skilful medical aid and faithful nursing, but he would not follow the advice of his physicians, and persisted in the use of James' powders, which he had once found beneficial, but which were now injurious to him. His appetite was gone, his strength failed him, but his mind remained clear, and was perhaps too active for his frame. Anxieties and disappointments which had previously sapped his constitution, doubtless aggravated his present complaint and rendered him sleepless. In reply to an inquiry of his physician, he acknowledged that his mind was ill at ease. This was his last reply; he was too weak to talk, and in general took no notice of what was said to him. He sank at last into a deep sleep, and it was hoped a favorable crisis had arrived. He awoke, however, in strong convulsions, which continued without intermission until he expired, on the fourth of April, at five o'clock in the morning; being in the forty-sixth year of his age.

His death was a shock to the literary world, and a deep affliction to a wide circle of intimates and friends; for with all his foibles and peculiarities, he was fully as much beloved as he was admired. Burke, on hearing the news, burst into tears. Sir Joshua Reynolds threw by his pencil for the day, and grieved more than he had done in times of great family distress. "I was abroad at the time of his death," writes Dr. McDonnell, the youth whom when in distress he had employed as an amanuensis, "and I wept bitterly when the intelligence first reached me. A blank came over my heart as if I had lost one of my nearest relatives, and was followed for some days by a feeling of despondency." Johnson felt the blow deeply and gloomily. In writing some time afterward to Boswell, he observed, "Of poor Dr. Goldsmith there is little to be told more than the papers have made public. He died of a fever, made, I am afraid, more violent by uneasiness of mind. His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed no less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before?"

Among his debts were seventy-nine pounds due to his tailor, Mr. William Filby, to 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 he lived would have paid every farthing." Others of his tradespeople echoed the same confidence in his integrity, notwithstanding his heedlessness. Two sister milliners in Temple Lane, who had been accustomed to deal with him, were concerned, when told some time before his death, of his pecuniary embarrassments. "Oh, sir," said they to Mr. Cradock, "sooner persuade him to let us work for him gratis than 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, 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 present, might have soothed the bitterness of death. After the coffin had been screwed down, a lock of hair was requested for a lady, a particular 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 treasured to her dying day. Poor Goldsmith! could he have guessed that such a memorial of him was to be thus cherished!

One word more concerning this lady, to whom we have so often ventured to advert. She survived almost to the present day. Having met her at Northcote's painting room, about twenty years since, as Mrs. Gwyn, the widow of 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 far from 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 connected her with all those she most esteemed when young—Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith—and I remember her of the most delightful period of his 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—the pride of beauty, which must be the more fondly cherished as it has no external vouchers, and lives chiefly in the bosom of its once lovely possessor. In her, however, the Graces had triumphed one time; she was one of those immortal 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 Mary for forty years, and died in 1843 within a few days of completing her eighty-eighth year. "So 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 upon having been an object of his affectionate regard, and certainly rendered her interesting throughout life in the eyes of his admirers, and has hung a poetic wreath above her grave."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE FUNERAL—THE MONUMENT—THE EPITAPH—
CONCLUDING REMARKS.

debts were seventy nine pounds due Mr. William Filby, from whom he had a new suit but a few days before his father," said the younger Filby, "in answer to that amount attributed to Goldsmith; he had been a good deal and he lived would have paid every others of his tradespeople in accordance in his integrity, notwithstanding his illness. Two sister nurses in who had been accustomed to see him concerned, when told something of his pecuniary embarrassments, said they to Mr. Goldsmith, "made him to let us work for him as to any other, we are sure he can."

One of his apartment there was the old and mirth, and the sobbing; poor objects of his charity, he never turned a deaf ear, even when self with poverty.

One mourner, whose enthusiasm, could it have been present, clothed the bitterness of death. After he was screwed down, a lock of his hair, a particular friend to preserve it as a remembrance. A beautiful Mary Hornecke the Jesuit coffin was opened again, and a letter, which she treasured to her dying day, Goldsmith; could he have foreseen the memorial of him was to be thus cherished.

More concerning this lady, to whom Hazlitt ventured to allude. She was on the present day. Hazlitt mentioned the painting room, about twenty Mrs. Gwyn, the widow of a General in the army. She was at that time twenty years of age. Still he said, "ful, beautiful even in years. After

Hazlitt remarked how far some "I do not know," said Northcote, "kind as to come to see me, except as the last link in the chain that connects the most esteemed when young Reynolds, Goldsmith—and some of the most delightful period of his life."

"observed Hazlitt, 'I do you remember she was at twenty; and you thus her triumphs of her youth—the day, which must be the more fondly has no external vouchers, and life bosom of its once lovely possessor, the Graces had triumphed over one of Nature's Endless people in immortals. I could almost fancy Goldsmith in the room, looking on with complacency."

Bride survived her sister now, and died in 1842, within a few days of her eighty-eighth year. "She passed all the stages of life," said Hazlitt, "and had lent a grace to each; she may have sported with the admiration of the poor awkward day of her youth and beauty, and it may have been made subsided her youthful companions, she even herself in after years upon having of his affectionate regard; it is her interesting throughout life admirers, and has hung a pendant over her grave."

As 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 Lowth, Sir Joshua Reynolds; the Hon. Mr. Beauchamp, Mr. Burke, and David Garrick. This feeling cooled down, however, when it was discovered that he died in debt, and had neglected wherewithal to pay for such expensive obsequies. Five days after his death, therefore, at three o'clock of Saturday evening, the 9th of April, he was privately interred in the burying-ground in 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, attended the funeral and evinced his 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 stings of remorse, for we are told that he shed bitter tears over the grave of the man he had injured. His tardy atonement only provoked the sneer 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, Who thought, like the Tartar, by this to inherit 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 rogue Kenrick, who, after having repeatedly abused Goldsmith, while living, had the audacity to insult his memory when dead. The following distich is sufficient to show his malignancy and to hold him up to execration:

"By his own art, who justly died,
A blind, ring, artless suicide:
Share, earthworms, share, since now he's dead,
His megrim, maggot-bitten head."

This scurrilous epitaph produced a burst of popular indignation that availed for a time even the infamous Kenrick into silence. On the other hand, the press teemed 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 Argyll. 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 lasting 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 it stands inscribed on a white marble tablet beneath the bust:

"OLIVARIUS GOLDSMITH,

Poete, Physici, Historici,
Qui nullum ferè scribendi genus
Non tetigit,

Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit
Sive risus essent movendi,
Sive lacrymæ,

Affectuum potens ac lenis dominator;
Ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis,
Oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus:
Hoc monumento memoriam coluit

Sodalium amor,

Amicorum fides,

Lectorum veneratio.

Natus in Hiberniâ Fornie Longfordiensis,

In loco cui nomen Pallas,

Nov. XXIX, MDCCXXXI.;

Eblanæ literis institutus;

Obiit Londini,

April iv. MDCCCLXXIV." *

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,

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,

And the veneration of readers,

Have by this monument honored the memory.

He was born in Ireland,

At a place called Pallas,

[In the parish] of Fornie, [and county] of Longford,

On the 29th Nov. 1731.

Education at [the University of] Dublin,

And died in London,

4th April, 1774.

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 is 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 dull and stupid at his tasks, yet an eager 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 rhymist; 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 Inn.

He carries with him the wayward elvin 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 does not address itself to his poetical 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, adopts and discards those recommended by his friends, at one time prepares for the ministry, next turns to the law, and then dives upon medicine. He repairs to Edinburgh, the great emporium of medical science, but the fairy gifts accompany him; he idles and frolics 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 poetical one. He fancies he is playing the 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 seen and felt, or what he has recently and hastily read; but his gifted pen transmutes everything into gold, and his own 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 starvation, before he acquires confidence in his own talent as a means of support, and begins to earn a reputation.

From this time his pen is a war of power in his hand, and he has only to use it as he pleases to make it competent to all his wants. His confidence is not a part of Goldsmith's nature, and seems the property of these fairy gifts; he is accompanied by moods and temperamental traits, their effect precarious. The heedlessness of his early days; his disposition for self-enclosedness; his habit of throwing the present on the back of the future, still continue. His expenses outrun his means; he incurs debts on the full of what his magic pen is to produce, and then, under the pressure of his debts, sacrifices his productions to prices far below their value. It is a common circumstance in his prodigality, that it savours oftener upon others than upon himself; he is careless without thought or stint, and is the more ready dupe of his benevolence and his trust in his human nature. We may say of him, as we say of one of his heroes, "He could not sit to a natural impulse which he had to do good, but frequently borrowed money to relieve the distressed, and when he knew not conveniently where to borrow, he has been observed to shed his own passed through the wretched suppliant who attended his gate." . . .

"His simplicity in trusting persons whom he had no previous reasons to place confidence in, seems to be one of those lights of his mind, which, while they impeach his unostentatious honor to his benevolence. The low and timid are ever suspicious; but a heart impressed with honorable sentiments expects from others the pathetic sincerity."

His heedlessness in pecuniary matters was not rendered his life a struggle with poverty even in the days of his obscurity, resolutely struggle still more intense when his poverty had elevated him into the society of the rich 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 long critic, "that in all the busy paths of the world he had trod, no speck ever sullied the robe of his modest and graceful muse. How could the love of inferior company, which never forsook him, did he keep his genius so free from every touch of vulgarity?"

We answer that it was owing to the purity and goodness of his nature; that there was nothing in it that assimilated to vice and degeneracy. Though his circumstances often compelled him to associate with the poor, they never betrayed him into companionship with the depraved. His relish for humor and for the comic of character, as we have before observed, turned him often into convivial company, but of a kind; but he discriminated between the society and their amusing qualities, or rather, he drew from the whole those familiar features of 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 re-education, unworldly maxims of his father, who "passing rich with forty pounds a year, unless a spirit into his child which riches could not deprave nor poverty degrade. Much of his boy-

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had, too, had been passed in the household of
his uncle, the amiable and generous Contarine;
where he talked of literature with the good pas-
ter 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,
after the rough sports on the green, or the frolics
in the tavern. These led him to turn from the
trailing glees of the club, to listen to the harp of
his cousin Jane; and from the rustic triumph of
"pulling the sledge," to a stroll with his flute along
the pastoral banks of the Liffey.

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 enlisted 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 Vicar
of Wakefield, and his pictures of the Village
Pastor, present religion under its most endearing
forms and with a feeling that could only flow
from the deep convictions of the heart. When
his far travelling companions at Paris urged
him to read the Church Service on a Sunday, he
replied that "it was not worthy to do it." He
had seen in early life the sacred offices performed
by his father and his brother, with a solemnity
which had sanctified them in his memory; how
could he presume to undertake such functions?
Religion has been called in question by John-
son and by Boswell; he certainly had not the
pompous hypochondriacal piety of the one, nor the
hauling mouth piety of the other; but the spirit
of Christian charity breathed forth in his writings
and illustrated in his conduct give us reason to
believe he had the indwelling religion of the soul.

We have made sufficient comments in the pre-
ceding chapters on his conduct in elevated circles
of literature and fashion. The fairy gifts which
took him there, were not accompanied by the gifts
and graces necessary to sustain him in that arti-
ficial sphere. He can neither play the learned
man with Johnson, nor the fine gentleman with
Bancieri, though he has a mind replete with
wisdom and a natural shrewdness, and a spirit free
from enmity. The blunders of a fertile but
hurried intellect, and the awkward display of the
savage assuming the man of fashion, fix on him
a character for absurdity and vanity which, like
the rage of lunacy, it is hard to disprove, how-
ever weak the grounds of the charge and strong
the facts in opposition to it.

In truth, he is never truly in his place in these
learned and fashionable circles, which talk and
live for display. It is not the kind of society he
craves. His heart yearns for domestic life; it
craves familiar, confiding intercourse, family fire-
sides, the guileless and happy company of chil-
dren, these bring out the heartiest and sweetest
sympathies of his nature.

"Had it been his fate," says the critic we have
already quoted, "to meet a woman who could

have loved him, despite his faults, and respected
him despite his foibles, we cannot but think that
his life and his genius would have been much
more harmonious; his desultory affections would
have been concentrated, his craving self-love ap-
peased, his pursuits more settled, his character
more solid. A nature like Goldsmith's, so affec-
tionate, so confiding—so susceptible to simple,
innocent enjoyments—so dependent on others for
the sunshine of existence, does not flower if de-
prived of the atmosphere of home."

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 mem-
bers, 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 fitful-
ness of conduct, and that gathering melancholy,
remarked, but not comprehended by his associ-
ates, 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 termi-
nated with his death.

We shall conclude these desultory remarks
with a few which have been used by us on a for-
mer occasion. From the general tone of Gold-
smith'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 conciliate 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 infirmi-
ties of a good and great, but erring individual,
that pleads touchingly to our nature; and we
turn more kindly toward the object of our idol-
atry, 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 luxuri-
ance, and clip it down to the decent formalities of
rigid virtue. "Let not his frailties be remem-
bered," 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 ejacu-
lated, of "POOR GOLDSMITH."

THE END.



THE ADVENTURES

OF

CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE, U. S. A.,

IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS AND THE FAR WEST.

EXTRACTED 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 various 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 ingrafted 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 unprofitable.

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 cultivated for the sordid struggle of a money-making world, but possessed of a happy temperament, a fervor of imagination, and a simplicity of heart that made him proof against its ruses 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, Molière, or Racine, or of his favorite English author Shakespeare, 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 hat and 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 credit-

ably; 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

establishments on the Columbia, and had distinguished himself by his activity and courage at one of the interior posts. Mr. Seton was one of the American youths who were at Astoria at the time of its surrender to the British, and who manifested such grief and indignation at seeing the flag of their country hauled down. The hope of seeing that flag once more planted on 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 benefited 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 barrack 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-

ing. In a word, the captain was legitimizing the consciousness of attendance at court, by the 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 a private apartment, with his high bald head of sorrel hair, and his keen, earnest gaze, and his many volumes of pictures of authors that I have seen in his volumes.

The result of his labors was a mass of manuscript, which he subsequently put at my disposal, and the publication and bring it before the world. It was full of interesting details of life among the Indians, and of the singular castes and races, both white and red men, among whom he had journeyed. It was, too, throughout, the impress of his character, his *hémie*, his kindness of spirit, and his love of truth, to the grand and beautiful.

That manuscript has formed the staple of the following work. I have occasionally intercalated, and details, gathered from various sources, especially from the conversations and journals, some of the captain's contemporaries, who were actors in the scenes he describes. I have also given, in coloring drawn from my own observations, an excursion into the Indian country beyond the limit 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 little varied from his own language.

I shall conclude this notice by a dedication, which he had made of his manuscript to his noble 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 so complimentary documents of the kind, of being sincere, and being merited.

TO
JAMES HARVEY HOOK,
MAJOR U. S. A.,
WHOSE JEALOUSY OF HIS HONOR,
WHOSE ANXIETY FOR ITS INTELLECT,
AND
WHOSE SENSIBILITY FOR ITS WANE
HAVE ENDEARED HIM TO THE SOLDIER;
The Soldier's Friend,
AND WHOSE GENERAL AMENITY, INSTANT RESSOURCES,
DISINTERESTED HOSPITALITY, AND CAREFUL
PROVIDENCE, ENTIRE HOMES TO
STILL FORTUNE TO THE
THE FRIEND OF MAN,
THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED
E. P.

New York, 1843.

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bring it before the world, I have been
ing details of life among the mountain
ular castes and races, both ancient and
among whom he had journeyed. I have
t, the impress of his character, his
dleness of spirit, and his sense of duty
and beautiful.

ript has formed the stuff of the
I have occasionally interviewed him
thered from various sources, especially
versations and journals of some of the
emporaries, who were active in the
ities. I have also given to the world
from my own observations in the
the Indian country beyond the bound-
as I before observed, however, the
initially the narrative of the worthy cap-
of its most graphic passages are in
in his own language.

ude this notice by a dedication which
of his manuscript to his nephews,
s, in whose quarters I found the ma-
nary labors, it is a dedication which
esses the qualities, not always found
documents of the kind, of being so
merited.

TO
ES HARVEY HOOK,
MAJOR, U. S. A.,
SE JEALOUSY OF HIS INDU-
NXTLY FOR HIS INTERESTS,
AND
SENSIBILITY FOR HIS NAME
DEARED HIM TO THE SERVICE AS
The Soldier's Friend,
GENERAL AMBURY, INSTANTLY REPLIED,
"BESTED HOSPITALITY, AND RECORDED
INVOLVENCE, ESTIMATE HIM TO THE
STILL TO THE U. S. A.,
A FRIEND OF MAN,
HIS WORK IS INSPIRED
EAT."

ADVENTURES

OF

CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

STATE OF THE FUR TRADE OF THE ROCKY
MOUNTAINS—AMERICAN ENTERPRISES—GENE-
RAL ASHLEY AND HIS ASSOCIATES—SUBLETTE,
A FAMOUS LEADER—YEARLY RENDEZVOUS
AMONG THE MOUNTAINS—STRATAGEMS AND
DANGERS OF THE TRADE—BANDS OF TRAP-
PERS—INDIAN BANDS—CROWS AND BLACK-
HIT—MOUNTAINEERS—TRADERS OF THE
FAR WEST—CHARACTER AND HABITS OF THE
TRAPPER.

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 cap-
ture 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,
because the unfortunate supineness of the Ameri-
can Government, in neglecting the application of
Mr. Astor for the protection of the American
flag and a small military force, to enable him to
consolidate himself in the possession of Astoria at
the return of peace; when the post was formally
given up by the British Government, though still
owned by the Northwest Company. By that
neglect the sovereignty in the country has
been actually lost to the United States; and it
has cost both governments much trouble and dil-
lemma to settle matters on that just and rightful
basis, on which they would readily have been
done had the proposition of Mr. Astor been at-
tended 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 nar-
ration.

In consequence of the apathy and neglect of the
American Government, Mr. Astor abandoned all
thoughts of regaining Astoria, and made no fur-
ther attempt to extend his enterprises beyond the
Rocky Mountains; and the Northwest Company
continued themselves the lords of the country.
They did not long enjoy unmolested the sway
which they had somewhat surreptitiously at-
tained. A fierce competition ensued between
them and their old rivals, the Hudson's Bay Com-
pany, which was carried on at great cost and
expense 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 re-
mains 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 As-
toria 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 Ameri-
can trapper. The difficulties experienced in
1808, by Mr. Henry, of the Missouri Company,
the first American who trapped upon the head-
waters of the Columbia; and the frightful hard-
ships sustained by Wilson P. Hunt, Ramsay
Crooks, Robert Stuart, and other intrepid Astor-
ians, in their ill-fated expeditions across the
mountains, appeared for a time to check all fur-
ther enterprise in that direction. The American
traders contented themselves with following up
the head branches of the Missouri, the Yellow-
stone, and other rivers and streams on the At-
lantic side of the mountains, but forbore to at-
tempt those great snow-crowned sierras.

One of the first to revive these tramontane ex-
peditions 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-
k-dee Agie.* This attempt was followed up and
sustained by others, until in 1825 a footing was
secured, and a complete system of trapping or-
ganized beyond the mountains.

It is difficult to do justice to the courage, forti-
tude, 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 most dreary and
desolate mountains, and barren and trackless
wastes, uninhabited by man, or occasionally in-
festated 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 eter-
nal 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 rapids, they might encounter 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 hardy bands 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 partners of Ashley; 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 a native of Kentucky, and of game descent; his 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 Ground." 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.

In 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 head-waters of the Columbia and the other great tributaries of the Pacific. Beside the regular operations of these formidable rivals, there have been from time to time desultory enterprises, or rather experiments, of minor associations, or of adventurous individuals, beside 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 ulterior 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 establishments beyond the mountains. Everything there is regulated by resident partner—that is to say, partners who reside in the traumontane 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 trading and trapping. 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 month of June and July, when there is a general rendezvous, a general rendezvous is held, at some designated place, where the affairs of the past season are settled by the resident partners, and the plans for the following year arranged.

To this rendezvous repair the various bands of trappers from their widely separated hunting grounds, bringing in the products of their campaign. Hither also repair the Indian tribes accustomed to traffic their peltries with the company. Bands of free trappers resort thither also to sell the furs they have collected, or to engage their services for the next hunting season.

To this rendezvous the company sends usually 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 close eye upon each other, and are anxious to know each other's plans and movements, they generally contrive to hold their annual assemblages at 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 appearance of grass on the Atlantic frontier, and push with all diligence for the mountains. The company that can first open its trading supply of coffee, tobacco, ammunition, scarlet and blankets, bright shawls, and glittering trinkets, has the greatest chance to get all the best furs of the Indians and free trapper, and to engage their services for the next season. It is able, also, to fit out and dispatch his own trappers the soonest, so as to get the start of his competitors, and to have the first dash into the hunting and trapping grounds.

A new species of strategy has sprung out of the hunting and trapping competition. For the study of the rival bands is to forestall each other; to supplant each other in the will and custom of the Indian tribes; to outguess each other's plans; to mislead each other's routes; in a word, next to his own eye, the study of the Indian trader is the discomfiture of his competitor.

The influx of this wandering traffic has had effects on the habits of the mountain tribes. They have found the trapping of the beaver the most profitable species of hunting; and to them the white man has opened a new and luxurious luxury of which they previously knew nothing. The introduction of firearms has rendered them more successful hunters, but at the same time more formidable foes; some of them more savage and warlike in their nature. Even the expeditions of the fur traders are now a source of profitable adventure. To waylay a band of trappers with their pack horses, who are embarrassed in the rugged defiles of the mountains, has become as favorite an expedient to the Indians as the plunder of a caravan in the desert. The Crows and Blackfeet, who were such terrors in the path of the early hunters to Astoria, still continue their predatory habits, but seem to have brought them under a regular system. They know the routes and resorts of the trappers; where to waylay them on their journeys; where to find them in the hunting season.

assigning to each a portion of country for trapping ground. In the month of July, when there is no longer any hunting seasons, a general rendezvous is held, some designated place is chosen for the affairs of the past season, and the partners, and the pack-traders, are arranged.

Indeavour repair the various articles from their widely separated hunting grounds, and engage in the production of the year. Hither, also repair the pack-traders to traffic their peltries with the companies of free trappers, and for the next hunting season, they have collected their furs for the next hunting season. Indeavour the company to secure a supply of supplies from its established frontier, under the guidance of a trusted partner or officer, or, in the case of a convoy, the resident trader at the place, to set all his rest to a new position.

The rival companies keep a jealous eye on each other, and are anxious to secure plans and movements, to be able to hold their annual assemblage at a distance apart. An eager competition exists between their respective companies, each shall first reach its place of rendezvous, and purpose they set off with the first grass on the Atlantic frontier, and a diligence for the mountains. The can first open its tent, and smoke its tobacco, ammunition, scarce, and light shawls, and glittering trinkets, and the first chance to get all the peltries of the Indians and free trappers, and the services for the next season. It is fit out and dispatches its own trappers, so as to get the start of its competitor, and have the first dash into the hunting grounds.

The strategy has sprung from the trapping competition. The annual rival bands is to be seen, and to supplant each other in the eyes of the Indian tribes, and the plans; to mislead each other, and to have next to his own, and to get the Indian trader is the most dangerous.

of this wandering trade, and the habits of the mountain trappers, the trapping of the beaver, and the peltries of hunting; and the Indian has opened to the trappers, which they previously had a reputation of firearms has made them hunters, but at the same time, some of them, and some of the varlike in their nature, have been the of the fur traders, and the adventure. To wade through the waters with their pack-traders, and in the rugged defiles of the mountains, some as favorite a response to the plunder of a caravan to the Indians. The Crows and Black Feet, who roam in the path of the trappers, still continue their pursuit to have brought them great, they know the routes, and know where to waylay them, and to find them in the hunting season.

and where to hover about them in winter quarters. The life of a trapper, therefore, is a perpetual state militant, 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 batteaux and canoes. The voyageurs 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 paid from point to point of their migrations.

A totally different class has now sprung up;—"the Mountaineers," the traders and trappers scale the vast mountain chains, and pursue their hazardous vocations amid their wild recesses. They move from place to place on horseback. The equestrian exercises, therefore, in which they are engaged, the nature of the country they traverse, vast plains and mountains, pure and exhilarating in atmospheric qualities, seem to make them physically and mentally a more lively and mercurial race than the fur traders and trappers of former days, the self-vaunting "men of the north." A man who bestrides a horse must be essentially different from a man who cowers in a canoe. We find them, accordingly, hardy, 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 mountaineer. If the latter by chance comes among them on his way to and from the settlements, he is like a game-cock 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 to season, he takes his rifle, hies to the forest; in the prairie, shoots his own game, lights his pipe, and cooks his repast. With his horse and his rifle, he is independent of the world, and ignores at all its restraints. The very superintendents at the lower posts will not put him to terms with 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 who are more enamored of their occupations, than the free trappers of the West. No pain, no danger, no privation can turn the trapper from his pursuit. His passionate excitement at times resembles a mania. In vain may the most brilliant and cruel savages beset his path; in vain may rocks and precipices, and wintry torrents oppose his progress; let but a single track of a beaver meet his eye, and he forgets all dangers and 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 mountains, scaling or descending 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 we 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 fur trade in the interior of our 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.

DEPARTURE FROM FORT OSAGE—MODES OF TRANSPORTATION—PACK-HORSES—WAGONS—WALKER AND CERRE; THEIR CHARACTERS—BUOYANT FEELINGS ON LAUNCHING UPON THE PRAIRIES—WILD EQUIPMENTS OF THE TRAPPERS—THEIR GAMBOOLS AND ANTICS—DIFFERENCE OF CHARACTER BETWEEN THE AMERICAN AND FRENCH TRAPPERS—AGENCY OF THE KANSAS—GENERAL CLARKE—WHITE PLUME, THE KANSAS CHIEF—NIGHT SCENE IN A TRADER'S CAMP—COLLOQUY BETWEEN WHITE PLUME AND THE CAPTAIN—BEE-HUNTERS—THEIR EXPEDITIONS—THEIR FEUDS WITH THE INDIANS—BARGAINING TALENT OF WHITE PLUME.

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 experienced 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 great inland 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, ammunition, 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 sub-leaders or lieutenants in his expedition, Captain Bonneville had made choice of Mr. I. R. Walker and Mr. M. S. Cerre. 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 Missouri, on the frontier; had been among the earliest adventurers to Santa Fe, 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.

Cerre, his other leader, had likewise been in expeditions to Santa Fe, 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 summer heats and summer flies should render the traveling across the prairies distressing; 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 Mountain 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 exulting feelings of the worthy captain, at finding himself at the head of a stout band of hunters, trappers, and woodmen, 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 excitement of one whose imagination had been stimulated 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 past scenes of adventure and exploit. 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 caparisoned in barbaric style, with fantastic trappings. The outset of a band of adventurers on one of these expeditions is always animated and joyous. The welkin rang with their shouts and yells, 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 startle their inmates by Indian yells and war-whoops, or regale them with grotesque feats of horsemanship well suited to their half savage appearance. Most of these abodes were inhabited 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 "French," as they are called in colloquial conversation. The latter is meant to designate the French creole of Canada or Louisiana; the former the trapper of the old American stock from Kentucky, Tennessee, and others of the Western States. The French trapper is represented as a lighter, solter, more self-indulgent sort of man. He must have his Indian wife, his lodge, and his petty conveniences. He is gay and thoughtless, takes little heed of landmarks, depends upon his leaders and companions to think for him, is careless, weak, and, if left to himself, is easily perplexed and lost.

The American trapper stands far else, and is peerless for the service of the wilderness, born in the midst of a prairie, or on the heights of the mountains, and he is never at a loss. He recognizes every landmark; can retrace his route through the most monotonous plain, or the most perplexed labyrinths of the mountains, no danger nor difficulty can appall him, and he never seems to complain under any privation. He supports the two kinds of trappers, the Creole and the American are apt to prefer the light fusée of the American always grasps his rifle; he despises what is called the "shot-gun." We give these essential testimonies of authority of a trader of long experience, and a foreigner by birth. "I consider an American," said he, "equal to three Canadians in point of sagacity, aptness at resources, self-dependence, and fearlessness of spirit. In fact, no one can come with him as a stark tramper of the wilderness."

Beside the two classes of trappers, it is mentioned, Captain Bonneville had enlisted several brave and experienced Indians in his employ, on whose native qualifications he placed great reliance.

On the 6th of May the travellers passed the border habitation, and made a long journey in the ease and security of civilization. The buoyant and clamorous spirits with which they had commenced their march gradually subsided as they entered upon its difficulties. The prairies, so fertile and saturated with the heavy crops of the present year, were in certain seasons of the year a desolate country, the wagon wheels sunk deep in the mire, the horses were often to the knees in mud, both steed and rider were completely drenched by the evening of the 12th, when they crossed the Kansas River; a fine stream about three hundred yards wide, entering the Missouri to the south. Though fordable in almost every part at the end of summer and during the autumn, it was necessary to construct a raft to facilitate the transportation of the wagons and effects. A raft was done in the course of the following day, and the evening the whole party arrived at the agency of the Kansas tribe. This was under the superintendence of General Clarke, brother of the celebrated traveller of the same name, who, with Lewis, made the first expedition to the western of the Columbia. He was living in a palatial residence surrounded by laborers and interpreters, snugly housed, and provided with every convenience. The functionary next in consequence to the agent was the blacksmith, a most important, and indeed indispensable personage in a frontier community. The Kansas 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 Nebraska, or Platte River.

The unusual sight of a train of wagons, and quite a sensation among these savages.

whites, as was evinced in his knowledge of driving a bargain. He required hard cash in return for some corn with which he supplied the worthy captain, and left the latter at a loss which most to admire, his native chivalry as a brave or his acquired adroitness as a trader.

CHAPTER III.

WIDE PRAIRIES—VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS—
TABULAR HILLS—SLABS OF SANDSTONE—NE-
BRASKA OR PLATTE RIVER—SCANTY FARE—
BUFFALO SKULLS—WAGONS TURNED INTO
BOATS—HERDS OF BUFFALO—CLIFFS RESEM-
BLING CASTLES—THE CHIMNEY—SCOTT'S
BLUFFS—STORY CONNECTED WITH THEM—THE
BIGHORN OR AUSAHTA—ITS NATURE AND
HABITS—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THAT AND THE
"WOOLLY SHEEP," OR GOAT OF THE MOUN-
TAINS.

FROM the middle to the end of May, Captain Bonneville pursued a western course over vast undulating plains, destitute of tree or shrub, rendered miry by occasional rain, and cut up by deep water-courses where they had to dig roads for their wagons down the soft crumbling banks, 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 on the west with innumerable hills of conical shape, such 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 with 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 below the head of the Great Island. 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 sign of the blue sky and the merry sun. It had been scanty, we regaled ourselves with the hope of soon falling in with herds of buffalo, and having nothing to do but slay and eat." We doubt whether the genial captain is not describing the cheerfulness of his own breast, which gave a cheer 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 by some mystic rite or ceremony. They were almost innumerable, and seemed to have been a 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 itself into two equal and beautiful streams. One of the 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 Comanche and Kiowa Indians, and to the northern Mexican settlements of the other branch he knew nothing. Its source might lie among wild and inaccessible cliffs, or tumble and foam down rugged defiles and 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 the neighborhood, he kept up along the south fork two days, merely seeking a safe landing place. At length he encamped, caused the bodies of the wagons to be dislodged from the wheels, covered with buffalo hides, and besmeared with a compound of tallow and ashes; thus forming rafts or 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 waded across, pushing the barks 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 careering the plain, others grazing and reposing in the natural meadows.

Skirting along the north fork for a day or two, excessively annoyed by musquitos and buffalo gnats, they reached, in the evening of the 17th, a small but beautiful grove, from which issued 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 birds, 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.

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and found it twenty-two hundred feet deep. Its depth was from bank to bank. Its bottom was from the bottom of the quicksand. It is studded with islands covered with poplar called the cotton-wood. Along the course of this river, they were obliged, from the scarcity of food, to put themselves upon short allowance, occasionally to kill a steer. They had no labor and privations, however, with humor, taking their tone, in all probability the buoyant spirit of their leader was inclement," says the captain. The clouds, and hoped for a sign of the sky and the merry sun. It had been regaled themselves with the hope of finding herds of buffalo, and having no but slay and eat." We doubt the genial captain is not describing his own breast, which gave a cheer to everything around him.

There were evidences, however, that it was not always equally destitute. In the place they observed a field of buffalo skulls, arranged in circles and other mathematical figures, as if for a rite or ceremony. They were almost all and seemed to have been a variety of up in thanksgiving to the Great Spirit for signal success in the chase.

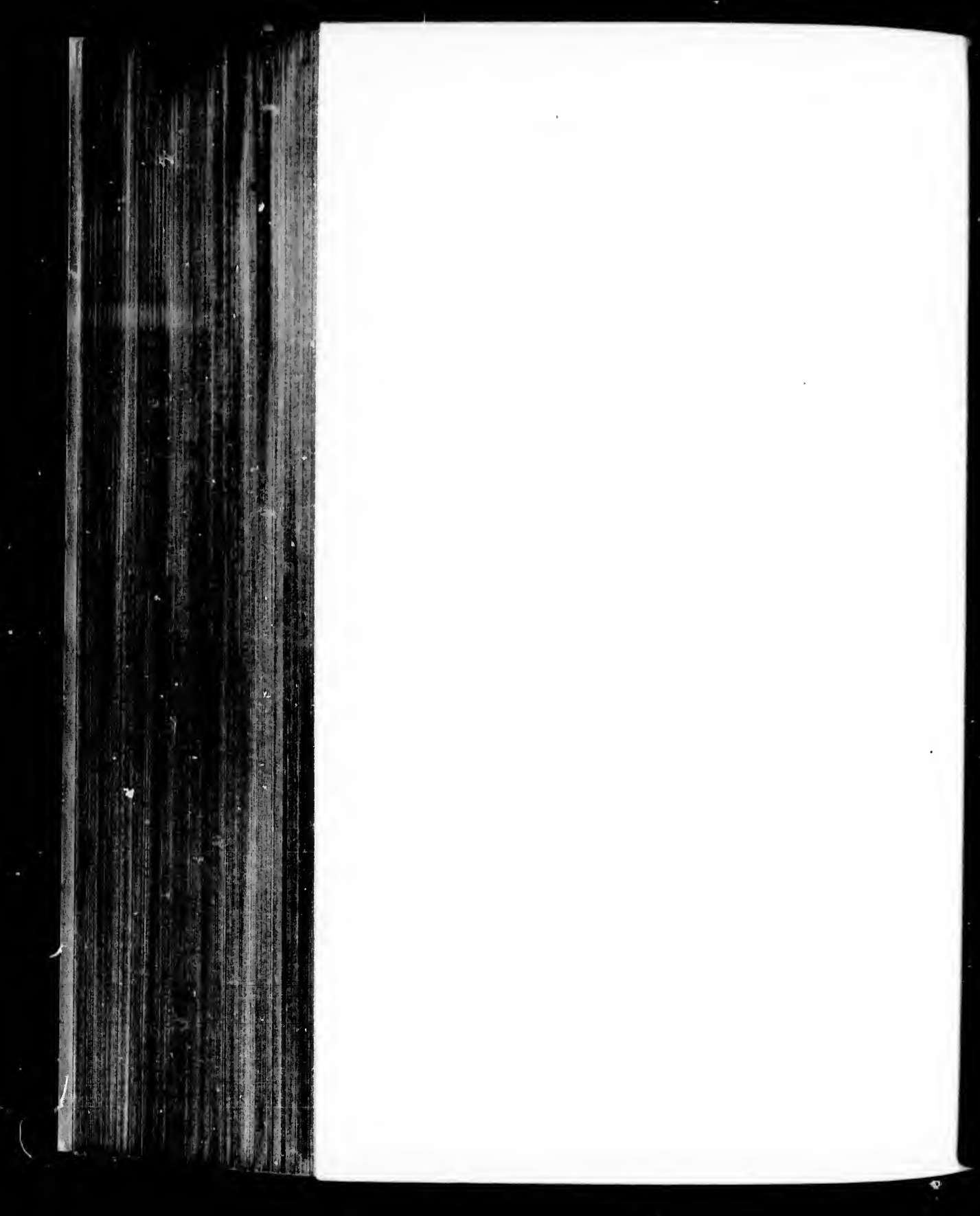
In the month of June they came to the fork of the river, where it divides itself into two beautiful streams. One of the streams flows in the west-southwest, near the mouth of the Arkansas. Up the course of the river as Captain Bonneville was on his route to the Camanche and Kiowa country, to the northern Mexican settlements, a branch he knew nothing. Its source was long wild and inaccessible cliffs, and foam down rugged defiles and low rapids; but its direction was northward, and up this stream he determined his route to the Rocky Mountains. It was impossible, from quicksands and other impediments, to cross the river in the middle, he kept up along the south fork, merely seeking a safe fording place. He encamped, caused the bodies of the men to be dislodged from the wheels, covered with hides, and besmeared with a coating of mud and ashes; thus forming rafts, these they ferried their effects across, which was six hundred yards wide, and strong current. Three men were to manage it; others waded across the rafts before them. Thus all crossed in the march of nine miles took them to the prairies to the north fork; their eyes were filled with the welcome sight of herds of buffalo at distance, some careering the plain and reposing in the natural meadows.

Along the north fork for a day or two they were annoyed by mosquitoes and buffaloes. Reached, in the evening of the 17th, a beautiful grove, from which issued a variety of singing birds, the first they had seen since crossing the boundary of Missouri. After many days of weary travelling, through a monotonous and silent country, it was more to hear the song of the birds than the verdure of the grove. It was a beautiful scene, and a sight of the glowing rays of the setting sun, and a sight of the glowing rays of the setting sun, and a sight of the glowing rays of the setting sun.



Frontiersmen and Indians in Camp

From the collection of the U.S. Army



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 country 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 appearance of four or five pedestrians, whom they supposed to be spies 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 separate herds.

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 towering 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 were descending the upper part of the river in canoes, when their frail barks 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 Saratoga Fork, a small tributary of the north branch of the Nebraska, about sixty miles above the bluffs just mentioned. Here one of the party, 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 trail of white men, who had evidently but recently preceded them. What was to be done? By a forced march they might overtake this party, 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 that such a clog would prevent their coming up with the advance party. They determined, therefore, to abandon him to his fate. Accordingly,

under pretence 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 faithless desertion of Scott; alleging that he had died of disease.

On the ensuing summer, these very 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 they recognized for the remains 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 flocks of the ahsahta 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 lower than his muzzle, 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 sheep; it is more properly 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 ahsahta, 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 flesh 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 perilous, 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—MODE OF APPROACH—THEIR VENGEFUL ERRAND—THEIR CURIOSITY—HOSTILITY BETWEEN THE CROWS AND BLACKFEET—LOVING CONDUCT OF THE CROWS—LARAMIE'S FORK—FIRST NAVIGATION OF THE NEBRASKA—GREAT ELEVATION OF THE COUNTRY—RARITY OF THE ATMOSPHERE—ITS EFFECTS ON THE WORK OF WAGONS—BLACK HILLS—THEIR WILD AND BROKEN SCENERY—INDIAN DOGS—CROW TROPHIES—STERILE AND DREARY COUNTRY—BANKS OF THE SWEET WATER—BUFFALO HUNTING—ADVENTURE OF TOM CAIS, 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 now came up and announced that a large war-party of Crow Indians were just above, on the river. The captain knew the character of these savages; one of the most roving, warlike, crafty, and predatory tribes of the mountains; horse-stealers of the first order, and easily provoked to acts of sanguinary violence. Orders were accordingly given to prepare for action, and every one promptly took the post that had been assigned him, in the general order of the march, in all cases of warlike emergency.

Everything being put in battle array, the captain took the lead of his little band, and moved on slowly and warily. In a little while he beheld the Crow warriors emerging from among the bluffs. There were about sixty of them; fine martial-looking fellows, painted and arrayed for war, and mounted on horses decked out with all kinds of wild trappings. They came prancing along in gallant style, with many wild and dexterous evolutions, for none can surpass them in horsemanship; and their bright colors, and flaunting and fantastic embellishments, gliding and sparkling in the morning sunshine, gave them really a striking appearance.

Their mode of approach, to one not acquainted with the tactics and ceremonies of this rude chivalry of the wilderness, had an air of direct hostility. They came galloping forward in a body, as if about to make a furious charge, but, when close at hand, opened to the right and left, and wheeled 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 warily drawn up, though informed of the pacific nature of the manoeuvre, 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 Cheyennes, 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 marauders, 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 Captain Bonneville. They had dogged 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 calf, quietly following the caravan, supposing them to be some kind of tame buffalo. Having satisfied their curiosity, they carried back to their chief intelligence of all that they had seen. He had, in consequence, diverged 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 curiosity evinced by these people as to the objects before them. Wagons had never been seen by them before, and they examined them with the greatest minuteness; but the calf was their chief object of their admiration. They watched with intense interest as it licked the hands and legs of those who were to feed it, and were struck with the mild expression of its countenance, and its perfectly docile manner.

After much sage consultation, they at length determined that it must be the "great medicine" of the white party; an appellation given by the Indians to anything of supernatural or mysterious power, that is guarded as a talisman. They were completely thrown out in their conjectures, however, by an offer of the white man to exchange the calf for a horse; their estimation of the great medicine sank in an instant, and they at once made a bargain.

At the request of the Crow chieftain, the two parties encamped together, and passed the rest of the day in company. The captain was well pleased with every opportunity to gain a shrewd edge of the "unsophisticated sons of nature," who had so long been objects of his curiosity and speculations; and indeed this wild, horse-stealing race is one of the most notorious of the mountains. The chief, of course, had his scalp to show of his battles to recount. The Blackfoot is the hereditary enemy of the Crow, toward whom hostility is like a cherished principle of religion in every tribe, besides its casual antagonism to some enduring foe with whom there is no permanent reconciliation. The Crows and Blackfeet, upon the whole, are enemies worthy of each other, being rogues and ruffians of the first order. As their predatory excursions extend over the same regions, they often come in contact with each other, and these casual contacts serve to keep their wits awake and their passions alive.

The present party of Crows, however, showed nothing of the invidious character for which they are renowned. During the day and night, while they were encamped in company with the travellers, their conduct was friendly in the extreme. They were, in fact, quite irksome in their attentions, and had a caressing manner of touching and importuning. It was not until after separation on the following morning, that the captain and his men ascertained the secret of all this courtesiousness. In the course of their fraternal caresses, the Crows had contrived to empty the pockets of their white brothers; to abstract the contents from their coats, and, above all, to disarm them with their hunting knives.

By equal altitudes of the sun, taken at the first encampment, Captain Bonneville ascertained the latitude to be $41^{\circ} 47'$ north. The thermometer at six o'clock in the morning, stood at thirty 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 the scenery

especially struck with the sight of it, quietly following the caravan, and to be some kind of time-battain- ed their curiosity, they carried their intelligence of all that they had, in consequence, diverged from vengeance to behold the wondrous aim. "Now that we are met to Captain Bonneville," and have seen with our own eyes, our hearts fact, nothing could exceed the ad- by these people as to the great Wagons had never been seen, and they examined them with ad- miration. They were struck as it tickled the hands and feet, were struck with the unexpected tenance, and its perfect disci- sage consultation, they at length it must be the "great medicine" ; an appellation given to the thing of supernatural power, is guarded as a treasure. They thrown out in their opinion, offer of the white man's goods ; their estimation of the great in an instant, and they dis- cuss- est of the Crow chieftain he took together, and passed the rest of the company. The captain was a very opportunity to get a knowledge unsophisticated sons of nature, g been objects of his ; he spent deed this wild, horse-stealing, the most notorious of the nomadic course, had his scalp to show for a recount. The Blackfoot is the ay of the Crow, toward whom he berished principle of revenge, besides its casual antagonism, he loc with whom there is no meli- ciliation. The Crows and Black- whole, are enemies worthy of each- gues and ruffians of the first rank ; tory excursions extend to the they often come in contact, and these casual conflicts serve to awake and their passions are. party of Crows however, received invidious character for a day. During the day an object of com- p in company with the captain, the- duct was friendly in the extreme, fact, quite irksome in the extreme, a caressing manner it was quite. It was not until after separation of morning, that the captain and the secret of all this was the course of their fraternal address, contrived to empty the minds of others, to abstract the eye from the, and, above all, to make the- ing knives. tudes of the sun, take it as his. Captain Bonneville ascertained at 47° north. The thermometer in the morning stood at fifty and o'clock, P.M., at ninety-two, and six o'clock in the evening at hills, or Mountains, now began to be seen, printing the northern and the- ken outlines; and the stream

oppose a difficult barrier in the way of the travel- lers. 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. By an observation of Jupiter's satellites, with a Dolland reflecting telescope, Captain Bonneville ascertained the longitude to be 1028 57' west of Greenwich. We will here step ahead of our narrative to ob- serve, that about three years after the time of which we are treating, Mr. Robert Campbell, for- merly of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, de- scended 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 traders. For some days past, Captain Bonneville had been made sensible of the great elevation of country into which he was gradually ascending, by the effect of the dryness and rarefaction of the atmosphere upon his wagons. The woodwork cracked; the paint boxes of the wheels were con- tinually working out, and it was necessary to sup- port the spokes by stout props to prevent their falling asunder. The travellers were now enter- ing one of those great steppes of the Far West, where the prevalent aridity of the atmosphere renders the country unfit for cultivation. In these regions there is a fresh sweet growth of grass in the spring, but it is scanty and short, and parches in the course of the summer, so that there is none for the hunters to set fire to in the autumn. It is a common observation that "above the forks of the Platte the grass does not burn." All at- tempts at agriculture and gardening in the neigh- borhood of Fort William have been attended with very little success. The grain and vegetables raised there have been scanty in quantity and poor in quality. The great elevation of these plains, and the dryness of the atmosphere, will tend to retain these immense regions in a state of pristine wildness. In the course of a day or two more, the travel- lers entered that wild and broken tract of the Crow country called the Black Hills, and here their journey became toilsome in the extreme. Rugged steeps and deep ravines incessantly ob- structed their progress, so that a great part of the day was spent in the painful toil of digging through banks, filling up ravines, forcing the wagons up the most forbidding ascents, or swing- ing them with ropes down the face of dangerous precipices. The shoes of their horses were worn out, and their feet injured! by the rugged and stony roads. The travellers were annoyed also by frequent but brief storms, which would come hurrying over the hills, or through the mountain- passes, rage with great fury for a short time, and then pass off, leaving everything calm and serene again. For several nights the camp had been infested by vagabond Indian dogs, prowling about in quest of food. They were about the size of a large pointer; with ears short and erect, and a large bushy tail—altogether, they bore a striking resemblance to a wolf. These skulking visitors would keep about the purlieus of the camp until

daylight; when, on the first stir of life among the sleepers, they would scamper off until they reached some rising ground, where they would take their seats, and keep a sharp and hungry watch upon every movement. The moment the travellers were fairly on the march, and the camp was abandoned, these starveling hangers-on would hasten to the deserted fires to seize upon the half-picked bones, the offal and garbage that lay about; and, having made a hasty meal, with many a snap and snarl and growl, would follow leisurely on the trail of the caravan. Many at- tempts were made to coax or catch them, but in vain. Their quick and suspicious eye caught the slightest sinister movement, and they turned and scampered off. At length one was taken. He was terribly alarmed, and crouched and trembled as if expecting instant death. Soothed, however, by caresses, he began after a time to gather con- fidence and wag his tail, and at length was brought to follow close at the heels of his captors, still, however, darting around furtive and sus- picious glances, and evincing a disposition to scamper off upon the least alarm. On the first of July the band 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 bound homeward, to appease the manes of their comrade by these proofs that his death had been revenged, and intended to have scalp dances and other triumphant rejoicings. Cap- tain Bonneville and his men, however, were by no means disposed to renew their confiding inti- macy with these crafty savages, and above all, took care to avoid their pilfering caresses. They remarked one precaution of the Crows with respect to their horses; to protect their hoofs 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 occa- sionally, 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 southwest, but here every- thing appeared 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 beau- tiful 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.

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 rushes with a stronger 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 bosom of rugged mountains, it rushes impetuously through narrow defiles, roaring and foaming down rocks and rapids, until it is again soothed to rest in some peaceful valley.

On the 12th of July Captain Bonneville abandoned the main stream 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 had occasionally a very imposing, and even sublime 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 scouring off in the van, like a retreating army.

Among the motley retainers of the camp was Tom Cun, a raw Irishman, who officiated as cook, whose various blunders and expedients in his novel situation, and in the wild scenes and wild kind of life into which he had suddenly been thrown, had made him a kind of butt or droll 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 pommel of his saddle, to be at hand; his rifle balanced on his shoulder. While in this plight a troop of buffalo came trotting by in great alarm. In an instant, Tom sprang from his horse and gave chase on foot. Finding they were leaving him behind, he levelled his rifle and pulled trigger. His shot produced no other effect than to increase the speed of the buffalo, and to frighten his own horse, who took to his heels, and scampered off with all the ammunition. Tom scampered after him, hallooing with might and main, and the wild horse and wild Irishman soon disappeared among the ravines of the prairie. Captain Bonneville,

who was at the head of the line, and had seen the transaction at a distance, detached a party in pursuit of Tom. After a long interval the party, leading the frightened horse; but though they had scoured the country, and looked out and shouted from every height, they beheld nothing of his rider.

As Captain Bonneville knew Tom was a coward and inexperience, and the danger of a bewildered Irishman in the midst of a party, he halted and encamped at an early hour, that there might be a regular hunt for him in the morning.

At early dawn on the following day, the party sent off in every direction, while the main party, after breakfast, proceeded slowly on its course. It was not until the middle of the afternoon that the hunters returned, with honest Tom, and behind one of them. They had found him in a complete state of perplexity and amazement. His appearance caused shouts of merriment in the camp; but Tom for one could not get up the mirth raised at his expense, he was overcome, chapfallen, and apparently cured of the hunting mania for the rest of his life.

CHAPTER V.

MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—WIND RIVER MOUNTAINS—TRASCURY OF WATERS—A STEADY HORSE—AN INDIAN TRAIL—TROUT STREAM—THE GREAT GREEN RIVER VALLEY—AN AGONY—A BAND OF TRAPPERS—CONTINUED, THE INFORMATION—SUFFERINGS OF THE PARTY—ENCAMPMENT ON THE SLEDS-KI-DI—STRAITS OF RIVAL TRADERS—FORTIFICATION OF THE CAMP—THE BLACKFEET—BANDS OF THE MOUNTAINS—THEIR CHARACTER AND HABITS.

It was on the 20th of July that Captain Bonneville first came in sight of the grand region of hopes and anticipations, the Rocky Mountains. He had been making a bend to the south, to avoid some obstacles along the river, and had ascended 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, and westward they melted away into what appeared to be a sea of clouds, but which the experience eyes of the mountain hunters of the party recognized for the rugged mountains of the Yellowstone; at the foot of which extended the wild Crow country, a precious, 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 surface. This, however, was pointed out as another branch of the great Chippewyan, or Rocky Mountains, the Eutaw Mountains, at whose base 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 the feelings of awe and admiration he must have contemplated the Wind River Sierra, or belt of mountains; that great mountain-head 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

head of the line, and had seen a distance, detached a party, mounted a light horse, but though they had the country, and looked out on every height, they had seen nothing.

Bonneville knew Tom, and his inexperience, and the danger of a shaman in the midst of a party, he camped at an early hour, and the next day, on the following day, he proceeded slowly, on his march, in the middle of the afternoon, he turned, with honest intentions, to them. They had a hard time of it, of perplexity and amazement. He used shouts of encouragement in the form for one could not see the end of his expense, he was apparently cured, but the danger of his life.

CHAPTER V

SCENERY—WIND RIVER MOUNTAINS—WATERS A GREAT INDIAN TRAIL—FOUR STREAMS—GREEN RIVER VALLEY—AN ARMY OF TRAPPERS—FOUNTAIN, HIS N—SUFFERINGS OF THIRST—ON THE SLEDSKI-DEE STRAIT—RAIDERS—FORTIFICATION—THE BLACKFEET BANDIT OF THE THEIR CHARACTER AND HABITS.

On the 20th of July that Captain Bonneville, in sight of the grand region of his anticipations, the Rocky Mountains, taking a bend to the south, to avoid along the river, and had at a great distance, when a magnificent prospect sight. To the west rose the Wind River, with their bleached and snow-capped peaks, rising into the clouds. These to the north-northwest, and they into what appeared to be a great range, the experience of the party, the party recognized the rugged peaks of the Yellowstone; and the great wild Crow country, a great suitable region for the trappers.

At the west the eye ranged over a great wilderness, with what appeared to be a vapor resting upon a range, was pointed out as a great range of mountains, or Kootenai mountains, at whose base the waters of the same range passed.

He beheld the vast and mountainous, adventurous enterprise thus before him. We can imagine with awe and admiration he must have seen the Wind River, or the great mountain-head from whose peaks, and melted snows some of the great mountains take their rise, which wander of miles of varied country and

valleys, 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 would appear to be 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 this great treasury of waters issue forth limpid streams which, augmenting as they descend, become the great tributaries of the Missouri on one side, and the Columbia on the other; and give rise to the Seeds-ke-dee, Agie, or Green River, the great Colorado of the West, that empties its current into the Gulf of California.

The Wind River Mountains are notorious in hunters' and trappers' stories; their rugged details, and the rough tracts about their neighborhood, having been lurking places for the predatory hordes of the mountains, and scenes of rough encounter with Crows and Blackfeet. It was to the base 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 repose to his people and his horses, after their weary journeying; and of collecting information 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 desired resting-place.

On the 21st of July, as they were pursuing their course 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 savages might be lurking in the vicinity. After a narrow search, they discovered the trail of an Indian party, which had evidently passed through that neighborhood but recently. The horse was accordingly taken possession of, as an estray; but a more vigilant watch than usual was kept round the camp at nights, lest his former owners should begin the prowl.

The travellers had now attained so high an elevation, 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 framework of the wagons, and the wheels were incessantly falling to pieces. A remedy was at length devised. The tire of each wheel was taken off, and 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 whole was bound together with great compactness.

The extreme elevation of these great steppes, which range along the feet of the Rocky Mountains, takes away from the seeming height of their peaks, which yield to few in the known world in point of altitude above the level of the sea.

On the 24th, the travellers took final leave of the Sweet 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, Agie, 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 felt 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 on the northeast of the mountains; but had proceeded with them no further.

A vast valley now spread itself before the travellers, bounded on one side by the Wind River Mountains, and to the west by a long 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 informant would have lain persuaded 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 mountains; he encamped, therefore, at an early hour, on 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 morning a great cloud of dust was described in the rear, advancing directly on the trail of the party. The alarm was given; they all came to a halt, and held a council of war. Some conjectured that the band of Indians, whose trail they had discovered in the neighborhood of the stray horse, had been lying in wait for them, in some secret fastness of the mountains; and were about to attack them on the open plain, where they would have no shelter. Preparations were immediately made for defence; and a scouting party sent off to reconnoitre. They soon came galloping back, making signals that all was well. The cloud of dust was made by a band of fifty or sixty mounted trappers, belonging to the American Fur Company, who soon came up, leading their pack-horses. They were headed by Mr. Fontenelle, an experienced leader, or "partisan," as a chief of a party is called in the technical language of the trappers.

Mr. Fontenelle informed Captain Bonneville that he was on his way from the company's trading post on the Yellowstone to the yearly rendezvous, with reinforcements and supplies for their hunting and trading parties beyond the mountains; and that he expected to meet, by appointment, with a band of free trappers in that very neighborhood. He had fallen upon the trail of Captain Bonneville's party, just after leaving the Nebraska; and, finding that they had frightened off all the game, had been obliged to push on, by

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 short of 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 with his 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 noontide 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 a great part of this Green River 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 there was a small but fresh meadow, yielding 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, so lightly 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.

As it would be 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, absolutely necessary from the bands of Blackfoot Indians which were roving about the neighborhood. These savages are the most dangerous of the mountains, and the inveterate foe of trappers. They are Ishmaelites of the first order, always with weapon in hand, ready to attack. The young braves of the tribe, who are not attached to property, go to war for booty; to increase and acquire the means of settling up, of supporting a family, and entitling themselves to a seat in the public councils. The older warriors fight merely for the love of the thing, and for the sequence which success gives them among the 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 out on portable teams to skulk through the country with greater secrecy; to keep in the thickets and woods, and use more adroit subtleties and stratagems. Their mode of warfare is entirely ambuscade, surprise, and sudden assaults in the night time. They succeed in causing a panic, they dash forward with headlong fury; if the enemy is on the retreat, 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 number, however, are armed with 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 trade the peltries for arms, ammunition, clothing, and trinkets. They are extremely fond of spirit liquors and tobacco; for which necessities they are ready to exchange, not merely their guns and horses, but even their wives and daughters. All they are a treacherous race, and have the subtle lurking hostility to the whites ever smoldering in their tribe was killed by Mr. Lewis, the assistant 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 Blackfoot are comprehended several tribes—such as the Sours, the Peagans, the Blood Indians, and the Gros Ventres of the Prairies; who form about the southern branches of the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers, together with some other tribes farther east.

The bands infesting the Wind River Mountains and the country adjacent, at the time of our visit, were Gros Ventres, and Gros Ventres of the Missouri, who keep on the south bank of that river, and are friendly to the whites.

This hostile band keeps on the north bank of the Missouri, and numbers about twenty or thirty fighting men. Once in the course of five or six years they abandon their usual abode, and make a visit to the Arapahoes of the Arkansas. Their route lies either through the country of the Black Hills, or through the hands of the Peagans, Flatheads, Bannacks, and Shoshones. As they enjoy their favorite state of nomadic life, all these tribes, their expedition is purely predatory, conducted in the most lawless and piratical style; nor do they hesitate to extend their maraudings to any party of white men they meet with; following their trails, burning down their camps; waylaying and dogging the wagons of the free traders, and murdering the solitary trapper. The consequences are frequent and

The first inquiry of Captain Sublet e, on reach-

ing the rendezvous, was for Fitzpatrick. He had not arrived, nor had any intelligence been received concerning him. Great uneasiness was now entertained, lest he should have fallen into the hands of the Blackfeet who 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 Troquois hunters. He had lurked 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 Troquois 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 Teton, which domineer as landmarks over a vast extent of country.

A fine stream, fed by rivulets and mountain springs, pours through the valley toward the north, dividing it into nearly 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 was 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 Chopunnish Indians, and Flatheads, had pitched their lodges beside the streams, and with their squaws, awaited the distribution of goods and tinery. 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, civilized and savage, distributed in 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 as quickly disposed of to trappers and Indians; the usual excitement and revelry took place, 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 band of beaver hunters and salmon fishers, 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 morning, just as 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 spy-glass, and soon perceived 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 preceded 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 meet a conference. He was the son of an Troquois mother, 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 unarmed, bearing the pipe of peace. The overture was certainly pacific; but Antoine and the Flathead were predisposed to hostility, 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 Blackfeet 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 neatly 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 cottonwood 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 skulked at the edge to keep the trappers at bay.

The latter took their station in a line in front, whence they kept up a scattering fire. As to Wyeth, and his little band of "do-nothings," they were perfectly astounded by this specimen of life in the wilderness; 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 guard, and got the stir out of their fort. For himself, mingling with the other leaders, determined to take his share in the conflict.

In the meantime, an express had been sent out to the rendezvous for reinforcements. Captain Sublette and his associate, Cumpson, 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!—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 horsemen could arm and mount he galloped off; the valley was soon alive with white men and red men scouring at full speed.

out one hundred and fifty persons, and children. Some were instinctively painted and arrayed in feathers fluttering in the wind. The greater were on foot. They had gathered before they were themselves disarmed down yelping and whining. On nearer approach, they were the Blackfeet.

Trappers of Sublette's brigade, named Antoine Godin, had mounted rode forth as it to hold a corner the son of an Indian hunter, who had been murdered by the Blackfeet below the mountains, which still were. In company with Antoine, a red Indian, whose once powerful arm was completely broken down in their Blackfeet. Both of them, therefore, most venetial hostility against these the mountains. The Blackfeet.

One of the chiefs advanced slowly, bearing the pipe of peace. This certainly pacified; but Antoine and were predisposed to hostility, and consider it a treacherous movement. "See charged?" said Antoine to his men.

and it follow me."

The Blackfeet chief half-way, who eyed him in friendship. Antoine grasped his hand.

He levelled his piece and brought it to the ground. Antoine snatched the blanket, which was rarely armed galloped off with it as a trophy to the fllets of the enemy visiting the plains immediately threw themselves into a swamp, among willows and reeds, interwoven with vines. They fortify themselves; the women dig and throwing up a breastwork of mud, deep hid in the bosom of the swamp, warriors skirmished at the edge of the water.

They took their station in a line in front of the swamp, and kept up a scattering fire. Antoine, with his little band of "beaver hunters," perfectly astounded by this sort of warfare in the wilderness, had been used to bush-fighting and the use of the bow and arrow. He went at a loss how to proceed. Wyeth, as a skilful commander, he galloped into the camp and secured them, then breastwork of his picks, and ordered them to remain in front of the fort. For this time, the younger leaders, determined to take the offensive.

At this time, an express had been sent by the Nez Perce to reinforce the camp. Captain Campbell, who was with the express, came galloping across the river, his cap, and giving the alarm. "Blackfeet! a fight in the open plain—to arms! to arms!"

It was passed from camp to camp, in a cause. Every one started up. The Nez Perce and Flathead fast as horses in could arm and opened off; the valley was soon alive with men and red men scouring at the

Sublette ordered his men to keep to the camp, and recruits from St. Louis, and unused to Indian warfare. He and his friend Campbell prepared for action. Throwing off 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 brigade of Milton Sublette all the foes they had to deal with, and were astonished to behold the whole suddenly swarming with horsemen, galloping to the field of action. They withdrew into the 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 sallied forth 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 half-breed was wounded in the shoulder.

When Captain Sublette arrived, he urged to penetrate the swamp and storm the fort, but all was back in awe of the dismal horrors of the night, and the danger of attacking such desperadoes in their savage den. The very Indian boys, 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 told his brothers aside, and told them that in case of a kill, Campbell, who knew his will, was to be the executor. This done, he grasped his rifle and dashed into the thickets, followed by Campbell. The partisan from Arkansas, was at the head of the wood with his brother and a few of the boys. 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 overgrown with woods and thickets, so closely matted and entangled that it was impossible to see ten paces ahead, and the three associates in the end had to crawl along one after another, making their way by putting the branches and vines aside; but doing it with caution, lest they should 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 hallooing 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 swamp, 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 blankets, animal robes, and the leathern covers of lodges stretched round the top as a screen. The movements of the leaders, as they groped their way, had been descried by the sharp-sighted enemy. A scout, who was in the advance, was putting some branches aside, he was shot through the body, 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 reconnoitering 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 to Campbell, and pointed out to him the hole; "Watch that place," said he, "and you will soon 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 ascertained, to his satisfaction, that the bone was not broken. The next moment he was so faint that he could not stand. Campbell took him in his arms 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 mountaineers from the wood, answered occasionally by the fort. Unluckily, the trappers and their allies, in searching for the fort, had got scattered so that Wyeth and a number of Nez Perce 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 ball which, 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 overmatched. 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, fire 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 Perce 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 at hand. They will soon be here—their arms are strong—their hearts are big—they will avenge us!"

This speech was translated two or three times by Nez Perce 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 lost twenty-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 proved to be 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-breed 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 striking 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 interfere, 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 to 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 comforts 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 would 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 hill, a party of Blackfeet that lay in ambush started up with terrific yells. The horse

of the young Bostonian, who was in front, wheeled round with affright, and threw his unskilful rider. The young man scrambled up the side of the hill, but, unaccustomed to such wild scenes, lost presence of mind, and stood, as if paralytic, on the edge of a bank, until the Blackfeet, an Indian, slew him on the spot. His comrades had not the first alarm; but two of them, Foy and Stephens, seeing his danger, paused when they got half-way 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 same 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-saddles richly laden with peltries to convoy, they chose a different route through the mountains, out of the way, as they hoped, of the lurking lanes of the Blackfeet. They succeeded in making the journey safely. We remember to have seen them, on their bond, about two or three months afterward, passing through a skirt of woodland in the upper part of Missouri. Their long ox-teams stretched in single file for nearly half a mile. Sublette wore his arm in a sling. The mountaineers, in their rude hunting dresses, armed with clubs, and roughly mounted, and leading their pack-animals down a hill of the forest, looked like barbarians turning with plunder. On the top of several of the packs were perched several half-breed children, perfect little imps, with wild black eyes, torn from among evil locks. These, I was told, were the children of the trappers; pledges of their squaw spouses in the wilderness.

CHAPTER VII.

RETREAT OF THE BLACKFEET FONTENELLE'S CAMP IN DANGER—CAPTAIN FONTENELLE AND THE BLACKFEET—THE TRAPPERS' CHARACTER, HABITS, DRESS, EQUIPMENT—HORSES—GAME BELLIES OF THE MOUNTAINS—THEIR VISIT TO THE CAMP OF FONTENELLE—SHIP AND GOOD CHEER—A WARRIOR—SWAGGER, A BRAWL, AND A RECONCILIATION.

THE Blackfeet warriors, when they effected their midnight retreat from their winter camp, Pierre's Hole, fell back into the valley of the Seeds-ke-dee, or Green River, where they found the main body of their band. They had amounted to several hundred fighting men, gloomy and exasperated by their losses. They had with them their wives and children, which incapacitated them from any extensive enterprise of a warlike nature. In the course of their wanderings, they had caught sight of the encampment of Fontenelle, and moved some distance up Green River, in search of the free trappers, they perceived the loud war-cries, and advanced fiercely to attack it. Second thoughts caused them to moderate their fury. They recollected the services just received, and could not but remember the strength of Fontenelle's position, which was chosen with great judgment. A trapper, however, sued. The Blackfeet said nothing of the matter, of which Fontenelle had as yet received accounts; the latter, however, knew the

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, or rather confounded, 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 trippers of the party began to ruffle up and to brag, in turn, of their perils and achievements. Each now tried to out-boast 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 fought to their hearts' content, and been drubbed into a familiar acquaintance with each other's prowess and good qualities, they ended the fight by becoming firmer 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.

PLANS FOR THE WINTER — SALMON RIVER —
ABUNDANCE OF SALMON WEST OF THE MOUNTAINS — NEW ARRANGEMENTS — CACHES —
CERRE'S DETACHMENT — MOVEMENTS IN FONTENELLE'S CAMP — DEPARTURE OF THE BLACK-
FEET — THEIR FORTUNES — WIND MOUNTAIN
STREAMS — BUCKEYE, THE DELAWARE HUNTER,
AND THE GRIZZLY BEAR — BONES OF MURDERED TRAVELLERS — VISIT TO PIERRE'S HOLE
— TRACES OF THE BATTLE — NEZ PERCE INDIANS
— ARRIVAL AT SALMON RIVER.

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 west side of the Rocky Mountains are, like the buffalo to the eastern plains, vast migratory supplies for the use of man, that come and go with the seasons. The buffalo in countless throngs find their certain way in the transient pasturage on the prairie along the fresh banks of the rivers, and up every valley and green dingle of the mountains seek salmon, at their allotted seasons, regulated by sublime and all-seeing Providence, swarm in myriads up the great rivers, and find their way to their main branches, and into the minutest tributary streams; so as to pervade the great plains, and to penetrate even among large mountains. Thus wandering tribes are found in desert places of the wilderness, where there is 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 to the Pacific render the ascent of them very exhausting to the salmon. When the fish run up the rivers, they are fat and in tune. To struggle against impetuous streams and frequent rapids gradually renders them thin and weak, and great numbers are seen floating down the river on their backs. As the season advances, and the water becomes chilled, they are flung in myriads on the shores, where the wolves and bears assemble to banquet on them. Often they are found in great quantities along the river banks, as nature has deposited them in the atmosphere. They are commonly from twelve to fifteen 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 than were required for present purposes, and than could be conveniently transported on horse back; 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 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 depositories at various points, whither they repair occasionally for supplies. It is an expedient derived from the wandering tribes of Indians.

Many of the horses were still so weak and thin as to be unfit for a long scramble through the mountains. These were collected into one *corral*, and given in charge to an experienced trapper, of the name of Matthieu. He was to proceed westward, with a brigade of trappers, to the River; a stream to the west of the Great River of Colorado, where there was good pasturage for the horses. In this neighborhood it was expected he would meet the Shoshonie villages or *bands* of their yearly migrations, with whom he must trade for peltries and provisions. After he had traded with these people, finished his trapping

* A *village* of Indians, in trappers' language, does not always imply a fixed community, but often a wandering horde or band. The Shoshonies, like most of the mountain tribes, have no settled residences, but are a nomadic people, dwelling in tents or lodges, and shifting their encampments from place to place according as fish and game abound.

me to the immense shoals of salmon in the months of September and October. The salmon on the west side of the mountains, like the buffalo on the east, migratory supplies for the winter come and go with the seasons. A countless throng find their transient pasturage on the plains, the banks of the rivers, and up even the defile of the mountains, so that their allotted seasons, regulated by all-seeing Providence, swarm in the great rivers, and find their way to the canoes, and into the minutest time; so as to pervade the great and to penetrate even among the bare Thus wandering tribes are in the wilderness, where there are no animals of the chase, and where periodical supplies, it would seem, can to subsist.

currents of the rivers which render under the ascent of them very few salmon. When the fish are fat and in the fall. The most impetuous streams, and frequently renders them thin and cold, and are seen floating down the river. As the season advances, and the fish are chilled, they are found in great numbers where the wolves and bears assemble on them. Often they are seen along the river banks, as if they were commonly found in the water.

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and recruited the strength of the horses, he was to proceed to Salmon River, and rejoin Captain Bonneville, who intended 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 Fur Company were managed by two resident partners, Fitzpatrick and Bridger; those of the American Fur Company, by Vanderburgh 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 directions; this proposition being rejected, he 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 had put Vanderburgh 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 Delawareans, 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 band still lingered in the vicinity. Those marauders, 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 Crows. 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 22d of August Captain Bonneville broke up his camp, and set out on his route for Salmon River. His baggage was arranged in packs, three to a mule, or pack-horse; one being disposed on each side of the animal, and one on the top; the three forming a load of from one hundred and eighty to two hundred and twenty pounds. This is the trappers' style of loading

their pack-horses. His men, however, were inexperienced at adjusting the packs, which were prone to get loose and slip off, so that it was necessary to keep a rear-guard to assist in reloading. A few days' experience, however, brought them into proper training.

Their march lay up the valley of the Seeds-ke-dee, overlooked to the right by the lofty peaks of the Wind River Mountains. From bright little lakes and fountain-heads of this remarkable bed of mountains poured forth the tributary streams of the Seeds-ke-dee. Some came rushing down gullies and ravines; others tumbling in crystal cascades from inaccessible clefts and rocks, and others winding their way in rapid and pellucid currents across the valley, to throw themselves into the main river. So transparent were these waters that the trout with which they abounded could be seen gliding about as if in the air; and their pebbly beds were distinctly visible at the depth of many feet. This beautiful and diaphanous quality of the Rocky Mountain streams prevails for a long time after they have mingled their waters and swollen into important rivers.

Issuing from the upper part of the valley, Captain Bonneville continued to the east-northeast, across rough and lofty ridges, and deep rocky defiles, extremely fatiguing both to man and horse. Among his hunters was a Delaware Indian who had remained faithful to him. His name was 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 seat 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.

A march of three or four days, through savage and lonely scenes, brought Captain Bonneville to the fatal defile of Jackson's Hole, where poor More and Foy had been surprised and murdered by the Blackfeet. The feelings of the captain were shocked at beholding the bones of these unfortunate young men bleaching 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; whence he could trace the winding of its stream through 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 strewed with the mingled bones of savages and horses. There was the late populous and noisy rendezvous, with the traces of 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; both men and horses suffering excessively 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 Percés* or Pierced-nose 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 an operation as 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 lances, and clashing their shields. The two parties encamped hard by each other. The Nez Percés were on a hunting expedition, but had been almost furnished 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 parties remained in company, the most amicable intercourse prevailed, and they parted the best of friends. Captain Bonneville detached a few men, under Mr. Cerre, an able leader, to accompany the Nez Percés on their hunting expedition, and to trade with them for meat for the winter's supply. After this, he 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 Nepercys and the lower Nepercys, as we shall show hereafter.

CHAPTER IX.

HORSES TURNED LOOSE—PREPARATION FOR WINTER QUARTERS—HUNGER TIMES—NEZ PERCÉS, THEIR HONESTY, 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 burden under which they were almost ready to give out, and to behold them rolling upon the grass, and taking a long repose 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 pen, into which the horses could be driven at night; 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 garrison to protect the property; the 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 Percés, 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 then 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 where withal for the morrow. In this way they starved along until the 8th of October, when they were joined by a party of five families of Nez Percés, 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 barks of certain plants, and other vegetable productions; neither had they any weapon for hunting or defence, excepting an arrow-spear. Yet the poor fellows made no more complaint; but seemed accustomed to their fare. If they could not teach the white men the 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 at length became so urgent that Captain Bonneville determined to dispatch a party to the Horse 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 Percés that they, or some of them, should join the hunting party. To his surprise they promptly declined. He inquired the reason for their refusal, seeing that they were in nearly as starving a situation as his own people. They replied that it was a sacred day with them, and the Great Spirit

CHAPTER IX.

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HUNTERS — HUNGER — THE
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they would stay 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 ar-
rows; and with only one old spear? What do
you expect to kill?" They smiled among them-
selves, but made no answer. Preparatory to the
chase, they performed some religious rites, and
entered up to the Great Spirit a few short prayers
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 revelling in blood and stained
by every vice which can degrade human na-
ture, I could scarcely realize the scene which I
had witnessed. Wonder at such unaffected ten-
derness and piety, where it was least to have been
sought, contended in all our bosoms with shame
and confusion, at receiving such pure and whole-
some instructions from creatures so far below us
in the arts and comforts of life." The simple
prayers of the poor Indians were not unheard. In
the course of four or five days they returned, la-
den with meat. Captain Bonneville was curious
to know how they had attained such success with
such scanty means. They gave him to under-
stand that they had chased the herds of buffalo at
high speed, until they tired them down, when they
quickly 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
purity of purpose, and their observance of the
rites of their religion, are most uniform and re-
markable. They are, certainly more like a na-
tion of saints than a horde of savages."

In fact, the antibelligerent policy of this tribe
may have sprung from the doctrines of Christian
charity, 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 ceremonials. These have be-
come blended with their own wild rites, and
present a strange medley; civilized and barbar-
ous. 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 cere-
mony; 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 officiate as priests, instruct them in their du-
ties, and exhort them to virtue and good deeds.

"There is something antique and patriarchal,"

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 strong-
ly 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; and but few scenes in my life re-
main so freshly on my memory, or are so pleasur-
ably 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 eager-
ness that amounts to infatuation. Knots of gam-
blers will assemble before one of their lodge fires,
early in the evening, and remain absorbed in the
chances and changes of the game until long after
dawn of the following day. As the night ad-
vances, they grow warmer and warmer. Bets in-
crease 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 poor-
est varlet in the camp.

CHAPTER X.

BLACKFEET IN THE HORSE PRAIRIE — SEARCH
AFTER THE HUNTERS — DIFFICULTIES AND DAN-
GERS — A CARD PARTY IN THE WILDERNESS —
THE CARD PARTY INTERRUPTED — "OLD
SLEDGE" A LOSING 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 stealing 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
maraudings.

This intelligence awakened solicitude on the
mind of Captain Bonneville for the party of hun-
ters whom he had sent to that neighborhood; and
the Nez Percés, when informed of the circum-
stance, shook their heads, and declared their be-
lief that the horses they had seen had been stolen
from that very party.

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to wear a charmed life, and to be bullet-proof. Of these gifted beings marvellous anecdotes are related, which are most potently believed by the few savages, and sometimes almost credited by the white hunters.

CHAPTER XI.

RIVAL TRAPPING PARTIES — MANŒUVRING — A DESPERATE GAME — VANDERBURGH AND THE BLACKFEET DESERTED CAMP FIRE — A DARK NIGHT — AN INDIAN AMBUSH — A FIERCE MÉLÉE — FATAL CONSEQUENCES — FITZPATRICK AND BRIDGER — TRAPPERS' PRECAUTIONS — MEETING WITH THE BLACKFEET — MORE FIGHTING — ANECDOTE OF A YOUNG MEXICAN AND AN INDIAN GIRL.

WHILE Captain Bonneville and his men are sojourning among the Nez Percés, on Salmon River, we will inquire after the fortunes of those doughty rivals of the Rocky Mountains and American Fur Companies, who started off for the trapping grounds to the north-northwest.

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 lead and battle 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, always on the alert; discovered their movement of his rivals, however secret, and was not to be eluded or misled.

Fitzpatrick and his colleague now lost all patience, since the others persisted 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 on the course of the Missouri, keeping the Blackfoot trail, and tramping doggedly forward without stopping to set a single trap. The others beat the hoof after them for some time, but degrees began to perceive that they were in a wild-goose chase, and getting into a country poor and 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 five men, proceeded in another. 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 bul-

faloes just killed. It was evident a party of Blackfeet had been frightened from their hunting camp, and had retreated, probably to seek reinforcements. 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 just as they had represented it; there lay the carcasses of buffaloes, partly dismembered; there were the smouldering fires, still sending up their wreaths of smoke; everything bore traces of recent and hasty retreat; and gave reason to believe that the savages were still lurking in the neighborhood. 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 dark 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 the 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 pinned 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 unfortunate 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 worthiest 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 consternation to the camp, and spread direful reports of the force and ferocity of the enemy. 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 Pends Oreilles, 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 foes 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 daytime. As the evening 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 trails, to ascertain whether there had been

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turned, having proceeded no further than the edge of the plain, pretending that their horses were lame; but it was evident they had leared 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 Indians, carrying off numbers of them after an illness of three or four days. The worthy captain acted as physician, prescribing profuse sweatings and copious bleedings, and uniformly with success, if the patient were subsequently treated with proper care. In extraordinary cases, the poor savages called in the aid of their own doctors or conjurers, who officiated with great noise and mummerly, 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 convinced Captain Bonneville of their amicable and inoffensive character; he began to take a strong interest in them, and conceived the idea of becoming a pacificator, and healing the deadly feud between them and the Blackfeet, in which they were so deplorably the sufferers. He proposed 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, tobacco, and flag of truce, to negotiate the proposed meeting.

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 proposition, and upon pretty substantial grounds, as the reader may judge.

"War," said the chiefs, "is a bloody business, 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 is for war, and we are ready. Peace, on the other hand, sounds no alarm; the eyes of the chiefs are closed in sleep, and the young men are sleek and lazy. The horses stray into the mountains; 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 fain to acquiesce; but, since the sagacious Flatheads 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 represented to them the impossibility that two such considerable clans could move about 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 exhorted them, therefore, to keep upon the alert, and never to remit their vigilance while within the range of so crafty and cruel a foe. As these counsels were lost upon his easy and sympathy-minded hearers. A careless indifference reigned throughout their encampments, and their horses were permitted to range the hills at night at perfect freedom. Captain Bonneville had his own horses brought in at night, and properly packed and guarded. The evil he apprehended soon took place. In a single night a swoop was made through the neighboring pastures by the Blackfeet, 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 simpletons they had unhorsed.

Long before sunrise the news of this calamity spread like wildfire through the different encampments. Captain Bonneville, whose own horses remained safe at their pickets, with a momentary expectation of an outbreak of warriors, Pierced-nose and Flathead, in turn, joined at the marauders; but no such thing. They contented themselves with searching diligently over hill and dale, to glean up such horses as had escaped the hands of the marauders, and then resigned themselves to their loss with the most even-tempered quiescence.

Some, it is true, who were entirely unhorsed, set out on a begging visit to their cousins, to beg of them, the Lower Nez Percés, who did not the lower country about the Columbia, and possessed horses in abundance. To these they repaired with 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 neighborhood of the camp, and it was necessary, according to Indian custom, to move off to a less fertile ground. Captain Bonneville proposed to these Flatheads; but his Indian friends objected that many of the Nez Percés had gone to visit their cousins, and that the whites were now numerous, so that their united force was not sufficient to venture upon the buffalo grounds, which were infested by bands of Blackfeet.

They now spoke of a place at night, a distance which they represented as a perilous and a gloomy one. It was on the right bank of the stream of the river, locked up among high precipitous mountains, where there were no game, no game, and where the Blackfeet were not to be found. Here, they said, the elk about led by the Flathead sheep were to be seen traoping about the rocks and hills. A little distance beyond the herds of buffalo were to be met with a large range of danger. That they proposed to move their camp.

The proposition pleased the Flatheads, and was desirous, through the means of the Flatheads, to be acquainted with all the secret paths of the country. Accordingly, on the 6th of the month, they moved their tents, and moved forward by some stage as many of the Indians were yet laboring under the late malady.

Following up the right fork of the river, they came to where it entered a deep gorge, the mountains, up which lay the second track of the much hunted by the Indians. Captain Bonneville halted and encamped for three days before entering the gorge. In the meantime he detached five of his free trappers to scour the hills, and kill as many elk as possible, before the main

ative tribe, and would be prone to fly to their secret haunts, thence, therefore, to keep upon the alert, to remit their vigilance while within so crafty and cruel a foe. As these lost upon his east and sun-mund.

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Captain Bonneville had no doubt at in at night, and properly noted. The evil he apprehended, of some single night a swoop was made neighboring pastures to the Blackfoot, six of the finest horses carried off, a rope were left in a conspicuous place, as a hint to the impostor-unhindered.

He surmised the news of this camp, and the different and anxious Captain Bonneville, whose own horses were at their pickets, which in the expectation of an outbreak of war, and Flathead, in turn, absent at his; but no such thing. They came with searching diligence over hill and dale, up such horses as had escaped the marauders, and then resigned their loss with the most exemplary

true, who were entirely unharmed, begging visit to their cousins, the Lower Nez Percés, who could tell them about the Columbia, and possess influence. To these they repair with searching diligence over hill and dale, up such horses as had escaped the marauders, and then resigned their loss with the most exemplary

now become scarce in the neighborhood, and it was necessary to the custom, to move off to a less frequented place. Captain Bonneville proposed to his Indian friends, one of the Nez Percés had gone to visit them, that the winter was low in animal food, and a united force was not sufficient to the buffalo grounds, which were the haunts of Blackfeet.

He spoke of a place at night, to be represented as a perfect spot, and was on the right bank of the river, locked up in a cave, and there were no longer to be seen there the Blackfeet, and the elk about the cave, and there to be seen, though the cave was a little distance away, and the elk were to be met with in the river. That or they proved to be

situation pleased the Indians, and though the Indians were not all the secret of the plan, and on the 6th of December, they moved forward to the place, and the Indians were yet to be seen.

up the right bank of the river, they entered a deep gulch, and a which lay the second of the season, by the Indians. Captain Bonneville had encamped for three days in the gorge. In the meantime he had his free trippers to scour the hills, any elk as possible, before the

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 Bonneville admonished his Indian friends to be upon their guard. The Nez Percés, however, notwithstanding their recent loss, were still careless 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 were carried off. This was borne 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 Bonneville, 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; they should, therefore, take more than usual precautions, and post a guard at night over their cavalry. They could not, however, be persuaded to depart from their usual custom. The horse once picketed, the care of the owner was over for the night, and he slept profoundly. None walked in the camp but the gamblers, who, absorbed in their play, were more difficult to be moved to external circumstances than even the sleepers.

The Blackfeet are bold enemies, and fond of hazardous exploits. The band that were hovering about the neighborhood, finding they had such game people to deal with, redoubled their daring. The horses being now picketed before the lodge, a number of Blackfeet scouts penetrated in the early part of the night into the very centre of the camp. Here they went about among the lodges, as calmly and deliberately as if at home, quietly cutting loose the horses that stood picketed by the lodges of their sleeping owners. One of these prowlers, more adventurous than the rest, approached a fire round which a group of Nez Percés were gambling with the most intense eagerness. Here he stood for some time, muffled up in his robe, peering over the shoulders of the players watching the changes of their countenances, and the fluctuations of the game. So completely engrossed were they, that the presence of this stealthy eaves-dropper was unnoticed and, having executed his bravado, he retired undisturbed.

Having cut loose as many horses as they could conveniently carry off, the Blackfeet scouts rejoined their comrades, and all remained patiently round the camp. By degrees the horses, finding themselves at liberty, took their route toward their customary grazing ground. As they emerged from the camp they were silently taken possession of by a lurking secured about thirty, the Blackfeet spring on their backs and scampered off. The clatter of hoofs startled the gamblers from their game. They gave the alarm, which soon roused the sleepers from every lodge. Still all was quiescent; no marshalling of forces, no saddling of steeds, and dashing off in pursuit, no talk of retaliation for their repeated outrages. The patience of Captain Bonneville was at length exhausted. He had played the part of a pacificator without success; he now altered his tone, and resolved, if possible, to rouse their war spirit.

Accordingly, convoking their chiefs, he in-

veighed against their craven policy, and urged the necessity of vigorous and retributive measures that would check the confidence and presumption of their enemies, if not inspire them with awe. For this purpose, he advised that a war party should be immediately sent off on the trail of the marauders, to follow them, if necessary, into the very heart of the Blackfoot country, and not to leave them until they had taken signal vengeance. Beside this, he recommended the organization of minor war parties, to make reprisals to the extent of the losses sustained. "Unless you rouse yourselves from your apathy," said he, "and strike some bold and decisive blow, you will cease to be considered men, or objects of manly warfare. The very squaws and children of the Blackfeet will be sent against you, while their warriors reserve themselves for nobler antagonists."

This harangue had evidently a momentary effect upon the pride of the hearers. After a short pause, however, one of the orators arose. It was bad, he said, to go to war for mere revenge. The Great Spirit had given them a heart for peace, not for war. They had lost horses, it was true, but they could easily get others from their cousins, the Lower 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 watchfulness would prevent any more misfortunes of the kind. He disapproved, therefore, of all hostile measures; and all the other chiefs concurred in his opinion.

Captain Bonneville again took up the point. "It is true," said he, "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; 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 Bonneville hoped to hear a good account of the Blackfeet marauders. To his disappointment, the war party came lagging 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 Bonneville, 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 taken refuge among 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

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 scamper, and all the haps and hazards of roving and predatory warfare.

The recent hoverings 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 late companions swooping and screaming in wild liberty 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 Blackfeet 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 eloquence; 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 marchings, covert lurkings, midnight surprisals, sackings, burnings, 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 renegade 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 persisting. War 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 pickets, and called them his own. What could I do? he was a chief. I dared 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 was sitting one evening upon a knoll that overlooked the meadow where the horses were

pastured. I saw the horses that were mine grazing among those of the chief. This saddened me, and I sat brooding for a time over the injuries I had suffered, and the crafts which she I loved had endured for my sake, until my heart swelled and grew sore, and my tears were 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 sees 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 stood upon him, and with two blows laid him dead at my feet. I covered his body with earth, and crept bushes over the place; then I fastened my eyes upon the willows. I loved, told her what I had done, and I began to fly with me. She only answered me with tears. I reminded her of the wrongs I had suffered, of the blows and stripes she had endured, of the life I had lost; I had done nothing but an act of justice. I again urged her to fly; but she only kept the more, and bade me go. My heart was heavy, but my eyes were dry. I told her my woes. 'It is well,' said I; 'Kosato will go alone to the desert. None will be with him but the wild beasts of the desert. The seekers of blood may follow on his trail. They may come upon him when he sleeps and glut their revenge; but you will be safe. Kosato will go alone.'

"I turned away. She sprang after me, and strained me in her arms. 'No,' cried she, '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 which often occurs in Indian life; where love disputes with tribe to tribe are as frequent as among our novel-read heroes and heroines of sentimental fiction, and often give rise to bloody and lasting feuds.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PARTY ENTERS THE MOUNTAINS—THE WILD FASTNESS AMONG THE MOUNTAINS—PEACE AND HUNTING—THE CROWS TRAPPER A FIERCE WILD MAN—THE TRAPPER'S WIFE—HER CHIEF—THE CROWS' CHRISTMAS IN THE WILDERNESS.

ON the 10th of December Captain Bonneville and his confederate Indians left the camp, and entered the narrow gorge of the Snake River, and entered the narrow gorge of the Snake River. Up this river is a most plentiful hunting region so that many a man is killed by the Indians.

Since leaving Green River the plain has been a level of loose sand or coarse gravel, and the rocky formation of the mountains. The rivers, in general, were skirted with willows and butter cotton wood trees, and the prairies covered with wormwood. In the hollow breast of the mountains which they were now penetrating, the surrounding heights were clothed

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ed his body with a knife, and
the place; then I hastened to
r what I had done, and I began to
She only answered in a few
er of the wrongs I had suffered, and
nd stripes she had endured, and she
ad done nothing but an attempt to
urged her to fly; but she only
hade me go. My heart was heavy,
ere dry. I folded my arms. "Is
Kosato will go alone to the desert
with him but the wild beasts, the
seekers of blood may follow on his
may come upon him when he seeks
r revenge; but you will be safe
o alone."

away. She sprang after me and
in her arms. "No, no, no, no,
go alone! Wherever I go I shall
never part from me."
I took in our little sufferings as
ded, and stealing quietly from the
ted the first horses we encountered,
and night, we soon reached the
received us with welcome, and wel-
th them in peace. They are good
y are honest, but their hearts are
women."

he story of Kosato, as related by
onneville. It is of a kind to occur
in life; where love copes with
are as frequent as among the novel-
and heroines of sentimental fiction,
n give rise to blood and dusting

CHAPTER XIV.

STERS THE MOUNTAINS. THE
NESS AMONG THE INDIANS.
FACE AND FEELING. THE CHIEF'S
A HERALD. WITTING A FREE
WHILE HER CALM TALKING
IN THE WILDERNESS.

of December Captain Bonneville
derate Indians found the narrow
narrow gorge in the mountains
River. Up this the same narrow
ing region so that the narrow
of Green River the plain is a
sandy sand or coarse gravel, and
on of the mountains. The moun-
the rivers, in general, were scarp-
ed and better cotton wool trees, and the
ed with wormwood. In the lower
mountains, which they were now
e surrounding heights were clothed

with pine; while the declivities of the lower hills
abounded 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 nar-
row, rugged, and difficult as to prevent secret ap-
proach or rapid retreat, and to admit of easy de-
fence. The Blackfeet, therefore, retired from
retaining in after the Nez Percés, awaiting a bet-
ter 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 absatta or bighorn, the mountain sheep, were
to be seen bounding among the precipices. These
simple animals were easily circumvented and de-
stroyed. A few hunters may surround a flock and
kill as many as they please. Numbers were daily
brought to camp, and the flesh of those which
were young and fat was extolled as superior to
the finest mutton.

Here, then, there was a cessation from toil, from
hunger, and alarm. Past ills and dangers were
forgotten. The hunt, the game, the song, the
story, the rough though good-humored joke, made
time pass joyously away, and plenty and security
reigned throughout the camp.

Peace and ease, it is said, lead to love, and
blessed matrimony, in civilized life, and the same
process takes place in the wilderness. Filled with
good cheer and mountain mutton, one of the free
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
Kosato 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 helpmate to me in the
wilderness." Kowsoter promised to look round
among the females of his tribe, and procure such
one as he desired. Two days were requisite
for the search. At the expiration of these, Kow-
soter, the fat his lodge, and informed him that he
had found 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
woman, and clad attired in her Indian finery,
her father, mother, brothers by the half dozen
and cousins by the score, all followed on to grace
the company and greet the new and important
arrival.

The trapper received his new and numerous
family affection with proper solemnity; he
placed his bride beside him, and, filling the pipe,
the great symbol of peace, with his best tobacco,
took three or three whiffs, then handed it to the
chief who transferred it to the father of the bride,
from whom it was passed on from hand to hand
till it reached the mouth of the whole circle of kins-
men round the fire, all maintaining the most pro-
found and becoming silence.

After several pipes had been filled and emptied
in this solemn ceremonial, the chief addressed the
trapper, talking 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
showed a due sense of their good fortune, espe-
cially when the nuptial presents came to be dis-
tributed among the chiefs and relatives, amount-
ing to about one hundred and eighty dollars. The
company soon retired, and now the worthy trap-
per found indeed that he had no green girl 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 habitudes, and appearing as much at home
and on as easy terms with the trapper as if they
had been man and wife for years.

We have already given a picture of a free trap-
per and his horse, as furnished by Captain Bonne-
ville; we shall here subjoin, as a companion pic-
ture, 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 in 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 fateful
and capricious animal on which to lavish his ex-
penses.

"No sooner does an Indian belle experience
this promotion, than all her notions at once rise
and expand to the dignity of her situation, and
the purse of her lover, and his credit into the bar-
gain, are taxed to the utmost to fit her out in be-
coming style. The wife of a free trapper to be
equipped and arrayed like any ordinary and un-
distinguished squaw? Perish the grovelling
thought! In the first place, she must have a
horse for her own riding; but no jaded, sorry,
earth-spirited hack, such as is sometimes assigned
by an Indian husband for the transportation of his
squaw and her papposes: the wife of a free trap-
per must have the most beautiful animal she can
lay her eyes on. And then, as to his decoration:
headstall, breast-bands, saddle and crupper are
lavishly embroidered with beads, and hung with
tambles, hawks' bells, and bunches of ribbons.
In each side of the saddle hangs an *esquimoot*,
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 drapery of
scarlet and bright-colored calicoes, and now con-
siders 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-col-
ored feathers; her robe, fashioned somewhat after
that of the whites, is of red, green, and sometimes
gray cloth, but always of the finest texture that
can be procured. Her leggins and moccasins
are of the most beautiful and expensive workman-
ship, 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 reach of the trap-
per's means is omitted that can tend to impress
the beholder with an idea of the lady's high es-
tate. To finish the whole, she selects from among
her blankets of various dyes one of some glowing
color, and throwing it over her shoulders with a
native grace, vaults 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, given by Captain Bonneville; how far it applied in its details to the one in question does not altogether appear, though it would seem from the outset of her connubial career, that she was ready to avail herself of all the pomp and circumstance of her new 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 tasked 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 equally 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 joyous; so it was determined to "light up the yule clog," 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 Pierced-nose chief, and in lieu of Christmas carols, saluted him with a *feu de joie*.

Kowsater 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 up 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 cross-legged, in Turkish fashion, to 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—WINTERY WEATHER—GOBIN'S RIVER—SPLENDID WINTER SCENE ON THE GREAT SNAKE PLAIN—SEVERE TRAVELLING AND TRAMPING IN THE SNOW—MANŒUVRES OF A SOLITARY INDIAN HORSEMAN—ENCAMPMENT ON SNAKE RIVER—BANNICK INDIANS THE HORSE CHIEF—HIS CHARMED TILL.

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 whereabouts of the party.

Accordingly on the 20th December, the party, accompanied by thirteen star-trappers and hunters, all well mounted, and armed for the enterprise. On the following morning they sallied forth into the open plain, and, as they had expected a brush with some other predatory horde, they proceeded with great circumspection, and kept a close guard on their encampments.

In the course of another day they reached a branch of Salmon River, and, after a long march toward a pass called John Day's, they found it was severe and arduous travelling. The country was swept by keen and bitter blasts of wind, and the ground was generally covered with snow. Game was scarce, so that hunting was impossible. In the camp, while the hunters were soon began to manifest signs of restlessness and 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, returned back in great alarm. While hunting they had perceived a party of savages, and had been endeavoring to cut them off from the country. They had saved them from being captured, but at the expense of their horses.

These tidings struck dismay into the camp. Captain Bonneville endeavored to reassure them by representing the position of the encampment, and its capability of defence. He then ordered the horses to be driven in and packed on, threw up a rough breastwork of high brush 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 scanned the surrounding plain, to discover whether their enemies had been lurking about during the night; not a foot print, however, was to be seen, covered in the coarse gravel with which the plain was covered.

Hunger now began to cause more serious than the apprehensions of surrounding savages. After marching a few miles they came to the foot of a mountain, in hopes of finding game. It was not until the next day that they found a pair of fine bulls on the edge of the mountain, among rocks and ravines. Having no other means of attack, and a halt without a mouthful of food, they had no especial care that these animals should not escape them. While some of the strongest men advanced cautiously with their rifles to the foot of the ground, four of the best mountaineers remained at their stations in the plain, to turn the animals should they only be made.

The buffalo were wounded, in spite of their long sight. The half-starved hunters were too weak to overtake them on the frozen ground, but succeeded in driving them out to the edge of the plain, and then, with great skill, they were shipped and tanned, and were most successfully hunters loaded themselves with provisions and future supply, and then returned to their camp at the last night's station. They occupied the remainder of the day, cooking and eating with a voracity proportioned to previous starvation, forgetting in the hearty revel of repast, the certain dangers with which they were surrounded.

The cravings of hunger being satisfied, the men began to debate about their future progress. The men were much disheartened by the hardships they had already endured. Indeed, some of them

and to keep on until the morning of the 20th December, when they were met by three hundred trappers and mounted on their horses. On the following morning they started on the open prairie, and a brush was made of the latory herd, and a willow, and kept a close guard on them.

At another day, they were on a river, and a man called John Day, who was traveling, came to them and told them of the difficulties and sufferings which attended it, he should have flinched 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 at this season are short enough even in the open prairies, were narrowed to a few hours in the high mountains, which allowed the travelers but a brief enjoyment of the cheering rays of the sun. The snow was generally at least twenty inches in depth, and in many places much 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 herbage was covered by the deep snow, so that 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 stilled in a swamp. Here they encamped in the dense among stifled willows, where they were obliged to beat down and clear away the snow to procure pasturage for their horses.

Here, they halted on to Godin River; so called after an Indian hunter in the service of Sublette, who was murdered there by the Blackfeet. Many of the features of this remote wilderness are named after scenes of violence and bloodshed that occurred to the early pioneers. It was an act of revenge on the part of Godin's son, who, that, as the reader may recollect, fought on the recent battle at Pierre's Hole.

From Godin's River, Captain Bonneville and his followers came out upon the plain of the Three Forks, so called from three singular and isolated peaks 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 before them was calculated to inspire admiration. Winter has its beauties and glories as the summer; and Captain Bonneville had the opportunity to appreciate them.

Far away, says he, over the vast plains, and down 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 of mist and day course, mountain and dell, glazed with frost and frosted tree, glowed and sparkled with a surpassing lustre. The tall pines seemed to shimmer 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 vale of diamonds.

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 pasturage, 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-tamed 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 enfeebled animals seemed next to impossible; and despondency began to creep over their hearts, when, 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 instantly brought down by the hunters. A fire was soon blazing and crackling, and an ample repast soon cooked, and sooner dispatched; after which they made some further progress and then encamped. One of the men reached the camp nearly frozen to death; 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; but 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 topped off with feathers, even their very ellocks and weather-bronzed complexions, 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 manœuvring, 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 defence 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 Banneck 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 Captain Bonneville; who hoped to find in one of them the long-sought party of Matthieu. Pushing forward, therefore, with renovated spirits, he reached Snake River by nightfall, and there fixed his encampment.

Early the next morning (13th January, 1833), 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 to his great joy found two of Matthieu'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 in this encampment, both to await the return of Matthieu, 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 devious way between low banks through the great plain of the Three Buttes; 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, thickets of 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 snow of sufficient depth to give any serious inconvenience. 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 pleasant, freezing a little at night but invariably thawing with the morning's sun—resembling the spring weather in the middle parts of the United States.

The lofty range of the Three Tetons, those great landmarks of the Rocky Mountains rising in the east and circling away to the north and west of the great plain of Snake River, and the mountains of Salt River and Portneuf toward the south, catch the earliest falls of snow. Their white robes lengthen as the winter advances, and spread themselves far into the plain, driving the buffalo in herds to the banks of the river in quest of food; where they are easily slain in great numbers.

Such were the palpable advantages of this winter encampment; added to which, it was secure from the prowlings and plunderings of any petty band of roving Blackfeet, the difficulties of retreat rendering it unwise for those crafty depredators to venture an attack unless with an overpowering force.

About ten miles below the encampment lay the Bannock Indians; numbering about one hundred and twenty lodges. They are brave and cunning warriors and deadly foes of the Blackfeet, whom they easily overcome in battles where their forces are equal. They are not vengeful and enterprising in warfare, however; seldom sending war parties to attack the Blackfeet towns, but contenting themselves with defending their own territories and house. About one third of their warriors are armed with fuseses, the rest with bows and arrows.

As soon as the spring opens they move down the right bank of Snake River and encamp at the heads of the Boisee and Payette. Here their horses wax fat on good pasturage, while the tribe revels in plenty upon the flesh of deer, elk, bear, and beaver. They then descend a little further, and are met by the Lower Nez Perces, with whom they trade for horses; giving in exchange beaver, buffalo, and buffalo robes. Hence they strike upon the tributary streams on the left bank of Snake River, and encamp at the rise of the Port-

neuf and Blackfoot streams, in the lofty range. Their horses, although of the Nez Perce breed, are inferior to the parent stock from which they descend at too early an age, being often brought down in two years old and immediately put to the service. They have fewer horses, also, than most of the migratory tribes.

At the time that Captain Bonneville was in the neighborhood of these Indians, they were in mourning for their chief, surname, *The Bear*. This chief was said to possess a charm, he was rather, to be invulnerable to lead, he had never been ever hit him, though he had been in many battles, and often shot at by the soldiers of the men. He had shown great magnanimity in his intercourse with the white men. One of the great men of his family had been slain by the soldiers upon a band of trappers passing through the territories of his tribe. Vengeance had been sworn by the Bannecks; but the Horse people, declaring himself the friend of white men, and having great influence and authority among the people, he compelled them to forego their revengeful plans and to conduct themselves peacefully whenever they came in contact with the soldiers.

This chief had bravely fallen in the attack made by the Blackfeet upon his tribe while encamped at the head of Gode's River. His fall in nowise lessened the faith of his people in his charmed life; for they declared that it was not a bullet which laid him low, but a stone which had been shot into him by one of the marksman aware, no doubt, of the chief's influence. Since his death there was no such sufficient influence over the tribe to subvert the wild and predatory propensities of the young men. The consequence was that the tribe became troublesome and dangerous neighbors, not friendly for the sake of trading, but to commit secret depredations and to commit a small party that might kill within their reach.

CHAPTER XVI.

MISADVENTURES OF MATTHIEU AND HIS PARTY.
—RETURN TO THE CACHES AT SODA LAKE.
—BATTLE BETWEEN NEZ PERCES AND BLACKFEET.
—HEROISM OF A NEZ PERCE.
—ENROLLED AMONG THE BEAVERS.

ON the 3d of February Matthieu, with the aid of his hand, arrived in camp. The disastrous story to relate. After a short stay, Captain Bonneville in Green River proceeded to the westward, keeping to the foot of the Eutam Mountains, and sent a party to the Rocky chain. Here he expected to find a rugged travelling for his horses. He discovered that there was but little game in the Shoshonie hands. He saw a party of Bear River, a stream much frequented by the Nez Perces, intending to shape his course to the River to rejoin Captain Bonneville.

He was misled, however, either by the ignorance or treachery of an Indian, who conducted into a wild valley where he was camped during the autumn in the dead of the winter, nearly buried in snow, and starved. Early in the season he had been met, with nine horses, to procure a neighborhood of the Sheep Rock, on Bear River, where game was plenty, and there to procure a supply

In the course of this hunting expedition, a small band of ten lodges separated from the main body in search of better pasturage 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 blow. Proceeding to the former camping ground of the Nez Percés, they found the lodges deserted; upon which they hid themselves among the willows and thickets, 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 by his blood-bought bride. He was on 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 muses. They showed themselves, however, as brave and skilful in war as they had been mild and long-suffering in peace. Their first care was to dig holes inside of their lodges; thus ensconced they fought desperately, laying 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. A 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 musc 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. It 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 substitute.

At the outset of the fight Kosato, the renegade, fought with fury rather than valor, animating the others by word as well as deed. A wound in the head from a rifle ball laid him senseless on the earth. There his body remained when the battle was over, and the victors were leading off the horses. His wife hung over him with frantic lamentations. The conquerors paused and urged her to leave the lifeless renegade, and return with them to her kindred. She refused to listen to their solicitations, and they passed on. As she sat watching the features of Kosato, and giving way to passionate grief, she thought she perceived

him to breathe. She was not mistaken. The ball, which had been nearly spent before it struck him, had stunned instead of killing him. The ministry of his faithful wife he gratefully received, reviving to a redoubled hatred of his tribe.

As to the female who had so bravely defended her husband, she was elevated by her position to rank far above her sex, and beside other honorable distinctions, was thenceforward permitted to take a part in the war dances of the tribe.

CHAPTER XVII.

OPENING OF THE CACHES — DETACHMENTS OF CERRE AND HODGKISS — SALMON RIVER MOUNTAINS — SUPERSTITION OF AN INDIAN TRAPPER — GODIN'S RIVER — PREPARATIONS FOR THE PING — AN ALARM — AN INTERLUDE — A HARBOR — PHENOMENA OF SNAKE RIVER — A VAST CLEFTS AND CHASMS — THE MOUNTAINS — A SUBLIME SCENERY — A GRAND BEAUFORT HUNT.

CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE found his caches perfectly secure, and having secretly opened them, selected such articles as were necessary to the free trappers, and to supply the considerable trade with the Indians, after which he sent them again. The free trappers, being now well out and supplied, were in high spirits, and sagged gayly about the camp. To amuse their hands for past sufferings, and to give them a spur to further operations, Captain Bonneville now gave the men what, in frontier parlance, termed "a regular blow out." It was a day of uncounted gambols and frolics, and merriment. The Indians joined in the sports, and games of all was mirth and good-fellowship.

It was now the middle of March, and Captain Bonneville made preparations to open the spring campaign. He had pitched upon Arica Kan for his main trapping ground for the season. This is a stream which rises among the peaks of mountains north of the Lava Plateau, and after winding course falls into Snake River. Prior to his departure the captain dispatched McLean with a few men, to visit the Indians, to purchase horses; he promised to return with Hodgkiss, also, with a small stock, to keep up a trade with the Indians, and to spring, for such peltries as trading would require, pointing the caches on Salmon River as the place of rendezvous, where they were to meet on the 15th of June following.

This done he set out for Maquoket with a band of twenty-eight men composed of free trappers and Indian hunters, and eight squaws. Their route lay in a deep defile of the mountains. The ascent was very slowly, not above five miles, and the horses were so weak that the trappers were staggered as they walked. Pasture, however, was now growing plentiful. There was an 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 are called by the trappers, were continually to be seen upon the high peaks which they passed, and a good supply of mutton

She was not mistaken. The
I had been nearly spent before I struck
instead of killing me. As the
faithful wife he gave me a
to a redoubled power of
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male who had so often
she was elevated by the
her sex, and beside other
was, thenceforward permitted
the war dances of the tribe.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CACHES — DEPARTURE OF
HODGKISS — SALMON RIVER —
RESOLUTION OF AN INDIAN TRAPPER
RIVER — PREPARATIONS —
RM. — AN INTERESTING ALLO-
COMY OF SNAKE RIVER PLAIN —
AND CHASMS — IN THE STRAITS
SCENERY — A GRAND TREAT

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caches on Salmon River, and
where they were to be found
the following.

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Their route lay up a
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be seen upon the hills be-
ssed, and a good supply of

was provided by the hunters, as they were ad-
vancing toward a region of scarcity.

In the course of his journey Captain Bonneville
had occasion to remark an instance of the many
and almost superstitions, which prevail
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 pass-
ed in search of "beaver lodges," and occasionally
set their traps with some success. One of
them, however, though an experienced and skilled
trapper, was invariably unsuccessful. Astonished
and mortified at such unusual bad luck, he at
length conceived the idea that there was some
evil about his person of which the beaver got
scent and retreated at his approach. He imme-
diately set about a thorough purification. Making
a rude sweating-house on the banks of the river,
he would shut himself up until in a reeking per-
spiration, and then suddenly emerging, would
plunge into the river. A number of these sweat-
ings and plungings having, as he supposed, ren-
dered his person perfectly "inodorous," he re-
sumed his trapping with renovated hope.

About the beginning of April they encamped
on Godin's River, where they found the swamp
filled with muskrat houses. Here, therefore, Cap-
tain Bonneville determined to remain a few days
and make his first regular attempt at trapping.
But his maiden campaign might open with spirit,
he promised the Indians and free trappers an ex-
tra price for every muskrat they should take. All
was set to work for the next day's sport. The
most animation and gaiety prevailed through-
out the camp. Everything looked auspicious for
the spring campaign. The abundance of musk-
rats in the swamp was but an earnest of the no-
ther game they were to find when they should
reach the Malade River, and have a capital bea-
ver country all to themselves, where they might
spend at their leisure without molestation.

In the midst of their gaiety a hunter came gal-
loping into the camp, shouting, or rather yelling.
"A trail! a trail! lodge poles! lodge poles!"
These were words full of meaning to a trapper's
ear. They intimated that there was some band
in the neighborhood, and probably a hunting
party, as they had lodge poles for an encamp-
ment. The hunter came up and told his story.
He had discovered a fresh trail, in which the
tracks made by the dragging of lodge poles were
clearly 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 pre-
parations for muskrat trapping were suspended,
and all hands sallied forth to examine the trail.
Their worst fears were soon confirmed. Infalli-
ble signs showed the unknown party in the ad-
vance to be white men; doubtless, some rival
band of trappers! Here was competition 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
difficult transitions to which a trapper's life is
subject. The buoyant confidence in an uninter-
rupted hunt was at an end; every countenance
beamed with gloom and disappointment.

Captain Bonneville immediately dispatched two
men to overtake the rival party, and endeavor to
ascertain their plans; in the meantime, he turned
back upon the swamp and its muskrat houses
and followed on at "long camps," which in trap-
per'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 over-
took the party at the south end of Godin's defile.
Here they found them comfortably encamped;
twenty-two prime trappers, all well appointed, with
excellent horses in capital condition led by Mil-
ton Sublette, and an able coadjutor named Jarvie,
and in full march for the Malade hunting ground.
This was stunning news. The Malade River was
the only trapping ground within reach; but to
have to compete there with veteran trappers,
perfectly at home among the mountains, and ad-
mirably mounted, while they were so poorly pro-
vided 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 detain the other party un-
til Captain Bonneville's horses should get once
more into good condition in their present ample
pasturage.

The rival parties now encamped together, not
out of companionship, but to keep an eye upon
each other. Day after day passed by without
any possibility of getting to the Malade country.
Sublette and Jarvie endeavored to force their way
across the mountain; but the snow lay so deep
as to oblige them to turn back. In the meantime
the captain's horses were daily gaining strength,
and their hoots 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 contemplates 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 phe-
nomena 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 ocean 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 open-
ings, 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, pricking up his ears, snort-
ing 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 disap-
pear, finding, no doubt, subterranean outlets.

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 able geologist 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 plain west of the mountain, watered by the Malade, the Boisée, and other streams, which comprised the contemplated trapping ground.

The country about the Boisée, or Woody River is extolled by Captain Bonneville as the most enchanting he had seen 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 manœuvres 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 caches. 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 fleetest 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 encamp; and toward which the hunters were to drive the game. He cautioned the latter to advance slowly, reserving the strength and speed of the horses until within a moderate distance of the herds. Twenty-two horsemen descended cautiously into the plain, conformably to these directions. "It was a beautiful sight," says 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 scouring the plain in every direction." All was now tumult and wild confusion. In the meantime Captain Bonneville and the residue of the party move on to the appointed camping ground; thither 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 skilfully cut up, great fires were made, scaffolds erected for drying and jerking beef, and 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 members of his main party, all in good humor. The caches were again opened, and various kinds taken out, and the party celebrated with proper conviviality the happy meeting.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MEETING WITH HODGKISS—MISFORTUNES OF THE NEZ PERCÉS—SCHEMES OF KOSATO, OR THE GADÓ—HIS FORAY INTO THE HORSE PRAIRIE—INVASION OF BLACKFEET OF COLORED AND HIS FORLORN HOPE—THEIR GENEROUS INTERPRISE—THEIR FATE—CONSTERNATION AND DESPAIR OF THE VILLAGE—SOLEMN CONSULTATION—ATTEMPT AT INDIAN TRADE—PEACE-PIPE COMPANY'S MONOPOLY—AKRAN CHIEF'S COURTESY—BREAKING UP OF AN ENCAMPMENT.

HAVING now a pretty strong party, well armed and equipped, Captain Bonneville perceived the necessity of fortifying himself in some places and fastnesses of the mountains. He set forth boldly into the Snake River plain in search of his clerk, Hodgkiss, who he remained with the Nez Percés. He found him on the 12th of June, and learned from him another series of misfortunes which had recently befallen the hated race.

After the departure of Captain Bonneville in March, Kosato, the renegade Flathead, had recovered from the wound received in battle, and with his strength revived all his deadly enmity 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 the outrages and robberies they had recently experienced, and assuring them that such would continue to be their lot until they procured themselves men by some signal retaliation.

The impassioned eloquence of the orator at length produced an effect; and a number of warriors enlisted under his guidance, to penetrate into the Blackfoot country, harass their villages, destroy their horses, and commit all kinds of depredations.

Kosato pushed forward on the 15th of June into the Horse Prairie, where he encountered a strong party of Blackfeet. Without waiting to measure their force, he attacked them with impetuous and heroic fury, and was bravely seconded by his followers. The contest, for a time, was bloody; at length, as is customary between the two tribes, they paused, and held a council, not rather a war of words.

"What need," said the Blackfoot chief, "have the Nez Percés to fear our warriors, and sally forth on war parties, when they are in danger enough at their own doors? We will have plenty of it there. The Blackfoot warriors have hitherto made war upon you, and you have not fought back. They are now coming as men. A great force is at hand; they are on their way to your towns, and are determined to rub out the 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

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CHAPTER XVIII.

HODGKISS—MISFORTUNES OF THE
SCHUMUS OF KOSATO, IN LINE
ORAY INTO THE HILLS—FLEEING
OF BLACKFEET IN THE MOUNTAINS
HOPE—THEIR GENERAL STRA-
IR TALE—CONFESSION AND
THE VILLAGE—SOLIMON'S
INDIAN TRAIL—HIS STAY
MONSIEUR—ARRANGING
LAKING UP OF AN ENCAMPMENT

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with his hand to the Nez Percés village, he told
all that he had seen and heard, and urged the
most prompt and strenuous measures for defence.
The Nez Percés, however, heard him with their
accustomed phlegm; the threat of the Blackfoot
had been often made, and as often had proved a
mere bravado, such they pronounced it to be at
present, and, of course, took no precautions.

They were soon convinced that it was no empty
threat. In a few days a band of three hundred
Blackfoot warriors appeared upon the hills. All
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
purchase horses. The sages met in hurried coun-
cil. 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 se-
cretly 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, having horses, would be more than a
match for them. Should it fail, the village would
not be worse off than at present, when destruc-
tion appeared inevitable.

Twenty-nine of the choicest warriors instantly
mustered to follow Blue John in this hazardous
enterprise. They prepared for it with the solemn-
ity and devotion peculiar to the tribe. Blue John
consulted his medicine, or talismanic charm, such
every chief keeps in his lodge as a supernatural
protection. The oracle assured him that his en-
terprise 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
band; and never did band of braves make a more
glorious display—horsemen and horses being de-
corated and equipped in the fiercest and most
gaming style—glittering with arms and orna-
ments, and fluttering with feathers.

The weather continued serene until they reach-
ed the defile; but just as they were entering it a
black cloud rose over the mountain crest, and
there was 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 their hope to make their way
undiscovered to the very vicinity of the Blackfoot
camp; but they had not proceeded far in the de-
file 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 beheld the main body of the Blackfoot ad-
vancing.

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-whoop, he sprang forward to the conflict.
His braves followed him. They made a head-
long charge upon the enemy; not with the hope
of victory, but the determination to sell their lives
dearly. A frightful carnage, rather than a regu-
lar battle, succeeded. The forlorn band laid
heaps of their enemies dead at their feet, but
were overwhelmed with numbers and pressed

into a gorge of the mountain, where they contin-
ued 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 escaping at full speed, 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, frantically be-
wailing the dead and predicting destruction to
the living. The remaining warriors armed them-
selves for obstinate defence; but showed by their
gloomy looks and sullen silence that they consid-
ered defence hopeless. To their surprise the
Blackfoot refrained from pursuing their advan-
tage; perhaps satisfied with the blood already
shed, or disheartened by the loss they had them-
selves 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 defile to bring away
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 out and carried off; a proof of
their signal valor; for in devouring the heart of
a foe renowned for bravery, or who has distin-
guished himself in battle, the Indian victor thinks
he appropriates to himself the courage of the de-
ceased.

Gathering the mangled bodies of the slain, and
strapping them across their pack-horses, the war-
riors 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 sor-
row seemed fixed as if in marble. The mutilated
and almost undistinguishable bodies were placed
in rows upon the ground, in the midst of the as-
semblage; and the scene of heart-rending an-
guish and lamentation that ensued would have
confounded those who insist on Indian stoicism.

Such was the disastrous event that had over-
whelmed the Nez Percés tribe during the ab-
sence of Captain Bonneville; and he was informed
that Kosato, the renegade, who, being stationed
in the village, had been prevented from going on
the forlorn hope, was again striving to rouse the
vindictive feeling; of his adopted brethren, and to
prompt them to revenge the slaughter of their de-
voted braves.

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, which 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 accus-
tomed to deal. As it happened, the trader was
almost entirely destitute of Indian goods; his
spring supply not having yet reached him. Cap-
tain Bonneville had secret intelligence that the
supplies were on their way, and would soon ar-
rive; 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 his business, thoroughly 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 nigh turning the tables upon the captain, and shaking the allegiance of some of his free 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 rival, but now integral part, the famous Northwest Company. It has thus its races of traders, trappers, hunters, and voyageurs, born and brought up in its service, and inheriting from preceding generations a knowledge and aptitude in everything connected with Indian life, and Indian traffic. In the process of years, this company has been enabled to spread its ramifications in every direction; its system of intercourse is founded upon a long and intimate knowledge of the character and necessities of the various tribes; and of all the fastnesses, 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 caravans, 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 them to their scene of action in the heart of the wilderness.

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 camp, 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 Cottonoids 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 open to the inroads of the Blackfeet. It is true, the latter professed to be their allies; but they had been guilty of so many acts of perfidy, that the Cottonoids had, latterly, renounced their hollow friendship and attached themselves to the Flatheads and Nez Percés. These they had ac-

companied in their migrations rather than alone at home, exposed to the ravages of the Blackfeet. They were now, however, as these marauders would range far and wide in their absence and destroy the beaver, they had their reason for urging Captain Bonneville to leave it his autumnal hunting ground. The journey, however, was not to be temporary. The arrangements required his presence at the rendezvous in Green River valley; and he had to cross his ulterior plans.

An unexpected difficulty now presented itself. The trappers suddenly made estranged, and would not accompany him. It was a long and arduous journey, the route lay through Pierre's Heron, and mountain passes infested by the Blackfeet. They were not disposed to undertake such dangerous toils and dangers, when they had good and secure trapping grounds nearer at hand, in a rich waters of Salmon River.

As these were free and independent men, whose will and whim were apt to be law, they had the whole wilderness before them, and to choose," and the trader of the valley, at hand, ready to pay for their services, was necessary to bend to their wishes. Captain Bonneville fitted them out, therefore, with a strong ground in question, appointing Mr. Hodgkiss as their partisan, or leader, and telling him the rendezvous where he should meet them at the close of the ensuing winter. The large number of twenty-one free trappers and ten of the men as camp-keepers. This was the arrangement of a trapping party, which, so accurately organized is composed of free trappers whose duty leads them to roam abroad in pursuit of game, and of the camp-keepers who cook, pack, and unpack, and take care of the horses and the duties usually assigned by the Indian to the women. This part of the service is often filled by French creoles from the valley of the Mississippi.

In the meantime the associated companies completed their trade and received their goods. They were all ready to disperse in various directions. As there was a formidable band of Blackfeet over a mountain to the north-east, Captain Bonneville and his free trappers were not to be and as it was known that these marauders had their scouts out to watch the movement of the encampment, it was better to straggle or weak detachments. Captain Bonneville prevailed upon the Nez Percés to follow Hodgkiss and his party until they were beyond the range of the enemy.

The Cottonoids and the Nez Percés determined to move together at the same time, to pass close under the mountain crest of the Blackfeet; while Captain Bonneville, with his party, was to strike in an opposite direction, to the southeast, bending his course for Pierre's Heron on his way to Green River.

Accordingly, on the 10th of July, and the camp were raised at the same moment, each party taking its separate route. The scene was as picturesque; the long line of traders, trappers, and Indians, with their rugged and fantastic dresses and accoutrements, their varied weapons, their innumerable horses, some under the saddle, some burdened with packages, others following in droves; all stretching in lengthening cavalades across the vast landscape, and moving for different points of the plains and mountains.

CHAPTER XIX.

PRECAUTIONS IN DANGEROUS DEFILES—TRAP-
PERS' MODE OF DEFENCE ON A PRAIRIE—A
MYSTERIOUS VISITOR—ARRIVAL IN GREEN
PARK VALLEY—ADVENTURES OF THE DETACH-
MENT—THE FORLORN PARTISAN—HIS TALE
OF DISASTERS.

their migrations rather than
exposed to the dangers of the
they were now hunters, and
would range over the prairie
and destroy the game, and
driving a flock of deer, and
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the mountain, and
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strike in an open
hiding his course to the
Green River.

on the 6th of July, all the
the same moment, each
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the long line of traders, trappers
with their rugged and
accoutrements, their varied
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burdened with packages, others
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ints of the plains and mountains.

As the route of Captain Bonneville lay through
what was considered the most perilous part of
the region of dangers, he took all his measures
with military skill, and observed the strictest cir-
conspection. When on the march, a small scout-
ing party was thrown in the advance, to recon-
noitre 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 daybreak a party was sent out to scour the
neighborhood for half a mile round, beating up
every grove and thicket that could give shelter to
a lurking foe. When all was reported safe, the
horses were cast loose and turned out to graze,
where such precautions generally observed by
trappers and hunters, we should not so often hear
of names being surprised by the Indians.

Having stated the military arrangements of the
expedition, we may here mention a mode of defence
in the open prairie, which we have heard from a
trapper in the Indian trade. When a party of
trappers is on a journey with a convoy of goods
and peltries, every man has three pack-horses under
his care; each horse laden with three packs.
Every man is provided with a picket with an iron
head, a mallet, and hobbles, or leathern fetters
for the horses. The trappers proceed across the
prairie in a long line; or sometimes three paral-
lel lines, sufficiently distant from each other to
prevent the packs from interfering. At an alarm,
when there is no covert at hand, the line wheels
round so as to bring the front to the rear and form a circle.
All then dismount, drive their pickets into
the ground in the centre, fasten the horses to
them, and hobble their forelegs, so that, in case
of alarm, they cannot break away. Then they
load them, and dispose of their packs as breast-
works on the periphery of the circle; each man
having nine packs behind which to shelter him-
self. In this promptly-formed fortress, they
await the assault of the enemy, and are enabled
to set large bands of Indians at defiance.

The first night of his march, Captain Bonne-
ville encamped upon Henry's Fork; an upper
branch of Snake River, called after the first
after an trader that erected a fort beyond the
mountains. About an hour after all hands had
come to a halt the clatter of hoofs was heard,
and a solitary female, of the Nez Percé tribe, came
galloping up. She was mounted on a mustang,
a small wild horse, which she managed by a long
reined round the under jaw by way of bridle.
Dismounting, she walked silently into the
heart of the camp, and there seated herself on the
ground, still holding her horse by the long halter.
The sudden and lonely apparition of this
woman, and her calm yet resolute demeanor,
aroused universal curiosity. The hunters and
trappers gathered round, and gazed on her as
something mysterious. She remained silent, but
maintained her air of calmness and self-posses-
sion. Captain Bonneville approached and inter-
rogated her as to the object of her mysterious
visit. Her answer was brief but earnest—"I love
the whites—I will go with them." She was forth-

with invited to a lodge, of which she readily took
possession, and from that time forward was con-
sidered one of the camp.

In consequence, very probably, of the military
precautions of Captain Bonneville, he conducted
his party in safety through this hazardous region.
No accident of a disastrous kind occurred, ex-
cepting the loss of a horse, which, in passing
along the giddy edge of the precipice, called the
Corrivo, a dangerous pass between Jackson's and
Pierre's Hole, fell over the brink and was dashed
to pieces.

On the 13th of July (1833), Captain Bonneville
arrived at Green River. As he entered the val-
ley, he beheld it strewn 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, and with them came three trappers of one
of his bands, from the rendezvous, who told him
his people were all there expecting him. As to the
slaughter among the buffaloes, it had been made
by a friendly band of Shoshonies, who had fallen
in with one of his trapping parties, and accom-
panied them to the rendezvous. Having imparted
this intelligence, the three worthies from the ren-
dezvous broached a small keg of "alcohol," which
they had brought with them, to enliven this merr-
y meeting. The liquor went briskly round; all
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 hazard-
ous enterprises, is always interesting; each hav-
ing its tale of perils and adventures to relate.
Such was the case with the various detachments
of Captain Bonneville's company, thus brought
together on Horse Creek. Here was the detach-
ment 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, particularly one belonging
to the Rocky Mountain Fur Company; and they
had long stories to relate of their manœuvres
to forestall or distress each other. In fact in these
virulent and sordid competitions, the trappers of
each party were more intent upon injuring their
rivals, than benefitting 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 contentions.

The most lamentable tale of disasters, however,
that Captain Bonneville had to hear, was from a
partisan, whom he had detached in the preceding
year, with twenty men, to hunt through the out-
skirts of the Crow country, and on the tributary
streams of the Yellowstone; whence he was to
proceed and join him in his winter quarters on
Salmon River. This partisan appeared at the
rendezvous without his party, and a sorrowful tale
of disasters had he to relate. In hunting the
Crow country, he fell in with a village of that
tribe; notorious rogues, jockeys, and horse steal-
ers, 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 Crow warriors ruffled up to him and declared the deserters were their good friends, had determined to remain among them, and should not be molested. The poor partisan, therefore, was fain 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 meet Captain Bonneville on Salmon River, he 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 Crows. His men were continually stealing away thither, with whatever beaver skins they could secrete or lay their hands on. These they 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 in the spring to trap on the head waters of Fowler River. In the course of the journey, his horses were so much jaded in traversing a steep mountain, that he was induced to turn them loose to graze during the night. The place was lonely; 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 foot-step. 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 Arickaras (or Rickarce) 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 and fancied security, to make a successful swoop. The two spies had evidently been sent into the camp to create a diversion, while their confederates carried off the spoil.

The unlucky partisan, thus robbed of his horses, turned furiously 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 pedestrian. 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 scorned at their offer, and declared that, unless all the horses were relinquished, the prisoners should be burnt to death. To give force to their threat, a pyre of logs and fagots was heaped up and kindled into a blaze.

The parley 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 threatened them to their fate, moving off with their parting words and lamentable howlings. The Indians seeing them depart, and knowing the terrible fate that awaited them, made a desperate effort to escape. They partially succeeded, but were severely wounded and retaken, then dragged to the blazing pyre, and burnt to death, as a sign of their retreating comrades.

Such are the savage cruelties that will 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 on captive white men, let this signal ancient occasion be borne in mind. Individuals need the kind dwell in the recollections of some tribes; and it is a point of honor and revenge to revenge them.

The loss of his horses compelled the unlucky partisan, it was out of his power to prosecute his hunting, or to maintain his way of the only thought now was how to get on a civilized life. At the first water course, however, he found a party of Indians, who were engaged in canoes, and committed themselves to the stream. Some engaged themselves at various trading establishments at which they touched, others got back to the settlements. As to the partisan, he found an opportunity to make his way to the rendezvous at Green River valley; which he did in time to render to Captain Bonneville a full account of his misadventures.

CHAPTER XX

GATHERING IN GREEN RIVER VALLEY—SIGHTING AND FEASINGS OF LEADERS—ROUGH WAS-AT-ING AMONG THE TRAPPER—WILD LIFE OF THE MOUNTAINS—INDIAN LIFE—TRAIL OF BRIGHT BEADS AND RED PANKS—THE VAL OF SUTHERS—REALLY AND VULGAR GANCE—MAD WOLVES—THE FOOT IN IN.

THE Green River valley was at this time the scene of one of those great gatherings of trappers, trappers, and Indians, that are so often mentioned. The three trade companies, who for a year past had been engaged in the trade, out trap, and outwit one another, were encamped in close proximity, each with its annual supplies. About four miles from the rendezvous of Captain Bonneville was the American Fur Company, and about the same distance also of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company.

After the eager rivalry and competition played by these companies in the trade, it might be expected that, when they met in juxtaposition, they would kill the wolves of the and sternly do off from each other, and that they happen to come in contact, a great shed would ensue.

No such thing! Never did men away with a wrangle at the bar meet with more swelling humor at a circuit dinner. The hunting season over, all past tricks and maneuvers are laid aside, all feuds and bickerings buried in oblivion. From the middle of June to the middle of September, all trapping is suspended, for the hunters are then shedding their furs and their skins are of little value. This, then, is the trappers' holiday.

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 before you, and stretching further and further, in one wide and far-reaching expanse, until the eye, wearied with continued and strained attention, rests in the blue dimness of distance, upon lofty ranges of mountains, confidently asserted to rise from the bosom of the waters. Nearer to you, the smooth and unruffled 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. At 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 reduce all this doubtful region to the palpable certainty of a beaten track. At present, however, destitute of the means of making boats, the trapper stands 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 gives 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 mountain peaks 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 an 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 professed to have navigated all round 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 instanced 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 one in which his imagination extremely took a leading part, he believed it would be 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 forty 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 the point of general rendezvous.

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 Missouri River, and to descend in boats down that river, to the Missouri, and the Yellowstone, to St. Louis.

Captain Bonneville determined to forward his peltries by the same route, under the special care of Mr. Cerré. By way of escort, he would accompany Cerré to the point of embarkment, and then make an autumnal hunt in the Crow country.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CROW COUNTRY—A CROW PARADE—HABITS OF THE CROWS—ANECDOTES OF ROSE, THE RENEGADE WHITE MAN—HIS FIGHTS WITH THE BLACKFEET—HIS ELEVATION—HIS DEATH—ARAPPOOSH, THE CROW CHIEF—HIS FATE—ADVENTURE OF ROBERT CAMPBELL—HONOR AMONG CROWS.

BEFORE we accompany Captain Bonneville into the Crow country, we will impart to the reader about this wild region, and the way in which it is inhabited. We are not aware of any precise boundaries, if there are any, of the country claimed by the Crow; it appears to extend from the Black Hills to the Rocky Mountains, and to be 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 of the five lakes in 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.

phenomenon by Captain Bonneville, the lake of Mexico is not much inferior.*

The lake properly explored, and all its details, was the grand scheme of the present year; and while it was in his imagination evidently took place, he believed it would be attended with profit, from the numerous beaver which the lake must be fringed. His undertaking he attributed to his Walker, in whose experience and great confidence he instructed him along the shores of the lake, and streams on his route; also to keep minutely to record the events of and everything curious or interesting, or charts of his route, and of the country.

His expense were spared in fitting out forty men, which he was to have had complete supplies for a year. He met Captain Bonneville in the valley of the Salt Lake, which was one of his rendezvous.

By the aid of Captain Bonneville, he was to have the safe transportation of the pelts collected, to the Atlantic States. Campbell, the partner of Sublette, was in the rendezvous of the Rocky Mountain Company, having brought up there was about to set off on his return, and collected during the year, and passed through the Crow country to a station on the Big Horn River, in boats down the river, the Missouri, to St. Louis.

By way of escort, he would accompany him to the point of embarkation, and the autumnal hunt in the Crow country.

CHAPTER XXII.

COUNTRY—A CROW PARADE—HABITS—ANECDOTES OF ROSE, THE WHITE MAN—HIS FIGHTS WITH THE CROWS—HIS ELEVATION—HIS TEST—THE CROW CHIEF—HIS FAULT—OF ROBERT CAMPBELL—HIS ADVISES.

Accompany Captain Bonneville into the country, we will impart to the reader the region, and the whole of it. We are not aware of any place where there are any of the country. It appears to extend from the Rocky Mountains, and the lofty ranges, and embracing many valleys watered by the Wind, Yellowstone, the Powder River, the

Tezucos, which surrounds the city of Mexico, and the lowest of the five lakes in the valley, and one of the most impregnated is seven thousand four hundred feet, or nearly one mile and a half from the sea.

the Missouri, and the Nebraska. The country is in soil and climate; there are vast plains of sand and clay, studded with large red sand-hills; other 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 rendered by Arapooish, a Crow 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, paddle about 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; that is bad. 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 weed for the horses.

"The Crow country is exactly in the right place. It has snowy mountains and sunny plains, all kinds of climates and good things for every season. When the summer heats scorch the prairies, you can draw up under the mountains, where the air is sweet and cool, the grass fresh, and the bright streams come tumbling out of the snow-mountain. 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 mountain sheep.

"In the autumn, when your horses are fat and strong from the mountain pastures, you can go down to the plains and hunt the buffalo, or trap beaver on the streams. And when winter comes on, you can take shelter in the woody bottoms along the rivers; there you will find buffalo meat for yourselves, and cotton-wood bark for your horses; or you may winter in the Wind River valley, where there is salt weed 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 eulogium on his country by Arapooish.

We have had repeated occasions to speak of the insidious and predatory habits of the Crows. They can muster fifteen hundred fighting men; but their incessant wars with the Blackfeet, and their ravenous, 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 betraying them into the hands 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 to be 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 harmed. 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 Che-ku-kaats, or "the man who killed five." He became chief of the village, or rather band, and for a time was the popular idol. His popularity soon awakened envy among the native braves; he was a stranger, an intruder; a white man. A party 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 across the mountains. It was conducted by Smith, 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 instigation and management of Rose; 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 A. Kinson 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 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

* 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 soon put the whole throng to flight. Luckily, as no lives had been lost, this sturdy ribroasting calmed the fury of the Crows, and the tumult ended without serious consequences.

What was the ultimate fate of this vagabond hero is not distinctly 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 develope. This sagacious chief endeavored, on every occasion, to restrain the predatory propensities of his tribe when directed against the white men. "It 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 compound 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 all charlatanism; but said 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 chieftain. 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 prevarication with an Indian; and the importance of complete frankness. He described the exact place where he had concealed his peltries.

"Tis 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 confided to their honor; and commanded that whoever had taken the skins, should bring them back; declaring that, as Campbell was his guest and inmate of his lodge, he would not eat 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 all delivered in the lodge, and those who brought them left it without saying a word. The day after Campbell and Arapooish sat in one corner of his lodge, wrapped up in his robe, scarcely moving a muscle of his countenance. When night arrived, he enquired if all the skins had been brought in. About one hundred had been given up, and Campbell expressed himself contented. Not so the chieftain. He fasted all that night, nor did he 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 the 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 was brought in, though it was evident they were not any of the skins that had been stolen, but other 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 hide your goods from them and they will not wrong you. But your goods in the lodge of a chief, and they are sure to steal them. My people have now given you goods for my sake; but there are some of these young men in the village who may be disposed to be troublesome. Don't forget, to take care to pack your horses and be off."

Campbell took his advice, and made his way safely out of the Crow country. He has since maintained that the Crows are not so bad as they are painted. "Trust to your word," says he, "and you are safe; trust to the Crow's word, 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.

DEPARTURE FROM GREEN RIVER VALLEY FOR THE AGUE—ITS COURSE—THE RIVER IN WHICH IT RUNS—SCENERY OF THE MOUNTAINS AND GREAT TAR SPRING VOLCANIC TRUSS—THE CROW COUNTRY BELONGING TO THE CROW COUNTRY—SULPHUR SPRINGS AND DEN FIRES—COLTER'S HILL AND DEN CAMPBELL'S PARTY—HITZPATRICK AND TRAVELLER—NATHANIEL WYTH—NATHANIEL WYTH'S EXPEDITION TO THE FAIRWATER—ASTOR OF CAMPBELL'S PARTY—A FINE OF HANDS—THE BAD PASS—THE RABBIT—DEPARTURE OF HITZPATRICK—IMBARRASSED IN PELTRIES—WYTH AND HIS DEPARTURE—ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE IN THE BIGHORN MOUNTAINS—ADVENTURES IN THE PLAIN—TRACES OF INDIANS—TRAVELLER'S PRECAUTIONS—DANGERS OF MAKING A STOP—THE RENDEZVOUS.

ON the 25th of July Captain Bonneville struck his tents, and set out on his route for the Bighorn

hile the skins began to make their
few at a time, they were all done
and those who brought them, denot-
ing a word. The day passed away
in one corner of his foot, and he
scarcely moving a muscle of his
face. When night arrived, he demanded
the skins had been brought in. A voice
had been given up, and Campbell
was contented. Not so the chief, who
all that night, for he had a large
the morning some more skins were
continued to come, one and two
throughout the day; until late in the
evening to make the number complete.
Now anxious to put an end to the
old chief, and again disheartened
ly satisfied. Araposh demanded
of skins were yet wanted, and
whispered to some of his people.
After a time the number were
ough it was evident they were no
ns that had been stolen, but other
village.

"Now?" demanded Araposh.
"t," replied Campbell.
"Now bring me meat and drink?"
were alone together, Araposh had
with his guest.

"I come another time among the
me," "don't hide your goods, trust
they will not wrong you. But you
edge of a chief, and they are so re-
cache, and any one who takes the
people have now given up the
sake; but there are some of the
the village who may be disposed to
me. Don't anger, therefore, the
ies and be off."

"I took his advice, and made his way
the Crow country. He has heard
that the Crows are not so bad
as painted. "Trust to your word,"
you are safe, trust to the word
will steal the hair off your head."
these few preliminary remarks
the course of our narrative.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FROM GREEN RIVER VALLEY, POPO
COURSE THE RIVER IN A WHOLE
CENTURY OF THE TIBETANS AND
SPRING VOLCANIC TRIGS IN
COUNTRY. PLAINS, MOUNTAIN
RIVER, SOUTHERN SPONS, AND
COLTER'S HELL, WIND RIVER,
PARTY, FITZPATRICK, AND THE
CAPTAIN, SEVERAL, AN ADVENTURE
NATHANIEL WYETH, AND THE
EDITION TO THE LATEST DIS-
CAMPELL'S PARTY, A LARGE OF
BAD PASS, THE RAPIDS, MOUNTAIN
FITZPATRICK, EMBARKATION OF
WYETH AND HIS LITTLE FLOCK, AND
E CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE IN THE
MOUNTAINS-ADVENTURES IN THE
OF INDIANS, TRAVELING
DANGERS OF MAKING A SMOKE
ZYOUS.

Not July Captain Bonnevill, struc-
et out on his route to the Bighorn

at the head of a party of fifty-six men, including
those who were to embark with Cerré. Crossing
the Green River Valley, he proceeded along the
south point of the Wind River range of moun-
tains, and soon fell upon the track of Mr. Robert
Campbell's party, which had preceded him by a
day. This he pursued, until he perceived that it
led down the banks of the Sweet Water to the
southeast. As this was different from his pro-
posed direction, he left it; and turning to the
northeast, soon came upon the waters of the Popo
Agie. This stream takes its rise in the Wind
River Mountains. Its name, like most Indian
names, is characteristic. *Popo*, in the Crow lan-
guage signifying head; and *Agie*, river. It is the
head of a long river, extending from the south end
of the Wind River Mountains in a northeast di-
rection, until it falls into the Yellowstone. Its course
is generally through plains, but is twice crossed
by chains of mountains; the first called the Little-
horn, the second the Bighorn. After it has forced
its way through the first chain, it is called the Horn
River. After the second chain it is called the Big-
horn River. Its passage through this last chain
is rough and violent; making repeated falls, and
rushing down long and furious rapids, which
threaten destruction to the navigator; though a
hardy trapper is said to have shot down them in a
canoe. At the foot of these rapids, is the head of
navigation, where it was the intention of the par-
ties to construct boats, and embark.

Proceeding down along the Popo Agie, Captain
Bonneville came again in full view of the "Bluffs,"
as they are called, extending from the base of the
Wind River Mountains far away to the east, and
presenting to the eye a confusion of hills and cliffs
of red sandstone, some peaked and angular, some
round, some broken into crags and precipices,
and piled up in fantastic masses; but all naked
and sterile. There appeared to be no soil favor-
able to vegetation, nothing but coarse gravel;
yet over all this isolated, barren landscape, were
diffused such atmospheric tints and hues, as to
blend the whole into harmony and beauty.

In this neighborhood, the captain made search
for "the great Tar Spring," one of the wonders
of the mountains; the medicinal properties of
which, he had heard extravagantly lauded by the
trappers. After a toilsome search, he found it at
the foot of a sand-bluff, a little to the east of the
Wind River Mountains; where it exuded in a small
stream of the color and consistency of tar. The
men immediately hastened to collect a quantity of
it to use as an ointment for the galled backs of
their horses, and as a balsam for their own pains
and aches. From the description given of it, it is
evidently the bituminous oil, called petroleum or
manna, which forms a principal ingredient in the
potent medicine called British Oil. It is found in
various parts of Europe and Asia, in several of
the West India islands, and in some places of the
United States. In the State of New York, it is
called Seneca Oil, from being found near the
Seneca lake.

The Crow country has other natural curiosi-
ties, which are held in superstitious awe by the
Indians, and considered great marvels by the
trappers. Such is the Burning Mountain, on
Powder River, abounding with anthracite coal.
Here the earth is hot and cracked; in many
places emitting smoke and sulphurous vapors, as
if covering concealed fires. A volcanic tract of
similar character is found on Stinking River, one
of the tributaries of the Bighorn, which takes its
happy name from the odor derived from sul-

phurous springs and streams. This last men-
tioned place was first discovered by Colter, a
hunter belonging to Lewis and Clarke's exploring
party, who came upon it in the course of his lonely
wanderings, and gave such an account of its
gloomy terrors, its hidden fires, smoking pits,
noxious steams, and the all-pervading "smell 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 en-
tering 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 fording place. While thus encamped, he
beheld in the course of the afternoon a long line of
horsemen descending the slope of the hills on the
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, after having
passed through the gap of the Littlehorn Moun-
tain. 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 cam-
paign. There were, moreover, two chance com-
panions in the rival camp. One was Captain
Stewart, of the British army, a gentleman of noble
connections, who was amusing himself by a wan-
dering tour in the Far West; in the course of
which, he had lived in hunter's style; accom-
panying 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 self-same
leader of the band of New England salmon
fishers, 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 Mil-
ton Sublette and his brigade of trappers. On his
march, he visited the battle ground, and pene-
trated to the deserted fort of the Blackfeet in the
midst of the wood. It was a dismal scene. The
fort was strewn with the mouldering 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 consider-
able 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, ar-
rived on the 26th of October, at Vancouver, 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. Three or four of the men, who were reconnoitring 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 confiding manner. In the course of the night, the man on guard near the horses fell sound asleep; upon which a Shoshonie shot him in the head, and nearly killed him. The savages then 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 great 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 grounds which he had selected for his autumnal 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 at the next full moon about the 28th of August, at a place called the Medicine Lodge.

On reaching the second chain, 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 expedients and inventions of the wilderness; being formed of buffalo skins, stretched on frames. 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 rapids, winding through countries teeming with savage hordes. Milton Sublette, his former fellow-traveller, and his companion in the battle scene 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 wild 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. Cerré, with a party of thirty-six men. Mr. Campbell took command of his own boats and the little squadrons were soon gliding down the bright current of the Big-horn.

The secret precautions which Captain Bonneville had taken to throw his men first into the trapping ground west of the Big-horn, were, probably, superfluous. It did not appear that Fitzpatrick had intended to hunt in that direction. The moment Mr. Campbell and his men embarked with the peltries Fitzpatrick took charge of all the horses, amounting to above a hundred, and struck off to the east, to trap upon Littlehorn, Powder and Tongue Rivers. He was accompanied by Captain Stewart, who was desirous of having a range 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 rivals, set out, on the 17th 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, slightly manned. He addressed himself to his difficult journey, however, with his usual energy of spirit.

In the afternoon of his first day's journey, drawing near to the Big-horn Mountains, and to the summit of which he intended to encamp that night, he observed, to his disgust, a column of smoke rising from its base. He came to a halt, and watched it anxiously. It was a very singular; sometimes it would almost go away; and then would mount up in heavy volumes. There was, apparently a large party encamped there; probably, some ruffian horde of Blackfeet. At any rate, it would not do for 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, avoiding this dangerous neighbourhood, and proceeding with extreme caution, reached the summit of the mountain, apparently without being observed. Here they found a deserted Blackfoot camp, in which they ensconced themselves, and stowed everything as securely as possible, and passed the night without molestation. Early in the morning they descended the south side of the mountain into the great plain extending between it and the Littlehorn range. Here they soon came upon numerous footprints, and the carcasses of animals; by which they knew there must be hunters not far off. Captain Bonneville now regretted his solicitude about the two small parties of trappers which 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

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they knew there must be horses.
tain Bonneville now, and he led
the two small parties of trappers
detached, lest the Indians should
them before they had united their
felt still more solicitude about his

own party; for it was hardly to be expected he
could traverse these naked plains undiscovered,
when Indians were abroad; and should he be dis-
covered, his chance would be a desperate one.
Everything now depended upon the greatest cir-
cumsppection. It was dangerous to discharge a
gun or light a fire, or make the least noise, where
such jack-eared and quick-sighted enemies were
abound. In the course of the day they saw in-
dubitable 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 breast-
work for their protection.

For the two succeeding days they pressed for-
ward 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 halt to make a meal, but carried the
meat on with them to the place of rendezvous, the
Melrose 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 can-
nounce perceived at any great distance. In the
morning and the evening, when the wind is lulled,
the smoke rises perpendicularly in a blue column,
erupts 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 ex-
pecting, arrived together at the rendezvous.
Then, as usual, had their several tales of adven-
tures to relate to the captain, which we will turn
now to the reader in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ADVENTURES OF THE PARTY OF TEN—THE
BAMAMITE MULE—A DEAD POINT—THE MYST-
ERIOUS ELKS—A NIGHT ATTACK—A RETREAT
—TRAVELLING UNDER AN ALARM—A JOYFUL
MEETING—ADVENTURES OF THE OTHER PARTY
—A DECOY ELK—RETREAT TO AN ISLAND—A
STAGE DANCE OF TRIUMPH—ARRIVAL AT
WIND RIVER.

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 furs were embarked, proceeded to the
foot of the Bighorn Mountain, and having en-
camped, 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 cudgelled, but
to every blow and kick the mule snorted and
licked up, but still refused to budge an inch.
The rider now cast his eyes warily 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 himself, and in a few
moments brought him, clattering with his traps,
among his comrades. He was jeered at for his
alacrity in retreating; his report was treated as a
false alarm; his brother trappers contented them-
selves with reconnoitring the fort at a distance,
and pronounced that it was deserted.

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 goaded with a hearty sup-
per, were soon in a profound sleep.

The camp fires gradually died away; all was
dark and silent; the sentinel 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
elks moving about the lodges, picking, and smell-
ing, and grazing here and there. The sight of elk
within the purlieus of the camp caused some little
surprise; but, having had his supper, he cared
not for elk meat, and, suffering them to graze
about unmolested, soon relapsed into a doze.

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 firearms. Several trappers stole quietly 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 In-
dians, in the meantime, collected on a neighbor-
ing height, kept up the most horrible clamor, in
hopes of striking a panic into the camp, or fright-
ening 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, who, 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 com-
pletely baffled by his vigilance. They had then
waylaid the present detachment, and were actu-
ally 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 de-
nunciations 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 morn-
ing's meal, however, a number of cups, knives,
and other articles were missing, which had,
doubtless, been carried off by the fictitious elk,
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 lat-
ter changed their route, and pushed forward
rapidly through the "Bad Pass," nor halted until
night; when, supposing themselves out of the

reach of the enemy, they contented themselves with tying up their horses and posting a guard. They had scarce laid down to sleep, when a dog strayed into the camp with a small pack of moccasins tied upon his back; for dogs are made to carry burdens among the Indians. The sentinel, more knowing than he of the preceding night, awoke his companions and reported the circumstance. It was evident that Indians were at hand. All were instantly at work; a strong pen was soon constructed for the horses, after completing which, they resumed their slumbers with the composure of men long inured to dangers.

In the next night, the prowling of dogs about the camp and various suspicious noises showed that Indians were still hovering about them. Hurrying on by long marches, they at length fell upon a trail, which, with the experienced eye of veteran woodmen, they soon discovered to be that of the party of trappers detached by Captain Bonneville when on his march, and which they were sent to join. They likewise ascertained from various signs that this party had suffered some ill-treatment from the Indians. They now pursued the trail with intense anxiety; it carried them to the banks of the stream called the Gray Bull, and down along its course, until they came to where it empties into the Horn River. Here, to their great joy, they discovered the comrades of whom they were in search, all strongly fortified, and in a state of great watchfulness and anxiety.

We now take up the adventures of this first detachment of trappers. These men, after parting with the main body under Captain Bonneville, had proceeded slowly for several days up the course of the river, trapping beaver as they went. One morning, as they were about to visit their traps, one of the camp-keepers pointed to a fine elk, grazing at a distance, and requested them to shoot it. Three of the trappers started off for the purpose. In passing a thicket, they were fired upon by some savages in ambush, and at the same time, the pretended elk, throwing off his hide and his horn, started forth an Indian warrior.

One of the three trappers had been brought down by the volley, the others fled to the camp, and all hands, seizing up whatever they could carry off, retreated to a small island in the river, and took refuge among the willows. Here they were soon joined by their comrade who had fallen, but who had merely been wounded in the neck.

In the meantime the Indians took possession of the deserted camp, with all the traps, accoutrements, and horses. While they were busy among the spoils, a solitary trapper, who had been absent at his work, came sauntering to the camp with his traps on his back. He had approached near by, when an Indian came forward and motioned him to keep away; at the same moment, he was perceived by his comrades on the island, and warned of his danger with loud cries. The poor fellow stood for a moment, bewildered and agitated, then dropping his traps, wheeled and made off at full speed, quickened by a sportive volley which the Indians rattled after him.

In high good humor with their easy triumph the savages now formed a circle round the fire and performed a war dance, with the unlucky trappers for rufel spectators. This done, emboldened by what they considered cowardice on the part of the white men, they neglected their usual mode of bush-fighting, and advanced openly within twenty paces of the willows. A sharp volley from the trappers brought them to a sudden halt, and laid three of them breathless. The chief, who had

stationed himself on an eminence to direct all the movements of his people, seeing three of his warriors laid low, ordered the rest to retire. They immediately did so, and the whole band disappeared behind a point of woods, carrying off with them the horses, traps, and the greater part of the baggage.

It was just after this misfortune that a party of ten men discovered this forlorn band of trappers in a fortress which they had thrown up after their disaster. They were so perfectly dismayed that they could not be induced even to approach their traps, which they had set in a neighboring stream. The two parties now joined their forces and made their way without further misfortune to the rendezvous.

Captain Bonneville perceived from the report of these parties, as well as from what he had observed himself in his recent march, that he was in a neighborhood teeming with danger. Two wandering Snake Indians, also, who visited the camp, assured him that there were two large bands of Crows marching rapidly upon him. He kept up his encampment, till before the first of September, made his way to the foot of the Little Horn Mountain, until he reached Wind River, and then turning westward, moved slowly up the banks of that stream, giving time for his men to trap as he proceeded. As it was now the first of the present hunting campaign to visit the caches on Green River, and as the trappers were in want of traps to replace those which had been lost, Captain Bonneville undertook to visit them and procure a supply. To accomplish this was a hazardous expedition, which would have taken him through the defiles of the Wind River Mountains and up the Green River valley, he took the first men; the main party were to continue trapping up toward the head of Wind River, near which he was to rejoin them, just about the place where that stream issues from the mountains. We shall accompany the captain on his adventurous errand.

CHAPTER XXV.

CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE SETS OUT FOR THE
RIVER VALLEY—JOURNEY UP THE
—RIFLE CREEKS—THE STARVING WHITE
THE SMOKE—THE WARM SPRING
TO TRAVERSE THE WIND RIVER MOUNTAINS
THE GREAT SLOPE MOUNTAIN
CHASMS—CRYSTAL LAKES—A
SNOWY PEAK—SUNLIME PROSECUTION
RAMA—THE DIGNES DE PITHI
MEN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

HAVING forded Wind River a little above its mouth, Captain Bonneville and his party, who were now proceeding across a gravelly plain, fell upon the Popo Agie, up the old trail, and they held their course, nearly in south-west direction. Here they came upon numerous small but, and halted for the purpose of procuring a supply of beef. As the hunters were steadily and cautiously to get within shot of the game, small white bears suddenly presented themselves in their path, and, rising upon their hind legs, contemplated them for some time with a curiously solemn gaze. The hunters removed not, unless; whereupon the bears, having apparently satisfied their curiosity, lowered themselves up

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his people, seeing three of his were
ordered the rest to retire. They im-
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all fours, and began to withdraw. The hunters
now advanced, upon which the bears turned, rose
again upon their haunches, and repeated their
serenomic examination. This was repeated sev-
eral times, until the hunters, piqued at their un-
manly staring, rebuked it with a discharge 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 now and then turning to take another look
at the hunters. It was well for the latter that
the bears were but half grown, and had not yet
acquired the ferocity of their kind.

The buffalo were somewhat startled at the re-
port of the fire-arms; but the hunters succeeded
in killing a couple of fine cows, and, having se-
cured 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,
dressed the buffalo beef enough for half a score,
disposed of the whole of it with keen relish and high
glee, and then "turned in" for the night and slept
soundly, like weary and well-fed hunters.

At daylight they were in the saddle again, and
started along the river, passing through fresh
grassy meadows, and a succession of beautiful
groves of willows and cotton-wood. Toward even-
ing Captain Bonneville observed smoke at a dis-
tance rising from among hills, directly in the
route he was pursuing. Apprehensive of some
hostile band, he concealed the horses in a thicket,
and, accompanied by one of his men, crawled
cautiously up a height, from which he could over-
look the scene of danger. Here, with a spy-glass,
he reconnoitred the surrounding country, but not
a smoke nor fire, not a man, horse, nor dog, was
to be discovered; in short, the smoke which had
caused such alarm proved to be the vapor from
a warm, or rather hot springs of considerable
magnitude, pouring forth streams in every direc-
tion 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
head of Wind River Mountains, which lay be-
tween them and Green River valley. To coast
their southern points would be a wide cir-
cuit; whereas, could they force their way through
them, they might proceed in a straight line. The
mountains were lofty, with snowy peaks and
steep sides; it was hoped, however, that some
practicable defile might be found. They attempt-
ed, accordingly, to penetrate the mountains by
following up one of the branches of the Popo
Age, 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
were now detected having noticed, from the plain,
a beautiful slope, rising at an angle of about thirty
degrees, and apparently without any break, until
it reached the snowy region. Seeking this gentle
ascendancy, they began to ascend it with alacrity,
hoping to find at the top one of those elevated
plains which prevail among the Rocky Mountains.
The slope was covered with coarse gravel, inter-
persed with plates of freestone. They attained
the summit with some toil, but found, instead of
a level, or rather undulating plain, that they were
on 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

into 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 such a sloping and even side
to the distant beholder on the plain, was shagged
by frightful precipices, and scarred with longitu-
dinal chasms, deep and dangerous.

In one of these wild dells they passed the night,
and slept soundly and sweetly after their fatigues.
Two days more of arduous climbing and scram-
bling only served to admit them into the heart of
this mountainous and awful solitude; where diffi-
culties increased as they proceeded. Sometimes
they scrambled from rock to rock, up the bed of
some mountain stream, dashing its bright way
down to the plains; sometimes they availed them-
selves 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
defiles, 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, rolled to the bottom,
and came near being dashed to pieces.

In the afternoon of the second day, the travel-
lers 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 stern and rocky heights, and sur-
rounded by grassy meadows, inexpressibly re-
freshing to the eye. These probably were 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 bordering upon these
lakes, the travellers halted to repose, and to give
their weary horses time to crop the sweet and ten-
der herbage. They had now ascended to a great
height above the level of the plains, yet they be-
held huge crags of granite piled one upon another,
and beetling like battlements 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 practicable route through this
stupendous labyrinth. After much toil, he reached
the summit of a lofty cliff, but it was only to be-
hold gigantic peaks rising all around, and tower-
ing 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 under-
taken a tremendous task; but the pride of man is
never more obstinate than when climbing moun-
tains. 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 hand-
fuls of it to allay their parching thirst. At one
place they even stripped off their coats and hung
them upon the bushes, and thus lightly clad, pro-
ceeded to scramble over these eternal snows. As
they ascended still higher, there were cool breezes
that refreshed and braced them, and springing
with new ardor to their task, they at length at-
tained the summit.

Here a scene burst upon the view of Captain
Bonneville, that for a time astonished and over-
whelmed him with its immensity. He stood, in
fact, upon that dividing ridge which Indians re-

CHAPTER XXV.

BONNEVILLE SETS OUT ON THE
JOURNEY UP THE
SLOPE OF THE
WIND RIVER MOUNTAINS.
THE STAIRING WHITE
WATER SPRING.
THE WIND RIVER MOUNTAINS.
THE STAIRING WHITE
WATER SPRING.
THE WIND RIVER MOUNTAINS.
THE STAIRING WHITE
WATER SPRING.

ed Wind River, a little distance
Bonneville and his men
Lacrosse a gravelly plain, the
Popo Age, up the left bank, where
course, nearly to the south, where
they came upon numerous
allied for the purpose of passing
et. As the hunters were about
get within shot of the game, the
suddenly presented themselves
and, rising upon their hind legs,
them for some time with a seem-
gaze. The hunters remained
reupon the bears, having apparent
curiosity, lowered themselves up

gard as the crest of the world; and on each side of which the landscape may be said to decline to the two cardinal oceans of the globe. Whichever way he turned his eye, it was confounded by the vastness and variety of objects. Beneath him, the Rocky Mountains seemed to open all their secret recesses; deep, solemn valleys; treasured lakes; dreary passes; rugged detiles and foaming torrents, while beyond their savage precincts, the eye was lost in an almost immeasurable landscape, stretching on every side into dim and hazy distance, like the expanse of a summer's sea. Whichever way he looked, he beheld vast plains glimmering with reflected sunsune; mighty streams wandering on their shining course toward either ocean, and snowy mountains, chain beyond chain, and peak beyond peak, till they melted like clouds into the horizon. For a time, the Indian fable seemed realized; he had attained that height from which the Blackfoot warrior, after death, first catches a view of the land of souls, and beholds the happy hunting grounds spread out below him, brightening with the abodes of the free and generous spirits. The captain stood for a long while gazing upon this scene, lost in a crowd of vague and indefinite ideas and sensations. A long-drawn inspiration at length relieved him from this enthrallment of the mind, and he began to analyze the parts of this vast panorama. A simple enumeration of a few of its features may give some idea of its collective grandeur and magnificence.

The peak on which the captain had taken his stand commanded the whole Wind River chain; which, in fact, may rather be considered one immense mountain, broken into snowy peaks and lateral spurs, and seamed with narrow valleys. Some of these valleys glittered with silver lakes and gushing streams; the fountain-heads, as it were, of the mighty tributaries to the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Beyond the snowy peaks, to the south, and far, far below the mountain range, the gentle river, called the Sweet Water, was seen pursuing its tranquil way through the rugged regions of the Black Hills. In the east, the headwaters of Wind River wandered through a plain, until, mingling in one powerful current, they forced their way through the range of Horn Mountains, and were lost to view. To the north were caught glimpses of the upper streams of the Yellowstone, that great tributary of the Missouri. In another direction were to be seen some of the sources of the Oregon, or Columbia, flowing to the northwest, past those towering landmarks, the Three Tetons, and pouring down into the great lava plain; while, almost at the captain's feet, the Green River, or Colorado of the West, set forth on its wandering pilgrimage to the Gulf of California; at first a mere mountain torrent, dashing northward over crag and precipice, in a succession of cascades, and tumbling into the plain, where, expanding into an ample river, it circled away to the south, and after alternately shining out and disappearing in the mazes of the vast landscape, was finally lost in a horizon of mountains. The day was calm and cloudless, and the atmosphere so pure that objects were discernible at an astonishing distance. The whole of this immense area was inclosed by an outer range of shadowy peaks, some of them faintly marked on the horizon, which seemed to wall it in from the rest of the earth.

It is to be regretted that Captain Bonneville had no instruments with him with which to ascer-

tain the altitude of this peak. He gave 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 vast beyond what was formerly supposed. We are indebted to the opinion that the highest peak of the northward, and is the same measure. Mr. Thompson, surveyor to the Northwest, who, by the joint means of the barometer and trigonometric measurement, ascertained that it was twenty-five thousand feet above the level of the sea; an elevation only inferior to that of the Himalayas.*

For a long time, Captain Bonneville was gazing around him with wonder and astonishment at length the chill and wintry winds began to descend. He soon regained the spirit of the day, and his companions had thrown off their blankets, which were now gladly resumed, and resumed their course down the peak, they saw their companions on the border of the precipice.

Notwithstanding the savage and inaccessible nature of these mountains, and the hunting, he came upon the track of a solitary and lonely valley. Following it up, he reached the brow of a cliff, whence he beheld three streams running across the valley below him. He raised his gun to call their attention, hoping to get them to turn back. They only fled the faster, and disappeared among the rocks. The hunter turned and reported what he had seen. Captain Bonneville at once concluded that these people were of a kind of hermit race, scanty in number, and inhabit the highest and most inaccessible places. They speak the Shoshone language, and probably are offshoots from that tribe, but they have peculiarities of their own which distinguish them from all other Indians. They are poor, own no horses, and are destitute of the convenience to be derived from an alliance with the whites. Their weapons are of stone-pointed arrows, with which they kill deer, the elk, and the mountain sheep. They are to be found scattered about the country of the Shoshone, Flathead, Crow, and Piegan, but their residences are always in the high and the clefts of the rocks.

Their footsteps are often seen in the high and solitary valleys of the mountains, and the smokes of their fires are seen among the precipices, but they are rarely met with, and still more rarely engaged in a parley, so great is their shyness and distrust of strangers.

As their poverty offers no temptation to the marauder, and as they are often seen with one of them, however, led into the war party, he is sure to be made a sacrifice for the sake of that savage tribe. In the most barbarous ceremony, a scalp of a white man, or a lorn being, forming a mere and a brute, is seen upon with pity and contempt by the Indians, who have given them the name of "les dignes de pitié," or "the objects of pity." They appear more worthy to be called the men of the mountains.

* See the letter of Professor Renwick, in the Appendix to Astoria.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ARTROGRADE MOVE—CHANNEL OF A MOUNTAIN
TOKENT—ALPINE SCENERY—CASCADES—
BEAVER VALLEYS—BEAVERS AT WORK—THEIR
ARCHITECTURE—THEIR MODES OF FELLING
TREES—MODE OF TRAPPING BEAVER—CONTESTS
OF SKILL—A BEAVER "UP TO TRAP"—ARRIVAL
AT THE GREEN RIVER CACHES.

THE view from the snowy peak of the Wind River Mountain, while it had excited Captain Bonneville's enthusiasm, 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 from rock to rock, and shelf to shelf, between stupendous cliffs and beetling 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; and imminent was the hazard of breaking the legs of the horses in the jets 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 crag to crag, 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 occasionally to expand into small levels or valleys, and the stream to assume for short intervals a more peaceful character. 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 courses, Captain Bonneville left his companions, 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 unostentatious inhabitants busily at work upon the dam. The curiosity of the captain was aroused, to behold the mode of operating of this lacinated 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. Having deposited their loads upon the broken part, 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 continued for some time, repeated supplies of wood and mud being brought, and treated in the same manner. This done, the in-

dustrious beavers indulged in a little recreation, chasing each other about the pond, dodging and whisking about on the surface, or diving to the bottom; and in their frolic often slapping their tails on the water with a loud clacking sound. While they were thus amusing themselves, another of the fraternity made his appearance, and looked gravely on their sports for some time, without offering to join in them. He then climbed the bank close to where the captain was concealed, and, rearing himself on his hind quarters, in a sitting position, put his fore paws against a young pine tree, and began to cut the bark with his teeth. At times he would tear off a small piece, and holding it between his paws, and retaining his sedentary position, would feed himself with it, after the fashion of a monkey. The object of the beaver, however, was evidently to cut down the tree; and he was proceeding with his work, when he was alarmed by the approach of Captain Bonneville's men, who, feeling anxious at the protracted absence of their leader, were coming in search of him. At the sound of their voices, all the beavers, busy as well as idle, dived at once beneath the surface, and were no more to be seen. Captain Bonneville regretted this interruption. He had heard much of the sagacity of the beaver in cutting down trees, in which, it is said, they manage to make them fall into the water, and in such a position and direction as may be most favorable for conveyance to the desired point. In the present instance, the tree was a tall, straight pine, and as it grew perpendicularly, and there was not a breath of air stirring, the beaver could have felled it in any direction he pleased, if really capable of exercising a discretion in the matter. He was evidently engaged in "belting" the tree, and his first incision had been on the side nearest to the water.

Captain Bonneville, however, discredited, on the whole, the alleged sagacity of the beaver in this particular, and thinks the animal has no other aim than to get the tree down, without any of the subtle calculation as to its mode or direction of falling. This attribute, he thinks, has been ascribed to them from the circumstance that most trees growing near water-courses, either lean bodily toward the stream, or stretch their largest limbs in that direction, to benefit by the space, the light, and the air to be found there. The beaver, of course, attacks those trees which are nearest at hand, and on the banks of the stream or pond. He makes incisions round them, or, in technical phrase, belts them with his teeth, and when they fall, they naturally take the direction in which their trunks or branches preponderate.

"I have often," says Captain Bonneville, "seen trees measuring eighteen inches in diameter, at the places where they had been cut through by the beaver, but they lay in all directions, and often very inconveniently for the after purposes of the animal. In fact, so little ingenuity do they at times display in this particular, that at one of our camps on Snake River a beaver was found with his head wedged into the cut which he had made, the tree having fallen upon him and held him prisoner until he died."

Great choice, according to the captain, is certainly displayed by the beaver in selecting the wood which is to furnish bark for winter provision. The whole beaver household, old and young, set out upon this business, and will often make long journeys before they are suited. Sometimes they cut down trees of the largest size and then cull the branches, the bark of which is most to their

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. They are studious of cleanliness and comfort in their lodges, and after 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 territories, and extremely pugnacious, 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, he can 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 of the water, 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 denies 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 bout 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 can scarcely be "brought to 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 traps 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 shouting, 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 homelike community of beavers, of which he had given so interesting an account, he succeeded in evenning himself from the Wind River Mountains, crossing the plain to the eastward, made a great bend to the south, so as to go round the base 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, 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 XXVI.

ROUTE TOWARD WIND RIVER MOUNTAINS—NEIGHBORHOOD—ALARMS AND ILLUMINATIONS—A SHAM ENCAMPMENT—APPREHENSION OF AN INDIAN SPY—MIDNIGHT MOVE—A NOCTURNAL DEFILE—THE WIND RIVER VALLEY—RAVINE—A PARTY—DESERTED CAMPS—SYMPTOMS OF CROWS—MEETING OF COMRADES—TRAPPER ENTRAPPED—CROW PLANS TO KILL—CROW SHOT—A DECAPITMENT—RETURN TO GREEN RIVER VALLEY—MEETING WITH HILZPATRICK'S PARTY—THEIR ADVENTURES AMONG THE CROWS—ORTHODOX CROWS.

ON the 18th of September, Captain Bonneville and his three companions set out at an early hour, to rejoin the main party, having already had parted on Wind River. Their route lay through the Green River valley, with that river on their right hand, and beyond it the rugged Wind River Mountains. At the head of the valley they were to pass through a defile which led them out beyond the northern end of the 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 the bands of Crows and blackfoot, and to the numerous defiles and passes of the valley, the capital places for ambush and surprise. The travellers, therefore, kept a vigilant eye on everything that might give indication of their danger.

About two hours after mid-day, as they reached the summit of a hill, they discovered a band of 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 narrow ravine; and the captain, meaning to remain in 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

At other times he finds the traps by the same means, and always leads them to the burrows and conveys the mud. The trapper, showing ingenuity, and showing his art, admitting that he is not yet

Following Captain Bonneville's industrious and honest example, of which he had given evidence, he succeeded in exploring the Wind River Mountains, and the eastward, made great headway as to go round the base of the mountain, without further incident at the old place of rendezvous in the valley, on the 17th of September, he reached the place in which he had deposited his goods and equipments, and after a short rest, he closed them again, taking care to leave all traces that might betray the eyes of Indian marauders.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WIND RIVER DANGERS—
HOLD—ALARMS AND PREPARATIONS—
ENCAMPMENT—APPROACH OF AN
MIDNIGHT MOVE—A MOUNTAIN
WIND RIVER VALLEY—TRAVELING
DESERTED CAMPS—SIGNALS OF
THE APPROACH OF COMRADES—CHAPTER
CROW PLASANTRY—CROW'S
MENT—RETURN TO WIND RIVER
TRAVELING WITH HELPERS—PARTY
ADVENTURES AMONG THE CROWS—
CROWS.

of September, Captain Bonneville and his companions set out together, and by the main party from the valley of Wind River. The route was up the valley, with the stream on the left, and beyond it the mountains and the northern end of the range, and the main party a short distance

ready adverted to the fact that the neighborhood, into which they were entering, was a dangerous one, and passes of the mountain were for ambush and snare. Therefore, kept a vigilant eye on the mountains, and might give indication of their

hours after mid-day, as they reached a hill, they discovered a buffalo trail, running in every direction. One of the party, however, fancied he had seen the foot of the mountain, and concluded, therefore, that there were Indians below, but the buffalo trail was immediately concealed in the brush, and the captain, mounting a horse, concealed himself from view, and the whole neighborhood with a few Indian was to be seen; so, after an hour, he resumed his journey, however, that he was in a dangerous

neighborhood, he advanced with the utmost caution, winding his way through hollows and ravines, and avoiding, as much as possible, any open tract or rising ground that might betray his little 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, scampering 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 valley 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 again set forward, keeping the most anxious lookout in every direction.

It was now drawing toward evening; but they did not think of encamping for the night in a place so full of danger. Captain Bonneville, therefore, determined to halt about sunset, kindle a fire as if for encampment, cook and eat supper; 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 abundantly roasted, planted the savory viands before them; cutting off huge slices with their hunting knives, and supping with a hunter's appetite. The sight of their fire would not fail, as they knew, to attract the attention of any Indian horde in the neighborhood; but they trusted to be off the way 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 along the trail which they had made in coming to the encampment, who, the moment he was perceived had thrown himself on the ground and disappeared. He urged Captain Bonneville instantly to decamp. The captain, however, took the matter more coolly. The single fact that the Indian had endeavored to hide himself, convinced him that he was not one of a party on the advance 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 for ambush around, preparatory to their attack at the usual hour of daylight.

Such was Captain Bonneville's conclusion; in consequence of which, he counselled his men to keep perfectly quiet, and act as if free from alarm, until the proper time arrived for a movement. They, accordingly, continued their repast with pretended appetite and jollity; and then extinguished 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 taciturnity, 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 little party now made their arrangements 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, however, by smoking a tranquil pipe; and then calling in the watch, and turning loose the horses, stretched themselves on their pallets, agreed that whoever should first awake should rouse the rest, and in a little while were all in as sound sleep as though in the midst of a fortress.

A little before day, they were all on the alert; it was the hour for Indian maraud. 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 blink 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 up the mountain, avoiding the direct route.

At noon they halted and made a hasty repast, and then bent their course so as to regain the route from which they had diverged. They were now made sensible of the danger from which 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 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 prowl. 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 their trail. After great search, he once more found it, 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 about the camp were traces of Indians who must have been prowling about it at the time his people 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 overtake them, to warn them of their danger, and to order them to halt, until he should reach them.

In the afternoon, to his great joy, he met the scout returning, with six comrades from the main party, leading 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 length, 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 vocations 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 Crow braves moving along at no great distance, with a considerable cavalcade. The trapper hastened to conceal himself, but was discovered by the quick eye of the savages. With whoops and yells, they dragged him from his hiding place, floundered 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 peevish 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 pleasantries, suffered him to depart unharmed. It is true, they stripped him completely, on taking his horse, another his gun, a third his traps, a fourth his blanket, and so on through all his accoutrements, and even his clothing, until he was stark naked; but then they generously made him a present of an old tattered buffalo robe, and dismissed him, with many complimentary

speeches and much laughter. When they returned to the camp in such circumstances, they greeted with peals of laughter from the warriors, and seemed more mortified than surprised that he had been dismissed, than reproached for going with his life. A circumstance which, owing to Captain Bonneville's gay and cheerful disposition, caused of this extreme hostility on the part of the Crows. They had evidently had some quarrel, and, like winning gamblers, were in high humor. Among twenty six fine horses, some mules, which composed their cavalcade, the trapper recognized a number which he recognized as Fitzpatrick's brigade, when they passed on the Bighorn. It was supposed that these vagabonds had been on his trail, and that he was now part of his cavalry.

On the day following this discovery, he came into Captain Bonneville's camp, and was most easy, innocent, if not unimpaired in spirit, while walking about with that impudent business and unconcern in which the best of the fine gentlemen. As they had no other business, which stripped the trapper, they were of the same band, they were not more than that. Captain Bonneville treated them with his usual kindness and hospitality, permitting them to remain all day in the camp, and to go out at night there. At the same time, however, he caused a strict watch to be maintained of their movements, and at night stationed armed sentinels near them. The trappers were against the latter being armed. To the captain the captain suspect them to be treacherous, and that they might be treacherous; he redoubled, therefore, his precautions. At the same time, however, he guessed that while they were perfectly honest, the shelter and comfort of the camp would cause any of their tribe venture to go out at night, they would certainly be detected. It would be a very unfortunate circumstance, much to be deplored. To the captain, however, he fully assented, and shortly thereafter, he sang a wild song or chant, which he repeated for a long time, and in which they were joined by their friends, who might be present at the camp, notice that the white men were on alert. The night passed away without any danger. In the morning the trappers were very pressing that Captain Bonneville's party should accompany them, and that which they said was close by, and that, during their invitation Captain Bonneville's departure with all possible dispatch, out of the vicinity of such a party. He did he relax the diligence of his precautions. The second day, he reached the mouth of the Water, beyond the limits of the Crows, and a heavy fall of snow was observed, but no of his course.

He now continued, on the same slower pace, four or five days, and reached Green River, in a stream of the Caches, on the 14th of October.

Here they found traces of the Indians who had hunted them in the head-waters of Wind River. He was of them on their way over the mountains, and followed back through the Green River valley to the cache, where they had discovered and broken open. It contained nothing but iron, which they had scattered over the mountains, and then departed. The next day, he inserted camp, Captain Bonneville's party, and

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numbered thirty-nine fires, and had more reason
than ever to congratulate himself on having es-
caped 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 Octo-
ber reached Liberge's Ford, a tributary of the
Gorrala, where he came suddenly upon the trail
of this same war party, which had crossed the
stream so recently that the banks were yet wet
with the water that had been splashed upon
them. To judge from their tracks, they could
not be less than three hundred warriors, and ap-
parently 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 ridding himself promptly. He now moved
toward Hane's Fork, another tributary of the Co-
lorado, where he encamped, and remained during
the 31st 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 secure information, and to purchase a lodge.

It was, in fact, a band of Shoshonies, but with
them were encamped 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
nest, a trap upon Powder and Tongue Rivers.
Between twenty and thirty men with him,
and over one hundred horses. So large a caval-
ry could not pass through the Crow country
without attracting the attention of its freebooting
tribes. A large band of Crows were soon on their
trail, and came up with them on the 5th of Sep-
tember, just as they had reached Tongue River.

The chief came forward with great appear-
ance 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 apparent cordiality. In the meantime,
the party of young braves, who considered
himself sold by his distrust from all scruples of
friendship, made a circuit privately, and dashed into
the encampment. Captain Stewart, who had re-
mained there in the absence of Fitzpatrick, be-
came very active; but the Crows were too
vigilant and active. They had got possession
of the camp, and soon made booty of everything
left off all the horses. On their way back
Fitzpatrick returning to his camp; and
the Crow exploit by rifling and nearly strip-
ping him.

Anger took place between the plundered
and the triumphant Crows; what elo-
quent and management Fitzpatrick made use of
is not known, but he succeeded in prevailing
on the Crow chieftain to return him his horses
and his traps, together with his rifles
and a few rounds of ammunition for each man.
He then set out with all speed to abandon the
country, before he should meet with any
of his sisters.

At his departure, the consciences of some of
the orthodox Crows pricked them sorely for
having suffered such a cavalcade to escape out of
their hands. Anxious to wipe off so foul a stigma
on the reputation of the Crow nation, they follow-
ed him on his trail, nor quit hovering about him on-
ly 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 chiv-
alry.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A REGION OF NATURAL CURIOSITIES—THE PLAIN
OF WHITE CLAY HOT SPRINGS—THE BEER
SPRING—DEPARTURE TO SEEK THE FREE
TRAPPERS—PLAIN OF PORTNEUF—LAVA—
CHASMS AND GULLIES—BANNECK INDIANS—
THEIR HUNT OF THE BUFFALO—HUNTERS'
FEAST—TRENCHER HEROES—BULLYING OF AN
ABSENT FOX—THE DAMP COMRADE—THE IN-
DIAN SEA—MEETING WITH HODGKISS—HIS AD-
VENTURES—POORDEVIL INDIANS—TRIUMPH OF
THE BANNECKS—BLACKFEET POLICY IN WAR.

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 figure of a horse-shoe. One of the
principal head waters of this river, although sup-
posed 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 en-
camped, on the 6th of November, at the outlet of
a lake about thirty miles long, and from two to
three miles in width, 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, resem-
bling a great slab of Parian marble, or a sheet 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 herba-
ge. 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 gull below, a place of hidden fires,
and gazes round him with awe and uneasiness.

The most noted curiosity, however, of this an-
gular 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, with as much eagerness as the
Arab seeks some famous well of the desert. Cap-
tain 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, refuse to taste it, and endeavor to persuade the white men from doing so.

We have heard this also called the Soda Spring, and described as containing iron and sulphur. It probably possesses some of the properties of the Ballston water.

The time had now arrived for Captain Bonneville to go in quest of the party of free trappers, detached in the beginning of July, under the command of Mr. Hodgkiss to trap upon the head waters of Salmon River. His intention was to unite them with the party with which he was at present travelling, that all might go into quarters together for the winter. Accordingly, on the 11th of November, he took a temporary leave of his band, appointing a rendezvous on Snake River, and, accompanied by three men, set out upon his journey. His route lay across the plain of the Portneuf, a tributary stream of Snake River, called after an unfortunate Canadian trapper murdered by the Indians. The whole country through which he passed, bore evidence of volcanic convulsions and conflagrations in the olden time. Great masses of lava lay scattered about in every direction; the crags and cliffs had apparently been under the action of fire; the rocks in some places seemed to have been in a state of fusion; the plain was rent and split with deep chasms and gullies, some of which were partly filled with lava.

They had not proceeded far, however, before they saw a party of horsemen galloping full tilt toward them. They instantly turned, and made full speed for the covert of a woody stream, to fortify themselves among the trees. The Indians came to a halt, and one of them came forward alone. He reached Captain Bonneville and his men just as they were dismounting and about to post themselves. A few words dispelled all uneasiness. It was a party of twenty-five Bannock Indians, friendly to the whites, and they proposed, through their envoy, that both parties should encamp together, and hunt the buffalo, of which they had discovered several large herds hard by. Captain Bonneville cheerfully assented to their proposition, being curious to see their manner of hunting.

Both parties accordingly encamped together on a convenient spot, and prepared for the hunt. The Indians first posted a boy on a small hill near the camp, to keep a lookout for enemies. The "runners," then, as they are called, mounted on fleet horses, and armed with bows and arrows, moved slowly and cautiously toward the buffalo, keeping as much as possible out of sight, in hollows and ravines. When within a proper distance, a signal was given, and they all opened at once like a pack of hounds, with a full chorus of yells, dashing into the midst of the herds, and launching their arrows to the right and left. The plain seemed absolutely to shake under the tramp of the buffalo, as they scoured off. The cows in headlong panic, the bulls furious with rage, uttering deep roars, and occasionally turning with a desperate rush upon their pursuers. Nothing could surpass the spirit, grace, and dexterity, with which the Indians managed their horses; wheeling and coursing among the affrighted herd, and launching their arrows with unerring aim. In the midst of the apparent confusion, they selected their victims with perfect judgment, generally aiming at the fattest of the cows, the flesh of the bull being nearly worthless at this season of the

year. In a few minutes, each of the hunters had crippled three or four cows. A single shot was sufficient for the purpose, and the animal, once maimed, was left to be completely disabled 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 back of a cow, so that it struck in the ground beyond. The bulls, however, are not so easily shot as the cows, and always cost the hunter several arrows, sometimes making battle upon the horses, and chasing them furiously, though severely wounded, with the darts still sticking in 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 are said to wax valorous upon a full stomach, and such seemed to be the case with the Bannock braves, who, in proportion as they crammed themselves with buffalo meat, grew stout of heart, until the supper at an end, they began to chant war songs, setting forth their mighty deeds, and the victories they had gained over the Blackfeet. Warning with their eyes, and inflating themselves with their own songs, these magnanimous heroes of the frontier, would start up, advance a short distance beyond the light of the fires, and apostrophize most eloquently their Blackfeet enemies, as though they had been within hearing. Ruffling and swelling, and snorting, and slapping their breasts, and brandishing their arms, they would recite a list of exploits; reminding the Blackfeet how they had drenched their towns in tears and blood, how they had slain the warriors, how they had brought triumph. Then, having said everything that could stir a man's spleen or pique his vanity, they would direct their imaginary heaters, now that the Blackfeet were few in number, to come in and take revenge, receiving no reply to this, from the bravado, they would conclude by a list of sneers and insults, deriding the Blackfeet for dastards and poltroons, that were not worthy their challenge. Such is the spirit of the Bannocks and rhodomontade in which they are so prone to indulge in their valorous boasting. For, with all their vaunted ferocity, they are constantly prone at times to be terrified by the exploits, and to sound the retreat.

Having vented their valorous boasting, the Bannock braves then dismounted, lowered their crests, and took down their feathers, and betook themselves to the task of placing a single guard over the carcasses, as they had the Blackfeet taken them by surprise, and a few of these braggart heroes are now waiting for any further boasting.

On the following morning, Captain Bonneville purchased a supply of buffalo robes from the gadagocio friends; who, with all their boasting, were in fact a very forlorn lot. A few arms, and of almost everything else, except the riches in savage life. The party on our march, the Bannocks set off for their village, which was situated, they said, at the mouth of the Portneuf. Captain Bonneville and his companions started their course toward Snake River.

re said to wax valorous in a full such seemed to be the case. All the es, who, in proportion as they nelves with battle's roar, grew, until, the supper at an end, the nt war songs, setting forth their and the victories they had gained. Warming with their own selves with their own tales of famous heroes of the trer days, and nce a short distance beyond the, and apostrophe most common to select enemies, as though they were earing. Ruffling and swelling, slapping their breasts, and brand ms, they would vociferate, and tending the Blacker how they had towns in tears and blood, and that they had milted the warriors' scalps they had brought down, having said everything they could pleen or pique his valour, and to imaginary heaters, how that they in number, to come and take, giving no reply to these, would conclude by a series of insults, deriding the Blacks, and, too, that were the Blacks e. Such is the style of these made in which the Blacks are ge in their young days, and they wanted to be thought of at times to be the victors, and to sound the war song, and tated their valorous deeds, and annecked breasts, and to brand and their crests, and to brand and betook themselves to the comingle guard over the fort, and select taken place, and to brand, and brag, and heroes and their own r boasting

owing morning, Captain will supply of buff to meet the and ds; who, with their own and very fierce in horle, and almost everything, and to ge life. The nation came off for their village, which was at, at the mouth of the Portneuf neville and his companions, and toward Snake River.

They were masters of themselves and their movements, and had refused to accompany Captain Bonneville to Green River in the preceding month, preferring to trap about the upper waters of the Salmon River, where they expected to find better game, and a less dangerous neighborhood. Their hunt had not been very successful. They had penetrated the great range of mountains which some of the upper branches of the Snake River take their rise, but had become so fatigued among immense and almost impassable masses of fallen pines, and so impeded by enormous 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 Boisse River; but meeting with a band of Banneek Indians, from whom they apprehended hostilities, they had again taken to the mountains, 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 wandering

This peculiarity 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 with dejected countenances, will halt without the encampment, and wait until the relatives of the slain come forth and invite them to mingle again with their people.

their Astorian band, who, in the winter season, would have to pass the winter in the tundra, the depth of the snow, the risk and hardship, and the uncertainty of the adventure, were not only the chief reasons for their refusal to choose three continuances, but also the small stock of horses and the lack of a good team, and selected the three horses and then began to prepare for the winter arrangement. The first of the three arrangements being made, the horse on Christmas day, and the three comrades. They then began the Banneek camp, at the foot of the river, which, if not a very good one, was one, after which they came to the

obliged to travel down the state or the snow in places where the horses; and though, since the trail is not sufficiently secure, the main route lay to the west, crossing the Snake River; and the two ways, reaching the first, or American Fork, the river, for a considerable distance above and below the falls, the water; masses of basalt, now and then; other; the water mingles in the broken chasms, being the basalt, or pitching into narrow and basaltic columns.

falls, they came to a fine, rapid stream, and the valley, at a level valley, about 100 ft. The soil is good; but the fertility of the land is not high.

Near to this stream, a small amount of mica slate, in the form of small blocks, is likewise seen, and white sandstone. The prospectors had a prospect of a small Salomon River, and a small stream, at least 100 ft.

[illegible]

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 but scantily provided with the necessities of life. Their dress consisted of a mantle about four feet square, formed of strips of rabbit skins sewed together ; this they hung over their shoulders, in the ordinary Indian mode of wearing the blanket. Their weapons 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 enclosures 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 they were in sufficient number to form a small hamlet. From these people Captain Bonneville's party frequently purchased salmon, dried in an admirable manner, as were likewise the robes. This seemed to be their prime article of food ; but they were extremely anxious to get buffalo meat in exchange.

The high walls and rocks, within which the Indians had been so long inclosed, now occasionally presented openings, through which they were enabled to ascend to the plain, and to cut off considerable heads of the river.

Throughout the whole extent of this vast and singular chasm, the scenery of the river is said to be the most wild and romantic character. The most present every variety of masses and groupings. 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; the water 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 desert the Snake River is upward of three hundred yards wide and is clear as spring water. Sometimes it flows along with a tranquil and noiseless current; at other times, for miles and miles, it dashes on in a thousand rapids, wild and beautiful to the eye, and lulling the ear with the soft tumult of plashing waters.

Many of the tributary streams of Snake River, find it in the wildness and picturesqueness of their scenery. That called the Bruneau is particularly noted. It runs through a tremendous gorge, rather than a valley, extending upward of a hundred and fifty miles. You come upon it on a sudden, in traversing a level plain. It seems as if you could throw a stone across from cliff to cliff; yet, the valley is near two thousand feet deep; so that the river looks like an insignificant stream. Basaltic rocks rise perpendicularly, so that it is impossible to get from the plain to the water, or from the river margin to the plain. The current is bright and limpid. Hot springs are found on the borders of this river. One bursts out of the cliffs forty feet above the river in a stream sufficient to turn a mill, and sends up a cloud of vapor.

We find a characteristic picture of this volcanic region of mountains and streams, furnished by the journal of Mr. Wyeth, which lies before us; who ascended a peak in the neighborhood we are describing. From this summit, the country, he says, appears an indescribable chaos; the tops of

the hills exhibit the same strata as far as the eye can reach ; and appear to have once formed the level of the country ; and the valleys to be formed by the sinking of the earth, rather than the rising of the hills. Through the deep cracks and chasms thus formed, the rivers and brooks make their way, which renders it difficult to follow them. All these basaltic channels are called cut rocks by the trappers. Many of the mountain streams disappear in the plains ; either absorbed by their thirsty soil, and by the porous surface of the lava, or swallowed up in gulls and chasms.

On the 12th of January (1834), Captain Bonneville reached Powder River; much the largest stream that he had seen since leaving the Portneut. He struck it about three miles above its entrance into Snake River. Here he found himself above the lower narrows and defiles of the latter river, and in an open and level country. The natives now made their appearance in considerable numbers, and evinced the most insatiable curiosity respecting the white men; sitting in groups for hours together, exposed to the bleakest winds, merely for the pleasure of gazing upon the strangers, and watching every movement. These are of that branch of the great Snake tribe called Shoshokoes, or Root Diggers, from their subsisting, in a great measure, on the roots of the earth; though they likewise take fish in great quantities, and hunt, in a small way. They are, in general, very poor; destitute of most of the comforts of life, and extremely indolent; but a mild, inoffensive race. They differ, in many respects, from the other branch of the Snake tribe, the Shoshonics; who possess horses, are more roving and adventurous, and hunt the buffalo.

On the following day, as Captain Bonneville approached the mouth of Powder River, he discovered at least a hundred families of these Diggers, as they are familiarly called, assembled in one place. The women and children kept at a distance, perched among the rocks and cliffs; their eager curiosity being somewhat dashed with fear. From their elevated posts, they scrutinized the strangers with the most intense earnestness; regarding them with almost as much awe as if they had been beings of a supernatural order.

The men, however, were by no means so shy and reserved; but importuned Captain Bonneville and his companions excessively by their curiosity. Nothing escaped their notice; and any thing they could lay their hands on, underwent the most minute examination. To get rid of such inquisitive neighbors, the travellers kept on for a considerable distance, before they encamped for the night.

The country, hereabout, was generally level and sandy; producing very little grass, but a considerable quantity of sage or wormwood. 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 of great breadth, 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. This 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 cheering 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 concomitants of beggary.

These dogs, it must be allowed, were of more use than the beggarly curs of cities. The Indian children use them in hunting the small game of the neighborhood, such as rabbits and prairie dogs; in which mongrel kind of chase they acquitted 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 into 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 they are 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 a continued 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 fated 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 manufacture good 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. Beside the roots on which they mainly depend for subsistence, they collect great quantities of seed, of vari-

ous 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.

Some of these people, more provident and industrious than the rest, lay up a stock of dried salmon, and other fish, for winter; with this, they were ready to traffic with the traders for any objects of utility in Indian life; good furs in quantity in exchange for an awl, a knife, or tobacco-pipe. Others were in the most abject state of want and starvation; and would even gather up the fish-bones which the travellers had cast 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 evidence he perceived of their rude and barbarous condition. "They were destitute," says he, "of the necessary covering to protect them from the weather; and seemed to be in the most uncommunicated ignorance of any other property or advantage in the use of clothing. One of them had absolutely nothing on her person but a gourd round her neck, from which was pendant a solitary bead."

What stage of human destitution, however, is too destitute for vanity! Though these wretched forlorn-looking beings had neither food to arrange, nor beauty to contemplate, the keenest 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 own features. With this simple instance of vanity, in this primitive but vigorous state, we shall close our remarks on the Root Diggers.

CHAPTER XXX.

TEMPERATURE OF THE CLIMATE - K - 1811 1853
ON HORSEBACK - AN INDIAN GUIDE - THE
TAIN TROPICS - THE GRAND RIVER - THE
CULDES ON SNAKE RIVER - A SCRAMBLE OVER
THE BLUE MOUNTAINS - SUFFERING FROM
HUNGER - PROSPECT OF THE INDIAN CAVALRY - THE EXHAUSTED TRAVELLER.

THE temperature of the regions west of the Rocky Mountains is much milder than the same latitudes on the Atlantic side; the mountains, however, which lie at a distance from the sea-coast are subject in winter to considerable cold; being traversed by lofty and extensive ranges with perpetual snow, which often produces fogs 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 Hannocks, Snake River was frozen hard; as they proceeded, the ice became broken and floating; it gradually disappeared, and the weather became warm and pleasant as they approached a tributary stream called the Lime Wyer; and the soil, which was generally of a watery clay, with occasional intervals of sand, was soft to the tread of the horses. After a time, however, the mountains approached and flanked

en with one hand out of the tops of wooden bows held by the other, and thus collected in a bowl and ground between two stones into a flour; which, when mixed with a very palatable paste of plantain, made a people, more provident than the rest, lay up a store of such other fish, for winter; with a view to traffic with the traders for utility in Indian life; among which change for an awl, a knife, or a pipe were in the most abundant estimation; and would even gather up which the travellers saw, to warm them over again at the fire, with the greatest avidity.

Captain Bonneville, and these Root Diggers, the more envied of their rude and barbarous ways, were destitute," says one of the young men, "of the means of getting to protect them, from the seemed to be in the most unprospect of any other prospect or advantage of clothing. One of them had a ring on her person but a trifle, from which was pendant a small

of human destitution, however, as vanity! Though these base and beings had neither time to as to contemplate, nor to gaze at a mirror. It was a general rule, eyes. The sight of one was sufficient, to throw them into a fit of rage and delight; and they were always they had for the smallest thing they might behold to it, as a new instance of vanity, and a vigorous state, we shall discover Root Diggers.

CHAPTER XXX.

OF THE CLIMATE OF THE TRS
ACK AN INDIAN OF THE T-M
CIS THE GRAND ROND. THE
SNAKE RIVER. A SCRAMBLE FOR
MOUNTAINS. SUFFERING FROM
ASPECT OF THE BEING. A
HAUSTED TRAVELLER.

ture of the regions west of the is much milder than the same Atlantic side; the mountains lie at a distance from the sea in winter to consider the temperature by lofty summits, crowned with snow, which often present a more intense cold. This was experienced by Bonneville and his companions westward. At the time when the Snake River was frozen, the ice became so thick that it gradually disappeared, and the warm and pleasant stream appeared. The latter stream, called the Little Snake, which was generally of a sandy soil, was occasionally of sand, read of the horses. After a time, 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. They were just from the plain of Boisé 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 frequent traffic. They 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 weak for the journey.

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 excellent pasturage. Their Digger proved an excellent guide, trudging cheerily in the advance. He made an unsuccessful shot or two at a deer and a beaver; but at night found a rabbit hole, where he extracted the occupant, upon which, with the addition of a fish given 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 river closed upon the river, leaving here and there intervals of undulating meadow land. 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, dashing 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. Moving 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 *Fourche de Glace*, or Ice River, runs through it. Its sheltered situation, embosomed in mountains, renders it good pasturing 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 camash root, of which it produces immense quantities. When this plant is 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, frowning in bleak 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. Sometimes the crags and promontories 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 acclivities, and to pass along narrow cornices, glazed with ice and sleet, a shuddering 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-

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given out, and his replies only showed the
 apathy of despair. His companions there-
 camped on the spot, kindled a blazing fire,
 searched about for roots with which to
 strengthen and revive him. They all then made
 a starveling repast; but gathering round the fire,
 looked over past dangers and troubles, soothed
 themselves with the persuasion that all were now
 at an end, and went to sleep with the comforting
 hope that the morrow would bring them into
 peaceful quarters.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PROGRESS IN THE VALLEY—AN INDIAN CAVA-
 LIER—THE CAPTAIN FALLS INTO A LETHARGY
 —A NEZ PERCE PATRIARCH—HOSPITABLE
 TREATMENT—THE BALD HEAD—BARGAINING—
 VALUE OF AN OLD PLAID 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
 feeble and emaciated 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 now (the 16th of February)
 fifteen days that they had been travelling in
 the midst of winter, exposed to all kinds of priva-
 tions and hardships; and for the last twenty
 days they had been entangled in the wild and
 devious labyrinths of the snowy mountains;
 climbing and descending icy precipices, and
 being 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 some time with great earnestness, seemed about
 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 some time in doubt; but at length, having
 satisfied himself that they were not enemies, came
 galloping up to them. He was a fine, haughty-
 looking savage, fancifully 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 deportment had something in it of
 barbaric dignity; he felt perhaps his temporary
 superiority in personal array, and in the spirit of
 his vest to the poor, ragged, travel-worn trapper
 with their halt-starved horses. Approach-
 ing them with an air of protection, he gave them
 his salutation, 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 robes, and would cheerfully share his good
 things with them.

His hospitable invitation was joyfully accepted;
 he agreed, but a moment, to give directions by
 which they might find his camp, and then, wheel-
 ing round, and giving the reins to his mettlesome
 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. Hitherto, the necessity of
 conducting his party, and of providing against
 every emergency, had kept his mind upon the
 stretch, and his whole system braced and excited.
 In no one instance had he flagged in spirit or felt
 disposed to succumb. Now, however, that all
 danger was over, and the march of a few miles
 would bring them to repose and abundance, his
 energy suddenly deserted him; and every fac-
 ulty, mental and physical, was totally relaxed.
 He had not proceeded two miles from the point
 where he had had the interview with the Nez Perce
 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 pro-
 found 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 march, when a
 party of the Nez Perce tribe came galloping to
 meet them, leading fresh horses to enter their
 camp. Thus gallantly mounted, they felt
 new life infused into their languid frames, and
 dashing forward, were soon at the village of the
 Nez Percés. 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 village, and
 with something of the same kind of care; 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-
 ands. 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
 revel 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 Percés, had made him conversant with their
 language, modes of expression, and all their hab-
 itudes. He soon found, too, that he was well
 known among them, by report, at least, from the
 constant interchange of visits and messages be-
 tween 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 signifi-
 cation. 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 half rise
 from their recumbent posture, and gaze upon his
 uncovered head with their usual exclamation of
 astonishment. The worthy captain was complete-
 ly 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 infliction. In a
 little while he became known among them by an

CHAPTER XXXII.

NEZ PERCÉ CAMP—A CHIEF WITH A HARD NAME—THE BIG HEARTS OF THE EAST—HOSPITABLE TREATMENT—THE INDIAN GUIDES—MYSTERIOUS COUNCILS—THE LOQUACIOUS CHIEF—INDIAN TOMBS—GRAND INDIAN RECEPTION—AN INDIAN FEAST—TOWN-CRIERS—HONESTY OF THE NEZ PERCÉS—THE CAPTAIN'S ATTEMPT AT HEALING.

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. This hand was likewise under the sway of a venerable chief named Yo-mus-ro-y-e-cut; a name which we shall be careful not to inflict upon any more than is necessary upon the reader. This ancient and hard-named chieftain 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 magnanimous but costly application; 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 knowing them as friends and brothers. That he and his companions had accordingly added 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 had fallen into Snake River, and been swept away by the rapid current. That instead, therefore of arriving among their friends, the Nez Percés, with light hearts and full hands, they came naked, hungry, and broken down; and instead of making them presents, must depend upon them even for food. "But," concluded he, "we are going to the white men's boys on the Wallah Wallah, and will soon return; and then we will meet our Nez Percé friends like the true Big Hearts 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 Percé tribe, he certainly showed no disposition to relax his friendship on learning the destitute 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 meantime 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 forthcoming 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 so 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 unremitting in their good offices, and continually on the alert to select 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, those great comforts of the trapper, 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 some 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 counsellor, 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 inflated 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 his 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 bathing in a small stream. The good 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 seems to have been a very sociable, communicative old man; by no means afflicted with that taciturnity generally charged

upon the Indians. On the contrary, he was fond of long talks and long smokings, and evidently was proud of his new friend, the bald-headed chief, and took a pleasure in sounding his praises, and setting forth the power and glory of the Big Hearts of the East.

Having disburdened himself of everything he had to relate to his bathing friends, he left them to their aquatic sports, and proceeded onward with the captain and his companions. As they approached the Way-lee-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, "he 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. The enemy bore off his scalp as a trophy; but his friends found his body in this lonely place, and committed it to the earth with ceremonials characteristic of their pious and reverential feelings. They gathered round the grave and mourned; the warriors were silent 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 homes."

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 petty mystery 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 bald-headed chief, and a party of the Big Hearts of the East, and that he was prepared to receive them in becoming style. As, among other ceremonials, 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 singularly striking. In the front rank were the chiefs and principal warriors, glaringly 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; each filing off when he had shaken hands, 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 guest. As the people advanced whom he met, he indicated the friendship or confidence of the new acquaintance by motioned them off by a wave of the hand. When they would submissively walk away. When Captain Bonneville turned upon him an inquiring look, he would observe, "He was not doing anything quite as concise, and there was no end of the matter."

Mats, poles, and other material were brought, and a comfortable fire was kindled for the strangers, where they were constantly supplied with wood and water, and other necessities; and all their effects were under safe keeping. Their horses, too, were put under guard, and turned loose to graze and get a little exercise upon them.

All this being adjusted they were introduced to the main building or council house of the village, where an ample repast, or rather banquet, was spread, which seemed to include all the nomadic dreams that had tantalized them during their long starvation; for here they had not merely fish and roots in abundance, but also of deer and elk, and the choicest pieces of venison. It is needless to say how vigorously they acquitted themselves on this occasion, and how unnecessary it was for their hosts to resort to the usual cramming principle of Indian hospitality.

When the repast was over, the chief showed the same courtesy to the captain, and his tribe generally, to obtain some information concerning the United States, of which they knew little but what they derived from the reports of the Upper Nez Peres, as they were connected exclusively with the British interests of the Hudson's Bay Company. Captain Bonneville's best to set forth the merits of his nation, and the importance of their friendship to the tribe, which he was ably seconded by the old chief with the kind words which he could to glorify the Big Hearts of the East.

The chief and all present attracted the attention, and evidently with good effect. There were the important facts that set forth the importance of the audience in the lodge, and the importance of the audience was loudly repeated by the chief of the whole village.

This custom of promulgating news by the chiefs is not confined to the Nez Peres. It is a custom which prevails among many of the tribes of the Pacific, where there are no written records of the news of the day, or to report the proceedings of important meetings. And in such cases, the kind, viva voce, made in the council house, and liable to be contradicted, and the spot, are more likely to be remembered by the public mind, and to be reported through the press. The effect of this custom is filled by some old man, who is the keeper of the village, as they are called, and who go about proclaiming the news, giving notice of public events, such as dances, feasts, and other of similar kind, using anything lost. When the news is remained among the Nez Peres, the keeper of the village, or anything of similar kind, or mislaid, it was carried by the under chief of the chief, and proclaimed by the keeper of their chiefs, for the owner of the 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

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of Indians from the experience of other traders
who had casually been among them, and who rep-
resented them as selfish, inhospitable, exorbitant
in their dealings and much addicted to thieving.*
Captain Bonneville, on the contrary, who resided
much among them, and had repeated opportuni-
ties of ascertaining their real character, invariably
spoke of them as kind and hospitable, scrupu-
lously honest, and remarkable above 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-
ed in simple cases, among the Upper Nez Percés,
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, there-
fore, before his lodge began to be the resort of
the sick and the infirm. They captain felt the
value of the reputation thus accidentally and
deeply acquired, and endeavored to sustain it.
As he had arrived at that age when every man is,
experimentally, something of a physician, 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
he had not exaggerated his medical talents.
To every patient that effectually battled his skill,
or rather discouraged any attempt at relief, was
an adequate squaw with a churchyard cough,
and one leg in the grave; it being shrunk and
moved useless by a rheumatic affection. This
was a case beyond his mark; however, he com-
mended the old woman with a promise that he
would endeavor to procure something to relieve
her of the tort on the Wallah Wallah, and would
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 fee which was thank-
fully accepted.

While among these Indians Captain Bonneville
suddenly found an owner for the horse which
he had purchased from a Root Digger at the Big
Wall. The Indian satisfactorily proved that the
horse had been stolen from him some time pre-
viously, by some unknown thief. "However,"
said the considerate savage, "you got him in fair
trade; you are more in want of horses than I
am; keep him; he is yours—he is a good horse;
we have well."

Thus, in the continual experience of acts of
kindness and generosity, which his acute con-
science did not allow him to reciprocate, Captain
Bonneville passed some short time among these
people, more and more impressed with the
general excellence of their character.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SCENERY OF THE WAY-LEE-WAY—A SUBSTITUTE
FOR TOBACCO—SUBLIME SCENERY OF SNAKE
RIVER—THE GARRULOUS OLD CHIEF AND HIS
COUSIN—A NEZ PERCE MILLING—A STOLEN
SKIN—THE SCARLEAT DOG—MYSTERIOUS
GATHERINGS—THE LITTLE CHIEF—HIS HOS-
PITALITY—THE CAPTAIN'S ACCOUNT OF THE
EXISTED STATUS—HIS HEALING SKILL.

IN resuming his journey, Captain Bonneville
was conducted by the same Nez Percé guide,

* Vide Astoria, chap. II.

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 con-
siderable stream winding through a succession of
bold and beautiful scenes. Sometimes the land-
scape 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 Nez Percés, with whom they invari-
ably 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-yee-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 garru-
lous old chief, at length exhausted all his stock of
tobacco, so that he had no longer a whiff 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 accompany his long colloquies and
harangues with the customary fragrant cloud.

If the scenery of the Way-lee-way had charmed
the travellers with its mingled amenity and grand-
eur, that which broke upon them on once more
reaching Snake River, filled them with admiration
and astonishment. At times, the river was over-
hung by dark and stupendous 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 de-
lightful valleys carpeted with greenward. The
whole of this wild and varied scenery was domi-
nated by immense mountains rearing their distant
peaks into the clouds. "The grandeur and
originality of the views presented on every side,"
says Captain Bonneville, "beggared both the pencil
and the pen. Nothing we had ever gazed upon in
any other region could for a moment compare in
wild majesty and impressive sternness with the
series of scenes which here at every turn aston-
ished our senses and filled us with awe and del-
ight."

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 in-
clined 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 up-
ward of six hundred miles through every variety
of landscape. Rising in a volcanic region, 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 pre-
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After some time the countenance of the old chief again cleared up, and he fell into repeated confidences, 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 appellation of some longitude, 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 powder-horn, to enable them to respond to the intended salute. A scene ensued, on their approach to the village, similar to that which had occurred at the village of the little chief. The whole population appeared in the field, drawn up in lines, arrayed with the customary regard to rank and dignity. Then came on the first salutes, and the shaking of hands, in which participated every individual, man, woman, and child; for the Indians have an idea that it is as indispensable an overture of friendship among the whites as smoking of the pipe is among the red men. The travellers were next invited to the banquet, where all the choicest viands the village could furnish, were served up in profusion. They were afterward entertained with feats of agility and horse-races; indeed the visit to the village seemed the signal for 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, when 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 fire was immediately lighted, and contently reposed and kept alive until the night was far advanced. As usual, the utmost eagerness was evinced by the guests to learn everything within the scope of their comprehension respecting the whites, for whom they professed the most warm regard. The captain, in his replies, made use of familiar illustrations, calculated to clear their minds, and impress them with such an idea of the might of his nation as would induce them to treat him with kindness and respect all the way to the end of his path. To their inquiries as to the numbers of the people of the United States, he assured them that they were as numerous as the blades of grass in the prairies, and that great as Snake River was, if they were to sit upon its banks they would drink it dry in a single day. To these and similar statistics he listened with profound attention and without any explicit belief. It was, indeed, a long time, the captain, with his hunter's dress and his bow and arrow, standing in the midst, holding forth, and his auditors seated around like so many statues, the fire lighting up their painted faces, and their muscular figures, all fixed and motionless excepting when the pipe was passed, a word pronounced, or a startling fact in statement followed with a movement of surprise and a suppressed ejaculation of wonder and admiration. The time of the captain as a healer of diseases was now accompanied him to this village, and the old chief O-push-y-e-cut now entreated him to remain with his daughter, who had been for several days racked with pains, for which the medicine factors could devise no alleviation.

The captain found her extended on a pallet of mats in excruciating pain. Her father manifested 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 his sympathies quickened 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 haphazard 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 Percés, 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 free from pain, though extremely languid; whereupon the captain prescribed for her a bowl of cold 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, and the vapor is produced by water poured slowly upon red-hot stones.

On passing the limits of O-push-y-e-cut's domains, the travellers left the elevated table-lands, and all the wild and romantic scenery which has just been 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 of a night was made at the village of a chief named He-mim-el-pilp, 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 Percés, by whom they were invariably treated with the utmost kindness. Within seven days after leaving the domain of He-mim-el-pilp, they struck the Columbia River at Fort Wallah-Wallah, where they arrived on the 4th of March, 1834.

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which he had come, in consequence of informa-
tion gathered among the neighboring Indians.

Accordingly, on the 6th of March 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
out. They were always welcomed with cordial-
ity; 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 wel-
comed on account of the general gratitude and
affection they felt for his tribe. He soon proved
a heavy drag upon the little party, being doltish
and taciturn, lazy in the extreme, and a huge
eater. His only proof of intellect was in shrewd-
ly taking all labor, and availing himself of the
labor of others. When on the march, he always
lagged behind the rest, leaving to them the task
of making a way through all difficulties and im-
poverishments, and leisurely and lazily jogging along
behind, which they had beaten through the
snow. At the evening encampment, when others
were busy gathering fuel, providing for the horses,
and taking the evening repast, this worthy
savage of the wilderness would take his seat
quietly and cosily by the fire, putting away at his
pleasure, and lying in silence, but with wistful in-
tensity, gaze, the savory morsels roasting for supper.

When meal-time arrived, however, then came
his season of activity. He no longer hung back,
and waited for others to take the lead, but distin-
guished himself by a brilliancy of onset and a sus-
tained vigor and duration of attack that com-
pletely stamed the efforts of his competitors—
a man, experienced trenchermen of no mean
process. Never had they witnessed such power
of mastication and such marvellous capacity of
stomach, as in this native and uncultivated gas-
tronomie. Having, by repeated and prolonged as-
saults, at length completely gorged himself, he
would wrap himself up, and lie with the torpor of
an amoeba, slowly digesting his way on to the
next repast.

The mandizing powers of this worthy were,
at first, matters of surprise and merriment to the
travellers; but they soon became too serious for a
jocund chuckling devastation to the fleshpots;
and he was regarded askance, at his meals, as a
terrible kilt-kop, destined to waste the substance
of the party. Nothing but a sense of the obliga-
tion they were under to his nation induced them
to tolerate such a guest; but he proceeded, and
soon relieved them from the weight of these
obligations by eating a receipt in full.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE UNINVITED GUEST—FREE AND EASY MAN-
NERS—MILITARY JOES—A PRODIGAL SON—
THE GILTON—A SUDDEN CHANGE
IN FORTUNE—DANGER OF A VISIT TO POOR
RELATIONS—PLUCKING OF A PROSPEROUS MAN
—VAGABOND FOULE A SUBSTITUTE FOR
THE VERY LINE HORSE—HARD TRAVELLING—
THE UNINVITED GUEST AND THE PATRIARCHAL
CLAN—A BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—A CIVIL-
TROMPH—EXIT OF THE MERRY VAGABOND.

As Captain Bonneville and his men were en-
camped one evening among the hills near Snake

River, seated before their fire, enjoying a hearty
supper, they were suddenly surprised by the visit
of an uninvited guest. He was a ragged, half-
naked 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 air, he threw the buck on the
ground, and, without waiting for an invitation,
seated himself at their mess, helped himself with-
out ceremony, and chatted to the 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 at first completely taken by
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
his tribe, was somewhat dirty as well as ragged
and they had no relish for such a messmate.
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 chat-
ting, 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 characteris-
tics. He immediately made him the butt of his
pleasantries; and cracked off two or three good
hits, that caused the sluggish dolt to prick up his
ears, 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 amu-
sing; 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-
she-ouaiter, for such was the simple name by
which he announced himself, declared his inten-
tion 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 hunting abilities.

By this time he had so completely effaced the un-
favorable impression made by his first appear-
ance, that he was made welcome to the camp, and
the Nez Percé guide undertook to give him lodg-
ing for the night. The next morning, at break of
day he borrowed a gun, and was off among the
hills, nor was anything more seen of him until a
few minutes after the party had encamped for the
evening, when he again made his appearance, in
his usual frank, careless manner, and threw down
the carcass of another noble deer, which he had
borne on his back for a considerable distance.

This evening he was the life of the party, and
his open communicative disposition, free from all
disguise, soon put them in possession of his story.
He had been a kind of prodigal son in his
native village; living a loose, heedless life, and
disregarding the precepts and imperative com-

mands of the chiefs. He had, in consequence, been expelled from the village, but, in nowise disheartened at this banishment had betaken himself to the society of the border Indians, and had led a careless, haphazard, vagabond life, perfectly consonant to his humors; heedless of the future, so long as he had wherewithal for the present; and tearing no lack of food, so long as he had the implements of the chase, and a fair hunting ground.

Finding him very expert as a hunter, and being pleased with his eccentricities and his strange and merry humor, Captain Bonneville fitted him out handsomely 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 exorcise the insatiate kill-crop that had hitherto oppressed the party. In fact, the doltish Nez Percé, 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 flouts and peckings of mischievous birds. At length his place was found vacant at meal-time; no one knew when he went off, or whither he had gone, but he was seen no more, and the vast surplus that remained when the repast was over, showed what a mighty gourmandizer had departed.

Relieved from this incubus, the little party now went on cheerily. She-wee-she kept him 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 every one in good-humor.

In this way they journeyed on until they arrived on the banks of the Immahah, and encamped near to the Nez Percé lodges. Here She-wee-she took a sudden notion to visit his people, and show off the state of worldly 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 elasticity 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 ejected 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 glory was gone; he was naked as when he was born, with the exception of a scanty flap that answered the purpose of a big leaf. His fellow-travellers at first did not know him, but supposed it to be some ignorant root-digger sneaking into the camp; but when they recognized in this forlorn creature the same wag, She-wee-she, whom they had seen departing in the morning, in such high gear, they laughed, and they could not contain their merriment, and laughed at him with loud and repeated peals of laughter.

She-wee-she was not so easily cast down; he soon turned the merriment as heartily as they did, and seemed 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-compassionate 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 camp, admired his equipments, one had begged for this; another for that"—in fine, what a poor devil's inherent heedlessness and the real generosity of his disposition, his ready assent had succeeded in stripping him of all his clothes and accoutrements, excepting the fig-leaf which he had returned to camp.

Seeing his total want of care and forethought, Captain Bonneville determined to be kinder than a little, in hopes it might prove a salutary lesson, and, at any rate, to make him no more a nuisance while in the neighborhood of his travelling companions. He was left, therefore, to slutt for himself in a 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 journey about the camp, however, he got possessive of a deer-skin; whereupon, cutting a slit in the middle, he thrust his head through it, so that the ends hung down before and behind, serving like a South American poncho, or the *capata* of a herald. These ends he tied together under the armpits; and thus arrayed presented a more cheerful before the captain, with an air of 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 Percés governed by the worthy and affectionate old patriarch who had made Captain Bonneville the costly 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-bobs, joined in a chorus of friendly gratulation.

As the much-vaunted steel once the boy 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 fine two years' old colt 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 after claims were made on account of this sort. This situation may be regarded, therefore, as a *quintessence* of honor; but it will be found that the animal soon proved an unlucky acquisition to the party.

While at this village, the Nez Percés had held consultations with some of the neighboring tribes as to the mountain tract the party were bound 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 the chances would increase as he proceeded. He begged Captain Bonneville, therefore, to travel very slowly, so as to keep the horses in strength and to counter the hard times they would have to encounter. The captain surrendered to the forebodings of the march entirely to his discretion, and pushed on in the advance, amusing himself with the prospect of a general day to kill a deer or two, and to reach the spot designated by the guides for the evening encampment.

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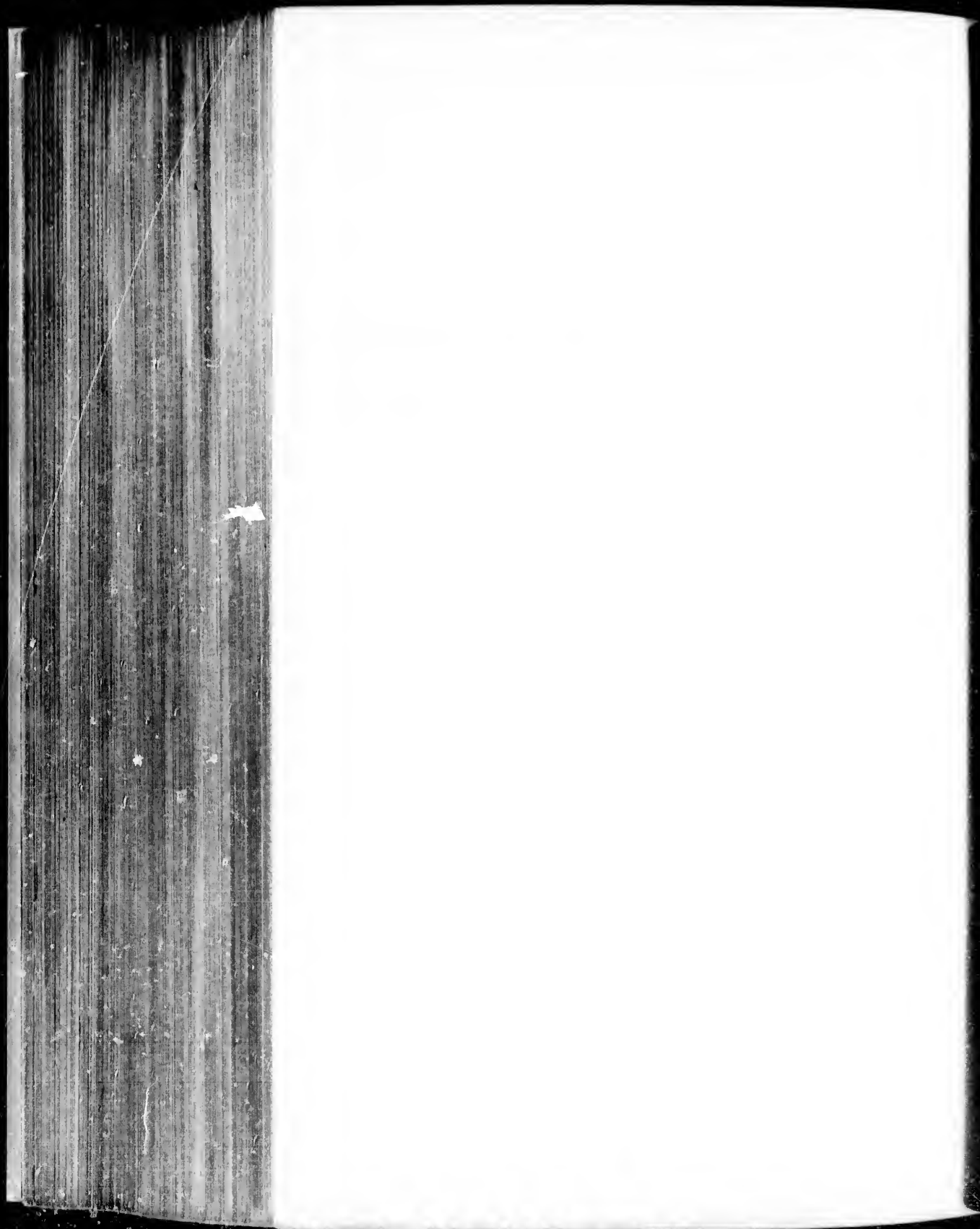
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*They saw the old man, a sudden jump and, with a bounding
side bounding over a precipice*

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In the meantime, the others plodded on at the heels of the guide, accompanied by that merry ragabond, She-wee-she. The primitive garb worn by this droll left all his nether man exposed to the biting blasts of the mountains. Still his wit was never frozen, nor his sunshiny temper befuddled; and his innumerable antics and practical jokes, while they quickened the circulation of his own blood, kept his companions in high good-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 ahead 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 plunge on at large, happened to come within his reach. In a moment he was on his back, snapping at fingers, and yelping with delight. The colt, unused to such a burden, and half wild by repeated prancing and rearing, and snorting, and stamping, and kicking; and, at length, set off to seek over the most dangerous ground. As the route led generally along the steep and craggy faces 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 wildest glee. Never did beggar on horseback display more headlong horsemanship. His companions looked on with their eyes, sometimes laughing, sometimes holding in their breath at his vagaries, until they saw the colt make a sudden lunge or start, and pitch his unlucky rider headlong over a precipice. There was a general exclamation, and all hastened to the spot. They found the poor fellow lying among the rocks below, senseless and mangled. It was almost a miracle that he had escaped with life. Even in this condition his merry spirit was not entirely quenched, and he summoned up a feeble laugh at the anxiety of those who came to his aid. He was extricated from his rocky bed, by a messenger dispatched to inform Captain Bonneville of the accident. The latter returned with speed, and encamped the party at the first convenient spot. Here the wounded man was placed upon buffalo skins, and the captain, considered on all occasions as doctor and surgeon to the party, proceeded to examine his wounds. The principal one was a long and deep laceration of the thigh, which reached to the bone. To get 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 much, that the captain was obliged to pause, and administer him a powerful dose of alcohol. A somewhat rallied up his spirit and warmed his limbs. At the time of the operation, however, the patient's eyes riveted on the wound, with his forehead and a whimsical wincing of the countenance, occasionally gave his nose something of a screw-like curl.

When the wound was fairly closed, the captain was supplied 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 fears 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 the next morning, a gleam 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 boon 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 good-will on both sides, 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 PRECH—AN ICY TURNPIKE—DANGER OF A FALSE STEP—ARRIVAL ON SNAKE RIVER—RETURN TO PORT-NUF—MEETING OF COMRADES.

CONTINUING their journey up the course of the Immahah, the travellers 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 beat 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, be lost in crossing under their guidance; and that, therefore, it was good they should not attempt it.

Captain Bonneville sat smoking his pipe, and 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 pass, and have listened to your words; you have little 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, we threaten to keep them back, their hearts swell, and they push forward. They live 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 disheartened. 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 dusk there was a slight drizzling rain. An excellent mix-sage, and 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 for horses. This plan was promptly put into execution; the sleds were constructed, the baggage was drawn backward and forward, until the road was beaten, when they descended from their fatiguing labor. The night turned out air and cold, and by morning their road was encrusted with ice sufficiently strong for their purpose. They now set out on their icy trampike, 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 grassy 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 restlessness, strayed to the edge of a declivity. One of the men was lifted to her; she lost her balance, came reeling with a long 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 eat it up for food, they found it torn and mangled in the most horrible manner.

It was quite late in the evening before the party descended to the climate of the snow. Here they piled large logs before them to prevent their sliding down, and encamped for the night. The next day they succeeded in bringing down their baggage to the encampment; then packing all up, early and loading their horses,

they once more set out bravely, and in the course of the following days in getting to a grassy region.

Here their Nez Percé guides, the difficulties of the mountains, and their course was plain and needed no further guidance; they were able to return home. This was done with many thanks and presents for services. They took a number of their white friends, after whom they had horses and set off, exchanging and kind wishes.

On the following day, Captain Bonneville completed his journey down to the river, camped on the borders of Snake River, found the grass in great clumps, six inches in height. In the region, on the rocky banks of the river, of basaltes, rising to the highest of the tract.

Nothing particularly worthy of notice during several days as they pursued along Snake River and passed the streams. After crossing Gaa-Choo with various signs that white people neighborhood, and Captain Bonneville's earnest exertions to discover whether any of his own people had been there. He soon ascertained that they had been out of this tract of country, and that themselves to the built to region, which shaped his course. In proceeding along Snake River, he found small herds of Stags, getting upon the minor streams, and trout and other fish, which they caught in numbers at this season in fish traps. The part of the tribe, however, had retired to the mountains to hunt the elk, deer, and bighorn.

On the 12th of May Captain Bonneville reached the Portneut River, in the valley of which had left the winter encampment on the preceding Christmas day. He expected to be back by the 1st of May, but circumstances had delayed him two months beyond the time, and his equipment must long ere this be worn up. Halting on the banks of the Portneut, he sent a few miles down to a camping ground and scatch the party, or of their weariness, he usually have abandoned the route, without being able to do so.

Being now destitute of provisions, it found it necessary to make a short excursion after buffalo. They crossed the river in an island in the river, and found all their baggage, and then made a short excursion. They were so fortunate as to find a fine bull, and cutting off the head, he continued to husband this store of provisions, most miserly care. He was obliged to venture into the hunting grounds. Returning on the 18th of May, they found the party had been at the caches, and had constructed a more secure one, deposited their heaviest articles, and reached Snake River again, and encamped at the American Falls. Here they fortify themselves, intending to remain give their horses an opportunity to strengthen with good pasturage, until

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time to set out for the annual rendezvous in Bear River valley.

On the first of June they desiered four men on the other side of the river, opposite to the camp, and, having attracted their attention by a discharge of rifles, ascertained to their joy that they were sons of their own people. From these men Captain Bonneville learned that the whole party whom he had left in the preceding month of December were encamped on Blackfoot River, a tributary of Snake River, not very far above the mouth. 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 warmest manner, for his long-protracted absence had grieved 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 lakes at Salmon River. Here they fell in with the Blackfoot 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 Captain 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 afforded. 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.

DEPARTURE FOR THE RENDEZVOUS—A WAR PARTY OF BLACKFEET—A MOCK BUSTLE—SIAM HIRTS AT NIGHT—WARLIKE PRECAUTIONS—DANERS OF A NIGHT ATTACK—A PANIC AMONG HORSES—CAUTIOUS MARCH—THE BEER SPRINGS—A MOCK CAROUSAL—SKIRMISHING WITH BUFFALOES—A BUFFALO BAIT—ARRIVAL AT THE RENDEZVOUS—MELTING OF VARIOUS BANDS.

After the two days of festive indulgence, Captain Bonneville broke up the encampment, and set out with his motley crew of hired and free trappers, half-breeds, Indians, and squaws, for the annual rendezvous in Bear River valley. Dismissing his course up the Blackfoot River, he soon reached the hills among which it takes its rise. Here, while on the march, he desiered from the top of a hill, a war party of about sixty warriors, on the plain immediately below him. His station was perilous; for the greater part of his men were dispersed in various directions. So much hesitation or fear would be to discover his usual weakness, and to invite attack. He assented instantly, therefore, to a belligerent tone; ordered the squaws to lead the horses to a grove of ashen trees, and unload and tie them up, and caused a great bustle to be made by his own handful: the leaders riding hither and thither, only moderating 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 stock; so that, in case of alarm, he can lay his hand upon the whole of his equipment at once, and start up, completely armed.

Captain Bonneville was also especially careful to secure the horses, and set a vigilant guard upon them; for there lies the great 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 alarm 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 howling 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 one of the wildest scenes of confusion imaginable.

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, bandying jokes, singing drinking songs, and uttering peals of laughter, until it seemed as if their imaginations had given potency to 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 scene; suited to a region where everything is strange and peculiar: These groups of trappers and hunters, and Indians, with their wild costumes and wilder countenances; their boisterous gayety and reckless air; quaffing and making merry round these

* In a manuscript journal of Mr. Nathaniel G. Wweeth, 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, peat beds, which sometimes take fire, and leave behind a deep, light ashes; in which animal sink deep. . . . I ascended a mountain, and from it could see that Bear River took 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."

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

SALE TAKEN INTO THE
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THILLS AND MOUNTAINS
ARMS OF A GELIVIC
S VICTORY—CALIFORNIA
SS ALONG THE FARMER
Y—ACCOUNT OF THE
OD—TOWNS CALIFORNIA
INSULA—SOUTH CALIFORNIA
S SUTHERLANDIA
OVER THE INDIAN
INS OF A MISSIONARY
ML SCENARY—UPON
THEIR LOWER VALLEY
THE COUNTRY OF CALIFORNIA

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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 re-
freshed themselves and their weary horses for a
time, they kept along this stream, which gradu-
ally increased in size, being fed by numerous
brooks. After approaching the mountains, it
took a sweep toward the southwest, and the trav-
elers still kept along it, trapping beaver as they
went, on the flesh of which they subsisted for the
present, husbanding 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 Hud-
son's Bay Company who first explored it. The
wild and half desert region through which the
travellers were passing is wandered over by
hordes of Shoshokoes, or Root Diggers, the forlorn
branch of the Snake tribe. They are a shy peo-
ple, prone to keep aloof from the stranger. 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 were any of them to be met with.

After a time, they began to have vexatious
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 articles were missing, yet nothing could
be seen of the marauders. What particularly ex-
asperated the hunters, was to have their traps
spoiled from the streams. One morning a trap-
per 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 unfor-
tunate Diggers, seated on the river bank, fishing.
Advancing upon them, he levelled his rifle, shot
one upon the spot, and flung his bleeding body
into the stream. The other Indian fled, and was
scarcely to be seen. Such is the indifference with
which acts of violence are regarded in the wilder-
ness, and such the immunity an armed ruffian en-
joys beyond the barriers of the laws, that the only
transgressor this desperado met with, was a re-
buke from the leader of the party.

The trappers now left the scene of this infernal
tragedy, and kept on westward, down the course
of the river, which wound along with a range of
mountains in the right hand and a sandy but
some what fertile plain on the left. As they pro-
ceeded, they beheld columns of smoke rising, as
before, in various directions, with their guilty
consequences 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 num-
bers, but always pacific; the trappers, however,
suspected them of deep-laid plans to draw them
into ambushes; to crowd into and get possession
of their camp, and various other crafty and daring
conspiracies which, it is probable, never entered
into the heads of the poor savages. In fact, they
are a simple, timid, inoffensive race, unpractised
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.

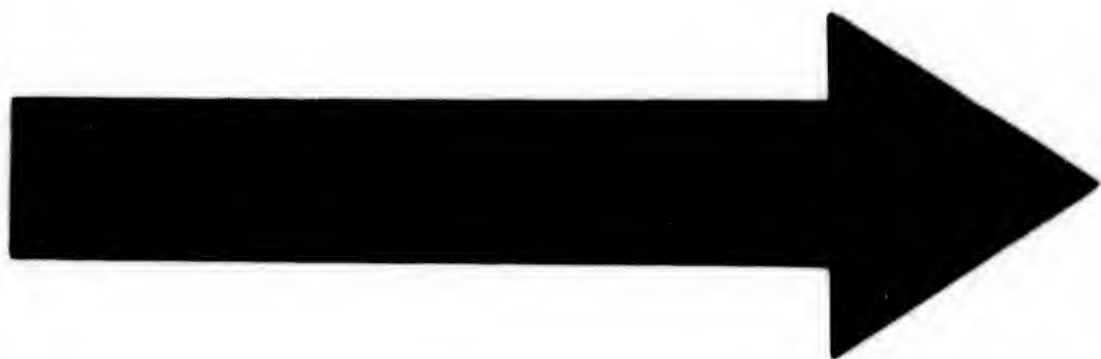
The trappers, however, had persuaded them-
selves that they were making their way through a
hostile country, and that implacable foes hung
round their camp or beset their path, watching
for an opportunity to surprise them. At length
one day they came to the banks of a stream empty-
ing into Ogden's River, which they were obliged
to ford. Here a great number of Shoshokoes were
posted on the opposite bank. Persuaded they
were there with hostile intent, they advanced upon
them, levelled their rifles, and killed twenty-five
of them on the spot. The rest fled to a short dis-
tance, 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 does it appear from
the accounts of the boasted victors, that a weapon
had been wielded or a weapon launched
by the Indians throughout the affair. We feel per-
fectly convinced that the poor savages had no
hostile intention, but had merely gathered to-
gether through motives of curiosity, as others of
their tribe had done when Captain Bonneville
and his companions passed along Snake River.

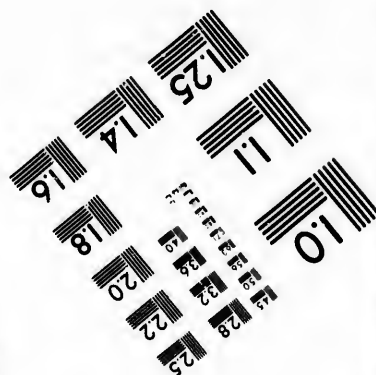
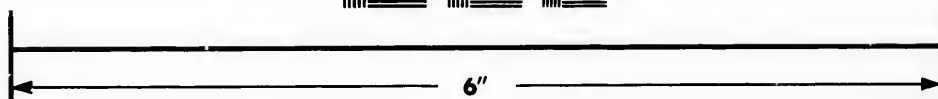
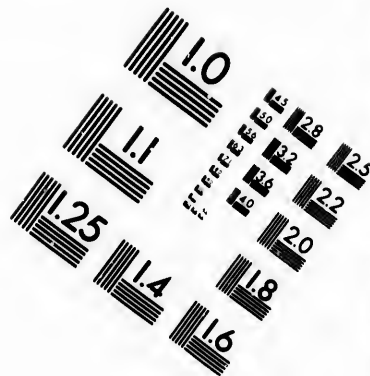
The trappers continued down Ogden's River,
until they ascertained that it lost itself in a great
swampy lake, to which there was no apparent dis-
charge. They then struck directly westward,
across the great chain of Californian mountains
intervening between these interior plains and the
shores of the 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 wild-
est scenery, partaking of the sublime rather than
the beautiful, and abounding with frightful pre-
cipices. The sufferings of the travellers among
these savage mountains were extreme; for a part
of the time they were nearly starved; at length
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 indemnified them-
selves 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 about two
hundred houses, situated in latitude 37° north.
It lies in a spacious bay, with indifferent anchorage.
The surrounding country is extremely fertile, es-
pecially in the valleys; the soil is richer the fur-
ther you penetrate into the interior, and the cli-
mate is described as a perpetual spring. Indeed,
all California, extending along the Pacific Ocean
from latitude 16° 30' to 42° north, is presented
as one of the most fertile and beautiful regions in
North America.

Lower California, in length about seven hun-
dred miles, forms a great peninsula, which cross-
es the tropics and terminates in the torrid zone.
It is separated from the mainland by the Gulf of
California, sometimes called the Vermilion Sea;
into this gulf empties the Colorado of the West,
the Seeds-ke-dee, or Green River, as it is also
sometimes called. The peninsula is traversed
by stern and barren mountains, and has many





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sandy plains, where the only signs of vegetation is the cylindrical cactus 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. There are 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 belonging to the voluptuous climates of the 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 1698, 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 and maintained 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 governor, 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 defend them. On the contrary, he beheld 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 execute 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 their 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—no 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 Pacific, and inland, to the great 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 exert a protecting sway over about 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, stonecutters, and other artificers 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 duties allotted to their sex in civilized life. No social intercourse 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 commerce of the country. Grain might be produced to an unlimited 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 the coast. San Diego, San Barbara, Monterey, the bay of San Francisco, and the northern port of Bondago; all afford anchorage for ships of the

largest class well known. The entrance is deep, and a perfect safety in most directions, and the soil and harbor. The timber for ship-building is abundant, and a grand navy might be made.

Such is a sketch of this remarkable peninsula, and country, attracting the attention of the Russians, the Americans, and the Californians. The port of Monterey, recently discovered by the Americans, is a little neglected, and a region, will be sufficient to empire. Its fertile soil is sufficient to support the skillful and fertile trade that for resources of a

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Beside this diversion, the travellers were likewise regaled with bull fights, in the genuine style

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, they passed round their southern enemy, 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 for 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 entrapping the Spanish horses. 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 poor 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 mode of accounting for the infamous 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 ; chasing their unfortunate 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 hanged those dexterous horsemen 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 returns, therefore, to make this year, 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 CAROUSE—ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE YEAR—MR. WYETH AND HIS NEW-LEVED BAND.

THE horror and indignation felt by Captain Bonneville at the excesses of the Californian 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 gossiping 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 he perceived, by various signs, that Indians were lurking in the neighborhood. It was evident 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 is a difficult to maintain discipline among trappers at a rendezvous as among sailors when in port.

Buckeye, the Delaware Indian, was scandalized at this heedlessness of the hunters when an enemy was at hand, and was continually preaching up caution. He was a little prone to play the prophet, 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 roasts and broiled, mingling with every breeze, keeps them hovering about the neighborhood ; scenting every blast, turning up their noses like hungry hounds, and testifying their pinching hunger by long whining howls and impatient barking. These are interpreted by the superstitious Indians 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, feast-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 intimations of the medicine wolf, does not appear. "Danger," he said, "was lurking in their path, and they would be some fighting before sunset." He was bantered for his prophecy, which was attributed to his having supped 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 ten hours absent, when they came clattering at full speed into camp, giving the war cry of Blackfoot, Blackfoot ! Every one seized his weapon, and ran to learn the cause of the alarm. It appeared

CHAPTER XL.

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at the hunters, as they were returning leisurely,
riding their mule well laden with prime pieces of
buffalo meat, passed close by a small stream over-
growing with trees, about two miles from the camp.
Suddenly a party of Blackfeet, who lay in ambush
among the thickets, sprang up with a fearful yell,
and discharged a volley at the hunters. The lat-
ter immediately threw themselves flat on their
sides, put them to their speed, and never paused
to look behind, until they found themselves in
camp. Fortunately, they had escaped without a
wound; but the mule, with all the "provant,"
had fallen into the hands of the enemy. This was
a loss, as well as an insult, not to be borne.
Every man sprang to horse, and with rifle in
hand, galloped off to punish the Blackfeet, and
rescue the buffalo beef. They came too late; the
raiders were off, and all that they found of
their mule was the dents of his hoofs, as he had
been conveyed off at a round trot, bearing his
heavy cargo to the hills, to furnish the scamper-
ing savages with a banquet of roast meat at the
expense of the white men.

The party returned to camp, harked of their re-
venge, but still more grievously harked of their
snapper. Buckeye, the Delaware, sat smoking by
his fire, perfectly composed. As the hunters re-
lated the particulars of the attack, he listened in
silence, with unflinching countenance, then pointing
to the west, "the sun has not yet set," said he:
"Buckeye did not dream like a fool!"

All present now recollected the prediction of
the Indian at daybreak, and were struck with what
appeared to be its fulfilment. They called to
mind, also, a long catalogue of foregone presenti-
ments and predictions made at various times by
the Delaware, and, in their superstitious credulity,
began to consider him a veritable seer; without
thinking how natural it was to predict danger, and
how likely to have the prediction verified in the
present instance, when various signs gave evi-
dence of a lurking foe.

The various bands of Captain Bonneville's com-
pany had now been assembled for some time at
the rendezvous; they had had their fill of feast-
ing and frolicking, and all the species of wild
sport often uncouth merry-making, which invari-
ably take place on these occasions. Their horses,
as well as themselves, had recovered from past
exhaustion and fatigue, and were again fit for active
service; and an impatience began to manifest
itself among the men once more to take the field,
and set off on some wandering expedition.

At this juncture M. Cerré arrived at the ren-
dezvous at the head of a supply party, bringing
provisions and equipments from the States. This
active leader, it will be recollected, had em-
arked the year previously in skin-boats on the
Bighorn, freighted with the year's collection of pel-
ls. He had met with misfortunes in the
course of his voyage: one of his frail barks being
swept, and part of the furs lost or damaged.

The arrival of the supplies gave the regular fin-
ish to the annual revel. A grand outbreak of
wild debauch ensued among the mountaineers;
drinking, dancing, swaggering, gambling, quar-
relling, and fighting. Alcohol, which, from its
portable qualities, containing the greatest quan-
tity of fiery spirit in the smallest compass, is the
only liquor carried across the mountains, is the
stimulatory beverage at these carousals, and is
brought out to the trappers at four dollars a pint.
Then inflamed by this fiery beverage, they cut all
kinds of mad pranks and gambols, and sometimes
burn all their clothes in their drunken bravadoes.

A camp, recovering from one of these riotous
revels, presents a serio-comic spectacle; black
eyes, broken heads, lack-lustre visages. Many of
the trappers have squandered in one drunken
frolic the hard-earned wages of a year; some
have run in debt, and must toil on to pay for past
pleasure. All are sated with this deep draught
of pleasure, and eager to commence another trap-
ping campaign; for hardship and hard work,
spiced with the stimulants of wild adventures, and
topped off with an annual frantic carousal, is the
lot of the restless trapper.

The captain now made his arrangements for
the current year. Cerré and Walker, with a num-
ber of men who had been to California, were to
proceed to St. Louis with the packages of furs col-
lected during the past year. Another party,
headed by a leader named Montero, was to pro-
ceed to the Crow country, trap upon its various
streams, and among the Black Hills, and thence
to proceed to the Arkansas, where he was to go
into winter quarters.

The captain marked out for himself a widely
different course. He intended to make another
expedition, with twenty-three men to the lower
part of the Columbia River, and to proceed to the
valley of the Multnomah; after wintering in those
parts, and establishing a trade with those tribes,
among whom he had sojourned on his first visit,
he would return in the spring, cross the Rocky
Mountains, and join Montero and his party in the
month of July, at the rendezvous of the Arkansas,
where he expected to receive his annual supplies
from the States.

If the reader will cast his eye upon a map, he
may form an idea of the contempt for distance
which a man acquires in this vast wilderness, by
noticing the extent of country comprised in these
projected wanderings. Just as the different par-
ties were about to set out on the 3d of July, on
their opposite routes, Captain Bonneville received
intelligence that Wyeth, the indefatigable leader
of the salmon-fishing enterprise, who had parted
with him about a year previously on the banks of
the Bighorn, to descend that wild river in a bull
boat, was near at hand, with a new levied band
of hunters and trappers, and was on his way once
more to the banks of the Columbia.

As we take much interest in the novel enterprise
of this "eastern man," and are pleased with his
pushing, and persevering spirit; and as his move-
ments are characteristic of life in the wilderness,
we will, with the reader's permission, while Cap-
tain Bonneville is breaking up his camp and sad-
dling his horses, step back a year in time, and
a few hundred miles in distance, to the bank of
the Bighorn, and launch ourselves with Wyeth in
his bull boat; and though his adventurous voyage
will take us many hundreds of miles further down
wild and wandering rivers; yet such is the magic
power of the pen, that we promise to bring the
reader safe to Bear River valley, by the time the
last horse is saddled.

CHAPTER XLI.

A VOYAGE IN A BULL BOAT.

It was about the middle of August (1833) that
Mr. Nathaniel J. Wyeth, as the reader may recol-
lect, launched his bull boat at the foot of the
rapids of the Bighorn, and departed in advance of
the parties of Campbell and Captain Bonneville.

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 Potawattemie. They claimed, moreover, to be thorough mountaineers, 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 Sublette, who went as passenger, 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 hordes, and a slight bark to navigate these endless rivers, tossing and pitching down rapids, running on snags and bumping on sand-bars; such, however, are the cockle-shells with which these hardy rovers of the wilderness will attempt the wildest streams; and it is surprising what rough shocks and thumps these boats will endure, and what vicissitudes 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 hides from 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 adventurous bark; being somewhat experienced in this wild kind of navigation. It required all his attention and skill, however, to pilot her clear of sand-bars 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 gaze 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 in a regale, relishing their buffalo beef with inspiring aleohol; after which, they slept soundly, without dreaming of Crows or black feet. 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 thunder storm, which compelled them to put to shore and wait until it was passed. On the third morning they descried some persons at a distance of 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. Deserving 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 along the river. This was unpleasant tidings, but to retreat was impossible, and the river afforded no hiding place. They continued forward, therefore, trusting that, as Fort Cass was so near at hand, the Crows might refrain from any depredations.

Floating down about two miles further, they came in sight of the first band, scattered along the river bank, all well mounted; some armed with guns, others with bows and arrows, and a few with lances. They made a wildly picturesque appearance, managing their horses with their accustomed dexterity and grace. Nothing can be more spirited than a band of Crow cavaliers. They are a fine race of men, averaging six feet in height, lithe and active, with hawks' eyes and Roman noses. The latter feature is common to the Indians on the east side of the Rocky Mountains; those on the western side have generally straight or flat noses.

Wyeth would fain have slipped by this cavalcade 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 choice language; for, among their other accomplishments the Crows are famed for possessing a Billingsgate vocabulary of unrivalled opulence, and for being by no means sparing of it whenever an occasion offers. Indeed, though Indians are generally very lofty, rhetorical, and figurative in their language at all great talks, and high ceremonial yet, if trappers and traders may be believed, they are the most unsavory vagabonds in their 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 grace in his power, and approached the chiefs of the band. It was Arapooish, the quondam friend of Rose the outlaw, and one whom we have already mentioned as being anxious to promote 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 them and were officiously attentive after the Crow 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

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Another was no less pleased with the Nez Percé
and, 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 one still older, and a third helped
himself to knife, scabbard and all. It was with
much difficulty that Wyeth and his compan-
ions extricated themselves from the clutches of
these officious Crows before they were entirely
plucked.

Falling 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 overhauled by every band,
and by the time he and his people came out of the
grasp 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 bands that overrun the land in
the autumn of 1833; partly robbed Fitzpatrick of
his horses and effects; hunted and harassed Cap-
tain Bonneville and his people; broke up their
trapping campaigns, and, in a word, drove them
out of the Crow country. It has been suspect-
ed that they were set on to these pranks by some
of the American Fur Company, anxious to defeat
the plans of their rivals 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
more probable, is, that the Crows in their
depredation seemed by no means bloodthirsty,
but intent chiefly on robbing 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 rivers, and establishing rival posts near those
of the American Company; and that, at the very
time of which we are speaking, Captain Sublette
was ascending the Yellowstone with a keel boat,
laden with supplies; so that there was every
prospect of this eager rivalry being carried to
extremities.

The last band of Crow warriors had scarce dis-
appeared in the cloud of dust they had raised,
when our voyagers arrived at the mouth of the
river, and glided into the current of the Yellow-
stone. Turning down this stream, they made for
Fort Cass, which is situated on the right bank,
about three miles below the Bighorn. On the op-
posite side they beheld a party of thirty-one sav-
ages, which they soon ascertained to be Blackfeet.
The width of the river enabled them to keep at a
sufficient distance, and they soon landed at Fort
Cass. This was a mere fortification against In-
dians; being a stockade of about one hundred
and thirty feet square, with two bastions at the
extreme corners. Mr Tulloch, an agent of the
American Company, was stationed there with
twenty men; two boats of fifteen tons burden,

were lying here; but at certain seasons of the
year a steamboat can come up to the fort.

They had scarcely arrived, when the Blackfeet
warriors made their appearance on the opposite
bank, displaying 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 professed 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 de-
nounce vengeance on them, for having murdered
two of their warriors who had ventured among
them on the faith of a treaty of peace. It is prob-
able, however, that this pacific errand was all a
pretence, 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 pack-
ages 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-north-
east direction. The river had alluvial bottoms,
fringed with great quantities of the sweet cotton-
wood, 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 discov-
ered, 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 evident signs of dissatis-
faction in his half-breed hunters; who considered
him as trenching upon their province, and med-
dling with things quite above his capacity; 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, therefore, sallied forth them-
selves, but after a time, returned empty-handed.
They laid the blame, however, entirely on their
guns; two miserable old pieces with flint locks,
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 sallied 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 himself. In the
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 mid-
day 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; threatened to discard their old flint 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 camp after dark, leaving their fire burning dropping 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 haul 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 mysterious in thus 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.

The two knowing hunters had scarcely recovered from one 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 one caught 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 bald 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 sight, produced a hearty laugh at their expense, and put an end to their vauntings.

The Yellowstone, above the confluence of the Bighorn, is a clear stream; its waters were now gradually growing turbid, and assuming the yellow clay color of the Missouri. The current was about 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, find their mysterious paths 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 surest passes of the mountains, and the most practicable fords 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 bellowing, and tramping, and the rush, and splash, and snorting 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 head of the column had reached the shore, and came pressing up 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 wanton in their havoc, especially among scattered herds, that came swimming near the boat. On one occasion, an old buffalo bull approached so near that the half-breeds must fain try to noose him as they would a wild horse. The noose was successfully thrown around his head, and secured him by the horns, and they now promised themselves ample sport. The buffalo made a prodigious turmoil in the water, bellowing, and blowing, and floundering, and they all floated down the stream together. At length he found foothold on a sandbar, and taking to his heels, whirled the boat after him, like a whale when harpooned; so that the hunters were obliged to cast off their rope, with which strange head-gear 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 Union, the distributing post of the American Fur Company in the western country. It was a stockaded fortress, about two hundred and twenty feet square, pleasantly situated on a high bank. Here they were hospitably entertained by Mr. McKenzie, the superintendent, and remained with him three days, enjoying the 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, in coming down the Yellowstone, had met with plums, grapes, cherries, and currants, and had observed

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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-husk, which a clerk had purchased from a Blackfoot warrior. It bore the initials of poor More, the unfortunate youth murdered the year previous 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 gave him.

As the hull 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, procured 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 down the Missouri.

He had not proceeded many 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 over past scenes and adventures, and especially the memorable fight at Pierre's Bluff.

Here Milton Sublette determined to give up further voyaging in the canoe, and remain with his father; accordingly, in the morning, the fellow-voyagers took kind leave of each other, and Wyeth resumed 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 river.

All day the voyagers pulled gently along, and rested in the evening and supped; then re-embarking, they suffered the canoe to float down with the current; taking turns to watch and keep. The night was calm and serene; the elk gave up a continual whinnying or squealing, beginning the commencement of the season when they begin heat. In the midst of the night the canoe struck on a sand-bar, and all hands were roused by the rush and roar of the wild waters, which rolled around her. They were all obliged to jump on board, 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; promising to entrap Bruin, and have rare sport in capturing 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. Failing back, therefore, until he was fairly committed in the centre of the stream, they then pulled forward with might and main, so as to cut off retreat, and take him in the rear. One of the hunters stationed himself in the bow, with the rope and slip-noose, the other, with the Nez Percé, managed the paddles. There was nothing other 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 canoe was nearly overturned, and a deluge of water came pouring over the gunwale. All was clamo, terror, and confusion. Every one hawled out—the bear roared and snarled—one caught up a gun; but water had rendered it useless. Others handled their paddles more effectually, and beating old Bruin about the head 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 laid 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 voyaging in the open day. On the 3d of September he had landed, at mid-day, 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. Crouching 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 get past 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 fro between them. Suddenly, on turning a point of land, 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 red glare of the fires upon these wild groups and harsh faces, contrasted with the surrounding darkness, had a startling effect, as the voyagers suddenly came 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 he 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 way they labored for a long time; until Wyeth thought of giving a signal for a general heave, by lifting his hat. The

expedient succeeded. They launched their canoe again into deep water, and getting in, had the delight of seeing the camp fires of the savages soon fading in the distance.

They continued under way the greater part of the night, until far beyond all danger from this band, when they pulled to shore, and encamped.

The following day was windy, and they came near upsetting their boat in carrying sail. Toward evening, the wind subsided and a beautiful calm night succeeded. They floated along with the current throughout the night, taking turns to watch and steer. The deep stillness of the night was occasionally interrupted by the neighing of the elk, the hoarse lowing of the buffalo, the hooting of large owls, and the screeching of the small ones, now and then the splash of a beaver, or the gong-like sound of the swan.

Part of their voyage was extremely tempestuous; with high winds, tremendous thunder, and soaking rain; and they were repeatedly in extreme danger from drift-wood and sunken trees. On one occasion, having continued to float at night, after the moon was down, they ran under a great snag, or sunken tree, with dry branches above the water. These caught the mast, while the boat swung round, broadside to the stream, and began to fill with water. Nothing saved her from total wreck, but cutting away the mast. She then drove down the stream, but left one of the unlucky half-breeds clinging to the snag, like a monkey to a pole. It was necessary to run in shore, tolt up, laboriously, along the eddies and to attain some distance above the snag, when they launched forth again into the stream, and floated down with it to his rescue.

We forbear to detail all the circumstances and adventures of upward of a month's voyage, down the windings and doublings of this vast river; in the course of which they stopped occasionally at a post of one of the rival fur companies, or at a government agency for an Indian tribe. Neither shall we dwell upon the changes of climate and productions, as the voyagers swept down from north to south, across several degrees of latitude; arriving at the regions of oaks and sycamores; of mulberry and basswood trees; of parquets and wild turkeys. This is one of the characteristics of the middle and lower part of the Missouri; but still more so of the Mississippi, whose rapid current traverses a succession of latitudes, so as in a few days to float the voyager almost from the frozen regions to the tropics.

The voyage of Wyeth shows the regular and unobstructed flow of the rivers, on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, in contrast to those of the western side; where rocks and rapids continually menace and obstruct the voyager. We find him in a frail bark of skins, launching himself in a stream at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and floating down from river to river, as they empty themselves into each other; and so he might have kept on upward of two thousand miles, until his little bark should drift into the ocean. At present we shall stop with him at Cantonment Leavenworth, the frontier post of the United States; where he arrived on the 27th of September.

Here his first care was to have his Nez Percé Indian, and his half-breed boy, Baptiste, vaccinated. As they approached the fort, they were hailed by the sentinel. The sight of a soldier in full array, with what appeared to be a long knife glittering on the end of a musket, struck Baptiste with such affright that he took to his heels, bawling

for mercy at the top of his voice. The Nez Percé would have followed him, had not Wyeth assured him of his safety. When they underwent the operation of the lancet, the doctor's wife and another lady were present; both beautiful women. They were the first white women that they had seen, and they could not keep their eyes off them. On returning to the boat, they recounted to their companions all that they had observed at the fort; but were especially eloquent about the white squaws, who, they said, were whiter than snow, and more beautiful than any human being they had ever beheld.

We shall not accompany the captain any further in his voyage; but will simply state that he made his way to Boston, where he succeeded in organizing an association under the name of "The Columbia River Fishing and Trading Company," for his original objects of a salmon fishery and trade in furs. A brig, the *May Dacres*, had been dispatched for the Columbia with supplies; and he was now on his way to the same point, at the head of sixty men, whom he had enlisted at St. Louis; some of whom were experienced hunters and all more habituated to the life of the wilderness than his first band of "down-easters."

We will now return to Captain Bonneville and his party, whom we left, making up their pack and saddling their horses, in Bear River valley.

CHAPTER XLII.

DEPARTURE OF CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE FOR THE COLUMBIA—ADVANCE OF WYETH—EFFORTS TO KEEP THE LEAD—HUDSON'S BAY PARTY—JUNKETING—A DELECTABLE BEVERAGE—HONEY AND ALCOHOL—HIGH CAROUSING—THE CANADIAN "NON VIVANT"—A CACHE—A RAPID MOVE—WYETH AND HIS PLANS—HIS TRAVELLING COMPANIONS—BUFFALO HUNTING—MORAL CONVIVIALITY—AN INTERRUPTION.

It was the 3d 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 digged 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 digged, about two miles further off, when, as they were about to bury the effects, all of horsemen, with pack-horses, were seen striding 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 hunters, 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 gale; 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

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that would have done credit to a Christmas din-
 ner, instead of a midsummer banquet. The par-
 ties met in high good-fellowship. There was
 abundance of such hunters' fare as the neighbor-
 hood furnished; and it was all 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 transac-
 tions; and his brow began to grow cloudy.
 Captain 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 bever-
 age. Among his stores, was a keg of honey
 not half exhausted. This he filled up with alco-
 hol, and stirred the fiery and mellifluous ingredi-
 ents together. The glorious results may readily
 be imagined; a happy compound of strength and
 sweetness, enough to soothe the most ruffled tem-
 per and unsettle the most solid understanding.

The beverage worked to a charm; the can-
 circled merrily; the first deep draught washed
 at every care from the mind of the veteran; the
 second elevated his spirit to the clouds. He was
 in fact, a boon companion; as all veteran Cana-
 dian traders are apt to be. He now became
 gorous; talked over all his exploits, his huntings,
 his fightings with Indian braves, his loves with
 Indian beauties; sang snatches of old French
 ballads, and Canadian boat songs; drank deeper
 and deeper, sang louder and louder; until, hav-
 ing reached a climax of drunken gaiety, he gradu-
 ally declined, and at length, fell fast asleep
 upon the ground. After a longer nap he again
 roused his head, imbibed another potation of the
 sweet and strong," flashed up with another
 bright blaze of French gaiety, and again fell
 asleep.

The morning found him still upon the field of
 action, but in sad and sorrowful condition; suffer-
 ing the penalties of past pleasures, and calling to
 mind the captain's dulcet compound, with many
 a catch and spasm. It seemed as if the 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.
 So short, so helpless and woe-begone was his
 plight, that his party proceeded on their march
 without him; the captain promising to bring him
 home safely in the after part of the day.

As soon as this party had moved off, Captain
 Bonneville's men proceeded to construct and fill
 their cache; and just as it was completed the
 party of Wyeth was despatched 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
 survivor 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 the course of the day, Wyeth, being lightly
 mounted, rode ahead of his party, and overtook
 Captain 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 small 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 sup-
 ply 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 Cap-
 tain Bonneville that the competition between 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 re-
 ligious missionaries, also, bound to the shores
 of the Columbia, to spread the light of the Gospel in
 that far wilderness.

After riding for some time together, in friendly
 conversation, Wyeth returned to his party, and
 Captain Bonneville continued to press forward,
 and to gain ground. At night he sent off the
 sadly sober and moralizing chief of the Hudson's
 Bay Company, under a proper escort, to rejoin
 his people; his route branching off in a different
 direction. The latter took a cordial leave of his
 host, hoping, on some future occasion, to repay
 his hospitality in kind.

In the morning the captain was early on the
 march; throwing scouts out far ahead, to scour
 hill and dale, in search of buffalo. He had con-
 fidently expected to find game, in abundance,
 on the head waters of the Portneuf; but on reaching
 that region, not a track was to be seen.

At length, one of the scouts, who had made a
 wide sweep away to the head-waters of the black-
 foot River, discovered great herds quietly grazing
 in the adjacent meadows. He set out on his re-
 turn, to report his discoveries; but night overtak-
 ing 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 in-
 telligence; and about ten o'clock of the same morn-
 ing, Captain 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 lighting great fires for the same purpose;
 soon the hunters began to make their appear-
 ance, bringing in the choicest morsels of buffalo
 meat; these were placed upon the scaffolds, and
 the whole camp presented a scene of singular
 hurry and activity. At daylight the next morn-
 ing, 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 by this time, Wyeth's party was in sight. The
 game being now driven into a valley, at some dis-
 tance, Wyeth was obliged to fix his camp there;
 but he came in the evening to pay Captain Bonne-
 ville a visit. He was accompanied by Captain
 Stewart, the amateur traveller; who had not yet
 sated his appetite for the adventurous life of the
 wilderness. With him, also, was a Mr. McKay,
 a half-breed; son of the unfortunate adventurer
 of the same name who came out in the first mari-
 time 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 visitors, 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 remonstrated with him on the imprudence of remaining with so trifling 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; and experience had taught him that he was most secure when his forces were thus distributed over the surrounding country. He then was sure 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 a time of plenty in the camp; of prime hunters' dainties; of buffalo humps, 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. Potations, pottle 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 ample cause for the next day's repentance; and the bees were already beginning to buzz about their ears, when a messenger came spurring to the camp with intelligence that Wyeth's people had got entangled in one of those deep and frightful ravines, piled with immense fragments of volcanic rock, which gash 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 deserted; and the guests departed with all speed to aid in extricating their companions from the volcanic ravine.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A RAPID MARCH—A CLOUD OF DUST—WILD HORSEMEN—"HIGH JINKS"—HORSE-RACING AND RIFLE-SHOOTING—THE GAME OF HAND—THE FISHING SEASON—MODE OF FISHING—TABLE LANDS—SALMON FISHERS—THE CAPTAIN'S VISIT TO AN INDIAN LODGE—THE INDIAN GIRL—THE POCKET MIRROR—SUPPER—TROUBLES OF AN EVIL CONSCIENCE.

"Up and away!" is the first thought at daylight of the Indian trader, when a rival is at hand and distance is to be gained. Early in the morning, Captain Bonneville ordered the half dried meat to be packed upon the horses, and leaving Wyeth 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 plain, and as it was still early some of the men strolled out 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, they gave the alarm. Preparations were 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 friendly. By this time the cloud of dust had swept on as it hurried along by a blast, and a band of wild horsemen came dashing at full leap into the camp, yelling and whooping like so many maniacs. Their dresses, their accoutrements, their mode of riding, and their uncouth 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 Hudson's Bay Company.

Here was again "high jinks" in the camp. Captain Bonneville's men hailed these wild scampers 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, there were mutual details of adventures and exploits, and broad joking mingled with peals of laughter. Then came on boasting of the comparative merits of horses and rifles, which soon engrossed every tongue. This naturally led to racing, and shooting at 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 quarrellers was arrested by a strange kind of Indian chant or chorus, that seemed to operate upon them as 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 all formed into groups, and taking their places at the several fires, prepared for one of the most exciting amusements of the Nez Percés and the other tribes of the Far West.

The choral chant, in fact, which had 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 it. In the present game, the object hidden, or the *cachet*, as it is called by the trappers, is a small splint of wood, or other diminutive 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" guesses where it is concealed. To heighten the excitement and confuse the guessers, a number of wooden poles are laid before each platoon, upon which the members of the party "in hand" beat furiously with short staves, keeping time to the choral chant already mentioned, which waxes last as the game proceeds. As large bets are staked upon the game, the excitement is proportionally increased. 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

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their naked shoulders, even in the cold of a win-
ter night. The bets are doubled and trebled as
the game advances, the mental excitement in-
creases almost to madness, and all the worldly
effects of the gamblers are often hazarded upon
the position of a straw.

These gambling games were kept up through-
out the night; every fire glared upon a group
that looked like a crew of maniacs at their frantic
angles, and the scene would have been kept up
throughout the succeeding day, had not Captain
Bonneville interposed 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 num-
bers. It was now the season of the annual fish-
east, with which the Indians in these parts cele-
brate 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 flank the shallow water just below, and
appear there as they attempt to pass. In wide parts
of the river, also, they place a sort of chevaux-de-
frise, or fence, of poles interwoven with withes,
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, worm-
wood. Below this is a level stratum of rock, riven
occasionally by frightful chasms. The whole
plain rises as it approaches the river, and termi-
nates 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
proximity 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
extremely troublesome to the horses; especially
when keeping along the edge of the river where
it runs between low sand-banks. Whenever the
travellers encamped in the afternoon, the horses
were stabled to the gravelly shores and remained there,
without attempting to feed until 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 spear the salmon with greater
facility. They were a timid race, and seemed
unaccustomed to the sight of white men. Enter-
ing one of the bays, Captain Bonneville found the
inhabitants just proceeding to cook a fine salmon.
It was put into a pot filled with cold water, and
was being over the fire. The moment the water begins
to boil, the fish is considered cooked.

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 young girl, about
fourteen years of age, crouched beneath, who di-
rected 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 draw-
ing a bright ribbon from his pocket, attempted
repeatedly to tie it round her neck. She jerked
back at 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 conquering the
shyness of the savage little beauty. His atten-
tions 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 urchin of the
family approached the door, but catching a sight
of the strange guest, ran off screaming with ter-
ror, and ensconced himself behind the long straw
at the back of the hut.

Desirous to dispel entirely this timidity, and to
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 pur-
chased the skin for a couple of buttons—super-
fluous 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 house-
wife, who produced a pot of parched flour and a
string of biscuit roots. These procured her some
trifle in return; but could not command the pur-
chase of the mirror. The salmon being now
completely cooked, they all joined heartily in sup-
per. A honteous portion was deposited before
the captain by the old woman, upon some fresh
grass, which served instead of a platter; and
never had he tasted a salmon boiled so complete-
ly to his fancy.

Supper being over, the captain lighted his pipe
and passed it to his host, who, inhaling the
smoke, pulled it through his nostrils so assidu-
ously, 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 com-
municative; and at length hinted something about
exchanging beaver skins for 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 sad-
dled, and, mounting it, took his departure from
the hut, after distributing a few trilling presents
among its simple inhabitants. During all the
time of his visit, the little Indian girl had kept
her large black eyes fixed upon him, almost with-
out winking, watching every movement with awe
and wonder; and as he rode off, remained gaz-
ing 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 evidenced in the conduct of one of the captain's 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 restless, 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: keep out of the way of these people entirely. Their striking resemblance, he said, to the people of Ogden's River, 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 inhabitants approached. "Such," observes Captain Bonneville, "is the effect of self-reproach, even upon the roving trapper in the wilderness, who has little else to fear than the stings of his own guilty conscience."

CHAPTER XLIV.

OUTFIT OF A TRAPPER—RISKS TO WHICH HE IS
SUBJECTED—PARTNERSHIP OF TRAPPERS—EN-
MITY OF INDIANS—DISTANT SMOKE—A COUN-
TRY 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 trapped by small detachments from 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 peltries. 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 of peril, 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 filching 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

stream, their mode of proceeding is, to hide their horses in some lonely glen, where they can graze unobserved. They then build a small hut, dig out a canoe from a cotton-wood tree, and in this poke along shore silently, in the evening, and set their traps. These they revisit in the same silent way at daybreak. When they take any heavier they bring it home, skin it, stretch the skins on sticks to dry, and feast upon the flesh. The body, hung up before the fire, turns by its own weight, and is roasted in a superior style; the tail is the trapper's tidbit; it is cut off, put on the end of a stick, and toasted, and is considered even a greater dainty than the tongue or the marrow-bone of a buffalo.

With all their silence and caution, however, the poor trappers cannot always escape their hawk-eyed enemies. Their trail has been discovered, perhaps, and followed up for many a mile; or their smoke has been seen curling up out of the secret glen, or has been scented by the savages, whose sense of smell is almost as acute as that of sight. Sometimes they are pounced upon when in the act of setting their traps; at other times, they are roused from their sleep by the horrid war-whoop; or, perhaps, have a bullet or an arrow whistling about their ears, in the midst of one of their beaver banquets. In this way they are picked off, from time to time, and nothing is known of them, until, perchance, their bones are found bleaching in some lonely ravine, or on the banks of some nameless stream, which from that time is called after them. Many of the small streams beyond the mountains thus perpetuate the names of unfortunate trappers that have been murdered on their banks.

A knowledge of these dangers deterred Captain Bonneville, in the present instance, from detaching small parties of trappers as he had intended; for his scouts brought him word that formidable bands of the Banneck Indians were lying on the Boisee and Payette Rivers, at no great distance, so that they would be apt to detect and cut off any stragglers. It behooved him, also, to keep his party together, to guard against any predatory attack upon the main body; he continued on his way, therefore, without dividing his forces. And fortunate it was that he did so; for in a little while he encountered one of the phenomena of the western wilds that would effectually have prevented his scattered people from finding each other again. In a word, it was the season of setting fire to the prairies. As he advanced he began to perceive great clouds of smoke at a distance, rising by degrees, and spreading over the whole face of the country. The atmosphere became dry and surcharged with murky vapor, parching to the skin, and irritating to the eyes. When travelling among the hills, they could scarcely discern objects at the distance of a few paces; indeed, the least exertion of the vision was painful. There was evidently some vast conflagration in the direction toward which they were proceeding; it was as yet at a great distance, and during the day they could only see the smoke rising in larger and denser volumes, and rolling forth in an immense canopy. At night the skies were all glowing with the reflection of unseen fires, hanging in an immense body of lurid light high above the horizon.

Having reached Gun Creek, an important stream coming from the left, Captain Bonneville turned up its course, to traverse the mountains and avoid the great bend of Snake River. Being now out of the range of the Bannecks, he sent out his people

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all directions to hunt the antelope for present
plies; keeping the dried meats for places
where game might be scarce.

During four days that the party were ascend-
ing Gun Creek, the smoke continued to increase
so rapidly that it was impossible to distinguish
the face of the country and ascertain landmarks.
Fortunately, the travellers fell upon an Indian trail,
which led them to the head-waters of the Fourche
de Glace or Ice River, sometimes called the Grand
fond. Here they found all the plains and valleys
wrapped in one vast conflagration; which swept
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
fond spreads out into broad and level prairies,
extremely fertile, and watered by mountain
springs and rivulets. These prairies are resorted
to by small bands of the Skynes, to pasture their
horses, as well as to banquet upon the salmon
which abound in the neighboring waters. They
eat these fish in great quantities and without the
least difficulty; simply taking them out of the
water with their hands, as they flounder and
struggle in the numerous long shoals of the prin-
cipal 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 fre-
quent these streams at this season, to avail them-
selves of these great fisheries.

The travellers continued, for many days, to ex-
perience great difficulties and discomforts from
this wide conflagration, which seemed to em-
brace 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.
Blundering along in this region of mist and un-
certainty, 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 band of the Skynes,
who were extremely sociable, and appeared to be
well disposed, and as they spoke the Nez Percé
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 surround-
ing country, and search for a convenient pass
through the mountains toward the Wallamut or
Multnomah. After an absence of twenty days
they returned weary and discouraged. They had
been harassed and perplexed in rugged mountain
scrambles, where their progress was continually im-
peded by rocks and precipices. Often they had
been obliged to travel along the edges of frightful
ravines, where a false step would have been fatal.
In one 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 conflagra-
tion of the country, which had harassed the main
party in its march, was still more awful the fur-
ther this exploring party proceeded. The flames
which swept rapidly over the light vegetation of
the prairies assumed a fiercer 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 rare-
fied air, which roared and howled through the
narrow glens, and whirled forth the smoke and
flames in impetuous wreaths. Ever and anon, too,
was heard the crash of falling trees, sometimes
tumbling from crags and precipices, with tremen-
dous 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 shouting. Often, too, they had to grope
their way through the yet burning forests, in con-
stant 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 hope-
less, under actual circumstances, and made their
way back to the camp to report their failure.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE SKYNES—THEIR TRAFFIC—HUNTING—
FOOD—HORSES—A HORSE-RACE—DEVOTIONAL
FEELING OF THE SKYNES, NEZ PERCES, AND
FLATHEADS—PRAYERS—EXHORTATIONS—A
PREACHER ON HORSEBACK—EFFECT OF RELI-
GION ON THE MANNERS OF THE TRIBES—A
NEW LIGHT.

DURING the absence of this detachment, a
sociable intercourse had been kept up between
the main party and the Skynes, who had removed
into the neighborhood of the camp. These peo-
ple dwell about the waters of the Way-lee-way
and the adjacent country, and trade regularly
with the Hudson's Bay Company; generally giv-
ing horses in exchange for the articles of which
they stand in need. They bring beaver skins,
also, to the trading posts; not procured by trap-
ping, but by a course of internal traffic with the
shy and ignorant Shoshokoes and Too-el-icans,
who keep in distant and unfrequented parts of the
country, and will not venture near the trading
houses. The Skynes hunt the deer and elk, oc-
casionally; and depend, for a part of the year, on
fishing. Their main subsistence, however, is
upon roots, especially the kamash. This bulbous
root is said to be of a delicious flavor, and highly
nutritious. The women dig it up in great quanti-
ties, steam it, and deposit it in caches for winter
provisions. It grows spontaneously, and abso-
lutely covers the plains.

This tribe were comfortably clad and equipped.
They had a few rifles among them, and were ex-
tremely desirous of bartering for those of Captain
Bonneville's men; offering a couple of good run-
ning horses for a light rifle. Their first-rate

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 Captain Bonneville was desirous of judging 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-course 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 Skynses, like the Nez Percés and the Flatheads, have a strong devotional feeling, which has been successfully cultivated by some of the resident personages of the Hudson's Bay Company. Sunday is invariably kept sacred among these tribes. They will not raise their camp on that day, unless in extreme cases of danger or hunger; neither will they hunt, nor fish, nor trade, nor perform any kind of labor on that day. A part of it is passed in prayer and religious ceremonies. Some chief, who is generally at the same time what is called a "medicine man," assembles the community. After invoking blessings from the Deity, he addresses the assemblage, exhorting them to good conduct; to be diligent in providing for their families; to abstain from lying and stealing; to avoid quarrelling or cheating in their play, and to be just and hospitable to all strangers who may be among them. Prayers and exhortations are also made, early in the morning, on week days. Sometimes, all this is done by the chief, from horseback; moving slowly about the camp, with his hat on, and uttering his exhortations with a loud voice. On all occasions, the bystanders listen with profound attention; and at the end of every sentence respond one word in unison, apparently equivalent to an amen. While these prayers and exhortations are going on, every employment in the camp is suspended. If an Indian is riding by the place, he dismounts, holds his horse, and attends with reverence until all is done. When the chief has finished his prayer or exhortation, he says, "I have done;" upon which there is a general exclamation in unison.

With these religious services, probably derived from the white men, the tribes above-mentioned mingle some of their old Indian ceremonials, such as dancing to the cadence of a song or ballad, which is generally done in a large lodge provided for the purpose. Besides Sundays, they likewise observe the cardinal holidays of the Roman Catholic Church.

Whoever has introduced these simple forms of religion among these poor savages, has evidently understood their characters and capacities, and effected a great melioration of their manners. Of this we speak not merely from the testimony of Captain Bonneville, but likewise from that of Mr. Wyeth, who passed some months in a travelling camp of the Flatheads. "During the time I have been with them," says he, "I have never known an instance of theft among them: the least thing, even to a bead or pin, is brought to you, if found; and often, things that have been thrown away. Neither have I known any quarrelling,

nor lying. This absence of all quarrelling more surprised me, when I came to see the various occasions that would have given rise to it among the whites: the crowding together of from twelve to eighteen hundred horses, which have to be driven into camp at night, to be picketed, to be packed in the morning; the gathering of fuel in places where it is extremely scanty. All this, however, is done without confusion or disturbance.

"They have a mild, playful, laughing disposition; and this is portrayed in their countenances. They are polite, and unobtrusive. When one speaks, the rest pay strict attention: when he is done, another assents by 'yes,' or dissents by 'no'; and then states his reasons, which are listened to with equal attention. Even the children are more peaceable than any other children. I never heard an angry word among them, nor any quarrelling; although there were, at least, five hundred of them together, and continually at play. With all this quietness of spirit, they are brave when put to the test; and are an overmatch for an equal number of Blackfeet."

The foregoing observations, though gathered from Mr. Wyeth as relative to the Flatheads, apply, in the main, to the Skynses also. Captain Bonneville, during his sojourn with the latter, took constant occasion, in conversing with their principal men, to encourage them in the cultivation of moral and religious habits; drawing a comparison between their peaceable and comfortable course of life and that of other tribes, and attributing it to their superior sense of morality and religion. He frequently attended their religious services, with his people; always enjoining on the latter the most reverential deportment; and he observed that the poor Indians were always pleased to have the white men present.

The disposition of these tribes is evidently favorable to a considerable degree of civilization. A few farmers settled among them might lead them, Captain Bonneville thinks, to till the earth and cultivate grain; the country of the Skynses and Nez Percés is admirably adapted for the raising of cattle. A Christian missionary or two, and some trifling assistance from government, to protect them from the predatory and warlike tribes, might lay the foundation of a Christian people in the midst of the great western wilderness, who would "wear the Americans near their hearts."

We must not omit to observe, however, in qualification of the sanctity of this Sabbath in the wilderness, that these tribes who are all ardently addicted to gambling and horseracing, make Sunday a peculiar day for recreations of the kind, not deeming them in any wise out of season. After prayers and pious ceremonials are over, there is scarce an hour in the day, says Captain Bonneville, that you do not see several horses racing at full speed; and in every corner of the camp are groups of gamblers, ready to stake everything upon the all-absorbing game of hand. The Indians, says Wyeth, appear to enjoy their amusements with more zest than the whites. They are great gamblers; and in proportion to their means, play bolder and bet higher than white men.

The cultivation of the religious feeling, above noted, among the savages, has been at times a convenient policy with some of the more knowing traders; who have derived great credit and influence among them by being considered "medicine men;" that is, men gifted with mysterious knowledge. This feeling is also at times played upon by religious charlatans, who are to be found in

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savage as well as civilized life. One of these was
by Wyeth, during his sojourn among the
Flatheads. A new great man, says he, is rising
in the camp, who aims at power and sway. He
carries his designs under the ample cloak of relig
; inculcating some new doctrines and cere
monials among those who are more simple than
himself. He has already made proselytes of one
fifth of the camp ; beginning by working on the
women, the children, and the weak-minded. His
followers are all dancing on the plain, to their
own vocal music. The more knowing ones of
the tribe look on and laugh ; thinking it all too
polish to do harm ; but they will soon find that
women, children, and fools, form a large majority
of every community, and they will have, eventu
ally, to follow the new light, or be considered
among the profane. 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.

SCARCITY IN THE CAMP—REFUSAL OF SUPPLIES
BY THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY—CONDUCT
OF THE INDIANS—A HUNGRY RETREAT—JOHN
DAY'S RIVER—THE BLUE MOUNTAINS—SALMON
FISHING ON SNAKE RIVER—MESSENGERS FROM
THE CROW COUNTRY—BEAR RIVER VALLEY—
IMMENSE MIGRATION OF BUFFALO—DANGER
OF BUFFALO HUNTING—A WOUNDED INDIAN
—EUTAW INDIANS—A "SURROUND" OF AN
TELOPES.

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 Skynses, he set off to
the westward, and, crossing a low range of
mountains, encamped on the head-waters of the
Ottolais. 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 all supplies for their camp were peremptorily
refused. Tempting offers were made them, how
ever, if they would leave their present employ,
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,
as there was imminent danger of famine. He
rushed forward down the course of the Ottolais,
which runs diagonal to the Columbia, and falls
into it about fifty miles below the Wallah-Wallah.
His route lay through a beautiful undulating
country, covered with horses belonging to the
Sknesees, who sent them there for pasturage.
On reaching the Columbia, Captain Bonneville
sought to open a trade with the natives, for fish
and other provisions, but to his surprise they kept
back, and even hid themselves on his approach.
His person discovered that they were under the in
fluence of the Hudson's Bay Company, who had
forbidden them to trade, or hold any communion
with him. He proceeded along the Columbia, but
was everywhere the same ; not an article of pro
visions was to be obtained from the natives, and
he was at length obliged to kill a couple of his
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 be
fore 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 be to court
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
sufficient supplies for the winter ; if they lingered
any longer in the country the snows would
gather upon the mountains and cut off their re
treat. By hastening their return, they would be
able to reach the Blue Mountains just in time to
find the elk, the deer, and the highhorn ; and after
they had supplied themselves with provisions, they
might push through the mountains before they
were entirely blocked up by snow. Influenced by
these considerations, Captain Bonneville reluc
tantly turned his back a second time on the Co
lumbia, and set off for 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 trav
elled 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 accus
tomed to hard scrambles of the kind. Fortunate
ly, the September rains had extinguished the fires
which recently spread over these regions ; and the
mountains, no longer wrapped in smoke, now re
vealed 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, return
ing 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 mistook their
route, and wandered for ten days among high
and bald hills of clay. At length, after much
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 Shoshokoes, whom they had met with in such
scanty numbers on their journey down the river,
now absolutely thronged its banks to profit by
the abundance of salmon, and lay up a stock for
winter provisions. Scaffolds were everywhere
erected, and immense quantities of fish drying
upon them. At this season of the year, however,
the salmon are extremely poor, and the travellers
needed their keen sauce of hunger to give them a
relish.

In some places the shores were completely cov
ered 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 re
mained for three days, slaying and cooking, and
leasting, and indemnifying themselves by an
enormous carnival, for a long and hungry Lent.
Their horses, too, found good pasturage, and en
joyed a little rest after a severe spell of hard trav
elling.

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 sent to beat up 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 in the spring. 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 Shoshonies 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, some distance off. He delayed approaching 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 thunder-cloud. 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 a whirlwind.

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 during this 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 in the chest so that his breath came out 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 sentence those around responded in concord. He 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 buffalo may be approached very near, if the hunter keeps to the leeward; but they are quick of scent, and will take the alarm and move off from a party of hunters to the windward, even when two miles distant.

The vast herds which had poured down into the Bear River valley were now snow-bound, and remained in the neighborhood of the camp throughout the winter. This furnished the trappers and their Indian friends a perpetual carnival, so that, to slay and eat seemed to be the main occupations of the day. It is astonishing what loads of meat it requires to cope with the appetite of a hunting camp.

The ravens and wolves soon came in for their share of the good cheer. These constant attendants of the hunter gathered in vast numbers as the winter advanced. They might be completely out of sight, but at the report of a gun, flights of ravens would immediately be seen hovering in the air, no one knew whence they came, while the sharp visages of the wolves would peer down from the brow of every hill, waiting for the hunter's departure to pounce upon the carcass.

Beside the buffaloes, there were other neighbors snow-bound in the valley, whose presence did no promise to be so advantageous. This was a band of Eutaw Indians who were encamped higher up on the river. They are a poor tribe that, in scale of the various tribes inhabiting these regions, would rank between the Shoshonies and the Shoshokoes or Root Diggers; though more bold and warlike than the latter. They have but few rifles among them, and are generally armed with bows and arrows.

As this band and the Shoshonies 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. Captain Bonneville, therefore, undertook the office of pacificator, and sent to the Eutaw chiefs, inviting them to friendly smoke, in order to bring about a reconciliation. His invitation was proudly 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 quondam enemies hunting the buffalo in the plain below, and evidently repine that 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 proclaimed. After this, both 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.

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One day the scouts, who had been ranging the
hills, brought news of several large herds of an-
telopes in a small valley at no great distance.
This produced a sensation among the Indians,
both tribes were in ragged condition, and
ally in want of those shirts 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-
terious solemnity and importance. The chiefs pre-
pared their medicines or charms each according
to his own method, or fancied inspiration, gener-
ally with the compound of certain simples; others
consulted the entrails of animals which they had
sacrificed, and thence drew favorable auguries.
Other much grave 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 delibera-
tion, of which the Indians are so fond, took place
among the chiefs. Directions were then issued
for the horsemen 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 a short space of time
the antelopes, 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 antelopes, nearly exhausted with
fatigue and fright, and bewildered by perpetual
whooping, made no effort to break through the
ring 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.

FESTIVE WINTER—CONVERSION OF THE SHO-
SHONIES—VISIT OF TWO FREE TRAPPERS—
GAYETY IN THE CAMP—A TOUCH OF THE
TENDER PASSION—THE RECLAIMED SQUAW—
AN INDIAN FINE LADY—AN ELOPEMENT—A
PERSUIT—MARKET VALUE OF A BAD WIFE.

GAME continued to abound throughout the win-
ter, and the camp was overstocked with provi-
sions. 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
saw and then filched a few trifles 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 good-humoredly vied with the trappers in all
kinds of feats of activity and mirthful sports.
The two tribes maintained toward each other,

also, a friendliness of aspect which gave Captain
Bonneville 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 was a
thinking man, and a man of observation. He
had been among the Nez Percés, listened to their
new code of morality and religion received from
the white men, and attended their devotional ex-
ercises. 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 form of worship
of the Nez Percés; recommending the same to
their adoption. The Shoshonies were struck with
the novelty, at least, of the measure, and entered
into it with spirit. They began to observe Sun-
days and holidays, and to have their devotional
dances, and chants, and other ceremonials, about
which the ignorant Eutaws knew nothing; while
they exerted their usual competition in shooting
and horseracing, and the renowned game of hand.

Matters were going on thus pleasantly and
prosperously, in this motley community of white
and red men, when, one morning, two stark free
trappers, arrayed in the height of savage finery,
and mounted on steeds as fine and as fiery as
themselves, and all jingling with hawks' bells,
came galloping, with whoop and halloo, into the
camp.

They were fresh from the winter encampment
of the American Fur Company, in the Green River
valley; and had come to pay their old comrades
of Captain Bonneville's company a visit. An idea
may be formed from the scenes we have already
given of conviviality in the wilderness, of the man-
ner in which these game birds were received by
those of their feather in the camp; what feasting,
what revelling, what boasting, what bragging,
what ranting and roaring, and racing and gam-
bling, and squabbling and fighting, ensued among
these boon companions. Captain Bonneville, 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 ill-
ness and relaxation require a degree of license
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 whilom figured as their squaws. These
connections frequently take place for a season,
and sometimes continue for years, if not per-
petually; 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 bellies; nor were the latter
loath once more to come under their protection.
The free trapper combines, in the eye of an In-
dian 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 bear 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 leathern-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 his last fancy, his latest caprice; and was 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 clamor 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 him. She 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 howling 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 toward 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. Several days had they been traversing the wintry wilds. They came, haggard with hunger and fatigue, and their horses faltering 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 friend crowded to the spot, and arrested him. A parley ensued. A kind of *crim. con.* adjudication took place; such as frequently occurs in civilized life. A couple of horses were declared to be a fair compensation for the loss of a woman who had previously lost 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 parried the officious condolences 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, parted 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 manœuvres. 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 as regularly as a citizen would 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

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OUR QUARTERS—MOVE TO
TRAPPER AND HIS RIFLE—
—A FREE TRAPPER AND
—STORY OF A BLACK

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their horses a chance to recruit their strength for
long journey; for it was Captain Bonneville's
attention to shape his course to the settlements;
having already been detained by the complication
of his duties, and by various losses and impedi
ments, far beyond the time specified in his leave
absence.

While the party was thus reposing in the neigh
borhood of the Wind River Mountains, a solitary
trapper rode one day into the camp, and ac
quainted Captain Bonneville. He belonged, 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 treat
ment of a brother trapper; whom they had cast
out 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.

The captain was not a man to refuse assistance
to any one in distress, especially when there was
a woman in the case; horses were immediately
dispatched, with an escort, to aid the unfortunate
people. The next day they made their appear
ance with all their effects; the man, a stalwart
mountaineer, with a peculiarly game look; the
woman, a young Blackfoot beauty, arrayed in the
trappings and trinketry of a free trapper's bride.

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 cus
toms of her tribe; especially their wars and hunt
ings. They pride themselves upon being the
"best legs of the mountains," and hunt the buf
falo 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 Black
feet, whose fleet steps press lightly on the sur
face. It is said, however, that the buffalo on the
Pacific side of the Rocky Mountains are fleet
er 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. In the
course of further conversation, Captain Bonneville
learned from the Indian woman her whole story;
which gave a picture of savage life, and of the
calvary 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 young braves spoke soft things, 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
called 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 quick
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. He could never say to me, why is it
not done? He hunted the deer, the antelope,
and the buffalo, and he watched for the enemy.
Everything else was done by me. When our peo
ple 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. When we halted in the
evening, and 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 re
ward? 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 begged me to leave 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 per
suaded. I followed my brother from the village.
He pointed the way to the Nez Percés, and bade
me go and leave in peace among them. We
parted. On the third day I saw the lodges of the
Nez Percés before me. I paused for a moment,
and had no heart to go on; but my horse neigh
ed, 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 in
quired 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 lies to our camp from the dogs of Black
feet, and asks protection. Let shame cover your
face! The stranger is a woman, and alone. If
she were 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 thawed
by her kindness, and my eyes burst forth with
tears; like the frozen fountains in springtime.
She never changed; but as the days passed away,
was still 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 took me for his wife. This is he. I
am 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 hus
band 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 red 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 took away 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.

RENDEZVOUS AT WIND RIVER—CAMPAIGN OF MONTERO AND HIS BRIGADE IN THE CROW COUNTRY—WAR BETWEEN THE CROWS AND BLACKFEET—DEATH OF ARAPOOISH—BLACKFEET LURKERS—SAGACITY OF THE HORSE—DEPENDENCE OF THE HUNTER ON HIS HORSE—RETURN TO THE SETTLEMENTS.

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, Arapooish, 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 force, and must eventually be destroyed 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 thickest 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 plucked 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; the remnant took shelter in a close thicket of willows, where the horse could not enter; whence they plied 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 is noted. When within an arrow's 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 presented no mark to the foe; in this way he swept along in front of the thicket, launching his arrow from under the neck of his steed. Then regaining his seat in the saddle, he wheeled round and returned whooping and scoffing to 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 leared to drive desperate men to extremities, so they forbore to attempt the thicket. Toward night they gave over the attack, and returned all-glorious with the scalps of the slain. Then came on 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 dances. 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 shaggy 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, built of large logs of cottonwood. 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 peer 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 tree 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 bark, 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 provender spread before them. These evidences of intelligence and gladness were frequently re-

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counted by the trappers as proving the sagacity
of the animal.

These veteran rovers of the mountains look
upon their horses as in some respects gifted 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 signs of the
horses. No enemy enters nor approaches the
camp without attracting their notice, and their
movements 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 ex-
perienced hunter on the prairie, while his old and
favorite steed is at his side.

Montero had not long removed his camp from
the vicinity of the Crows, and fixed himself in his
new quarters, when the Blackfeet marauders dis-
covered 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 re-
laxed their vigilance, therefore, and one night,
after a day of severe labor, no guards were post-
ed, and the whole camp was soon asleep. Tow-
ard midnight, however, the lightest sleepers
were roused by the trampling of hoofs; and, giv-
ing 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 found 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 miss-
ing. The rest were mounted, and so spirited a
pursuit took place, that eighteen of the number
carried off were regained, and but three remain-
ed in possession of the enemy. Traps for wolves,
had been set about the camp the preceding day.
In the morning it was discovered that 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 incumbrance.

These were the leading incidents of Montero's
campaign in the Crow country. The united par-
ties now celebrated the 4th of July, in rough
hunters' style, with hearty conviviality; after
which Captain Bonneville made his final arrange-
ments. Leaving Montero with a brigade of trap-
pers 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
so, from point to point of the wilderness, until he
and his band reached the frontier settlements on
the 22d of August.

Here, according to his own account, his caval-
cade might have been taken for a procession of
interdemonstration savages; for the men were ragged

almost to nakedness, and had contracted a wild-
ness of aspect during three years of wandering in
the wilderness. A few hours in a populous town,
however, produced a magical metamorphosis.
Hats of the most ample brim and longest nap;
coats with buttons that shone like mirrors, and
pantaloon 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 pass-
ing 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 watchful-
ness of adventures in the wilderness, the change
was far from promising an increase of that con-
tentment and inward satisfaction most conducive
to happiness. He who, like myself, has roved al-
most from boyhood among the children of the for-
est, 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 moun-
tains, 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 ser-
vice at Fort Gibson, on our western frontier,
where we hope he may meet with further oppor-
tunities 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 picturings 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 state of things is full of muta-
tion, and must soon undergo great changes, if
not entirely pass away. The fur trade itself,
which has given life to all this portraiture, is es-
sentially evanescent. Rival parties of trappers
soon exhaust the streams, especially when com-
petition renders them heedless and wasteful of
the beaver. The fur-bearing animals extinct, a
complete change will come over the scene; the
gay free trapper and his steel, decked out in wild
array, and tinkling with bells and trinketry; the
savage war chief, plumed and painted and ever
on the prowl; the traders' cavalcade, winding
through defiles or over naked plains, with the
stealthy war party lurking on its trail; the buffalo
chase, the hunting camp, the mad carouse in the
midst of danger, the night attack, the stampado,
the scamper, the fierce skirmish among rocks
and cliffs—all this romance of savage life, which
yet exists among the mountains, will then exist
but in frontier story, and seem like the fictions of
chivalry or fairy tale.

Some new system of things, or rather some
new modification, will succeed among the roving
people of this vast wilderness; but just as oppo-
site, perhaps, to the inhabitants of civilization.
The great Chippewyan chain of mountains, and
the sandy and volcanic plains which extend on

either side, are represented as incapable of cultivation. The pasturage which prevails 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 irclaimable 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 to tempt the cupidity 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.

NATHANIEL 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 enterprise have, occasionally, been interwoven in the party-colored web of our narrative. Wyeth effected his intention of establishing a trading post on the Portneuf, which he named Fort Hall. Here, for the first time, the American flag was unfurled to the breeze that sweeps the great naked wastes of the central wilderness. Leaving twelve men here, with a stock of goods, to trade with the neighboring tribes, he prosecuted his journey to the Columbia; where he established another post, called Fort Williams, on Wappatoo Island, at the mouth of the Wallamat. This was to be the head factory of his company; whence they were to carry on their fishing and trapping operations, and their trade with the interior; and where they were to receive and dispatch their annual ship.

The plan of Mr. Wyeth appears 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; which, in consequence of the expenses and risks of a long land carriage, were furnished them at an immense advance on first cost. He had an idea that they might be much more cheaply supplied from the Pacific side. Horses would cost much less on the borders of the Columbia than at St. Louis; the transportation by land was much shorter; and through a country much more safe 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 on their own account. Once a year, a ship was to come from the United States to bring out 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 dispatched to 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 thus an 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 to freight.

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 an 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 regained for his country 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 cross-purposes which caused the failure 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 incipient obstacles and losses; and to hold on until success had time to spring up from the midst of disastrous experiment.

It is with extreme regret we learn that he has recently been compelled to dispose of his establishment at Wappatoo 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 trap upon the various streams. These thread the rivers, traverse the plains, penetrate to the heart of the mountains, extend their enterprises northward to the Russian possessions, and southward to the confines of California. Their yearly supplies are received by sea, at Vancouver; and thence their furs and peltries are shipped to London. They likewise maintain a considerable commerce, in wheat and lumber, with 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 supineness 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 removal 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 established at them by the company.

The great capital of this association; their long established system; their hereditary influence over the Indian tribes; their internal organization, which makes everything go on 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 the latter will ever be able to maintain any footing in the land, until

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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,
not to national interest, to be slurred over; and
every year is adding to the difficulties which environ

The fur trade, which is now the main object of en
prise west of the Rocky Mountains, forms but a
part of the real resources of the country. Beside the
salmon fishery of the Columbia, which is capable of
being rendered a considerable source of profit; the
great valleys of the lower country, below the elevated
volcanic plateau, are calculated to give sustenance to
countless flocks and herds, and to sustain a great
population of graziers and agriculturists.

Such, for instance is the beautiful valley of the
Wallamut; 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. This 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 of the river Des
Chutes is also admirably calculated for a great graz
ing country. All the best horses used by the com
pany for the mountains are raised there. The valley
of such happy temperature that grass grows there
throughout the year, and cattle may be left out to
pasture during the winter. These valleys must form
the grand points of commencement of the future set
tlement of the country; but there must be many
such enfolded in the embraces of these lower ranges
of mountains which, 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 skillful agriculturists and husbandmen, soon
assume a different aspect, and teem with waving
crops or be covered with flocks and herds.

The resources of the country, too, while in the
hands of a company restricted in its trade, can be but
partially called forth, but in the hands of Americans,
enjoying a direct trade with the East Indies, would
be brought into quickening activity; and might soon
realize the dream of Mr. Astor, in giving rise to a
flourishing commercial empire.

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THE WRECK OF A JAPANESE JUNK ON THE
NORTHWEST COAST.

The following extract of a letter which we received,
ately, from Mr. Wyeth, may be interesting as throw
ing 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 Queen Charlotte's
Island; and that all but two of the crew, then much
debilitated 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 Com
pany, and were sent to England. I saw them, on my
arrival at Vancouver, in 1834."

INSTRUCTIONS TO CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE
FROM THE MAJOR-GENERAL COMMAND-
ING THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY, }
WASHINGTON, August 3, 1831. }

SIR: The leave of absence which you have asked,
for the purpose of enabling you to carry into execu
tion your design of exploring the country to the
Rocky Mountains and beyond, with a view of ascer
taining the nature and character 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 coun
try 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, 1833. It is
understood that the government is to be at no ex
pense in reference to your proposed expedition, it
having originated with yourself; and all that you re
quired was the permission from the proper authority
to undertake the enterprise. You will, naturally,
in preparing yourself for the expedition, provide suitable
instruments, and especially the best maps of the in
terior 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 during a state of war, and a state of
peace; their arms, and the effect of them; whether
they act on foot or on horseback; detailing the dis
cipline and manœuvres of the war parties; 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 in
forming us of 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 ob't servant,
ALEXANDER MACOMB,
Major-General, commanding the Army.

Capt. B. L. E. BONNEVILLE,
7th Reg't of Infantry, New York.

T H

OR SOME

I WAS born in the wildest time was not father was not family the revocation a style of monial estate nations in matured man had a kind of rubs and of wisdom. least to my excitable to few schemes my sallying so that where excitement, humor.

Yet he in an only son, force in the than myself, educated at went; the last cherished thoughts. at quick suspicion and mystery and we learn his holiday party the day; we took cover "cuts," and and enchanted son did we to assault and the woes of the dark night the mystery for enterprize the delicate the white no less room who broke the Wood!

The house place to for while mansion the least part w

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 Huguenot 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 paternal estate that had been for two or three generations 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 nearest 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 his only son, and of course a personage of importance 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, of quick susceptibility, and prone to see wonders and mysteries in everything around us. Scarcely that we learned to read, when our mother made us holiday presents of all the nursery literature of the day; which at that time consisted of little books covered with gilt paper, adorned with "cuts," and filled with tales of fairies, giants, and enchanters. What draughts of delightful fiction did we then inhale! My sister Sophy was of a sensitive and tender nature. She would weep over the woes of the Children in the Wood, or quake at the dark romance of Blue-Beard, and the terrible mysteries of the blue chamber. But I was a lover of enterprise and adventure. I burned to emulate the deeds of that heroic prince who delivered the white cat from her enchantment; or he who, of no less royal blood, and doughty enterprise, broke the charmed slumber of the Beauty in the Wood!

The house in which we lived was just the kind of place to foster such propensities. It was a venerable mansion, half villa, half farmhouse. The oldest part was of stone, with loop-holes for mus-

ketry, 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 chambers 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 clampering about every window. A brood of hereditary pigeons sunned themselves upon the roof, hereditary swallows and martins built about the eaves and chimneys; and hereditary 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 lurking places of fairies. We would watch the humming-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 transformation. 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 bearded grass; follow the ant into his subterraneous habitation, or dive into the cavernous 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 distance came with our dinners put up in little baskets. In the intervals of school hours we would gather round a spring, under a tuft of hazel-bushes, and have a kind of picnic; interchanging the rustic dainties with which our provident mothers had fitted us out. Then, when our joyous 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-sward, and soon lose myself in its bewitching contents.

I became an oracle among my schoolmates on account of my superior erudition, and soon imparted to them the contagion of my infected fancy. 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 bullfrogs 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 ; what fearful glances we would throw around ! And if by chance a splash of a wild duck, or the guttural twang 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 imagination, which controlled my studies, and 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 chivalry ; 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 glided 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 halloo, through the woodland. I would throw myself, during the panting heats of a summer noon, under the shade of some wide-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 sound 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 unwonted intrusion.

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 *fata 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, liberally 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 at first somewhat prepossessed against him. His meagre, pallid countenance, his broad pronunciation, his inattention 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 crowd'd with crude materials for thinking. These, in a moment of excitement, 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 curbing and checking our young imaginations with the reins 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 illusive coloring of youthful anticipation.

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 somewhat fine spun and fanciful, and his speculations were apt to partake of what my father most irreverently termed "humbug." For my part, I delighted in them, and the more especially because they set my father to sleep and completely con-

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ounded my sisters. I entered with my accus-
omed eagerness into this new branch of study.
Metaphysics were now my passion. My sisters
attempted to accompany me, but they soon fal-
tered, 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.
Glencoe supplied me with books, 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. Glencoe possessed a kind of
philosophic chivalry, in imitation of the old peri-
patetic sages, and was continually dreaming of
romantic enterprises in morals, and splendid sys-
tems for the improvement of society. He had a
fanciful mode of illustrating abstract subjects, pe-
culiarly to my taste ; clothing them with the lan-
guage 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'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

I felt a wonderful self-complacency at being on
such excellent terms with a man whom I consid-
ered on a parallel with the sages of antiquity, and
looked down with a sentiment of pity on the fee-
bler intellects of my sisters, who could compre-
hend nothing of metaphysics. It is true, when I
attempted to study them by myself, I was apt to
get in a fog ; but when Glencoe came to my aid,
everything was soon as clear to me as day. My
ear drank in the beauty of his words ; my imagi-
nation was dazzled with the splendor of his illus-
trations. It caught up the sparkling sands of poe-
try 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 a still higher opinion of my mental
powers, and was convinced that I also was a phi-
losopher.

I was now verging toward man's estate, and
though my education had been extremely irregular
—following the caprices of my humor, which I mis-
took for the impulses of my genius—yet I was re-
garded 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 orator at the do-
mestic board. The time was now at hand, how-
ever, 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
distinct sensations, and nameless wishes. Amid
the soft seductions of the season, I lapsed into a
state of utter indolence, both of body and mind.

Philosophy had lost its charms for me. Meta-
physics—laugh ! I tried to study ; took down
volume after volume, ran my eye vacantly over a
few pages, and threw them by with distaste. I
wandered about the house, with my hands in my
pockets, and an air of complete vacancy. Some-
thing was necessary to make me happy ; but what
was that something ? I sauntered to the apart-
ments 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. It was a novel. I
have never read a novel, having conceived a con-
tempt for works of the kind, from hearing them
universally condemned. It is true, I had remark-
ed that they were as universally read ; but I con-
sidered them beneath the attention of a philoso-
pher, 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 slight supercilious 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 had read, tempted my curiosity
to read a little further. I leaned against a win-
dow-frame, and in a few minutes 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, when 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, be-
wildered, bewitched, devouring the contents of
these delicious volumes, and only returned 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 demand-
ed an immense supply. All this course of read-
ing was carried on clandestinely, for I was a lit-
tle ashamed of it, and fearful that my wisdom
might be called in question ; but this very priv-
acy gave it additional zest. It was "bread eaten
in secret ;" it had the charm of a private amour.

But think what must have been the effect of
such a course of reading on a youth of my tem-
perament 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 neighborhood was
particularly deficient in female society, and I
languished in vain for some divinity to whom I
might offer up this most uneasy burden of affec-
tions. I was at one time seriously enamored of
a lady whom I saw occasionally in my rides, read-
ing at the window of a country-seat ; and actually
serenaded her with my flute ; when, to my confu-
sion, 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 household jokes 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 ex-
citement. I passed whole days in the fields, and
along the brooks ; for there is something in the
tender passion that makes us alive to the beauties
of nature. A soft sunshiny morning infused a sort
of rapture into my breast. I flung open my arms,
like the Grecian youth in *Odyssey*, as if I would take
in and embrace the balmy atmosphere.* The

* 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 shy Naiad. It was here I usually retired to banquet on my novels. In visiting the place this morning I traced distinctly, 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 imagination 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 loveliness. It evidently was not made by any of my sisters, for they knew nothing of this haunt; beside, the foot was smaller than theirs; it was remarkable 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 invaluable 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 solitudes, must have fancy, and feeling, and tenderness; 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 loveliness? 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 solitude. Every attempt to solve the mystery was vain. I could hear of no being in the neighborhood 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! 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 to them a "local habitation and a name," and then bows to their control as implicitly as though they were realities. Such was now my case. The good Numa could not more thoroughly have persuaded himself that the nymph Egéria 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 constructed 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 faithful bosom into which it might relieve itself. What is a lover without a confidante? I thought at once of my sister Sophy, my early playmate, the sister of my affections. She was so reasonable, too, and of such correct feelings, always listening to my words as oracular sayings, and admiring my scraps of poetry as the very inspirations of the muse. From such a devoted, such a rational being, what secrets could I have?

I accordingly took her one morning to my favorite retreat. She looked around, with delighted surprise, upon the rustic seat, the bower, 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 footstep, 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 sensibility to the beauties of nature; her soft meditative 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 wreath the garlands round her brows; to hear the music of her voice mingling with the whisperings of these groves!"

"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 illusions 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 happened?"

"Nothing," said I, hesitating; "at least nothing worth communicating to you."

"Nay, my dear young friend," said he,

steps. I made a kind of used to pass my mornings romances. I carved hearts and hung it with garlands, overflowing, and wanted into which it might relieve or without a confidante? I sister Sophy, my early play affections. She was so of such correct feelings, al- words as oracular sayings, ps of poetry as the very in- ce. From such a devoted, what secrets could I have? her one morning to my fack- ed around, with delighted seat, the bower, the tree of the tender passion. She me to inquire the meaning, aimed I, clasping both her looking earnestly in her face,

prise. "and I will tell you all," upon the rustic bench, and y of the footstep, with all the hat had been conjured up by

ed; it was like a fairy tale; h mysterious visitations in thus conceived were always or order, and were always the illusion in all its force; her eye brightened.

pretty," said Sophy. "she is beautiful!" I reasoning by which I had fact to my own satisfaction, ences of her taste, her sensi- of nature; her soft medita- ted in solitude. "Oh," said "to have such a companion these scenes; to sit with her stream; to wreath garlands hear the music of her voice whisperings of these groves;

lightful!" cried Sophy; ture she must be! She is ant. How I shall dote upon brother! you must not keep You must let me have some

my bosom; "You shall—you dear Sophy; we will all live

with Sophy heightened the il- and the manner in which day-dream identified it with I gave it still more the stamp about as one in a trance, d around and lapped in an

t one morning with Glencoe, th his usual smile, and was ne general observations, but me an inquiring eye.

ter with you?" said he, "you anything in particular hap-

I, hesitating; "at least noth- ating to you." "young friend," said he

"whatever is of sufficient importance to agitate you is worthy of being communicated to me."

"Well; but my thoughts are running on 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 it; there is none fraught with such deep, such vital interest. If you talk, indeed, of the capricious inclination awakened by the mere charm of perishable beauty, I grant it to be idle 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, and becoming as it were soul of one soul 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 a 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 unworthy, it is for the steady hand of friendship to pluck 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 bedew 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 the mind's beauty; soft in voice, in token of gentleness of spirit; blooming in countenance, like the rosy tints of morning kindling with the promise of a genial day; an eye beaming with the benignity of a happy heart; a cheerful temper, alive to all kind impulses, and frankly diffusing its own felicity; a self-poised mind, that needs not lean on others for support; an elegant 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 some such 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 bewilder 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 train of imaginings, 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 forehead 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 no more be 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 sacred; 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 at some whimsical recollection, "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, rousing himself, "she must be lovely in mind as in person."

I found my friends were getting me into a fine scrape. I began to perspire at every pore, and felt my ears tingle.

"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? "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 contrite 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 my father's risible 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 until the family had retired, stole quietly to my bed. Scarce 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. 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 pos-

sible 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 sang 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-subduing stanzas. 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 susceptibility.

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 pinnace, beautifully modelled, and gayly painted and decorated. It was an unusual sight in this neighborhood, which was rather lonely; indeed, 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 wait 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 if breathed by some presiding power, a light breeze at that moment sprang up, swelled out the sail, and dallied with the silken streamer. For a time I glided along under steep umbrageous banks, or across deep sequestered bays; and then stood out over a wide expansion of the river toward a high rocky promontory. 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,

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or mystic bower, or necromantic palace, I was
to be conveyed by the fairy bark.

In the revel of my fancy I had not noticed that
the gorgeous congregation of clouds which had so
much delighted me was in fact a gathering thun-
der gust. I perceived the truth too late. The
clouds came hurrying on, darkening as they ad-
vanced. The whole face of nature was suddenly
changed, and assumed that baleful and livid tint,
predictive of a storm. I tried to gain the shore,
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
teaching of a sailor; and my protecting fairy for-
took 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
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
grasped a light oar that was floating by me. It
was not sufficient for my support; I again sank
beneath the surface; there was a rushing and bub-
bling 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 that length recovered full con-
sciousness and perception, 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 tasked 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
recalled to mind the fairy pinnace, my daring em-
barcation, my adventurous voyage, and my disas-
trous 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
I 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 accom-
panied by a female voice. It came from the room
below; but in the profound stillness of my cham-
ber not a modulation was lost. My sisters were
all considered good musicians, and sang very
pleasurably; but I had never heard a voice like this.
There was no attempt at difficult execution, or
striking effect; but there were exquisite in-
flections, 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
influences of every kind—sounds, colors, shapes,
and fragrant odors. I was the very slave of sen-
sation.

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 melody and
love. I pictured to myself, with curious logic, the
form of the unseen musician. Such melodious
sounds and exquisite inflexions could only be pro-
duced by organs of the most delicate flexibility.

Such organs do not belong to coarse, vulgar
forms; they are the harmonious results of fair
proportions, and admirable symmetry. A being
so organized must be lovely.

Again my busy imagination was at work. I
called to mind the Arabian story of a prince,
borne away during sleep by a good genius, to
the distant abode of a princess of ravishing
beauty. I do not pretend to say that I believed
in having experienced a similar transportation;
but it was my inveterate habit to cheat myself
with fancies of the kind, and to give the tinge of
illusion to surrounding realities.

The witching sound had ceased, but its vibra-
tions still played round my heart, and filled it
with a tumult of soft emotions. At this moment,
a self-upbraiding pang shot through my bosom.
"Ah, recreant!" a voice seemed to exclaim, "is
this the stability of thine affections? What!
hast thou so soon forgotten the nymph of the
fountain? Has one song, idly piped in thine ear,
been sufficient to charm away the cherished ten-
derness of a whole summer?"

The wise may smile—but I am in a confiding
mood, and must confess my weakness. I felt a
degree of compunction at this sudden infidelity,
yet I could not resist the power of present fascina-
tion. My peace of mind was destroyed by con-
flicting claims. The nymph of the fountain came
over my memory, with all the associations of
fairy footsteps, shady groves, soft echoes, and
wild streamlets; but this new passion was pro-
duced by a strain of soul-subduing melody, still
lingering in my ear, aided by a downy bed, fra-
grant flowers, and rose-colored curtains. "Un-
happy youth!" sighed I to myself, "distracted
by such rival passions, and the empire of thy
heart thus violently contested by the sound of a
voice, and the print of a footstep!"

I had not remained long in this mood, when I
heard the door of the room gently opened. I
turned my head to see what inhabitant of this en-
chanted palace should appear; whether page in
green, a hideous dwarf, or haggard fairy. It was
my own man Scipio. He advanced with cautious
step, and was delighted, as he said, to find me so
much myself again. My first questions were as
to where I was and how I came there? Scipio
told me a long story of his having been fishing in
a canoe at the time of my hair-brained cruise; of
his noticing the gathering squall, and my im-
pending danger; of his hastening to join me, but
arriving just in time to snatch me from a watery
grave; of the great difficulty in restoring me to
animation; and of my being subsequently con-
veyed, in a state of insensibility, to this mansion.

"But where am I?" was the reiterated dem-
mand.

"In the house of Mr. Somerville."

"Somerville—Somerville!" I recollected to
have heard that a gentleman of that name had re-
cently taken up his residence at some distance
from my father's abode, on the opposite side of
the Hudson. He was commonly known by the
name of "French Somerville," from having
passed part of his early life in France, and from
his exhibiting traces of French taste in his mode
of living, and the arrangements of his house. In
fact, it was in his pleasure-boat, which had got
adrift, that I had made my fanciful and disastrous
cruise. All this was simple, straightforward matter
of fact, and threatened to demolish all the cobweb
romance I had been spinning, when fortunately I

again heard the tinkling of a harp. I raised myself 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, Scipio—is 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 Sophia 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 fairy 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 loftiness of his aspect. He was fluent in discourse, but his conversation had the quiet tone of polished society, without any of those hold 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 a 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 my safety; and my father arrived 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 required, in return, that I might remain two or three days as his guest, to give time for my recovery, and for our forming a closer acquaint-

ance; 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, pier-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 gilded 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?—that breathed poetry and song, 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 strain of music, and the shrill barking of a dog. A light, frolic nymph of fifteen came tripping into the room, playing on a flageolet, 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 beamed 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 subject of my nautical accident, 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 eyes, and beheld the divinest little foot in the world. Oh, blissful conviction! The struggle of my affections was at an end. The voice and the look step were no longer at variance. Julia Somerville 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-

father readily granted; I accompanied my father home, and with my mother and sisters. I made my home than usual, and my trepidation, eager to trait which had been so imagination.

I found it deserted, it was furnished in a style of French silk, es, marble tables, pier- What chiefly attracted of female taste that with an ample stock of poetry lying on the sofa; a table, and a portfolio; a half-finished sketch of a canary bird, in a gilt harp that had been in my father's study. But where was the little empire of delicacy and song, and dwelt in, and rose-colored cur-

hall door I saw, the steps, a wild, capricious shrill barking of a dog, I then came tripping into a flageolet, with a little harp. My gipsy hat had a bow, and a profusion of blown in rich ringlets, I looked through them with dimples. I dropped short, in the most hurried out a word or two, and then, glided out of the landing up the staircase, with the little dog barking.

I returned to the parlor, and found her sitting by the fire. She entered, and her side with no less interest; her hair was prettily mantled on her damask, accompanied the ladies, and I was very much interested in them. There was a great deal of sympathy of my nautical accident, and the wild scenery of the island, the ladies seemed per-

Mr. Somerville, "that and delight in exploring the river. My daughter, of the picturesque, and I then to her portfolio. Now Mr. Mountjoy that I had sketched." Julia drew from her portfolio a picture of a young man, and started at the sight. A sudden thought occurred to me. I glanced down my eyes, and saw a little foot in the world. The struggle of my mind was not under the influence of such a singular course of imaginings as had surrounded her, in her eyes, with the illusions of romance. Perhaps, she saw the confusion in the opposite camp, and gained courage from the discovery. At any rate she was the first to take the field.

Her conversation, however, was only on commonplace topics, and in an easy, well-bred style. I endeavored to respond in the same manner; but

I was strangely incompetent to the task. My ideas were frozen up; even words seemed to fail me. I was excessively vexed at myself, for 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 sounded 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 measure of parlor 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 she probably thinks me."

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 grandiloquence. I went largely into 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, overpowered 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 side 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 felt a 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 subject, or rather my thoughts.

I had scarce come to a full stop, when Miss Somerville raised her eyes from the work on which they had been fixed, and turning to her mother, observed: "I have been considering, mamma, whether to work these flowers plain, or in colors."

Had an ice-bolt shot to my heart, it could not have chilled me more effectually. "What a fool," thought I, "have I been making myself—squandering away fine thoughts, and fine language, upon a light mind, and an ignorant ear! This girl knows nothing of poetry. She has no soul, I fear, for its beauties. Can anyone 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 flame, 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, when I called to mind 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, for I was still languid. My evening was passed in the drawing-room, where I over-looked 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 tints 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," said he, "Mr. Mountjoy would like to hear a little music from your harp; let us hear, too, the sound of your voice."

Julia immediately complied, without any 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 trilling 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 them. 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 lineaments, 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 dimple 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 see what is to be done? I am irretrievably 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 associated in her mind with the lofty thoughts and harmonious graces of poetry. She is apparently docile: beside the difference of our ages will give me an ascendancy 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 should 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. I looked over 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 inattention to my discourse of the preceding morning. "There is no fixing her light mind," thought I, "by ab-

for names, dates, and distances, and has an excellent memory for history and geography."

I now became desperate; as a last resource I turned to metaphysics. "If she is a philosopher in petticoats," thought I, "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 insincerities; 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. 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 amusement and occupation, and giving her all the accomplishments that sweeten and enliven the circle of domestic life. He had been particularly sedulous to exclude all fashionable affectations; all false sentiment, false sensibility, and false romance. "Whatever advantages she may possess," said he, "she is quite unconscious of them. She is a capricious little being, in everything but her affections; she is, however, free from art; simple, ingenuous, amiable, and, I thank God! happy."

Such was the eulogy of a fond father, delivered with a tenderness that touched me. I could not help making a casual inquiry, whether, among the graces of polite literature, he had included a slight tincture of metaphysics. He smiled, and told me he had not.

On the whole, when, as usual, that night, I summed up the day's observations on my pillow, I was not altogether dissatisfied. "Miss Somerville," said I, "loves poetry, and I like her the better for it. She has the advantage of me in Italian; agreed; what is it to know a variety of languages, but merely to have a variety of sounds to express the same idea? Original thought is the ore of the mind; language is but the accidental stamp and coinage by which it is put into circulation. If I can furnish an original idea, what care I how many languages she can translate it into? She may be able also to quote names and dates, and latitudes better than I; but that is a mere effort of the memory. I admit she is more accurate in history and geography than I; but then she knows nothing of metaphysics."

I had now sufficiently recovered to return home; yet I could not think of leaving Mr. Somerville's without having a little further conversation with him on the subject of his daughter's education.

"This Mr. Somerville," thought I, "is a very

accomplished, elegant man; he has seen a good deal of the world, and, upon the whole, has profited by what he has seen. He is not without information, and, as far as he thinks, appears to think correctly; but after all, he is rather superficial, and does not think profoundly. He seems to take no delight in those metaphysical abstractions that are the proper aliment of masculine minds. I called to mind various occasions in which I had indulged largely in metaphysical discussions, but could recollect no instance where I had been able to draw him out. He had listened, it is true, with attention, and smiled as if in acquiescence, but had always appeared to avoid reply. Beside, I had made several sad blunders in the glow of eloquent declamation; but he had never interrupted me, to notice and correct them, as he would have done had he been versed in the theme.

"Now, it is really a great pity," resumed I, "that he should have the entire management of Miss Somerville's education. What a vast advantage it would be, if she could be put for a little time under the superintendence of Glencoe. He would throw some deeper shades of thought into her mind, which at present is all sunshine; not but that Mr. Somerville has done very well, as far as he has gone; but then he has merely prepared the soil for the strong plants of useful knowledge. She is well versed in the leading facts of history, and the general course of belles-lettres," said I; "a little more philosophy would do wonders."

I accordingly took occasion to ask Mr. Somerville for a few moments' conversation in his study, the morning I was to depart. When we were alone I opened the matter fully to him. I commenced with the warmest eulogium of Glencoe's powers of mind, and vast acquirements, and ascribed to him all my proficiency in the higher branches of knowledge. I begged, therefore, to recommend him as a friend calculated to direct the studies of Miss Somerville; to lead her mind, by degrees, to the contemplation of abstract principles, and to produce habits of philosophical analysis; "which," added I, gently smiling, "are not often cultivated by young ladies." I ventured to hint, in addition, that he would find Mr. Glencoe a most valuable and interesting acquaintance for himself; one who would stimulate and evolve the powers of his mind; and who might open to him tracts of inquiry and speculation, to which perhaps he had hitherto been a stranger.

Mr. Somerville listened with grave attention. When I had finished, he thanked me in the politest manner for the interest I took in the welfare of his daughter and himself. He observed that, as it regarded himself, he was afraid he was too old to benefit by the instruction of Mr. Glencoe, and that as to his daughter, he was afraid her mind was but little fitted for the study of metaphysics. "I do not wish," continued he, "to strain her intellects with subjects they cannot grasp, but to make her familiarly acquainted with those that are within the limits of her capacity. I do not pretend to prescribe the boundaries of female genius, and am far from indulging the vulgar opinion, that women are unfitted by nature for the highest intellectual pursuits. I speak only with reference to my daughter's tastes and talents. She will never make a learned woman; nor in truth, do I desire it; for such is the jealousy of our sex, as to mental as well as physical ascendancy, that a learned woman is not always

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the happiest. I do not wish my daughter to excite envy, or to battle with the prejudices of the world; but to glide peaceably 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, calculated to awaken her perceptions to the beauties and wonders of nature, and to the inexhaustible volume of wisdom constantly spread open before her eyes. I consider that woman must likely to make an agreeable companion, who can draw copies of pleasing remark from every natural object; and most likely to be cheerful and contented, who is continually sensible of the order, the harmony, and the invariable beneficence, that reign throughout the beautiful world we inhabit."

"But," added, he, smiling, "I am betraying myself into a lecture, instead of merely giving a reply to your kind offer. Permit me to take the liberty, in return, of inquiring a little about your own pursuits. You speak of having finished your education; but of course you have a line of private study and mental occupation marked out; for you must know the importance, both in point of interest and happiness, of keeping the mind employed. May I ask what system you observe in your intellectual exercises?"

"Oh, as to system," I observed, "I could never bring myself into anything of the kind. I thought it best to let my genius take its own course, as it always acted the most vigorously when stimulated by inclination."

Mr. Somerville shook his head. "This same genius," said he, "is a wild quality, that runs away with our most promising young men. It has become so much the fashion, too, to give it the reins, that it is now thought an animal of too noble and generous a nature to be brought to harness. But it is all a mistake. Nature never designed these high endowments to run riot through society, and throw the whole system into confusion. No, my dear sir, genius, unless it acts upon system, is very apt to be a useless quality to society; sometimes an injurious, and certainly a very uncomfortable one, to its possessor. I have had many opportunities of seeing the progress through life of young men who were accounted geniuses, and have found it too often end in early exhaustion and bitter disappointment; and have as often noticed that these effects might be traced to a total want of system. There were no habits of business, of steady purpose, and regular application, superinduced upon the mind; everything was left to chance and impulse, and native luxuriance, and everything of course ran to waste and wild engorgement. Excuse me if I am tedious on this point, for I feel solicitous to impress it upon you, being an error extremely prevalent in our country and one into which too many of our youth have fallen. I am happy, however, to observe the zeal which still appears to actuate you for the acquisition of knowledge, and augur every good from the elevated bent of your ambition. May I ask what has been your course of study for the last six months?"

Never was question more unluckily timed. For the last six months I had been absolutely buried in novels and romances.

Mr. Somerville perceived that the question was embarrassing, and with his invariable good breeding, immediately resumed the conversation, without waiting for a reply. He took care, however, to turn it in such a way as to draw from me an

account of the whole manner in which I had been educated, and the various currents of reading into which my mind had run. He then went on to discuss, 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 ignorant, and on which I had been descanting 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 moral sciences. "These studies," said he, "store a man's mind with valuable facts, and at the same time repress self-confidence, by letting him know how boundless are the realms of knowledge, and how little we can possibly know. Whereas metaphysical studies, though of an ingenious order of intellectual employment, are apt to bewilder some minds with vague speculations. They never know how far they have advanced, or what may be the correctness of their favorite theory. They render many of our young men verbose and declamatory, and prone to mistake the aberrations of their fancy 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 limited experience, to encounter young men of the kind, who had overwhelmed me by their verborosity.

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 acquisition of a studious lifetime; that a young man, however pregnant his 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 assiduity, you must be sensible that as yet you have but 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 upon me. It must be that I am strange and different 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

practice. My mind shall operate henceforward with the regularity of clock-work."

How far I succeeded in adopting this plan, how I fared in the further pursuit of knowledge, and how I succeeded in my suit to Julia Somerville, may afford matter for a further communication to the public, if this simple record of my early life is fortunate enough to excite any curiosity.

THE GREAT MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE.

"A TIME OF UNEXAMPLED PROSPERITY."

IN the course of a voyage from England, I once fell in with a convoy of merchant ships, bound for the West Indies. The weather was uncommonly bland; and the ships vied with each other in spreading sail to catch a light, favoring breeze, until their hulls were almost hidden beneath a cloud of canvas. The breeze went down with the sun, and his last yellow rays shone upon a thousand sails, idly flapping against the masts.

I exulted in the beauty of the scene, and augured a prosperous voyage; but the veteran master of the ship shook his head, and pronounced this halcyon calm a "weather-breeder." And so it proved. A storm burst forth in the night; the sea roared and raged; and when the day broke, I beheld the late gallant convoy scattered in every direction; some dismasted, others scudding under bare poles, and many firing signals of distress.

I have since been occasionally reminded of this scene, by those calm, sunny seasons in the commercial world, which are known by the name of "times of unexampled prosperity." They are the sure weather-breeders of traffic. Every now and then the world is visited by one of these delusive seasons, when "the credit system," as it is called, expands to full luxuriance, everybody trusts everybody; a bad debt is a thing unheard of; the broad way to certain and sudden wealth lies plain and open; and men are tempted to dash forward boldly, from the facility of borrowing.

Promissory notes, interchanged between scheming individuals, are liberally discounted at the banks, which become so many mints to coin words into cash; and as the supply of words is inexhaustible, it may readily be supposed what a vast amount of promissory capital is soon in circulation. Every one now talks in thousands; nothing is heard but gigantic operations in trade; great purchases and sales of real property, and immense sums made at every transfer. All, to be sure, as yet exists in promise; but the believer in promises calculates the aggregate as solid capital, and falls back in amazement at the amount of public wealth, the "unexampled state of public prosperity."

Now is the time for speculative and dreaming or designing men. They relate their dreams and projects to the ignorant and credulous, dazzle them with golden visions, and set them madding after shadows. The example of one stimulates another; speculation rises on speculation; bubble rises on bubble; every one helps with his breath to swell the windy superstructure, and admires and wonders at the magnitude of the inflation he has contributed to produce.

Speculation is the romance of trade, and casts contempt upon all its sober realities. It renders

the stock-jobber a magician, and the exchange 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 despicable in his eyes; no "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 his ledger, with pen behind his ear, he is like 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, crumbles 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 flush of paper capital, and full of scheme and enterprise; when he perceives a greater disposition to buy than to sell; 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 hazard; "the faro table," when he beholds the streets 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-breeder," 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 infatuation 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 of which not one merchant 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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to the story of this famous
to give a few particulars
ividual who engendered it
in Edinburgh in 1671. His

father, William Law, was a rich goldsmith, and
left his son an estate of considerable value, called
Lauriston, situated about four miles from Edin-
burgh. Goldsmiths, in those days, acted occa-
sionally as bankers, and his father's operations,
under this character, may have originally turned
the thoughts of the youth to the science of calcu-
lation, 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
perceived his great credit system, offering to
supply the deficiency of coin by the establishment
of a bank, which, according to his views, might
emit a paper currency equivalent to the whole
valued estate of the kingdom.

His scheme excited great astonishment in Ed-
inburgh; but, though the government was not
efficiently 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-
liament; 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
fled to France.

The financial affairs of France were at this
time in a deplorable condition. The wars, the
ump and profusion, of Louis XIV., and his re-
gious persecutions of whole classes of the most
industrious of his subjects, had exhausted his
treasury, and overwhelmed 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
kinds of disastrous expedients to keep up the royal
state, and to extricate the nation from its embar-
assments.

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-
fidential spirit, in the Duke of Orleans, who had
married 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
sipped at the mere threshold of an art capable of
creating unlimited sources of national wealth.
The duke was dazzled with his splendid views and
eloquent reasonings, and thought he clearly com-
prehended his system. Demarets, the Com-
ptroller General of Finance, was not so easily de-
ceived. He pronounced the plan of Law more
pernicious than any of the disastrous expedients
that the government had yet been driven to. The
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'Ar-
genson, 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 re-
sidence 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-
ficiently 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,
threw a cloud of suspicion over him, wherever he
went, and caused him to be expelled by the ma-
gistracy from the semi-commercial, semi-aristo-
cratical cities of Venice and Genoa.

The events of 1715 brought Law back again to
Paris. Louis XIV. was dead. Louis XV. was 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. He appears
to have had excellent natural qualities, perverted
by a bad education. He was of the middle size,
easy and graceful, with an agreeable counte-
nance, 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
conferred 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 Abbé Dubois,
one of the subtlest and basest spirits that ever in-
trigued its way into eminent place and power.
The Abbé was of low origin, and despicable ex-
terior, totally destitute of morals, and perfidious
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 prin-
ciples and fostering his vices; he debased him, to
keep himself from being despised. Unfortunately
he succeeded. To the early precepts of this infa-
mous pander have been attributed those excesses
that disgraced the manhood of the Regent, and
gave a licentious character to his whole course of
government. His love of pleasure, 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 misanthrope, that had a sovereign but sportive contempt for mankind; believed that 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.

He surrounded himself with a set of dissolute men like himself; who, let loose from the restraint under which they had been held, during the latter hypocritical days of Louis XIV., now gave way to every kind of debauchery. With these men 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 seasoning of conversation. For the profligate companions of these revels, he invented the appellation of his *roués*, 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 designated the punishment 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 lacqueys and princes.

Such was the man that now ruled the destinies of France. Law found him full of perplexities, from the disastrous 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 debauching 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 forward 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 a banker or a merchant, he observed, increases his capital tenfold; that is to say, he who has a capital of one thousand livres, 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 remittance, it becomes momentarily the depositary 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 caught with avidity at the scheme. It suited his bold, reckless spirit, and his grasping extravagance. Not that he was alto-

gether the dupe of Law's specious projects; still he was apt, like many other men, unskilled in the arcana of finance, to mistake the multiplication of money for the multiplication of wealth; not understanding that it was a mere agent or instrument in the interchange of traffic, to represent the value of the various productions of industry, and that an increased circulation of coin or bank bills, in the shape of currency, only adds a proportionally increased and fictitious value to such productions. Law enlisted the vanity of the Regent in his cause. He persuaded him that he saw more clearly than others into sublime theories of finance, which were quite above the ordinary apprehension. He used to declare that, excepting the Regent and the Duke of Savoy, no one had thoroughly comprehended his system.

It is certain that it met with strong opposition from the Regent's ministers, the Duke de Noailles and the Chancellor d'Angosseau; and it was no less strenuously opposed by the Parliament of Paris. Law, however, had a potent though secret coadjutor in the Abbé Dubois, now rising during the regency, into great political power, and who retained a baneful influence over the mind of the Regent. This wily priest, as ambitious as he was ambitious, drew large sums from Law as subsidies, and aided him greatly in many of his most pernicious operations. He aided him, in the present instance, to fortify the mind of the Regent against all the remonstrances of his ministers and the parliament.

Accordingly, on the 2d of May, 1716, letters patent were granted to Law, to establish a bank of deposit, discount, and circulation, under the firm of "Law and Company," to continue for twenty years. The capital was fixed at six millions of livres, divided into shares of five hundred livres each, which were to be sold for twenty per cent of the regent's debased coin, and seventy-five per cent of the public securities; which were then at a great reduction from their nominal value, and which then amounted to nineteen hundred millions. The ostensible object of the bank, as set forth in the patent, was to encourage the commerce and manufactures of France. The louis d'ors and crowns of the bank were always to retain the same standard of value, and its bills to be payable in them on demand.

At the outset, while the bank was limited in its operations, and while its paper really represented the specie in its vaults, it seemed to realize all that had been promised from it. It rapidly acquired public confidence, and an extensive circulation, and produced an activity in commerce, unknown under the baneful government of Louis XIV. As the bills of the bank bore an interest, and as it was stipulated they would be of invariable value, and as hints had been artfully circulated that the coin would experience successive diminution, everybody hastened to the bank to exchange gold and silver for paper. So great became the throng of depositors, and so intense their eagerness, that there was quite a press and struggle at the bank door, and a ludicrous panic was awakened, as if there was danger of their not being admitted. An anecdote of the time relates that one of the clerks, with an ominous smile, called out to the struggling multitude, "Have a little patience, my friends; we mean to take all your money;" an assertion disastrously verified in the sequel.

Thus, by the simple establishment of a bank, Law and the Regent obtained pledges of confidence for the consummation of further and more

and privileges. One monopoly after another was granted to it; the trade of the Indian seas; the slave trade with Senegal and Guinea; the farming 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, 1718, the Regent gave the establishment the imposing title of THE ROYAL BANK, and proclaimed 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 illusive splendor in France, and became gradually cheapened 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 rendered 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 domestic 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 until 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. Those whom Law had deluded used every means to delude others. The most extravagant dreams 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. Lying reports now flew from mouth to mouth, of sure avenues to fortune suddenly thrown open. The more extravagant the fable, 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 it, not merely from the provinces, but from neighboring countries. A stock exchange was established in a house in the Rue Quincampoix, and became immediately the gathering place of stock-jobbers. The exchange opened at seven o'clock, with the beat of drum and sound of bell, and closed at night with the same signals. 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 die. The fever went on, increasing in intensity as the day declined; and when the drum beat, and the bell rang, at night, 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 engulf 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 nobles, abandoning all generous pursuits and lofty aims, engaged 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 D'Antin were among the foremost of these illustrious stock-jobbers. They were nicknamed the Mississippi Lords, and they smiled at the sneering title. 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. Even prelates and ecclesiastical corporations, 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 avaricious purposes. Theological decisions forthwith appeared, in which the anathema launched by the Church against usury, was conveniently construed as not extending to the traffic in bank shares!

The Abbé 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 dearth 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 seemed to have the riches of Cæsar at his command, and lavished money by hundreds of thousands upon his female relatives and favorites, as well as upon his *roués*, the dissolute companions of his debauches. "My son," writes the Regent's mother, in her correspondence, "gave me shares to the amount of two millions, which I distributed among my household. The King also took several millions for his own household. All the royal family have had

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them; all the children and grandchildren of
France, and the princes of the blood."

Luxury and extravagance kept pace with this
sudden inflation of fancied wealth. The heredi-
ary palaces of nobles were pulled down, and re-
built on a scale of augmented splendor. Enter-
tainments were given, of incredible cost and
magnificence. Never before had been such dis-
play in houses, furniture, equipages, and amuse-
ments. This was particularly the case among
persons of the lower ranks, who had suddenly be-
come possessed of millions. Ludicrous anecdotes
are related 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 dia-
monds, 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 were said
to become in like manner suddenly enriched by the
trunks 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: "Take which of them 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 noblesse had been
stilled by the stronger instinct of avarice. They
rather sought the intimacy and confidence of these
lucky upstarts; and it has been observed that a
nobelman would gladly take his seat at the table
of the fortunate lacquey of yesterday, in hopes of
learning from him the secret of growing rich!

Law now went about with a countenance ra-
diant with success and apparently dispensing
wealth on every side. "He is admirably skilled
in all that relates to finance," writes the Duchess
of Orleans, the Regent's mother, "and has put the
affairs of the state in such good order that all the
king's debts have been paid. He is so much run
after that he has no repose night or day. A
duchess even kissed his hand publicly. If a
duchess can do this, what will other ladies do?"

Wherever he went, his path, we are told, was
set by a sordid throng, who waited to see him
pass, and sought to obtain the favor of a word, a
nod, or smile, as if a mere glance from him would
bestow fortune. When at home, his house was
absolutely besieged by furious candidates for for-
tune. "They forced the doors," says the Duke
of St. Simon; "they scaled his windows from the
garden; they made their way into his cabinet
down the chimney!"

The same venal court was paid by all classes to
his family. The highest ladies of the court vied
with each other in meannesses to purchase the
flattering friendship of Mrs. Law and her daugh-
ter. They waited upon them with as much as-
sidity and adulation as if they had been prin-
cesses of the blood. The Regent one day
expressed a desire that some duchess should ac-
company his daughter to Genoa. "My Lord,"
said some one present, "if you would have a
choice from among the duchesses, you need but
send to Mrs. Law's, you will find them all assem-
bled there."

The wealth of Law rapidly increased with the

expansion of the bubble. In the course of a few
months he purchased fourteen titled estates, pay-
ing 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 faith in his paper money.
The President de Novion insisted on being paid for
an estate in hard coin. Law accordingly brought
the amount, four hundred thousand livres, in spe-
cie, saying, with a sarcastic smile, that he preferred
paying in money as its weight rendered it a mere
incumbrance. As it happened, the president
could give no clear title to the land, and the
money had to be refunded. He paid it back *in*
paper, which Law dared not refuse, lest he should
depreciate it in the market.

The course of illusory credit went on triumph-
antly for eighteen months. Law had nearly ful-
filled one of his promises, for the greater part of
the public debt had been paid off; but how paid?
In bank shares, which had been trumped up several
hundred per cent above their value, and which
were to vanish like smoke in the hands of the
holders.

One of the most striking attributes of Law was
the imperturbable assurance and self-possession
with which he replied to every objection, and
found a solution for every problem. He had the
dexterity of a juggler in evading difficulties; and
what was peculiar, made figures themselves, which
are the very elements of exact demonstration, the
means to dazzle and bewilder.

Toward the latter end of 1719 the Mississippi
scheme had reached its highest point of glory.
Half a million of strangers had crowded into
Paris, in quest of fortune. The hotels and lodg-
ing-houses were overflowing; lodgings were pro-
cured with excessive difficulty; granaries were
turned into bed-rooms; provisions had risen enor-
mously in price; splendid houses were multiply-
ing on every side; the streets were crowded with
carriages; above a thousand new equipages had
been launched.

On the eleventh of December, Law obtained
another prohibitory decree, for the purpose of
sweeping all the remaining specie in circulation
into the bank. By this it was forbidden to make
any payment in silver above ten livres, or in gold
above three hundred.

The repeated decrees of this nature, the object
of which was to depreciate the value of gold, and
increase the illusive credit of paper, began to
awaken doubts of a system which required such
bolstering. Capitalists gradually awoke from their
bewilderment. Sound and able financiers con-
sulted together, and agreed to make common
cause against this continual expansion of a paper
system. The shares of the bank and of the com-
pany began to decline in value. Wary men took
the alarm, and began to *realize*, a word now first
brought into use, to express the conversion of
ideal property into something *real*.

The Prince of Conti, one of the most prominent
and grasping of the Mississippi lords, was the
first to give a blow to the credit of the bank.
There was a mixture of ingratitude in his con-
duct that characterized the venal baseness of the
times. He had received from time to time enor-
mous sums from Law, as the price of his influence
and patronage. His avarice had increased with
every acquisition, until Law was compelled to re-
fuse one of his exactions. In revenge the prince
immediately sent such an amount of paper to the
bank to be cashed, that it required four wagons

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 cochère.

This was the 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 leaving paper in its place.

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 fulminated against all heretics. Law soon let him know that there would be no difficulty on that head. He was ready at any moment to abjure his religion in the way of business. For decency's sake, however, it was judged proper he should previously be convinced and converted. A ghostly instructor was soon found, ready to accomplish his conversion in the shortest possible time. This was the Abbé Tencin, a profligate creature of the profligate Dubois, 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 sneers and jests of the Parisian public the ceremony of abjuration took place at Melun. Law made a pious present of one hundred thousand livres to the Church of St. Roque, 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 as little faith in the system as in the piety 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 contented themselves with making it the subject of a number of songs and epigrams.

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 vernal adoration. Men of rank and dignity thronged his antechamber, 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 giddy with his elevation, and he began to aspire after aristocratical distinction. There 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 indignant and scouted the "intruding upstart." Their more worldly parents, fearful of

displeasing the modern Midas, reprimanded them in vain. The striplings had not yet imbibed the passion for gain, and still held to their high blood. The son of the banker received slights and annoyances on all sides, and the public applauded them 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 installation in office, a decree came out uniting 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 advance of eighteen hundred per cent. The decree farther declared, in the King's name, that he would never draw on the bank, until 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; being more paper than all the banks of Europe were able to circulate. To aid its credit, the receivers of the revenue were directed to take bank notes of the sub-receivers. All payments, 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 money on jewels, plate, 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, civil or religious, to hold in possession more than five hundred livres in current coin; that is to say, about seven louis-d'ors; 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 either for shares or bills.

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; and the most odious scrutiny was awakened into the pecuniary affairs of families and individuals. The very confidence between friends and relatives was impaired, and all the domestic ties and virtues of society were threatened, until a general sentiment of indignation broke forth, that compelled the Regent to rescind the odious decree. Lord Stairs, the British ambassador, speaking of the system of espionage encouraged by this edict, observed that it was impossible to doubt that Law was a thorough Catholic, since he had thus established the *inquisition*, after having already proved *transubstantiation*, by changing specie into paper.

Equal abuses had taken place under the colonizing project. In his thousand expedients to amass capital, Law had sold parcels of land in Mississippi, at the rate of three thousand livres for a league square. Many capitalists had purchased estates large enough to constitute almost a principality; the only evil was, Law had sold property which he could not deliver. The agents of police, who aided in recruiting the ranks of the colonists, had been guilty of scandalous impositions. Under pretence of taking up mendicants and vagabonds, they had scoured the streets at night, seizing upon honest mechanics, or their sons, and hurrying them to their crimping-houses.

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for the sole purpose of extorting money from them as a ransom. The populace was roused to indignation by these abuses. The officers 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 nine thousand livres each. All ecclesiastical communities 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 back of these assertions came forth an edict of the King, dated the 22d of May, wherein, under pretence of having reduced the value of his coin, it was declared necessary to reduce the value of his bank-notes one-half, and of the India shares from nine thousand to five thousand livres.

This decree came like a clap of thunder upon shareholders. 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 humbler circumstances looked forward to abject beggary.

The parliament seized the occasion to stand forth as the protector of the public, and refused to register the decree. It gained the credit of compelling the Regent to retrace his step, though it is more probable he yielded to the universal burst of public astonishment and reprobation. On the 27th of May the edict was revoked, and bank-bills 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 engendered, and which its own arbitrary acts had brought into discredit. "All Paris," says the Regent's mother, in her letters, "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 employ 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, were in a state to benefit by this permission. There was a run upon the bank, but a royal ordinance immediately suspended payment, until further 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 everybody, and suspected fraud and collusion in those who pretended to burn the bills.

A general confusion now took place in the financial world. Families who had lived in opulence, found themselves suddenly reduced to indigence. Schemers who had been revelling 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 soon followed by 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!

Execrations were now poured out on all sides, against Law, and menaces of vengeance. What a contrast, in a short time, to the vernal 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 greatly terrified he is. 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 keep 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 hundred millions of livres of its bills, 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 small sums to be scantily exchanged for paper. The doors of the bank and the neighboring streets were immediately thronged with a famishing multitude, seeking cash for bank-notes of ten livres. So great was the press and struggle that several persons were stifled 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 those who lingered behind; 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 shattered. The news of this outrage was communicated to parliament in the midst of a furious discussion of 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 shattered to atoms!"

The members sprang up with joy; "And Law!" exclaimed they, "has he been torn to pieces?" The president 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 disastrous period.

On the following day, there was 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 to be at their hotels, with their horses ready saddled. A number of small offices were opened, where people might cash small notes, though with great delay and difficulty. An edict was also issued declaring that whoever should refuse to take bank-notes in the course of trade should forfeit double the amount!

The continued and vehement opposition of parliament to the whole delusive system of finance, had been a constant source of annoyance to the Regent; but this obstinate rejection of his last grand expedient of a commercial monopoly, was not to be tolerated. He determined to punish that intractable body. The Abbé Dubois and Law suggested a simple mode; it was to suppress the parliament altogether, being, as they observed, so far from useful, that it was a constant impediment to the march of public affairs. The Regent was half inclined to listen to their advice; but upon calmer consideration, and the advice of friends, he adopted a more moderate course. On the 20th of July, early in the morning, all the doors of the parliament-house were taken possession of by troops. Others were sent to surround the house of the first president, and others to the houses of the various members; who were all at first in great alarm, until an order from the king was put into their hands, to render themselves at Pontoise, in the course of two days, to which place the parliament was thus suddenly and arbitrarily transferred.

This despotic act, says Voltaire, would at any

other time have caused an insurrection; but one half of the Parisians were occupied by their ruin, and the other half by their fancied riches, which were soon to vanish. The president and members of parliament acquiesced in the mandate without a murmur; they even went as if on a party of pleasure, and made every preparation to lead a joyous life in their exile. The musqueteers, who held possession of the vacated parliament-house, a gay corps of fashionable young fellows, amused themselves with making songs and pasquinades, at the expense of the exiled legislators; and at length, to pass away time, formed themselves into a mock parliament; elected their presidents, kings, ministers, and advocates; took their seats in due form, arraigned a cat at their bar, in place of the *Sieur Law*, and after giving it a "fair trial," condemned it to be hanged. In this manner public affairs and public institutions were lightly turned to jest.

As to the exiled parliament, it lived gayly and luxuriously at Pontoise, at the public expense; for the Regent had furnished funds, as usual, with a lavish hand. The first president had the mansion of the Duke de Bouillon put at his disposal, already furnished, with a vast and delightful garden on the borders of a river. There he kept open house to all the members of parliament. Several tables were spread every day, all furnished luxuriously and splendidly; the most exquisite wines and liqueurs, the choicest fruits and refreshments, of all kinds, abounded. 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 the 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 pleasantries; while the enormous expenses incurred by this idle and lavish course of life, more than doubled the liberal sums provided. This was the way in which the parliament resented their exile.

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 becoming intolerable to the residents of that polite quarter, and especially to the chancellor, whose hotel was there, the Prince and Princess Carignan, both deep gamblers in Mississippi stock, offered the extensive garden of the Hotel de Soissons as a rallying-place for the worshippers of Mammon. The offer was accepted. A number of barracks were 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 them immediately mounted to a hundred livres a month 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

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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 esteemed himself happy who could get it even at 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. Foreign exchanges were almost impracticable. 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 debtor and creditor were confounded. With one thousand crowns one might pay a debt of eighteen thousand livres!

The Regent's mother, who once exulted 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. They have given my son more trouble than relief. 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, and speaking of him as a tyrant. 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 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, and then to charge him with the whole tissue of delusions of this paper alchemy. He accordingly took occasion of the recall of parliament in December, 1720, to suggest to Law the policy of his avoiding an encounter with that hostile and exasperated body. Law needed no urging to the measure. His only desire was to escape from Paris and its tempestuous populace. Two days before the return of parliament he took his sudden and secret departure. He travelled in a chaise bearing the arms of the Regent, and was escorted by a kind of safeguard of servants, in the duke's livery. His first place of refuge was an estate of the Regent's, about six leagues from Paris, from whence he pushed forward to Bruxelles.

As soon as Law was fairly out of the way, the Duke of Orleans summoned a council of the regency, and informed them that they were assembled to deliberate on the state of the finances, and the affairs of the Indian Company. Accordingly La Houssaye, Comptroller General, rendered a perfectly clear statement, by which it appeared that there were bank bills in circulation to the amount of two milliards, seven hundred millions of livres, without any evidence that this enormous sum had

been emitted in virtue of any ordinance from the general assembly of the India Company, which alone had the right to authorize such emissions.

The council was astonished at this disclosure, and looked to the Regent for explanation. Pushed to the extreme, the Regent avowed that Law had emitted bills to the amount of twelve hundred millions beyond what had been fixed by ordinances, and in contradiction to express prohibitions; that the thing being done, he, the Regent, had legalized or rather covered the transaction, by decrees ordering such emissions, which decrees he had *antedated*.

A stormy scene ensued between the Regent and the Duke de Bourbon, little to the credit of either, both having been deeply implicated in the cabalistic operations of the system. In fact, the several members of the council had been among the most venal "beneficiaries" of the scheme, and had interests at stake which they were anxious to secure. From all the circumstances of the case, I am inclined to think that others were more to blame than Law, for the disastrous effects of his financial projects. His bank, had it been confined to its original limits, and left to the control of its own internal regulations, might have gone on prosperously, and been of great benefit to the nation. It was an institution fitted for a free country; but unfortunately it was subjected to the control of a despotic government, that could, at its pleasure, alter the value of the specie within its vaults, and compel the most extravagant expansions of its paper circulation. The vital principle of a bank is security in the regularity of its operations, and the immediate convertibility of its paper into coin; and what confidence could be reposed in an institution or its paper promises, when the sovereign could at any moment centuple those promises in the market, and seize upon all the money in the bank? The compulsory measures used, likewise, to force bank-notes into currency, against the judgment of the public, was fatal to the system; for credit must be free and uncontrolled as the common air. The Regent was the evil spirit of the system, that forced Law on to an expansion of his paper currency far beyond what he had ever dreamed of. He it was that in a manner compelled the unlucky projector to devise all kinds of collateral companies and monopolies, by which to raise funds to meet the constantly and enormously increasing emissions of shares and notes. Law was but like a poor conjuror in the hands of a potent spirit that he has evoked, and that obliges him to go on, desperately and ruinously, with his conjurations. He only thought at the outset to raise the wind, but the Regent compelled him to raise the whirlwind.

The investigation of the affairs of the Company by the council, resulted in nothing beneficial to the public. The princes and nobles who had enriched themselves by all kinds of juggles and extortions, escaped unpunished, and retained the greater part of their spoils. Many of the "suddenly rich," who had risen from obscurity to a giddy height of imaginary prosperity, and had indulged in all kinds of vulgar and ridiculous excesses, awoke as out of a dream, in their original poverty, now made more galling and humiliating by their transient elevation.

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 a too great confidence in government. There was a general derangement in the finances, that long exerted a baneful 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, were at an end. Every expedient 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 soiled their pennons; and honor and glory, so long the idols of the Gallic nobility, had been tumbled to the earth, and trampled in the dirt of the stock-market.

As to Lavi, 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 barely enough to maintain himself, his wife, and daughter, with decency. The chief relique of his immense fortune was a great diamond, which he was often obliged to pawn. He was in England in 1721, and was presented to George the First. He returned shortly afterward to the continent; shilting 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 dissipated the scanty means left to them, and sank into abject poverty. "I saw his wife," says Voltaire, "at Bruxelles, as much humiliated as she had been haughty and triumphant in Paris." An elder brother of Lavi remained in France, and was protected by the Duchess of Bourbon. His descendants have acquitted 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 buriall."

SHIRLEY'S "WITTY FAIRIE 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 peccadilloes was hurried 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 well recollect the effect of this story upon my feelings in my boyish days, though represented in grotesque pantomime; the awe with which I contemplated the monumental statue on horseback of the murdered commander, gleaming by pale moonlight in the convent cemetery; how 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 ap-

proach, step by step through the echoing corridor, and beheld it enter, and advance, a moving figure of stone, to the supper table! But then the convivial scene in the chancel-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! These were accumulated horrors enough to shake the nerves of the most pantomime-loving school-boy. Many have supposed the story of Don Juan a mere fable. 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, with a congenial spirit. In the course of our rambles we were passing by a heavy, dark gateway, opening into the court-yard of a convent, when he laid his hand upon my arm: "Stop!" 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," replied 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 fact?"

"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 *deintencatos*, or magistrates, of the city. Presuming on his high descent and powerful connections, Don Juan set no bounds to his excesses: no 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 penetrate by night into the palace of Don Gonzalo de Ulloa, commander of the order of Calatrava, and attempt to carry off his daughter. The household was alarmed; a scuffle in the dark took place; Don Juan escaped, but the unfortunate commander was found weltering 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 Ulloa, 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 Ulloa 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 uncle, the ambassador, and 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.

"It was shortly 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-

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mander, who had been buried within the walls of
 this sacred edifice, where the family of Ulloa had
 a chapel. 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 believed in Seville?"

"The whole of it by the populace; with whom
 it has been a favorite tradition since time im-
 memorial, and who crowd to the theatres to see
 it represented in dramas written long since by
 Tirso de Molina, and another of our popular
 writers. Many in our higher ranks also, accus-
 tomed from childhood to this story, would feel
 somewhat indignant at hearing it treated with
 contempt. An attempt has been made to explain
 the whole, by asserting 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 de-
 ceived into this convent under a false pretext, and
 either plunged into a perpetual dungeon, or pri-
 vately hurried out of existence; while the story of
 the statue was circulated by the monks, to ac-
 count for his sudden disappearance. The popu-
 lace, however, are not to be cajoled out of a ghost
 story by any of these plausible 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-helly youngsters, in
 like case 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 surround-
 ed by cloisters and dormitories, partly by chapels,
 and having a large fountain in the centre. The
 pile had evidently once been extensive and mag-
 nificent; 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 corri-
 dors, 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 effects of fire. The whole place
 had a desolate air; the night breeze rustled
 through grass and weeds haunting out of the
 crevices of the walls, or from the shattered
 columns; the bat flitted about the vaulted pas-
 sages, and the owl hooted from the ruined bellry.
 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 came swelling
 upon the ear. "It is the vesper service," said
 my companion; "follow me."

Leading the way across the court of the clois-
 ters, and through one or two ruined passages, he
 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 chaunting from immense books 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 dimly 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. Aloft 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
 vout lamp before the shrine of a saint.

As my eye roamed about the shadowy pile, 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. Iago; the statue of the commander
 was in the cemetery of the convent, and was de-
 stroyed at the time of the conflagration. But,"
 added he, "as I see you take a proper interest in
 these kind of stories, come with me to the other
 end of the church, where our whisperings 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 castiga-
 tion 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 to me
 the following narration:

"There was once in Seville a gay young fel-
 low, Don Manuel de Manara by name, who hav-
 ing 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 and cautious fathers of
 Seville. His exploits extended to country as well
 as city; and in the village dependent on his cas-
 tle, scarce a rural beauty was safe from his arts
 and enterprises.

"As he was one day ranging the streets of Se-
 ville, with several of his dissolute companions, he
 beheld a procession about to enter the gate of a
 convent. In the centre was a young female ar-
 rayed 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
 impetuosity, to gain a near view of the novice.
 He almost jostled her, in passing through the
 portal of the church, when, 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 fainted; but was borne within the
 grate of the chapel. It was supposed the agita-
 tion 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 abbess and the nuns. The ceremony proceeded; the crown of flowers was taken from her head; she was shorn of her silken tresses, 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. Just as 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 steal a bride 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, unable any longer to endure this state of uncertainty and apprehension, he ventured back to Seville. Irresistibly 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. After a while they dispersed, and one passed near to Don Manuel. The latter addressed him, with a hesitating voice.

"'Señor,' said he, 'may I ask the reason of yonder throng?'

"'A cavalier,' replied the other, 'has been murdered.'

"'Murdered!' echoed Don Manuel; 'and can you tell me his name?'

"'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 twinkling light of a lamp: 'Here was murdered Don Manuel de Manara. Pray to God for his soul!'

"Still more confounded 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 persons of dignified appearance, in ancient Spanish dresses, attending as mourners, none of whom he knew. Accosting a servant who followed in the train, he demanded the name of the delinquent.

"'Don Manuel de Manara,' was the reply; and it went cold to his heart. He looked, and indeed he held 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 peal through the vaulted aisles.

"Again the youth ventured to question this awful pageant. 'Father,' said he, with trembling voice, to one of the priests, 'who 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!'

"'Avaunt, 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 round a fearful glance upon the assemblage, in antiquated Spanish garbs, 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 choir 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 home. When sufficiently recovered, he sent for a friar and made a full confession of all that had happened.

"'My son,' said the friar, 'all 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 burly 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, glided one by one, like shadows, through a small door in the side of the choir. A deeper gloom prevailed over the

y broke on him, and he procession moving across rain of priests, and many earance, in ancient Span-mourners, none of whom servant who followed in the name of the delinquent. "Manara," said the reply; and He looked, and indeed bringings of his family emescutcheons. Yet not one seen among the mourners, and more incomprehensi-

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church; the figure opposite me on horseback grew more and more spectral; and I almost expected 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 company," replied I; and, following my companion, we groped our way through the mouldering cloisters. As we passed by the ruined cemetery, keeping up a casual conversation, by way of dissuelling 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 chillness 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 cloisters 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 sepulchral scene, I feel myself quite at home; and when the statue makes his appearance, I greet 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 enjoy this piece, and yet they consider the whole as a fiction! How much more would they enjoy it, if like me they knew it to be true—and had seen the very place!"

BROEK:

OR THE DUTCH PARADISE.

It has long been a matter of discussion and controversy among the pious and the learned, as to the situation of the terrestrial paradise from whence 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, about six miles from Amsterdam. It may not, they observe, correspond in all respects to the description of the Garden of Eden, handed down from days of yore, but it comes nearer to their ideas of a perfect paradise than any other place on earth.

This eulogium induced me to make some inquiries as to this favored spot in the course of a sojourn at the city of Amsterdam, and the information I procured fully justified the enthusiastic praises I had heard. The village of Broek is situated in Waterland, 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 strangers at a wary distance. They are a "hard money" people, and remarkable for turning the penny the right way. It is said to have been an old rule, established by one of the primitive financiers and legislators of Broek, that no

one should leave the village with more than six guilders in his pocket, or return with less than ten; a shrewd regulation, well worthy the attention of modern political economists, who are so anxious to fix the balance of trade.

What, however, renders Broek so perfect an elysium in the eyes of all true Hollanders, is the matchless height to which the spirit of cleanliness is carried there. It amounts almost to a religion among the inhabitants, who pass the greater part of their time rubbing and scrubbing, and painting and varnishing; each housewife vies with 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 pious remembrance, and almost canonized as a saint, for having died of pure exhaustion and chagrin in an ineffectual attempt to scour a black man white.

These particulars awakened my ardent curiosity 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 pilgrimage to Broek.

Before I reached the place I beheld symptoms of the tranquil character of its inhabitants. A little clump-built boat was in full sail along the lazy bosom of a canal, but its sail consisted of the blades of two paddles stood on end, while the navigator sat steering with a third paddle in the stern, crouched down like a toad, with a slouched hat drawn over his eyes. I presumed him to be some nautical lover 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-Meer, an artificial 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 alighted outside of the village, for no horse nor vehicle is permitted to enter its precincts, lest it should cause defilement of the well-soured pavements. Shaking the dust off my feet, therefore, I prepared to enter, with due 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 separated 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 curiously-wrought railings, or balustrades, of iron, surmounted with brass and copper balls, scoured into dazzling effulgence. The very trunks 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 like costly furniture. The front doors are never opened, excepting on christenings, marriages, or funerals; on all ordinary occasions, visitors enter by the back door. In former times, persons when admitted had to put

on slippers, but this oriental ceremony is no longer insisted upon.

A poor devil Frenchman who attended upon me as cicerone, boasted with some degree of exaltation, 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 état major, who had come from Amsterdam to view the wonders of Broek, applied for admission at one of these taboo'd 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 ami Hollandais.'*" 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 unwonted 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 republic.

I walked about the place in mute wonder and admiration. A dead stillness prevailed around, like that in the deserted streets of Pompeii. No sign of life was to be seen, excepting now and then a hand, and a long pipe, and an occasional puff of smoke, out of the window of some "luthaus" overhanging a miniature canal; and on approaching a little nearer, the periphery in profile of some robust burgher.

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 shrubberies; and that of the Great Ditmus, who my 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 a year. I had repeatedly been struck with the similarity of all that I had seen in this amphibious little village, to the buildings and landscapes on Chinese platters and tea-pots; but here I found the similarity complete; for I was told that these gardens were modelled upon Van Broom's description of those of Yuen min Yuen, in China. Here were serpentine walks, with trellised borders; winding canals, with fanciful Chinese bridges; flower-beds resembling huge baskets, with the flower of "love lies bleeding" falling over to the ground. But mostly had the fancy of Mynheer Broekker been displayed about a stagnant little lake, on which a corpulent little pinnae 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 size of life; on pressing a spring, the woman commenced spinning, and the dog barked furiously. On the lake were wooden swans, painted to the life; some floating, others on the nest among the rushes; while a wooden sportsman, crouched among the bushes, was preparing his gun to take deadly air. In another part of the garden was a dominie in his clerical robes, with wig, pipe, and cocked hat; and mandarins with nodding heads, amid red lions, green tigers, and blue hares. Last of all, the heathen deities, in wood and

plaster, male and female, naked and bare-faced as usual, and seeming to stare with wonder at finding themselves in such strange company.

My shabby French guide, while he pointed out all these mechanical marvels of the garden, was anxious to let me see that he had too polite a taste to be pleased with them. At every new nick-nack he would screw down his mouth, shrug up his shoulders, take a pinch of snuff, and exclaim: "*Ma foi, Monsieur, ces Hollandais sont forts pour ces bêtises là!*"

To attempt to gain admission to any of these stately abodes was out of the question, having no company of soldiers to enforce a solicitation. I was fortunate enough, however, through the aid of my guide, to make my way into the kitchen of the illustrious Ditmus, and I question whether the parlor would have proved more worthy of observation. The cook, a little wiry, hook-nosed woman, worn thin by incessant action and friction, was bustling about among her kettles and saucepans, with the scullion at her heels, both clattering in wooden shoes, which were as clean and white as the milk-pails; rows of vessels, of brass and copper, regiments of pewter dishes, and portly porringers, gave resplendent evidence of the intensity of their cleanliness; the very trammels and hangers in the fireplace were highly scoured, and the burnished face of the good Saint Nicholas shone forth from the iron plate of the chimney back.

Among the decorations of the kitchen was a printed sheet of woodcuts, representing the various holiday customs of Holland, with explanatory rhymes. Here I was delighted to recognize the jollities of New Year's Day - the festivities of Paas and Pinkster, and all the other merry-makings handed down in my native place from the earliest times of New Amsterdam, and which had been such bright spots in the year in my childhood. I eagerly made myself master of this precious document, for a trifling consideration, and bore it off as a memento of the place; though I question if, in so doing, I did not carry off with me the whole current literature of Broek.

I must not omit to mention that this village is the paradise of cows as well as men; indeed you would almost suppose the cow to be as much an object of worship here, as the bull was among the ancient Egyptians; and well does she merit it, for she is in fact the patroness 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 prediger, or preacher; a very comfortable mansion, which led me to augur well of the state of religion 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, as 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, an

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ditches, and canals; and houses all shining with
paint and varnish, and glazed tiles; and where
there should never come horse, or ass, 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, maga-
zines, and domestic offices. Then comes the
entre-sol, with low ceilings, short windows, and
dwarf chambers; then succeed a succession of
floors, or stories, rising one above the other, to
the number of Mahomet's heavens. Each floor
is like a distinct mansion, complete in itself,
with ante-chamber, saloons, dining and sleeping
rooms, kitchen and other conveniences for the
accommodation of a family. Some floors are di-
vided 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 fam-
ilies and numerous single persons live under the
same roof, totally independent of each other, and
may live so for years without holding more in-
tercourse than is kept up in other cities by resi-
dents 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 decidedly
the aristocratical part of the establishment. 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 attics, the region of petty tailors, clerks, and
sewing girls. To make the filling up of the man-
sion complete, every odd nook and corner is fitted
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 massy 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 apart-
ments. Immediately without the portal is the
porter's lodge, a small room with one or two bed-
rooms adjacent, for the accommodation of the
concierge, or porter and his family. This is one
of the most important functionaries of the hotel.
He is, in fact, the Cerberus of the establishment,
and no one can pass in or out without his knowl-
edge 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
seek. If the person or family is of importance,
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 apprized, no signal is
given. The applicant pronounces the name at
the porter's door, and is told, "*Montez au troi-
sième, au quatrième; sonnez 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") as the case may be.

The porter and his wife act as domestics to such
of the inmates of the mansion as do not keep ser-
vants; making their beds, arranging their rooms,
lighting their fires, and doing other menial offices,
for which they receive a monthly stipend. They
are also in confidential intercourse with the ser-
vants of the other inmates, and, having an eye on
all the in-comers and out-goers, are thus enabled,
by hook and by crook, to learn the secrets and
domestic history of every member of the little ter-
ritory within the *porte-cochère*.

The porter's lodge is accordingly a great scene
of gossip, where all the private affairs of this in-
terior neighborhood are discussed. The court-
yard, also, is an assembling place in the evenings
for the servants of the different families, and a
sisterhood 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 assemblages the porter's
daughter takes the lead; a fresh, pretty, buxom
girl, generally called "*La Petite*," though almost
as tall as a grenadier. These little evening gath-
erings, so characteristic of this gay country, are
countenanced by the various families of the man-
sion, who often look down from their windows
and balconies, on moonlight evenings, and enjoy
the simple revels of their domestics. I must ob-
serve, however, that the hotel I am describing is
rather a quiet, retired one, where most of the in-
mates are permanent residents from year to year,
so that there is more of the spirit of neighbor-
hood 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 win-
dow (which by the bye, is tolerably elevated), the
movements of the teeming little world below me;
and as I am on sociable 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 occu-
pies one of the *jolie chambres à 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 hotel for years, and always in the same chamber, which he furnishes at his own expense. 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 powdered ear-locks and a pig-tail. 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 crony who lives in the *entre-sol*, 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 casement. 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 *badinage* 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 of Bonaparte; 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 tumult, but from that insatiable appetite for spectacle which prevails among the inhabitants of this metropolis. I have been amused with a farce, in which one of these systematic old triflers 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 crustiness, 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 growling at everything 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 quidnuncs, 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 chiefly 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 fustian and bombast, Talma as a rantier, and Duchesnois 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: "Pish!" 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 to 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

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wines, they dilute his blood so much as to give
him the rheumatism. As to their white wines,
he stigmatizes them as mere substitutes for cider ;
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 in-
sisting on his conforming to Mrs. Glass ; for it is
easier to convert a Frenchman from his religion
than his cookery. The poor fellow, by dint of re-
peated efforts, once brought himself to serve up
his *bif* 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
fury.

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
smoking and stirring the fire with one end of a
pangs, while the room is as murky as a smithy ;
smoking 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 anathematiz-
ing. He lives in a state militant with inanimate
objects around him ; gets into high dudgeon with
doors and casements, because they will not come
under English law, and has implacable 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 *commode*, one of those smooth, polished,
plausible pieces of French furniture, that have
the perversity of five hundred devils. Each drawer
is a will of its own ; will open or not, just as
the whim takes it, and sets lock and key at defi-
ance. Sometimes a drawer will refuse to yield
to either persuasion or force, and will part with
its handles rather than yield ; another will
come out in the most coy and coquettish manner
imaginable ; elbowing along, zig-zag ; one corner
breaching as the other advances ; making a thou-
sand difficulties and objections at every move ;
until the old gentleman, out of all patience, gives
a sudden jerk, and brings drawer and contents
to the middle of the floor. His hostility to this
unlucky piece of furniture increases every day, as
he discerns that it does not grow better. He is
the fretful invalid who cursed his bed, that
the longer he lay the harder it grew. The only
benefit 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
commode is the most *incommodious* thing in ex-
istence, and that although the nation cannot make
a point-stool that will stand steady, yet they are
always talking of everything's being *perfectionnée*.
His servants understand his humor, and avail
themselves of it. He was one day disturbed by a
continual 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
man, testily, " it's this confounded French
commode ! " " 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 over-
looking a game, who, without any great skill of
his own, can occasionally perceive the blunders 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 ex-
hibited than that of the French and English.
The peace has deluged this gay capital with En-
glish visitors of all ranks and conditions. They
throng every place of curiosity and amusement ;
fill the public gardens, the galleries, the cafés,
saloons, theatres ; always herding together, never
associating with the French. 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 light-
ning ; seizes upon remote conclusions with a sud-
den bound, and its deductions are almost intu-
itive. The English intellect is less rapid, but
more persevering ; less sudden, but more sure in
its deductions. The quickness and mobility of
the French enable them to find enjoyment in the
multiplicity of sensations. They speak and act
more from immediate impressions than from re-
flection and meditation. They are therefore more
social and communicative ; more fond of society,
and of 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 in a manner makes 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 pass-
ing pleasure. The Englishman is too apt to ne-
glect the present good, in preparing against the
possible evil. However adversities may lower,
let the sun shine but for a moment, and forth
sallies 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, the wary Englishman ventures
forth 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 ham-
mers out 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. Every-
thing goes with him by the square foot. What-
ever 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 stor- staircase, and a
family on every floor. All is clatter and chatter.
He is good humored and talkative with his ser-
vants, sociable with his neighbors, and com-
plaisant 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 communicative habit which predominates over his character.

The Englishman, on the contrary, encloses himself in a snug brick mansion, which he has all to himself; locks the front door; puts broken bottles along his walls, and springs guns and man-traps in his gardens; 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 English 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 sparkle up and be frothy, the gravity of the English to settle down and grow muddy. 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 the inutility of the war. It is wonderful how the poorest Frenchman will revel on a triumphphant 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 greasy 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 fights for 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 of the Tuileries, for instance, I perceive the same jumble of contrarieties 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 horse, the roll of drum, and the bray of

trumpet. Dismounted guardsmen patrol the arcades, with loaded carbines, jingling spears, and clanking sabres. Gigantic grenadiers are posted about its staircases; young officers of the guards loll 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 ante-chambers. The first floor is brilliant with the splendors of a court. French taste has tasked itself 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 *bienveillance*.

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 nesting-places for retainers of the court, dependants on retainers, and hangers-on of dependants. Some are squeezed into narrow entre-cols, those low, dark, intermediate slices of apartments between floors, the inhabitants of which seem shoved in edge-ways, like books between narrow shelves; others are perched like swallows, under the eaves; 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 handful of fuel with which its weazen-faced tenant simmers his *demitasse* of coffee.

On approaching the palace from the Pont Royal, you take in at a glance all the various strata of inhabitants; the garreteer in the roof; the retainer in the entre-sol; the courtiers at the casements of the royal apartments; while on the ground-floor a steam of savory odors and a score or two of cooks, in white caps, bobbing 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 emigrés, returned with the Bourbons; little withered, spindle-shanked old noblemen, clad in court dresses, that figured in these saloons before the revolution, and have been carefully treasured up during their exile; with the solitaires and *ailles de pigeon* 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 breast-plates.

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 nesting-places allotted them while they await the restoration of their estates, or the much-talked-of law indemnity. Some of them have fine quarters, but poor living. Some families have but five or six hundred francs a year, and all their retinue consists of a servant woman.

* The repairs at late year

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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, and refuse to visit them.

In regarding the exterior of the Tuileries, with all its outward signs of internal populousness, 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 up the stump of an old tree, and dislodging 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 foisted into the huge edifice; every rat-hole had its occupant; and places which had been considered as tenanted only by spiders, were found crowded with a surreptitious population. It is added, that many ludicrous accidents occurred; great scampering and slamming of doors, and whisking away in night-gowns and slippers; and several persons, who were bound by accident in their neighbors' chambers, incurred indubitable astonishment at the circumstance.

As I have 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 petticoat government. Every corner and nook is built up into some snug, cozy nesting place, some "procreant cradle," not tenanted by meagre expectants or whiskered warriors, but by sleek placemen; knowing realizers 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 swarm about the courts and terraces. The very soldiers have a pacific look, and when off duty may be seen loitering about the place with the nursery-maids; not making love to them in the gay gallant style of the French soldiery, 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 about the mouldering tower.* Thus it is with 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 fain be 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 gird 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; but it deserves more serious consideration. 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 nothing is this contrast more 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 serried 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. Their columns were ripped up by cannonry; 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 were his fate! If he went down in the storm of battle, with the foundering fortunes of his chieftain, 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 blighted 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 if to leave the question of superiority still undecided between two 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 been busy with its oblivious labors, and the frequent 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 bullets, and shattered by explosions, showed the deadly strife that had taken place within; when Gaul 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 rivalry. Columns of smoke turned from this vortex of battle as from a volcano: "it was," said my guide, "like a little hell upon earth." Not far off, two or three broad spots of rank, unwholesome green still marked the places where these rival warriors,

after their fierce and fitful 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 with 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, distinguished himself by his valor, his accomplishments, 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 captain, and would receive no recompense for his achievements 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, roaming population; a dark, sallow race, with fierce moustaches, black cravats, and leverish, menacing looks; men suddenly thrown out of employ by the return of peace; officers cut short in their career, and cast loose with scanty means, 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 furor 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, complaisant populace, such as existed in the time of the "Sentimental Journey," were surprised at finding them irritably 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 England's 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 to London; crowding its squares; filling its streets with their equipages; thronging its fashionable hotels, and places of amusements; elbowing its impoverished nobility out of their palaces and opera-boxes, and looking down on the humiliated inhabitants as a conquered people; in such a reverse of the case, what degree of courtesy would the populace 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 with these, the tremendous reverses it had just undergone; its armies shattered, annihilated; its capital captured, garrisoned, and overrun, and that too by its ancient rival, the English, toward whom it had cherished for centuries a jealous and almost religious hostility; could we have wondered if the tiger spirit of this fiery people 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 wield the sword, that revenge themselves with the lurking dagger. There were no assassinations in Paris. The French had fought valiantly, desperately, 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 rencontres, 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 patrolled the streets 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. The emigrants who had just returned, were not yet reinstated. Society was constituted of those who had flourished under the late régime; the newly ennobled, the recently enriched, who felt their prosperity and their consequence endangered by this change of things. The broken-down officer, who saw his glory tarnished, his fortune ruined, his occupation gone, could not be expected to look with complacency upon the authors of his downfall. The English visitor, flushed with health, and wealth, and victory, could little enter into the feelings of the blighted warrior, scarred with a hundred battles, an exile from the camp, broken in constitution by the wars, impoverished by the peace, and cast back, a needy stranger in the splendid but captured metropolis of his country.

"Oh! who can tell what heroes feel,
When all but life and honor's lost!"

* The above remarks were suggested by a conversation with the late Mr. Canning, whom the author met in Paris, and who expressed himself in the most liberal way concerning the magnanimity of the French on the occupation of their capital by strangers.

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ere suggested by a conver- Canning, whom the author pressed himself in the most magnanimity of the French capital by strangers.

And here let me notice the conduct of the French soldiery on 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 knew any other home. Few in civil, peaceful life, 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, dependence, want, neglect, perhaps beggary, before 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 slights 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 as imagine it to indicate force and frankness. The events of the last thirty years have rendered the French a more reflecting people. They have acquired greater 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 solidity. They were light, he says, 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 the Duke of Wellington, who was on a brief visit to Paris. He was alone, simply attired in a blue frock; with an umbrella under his arm, and his hat drawn over his eyes, and sauntering across 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 were jostling so unceremoniously, was the conqueror who had twice entered their capital victoriously; had controlled the destinies of the nation, and eclipsed the glory of the military idol, 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 grand 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 magazine 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 Representatives. After leaving Congress, Mr. Wilde a few years since spent about eighteen months in travelling 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 imprisonment, 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 *Borgello*, 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 enthusiastic admiration for Dante which possesses all Italians, by whom the poet is 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 translate some specimens of Italian lyric poetry, 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 characterize 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 secret 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 been long inaccessible. 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 abbreviations of the notaries. They require, in fact, an especial study; few even of the officers employed in the "*Archivio delle Riformagione*" can read them currently and 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 untiring 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 the oblivion of these archives.

While thus engaged, the circumstance of the lost portrait of Dante was again brought to Mr. Wilde's mind, but now excited intense interest. In perusing the notes of the late learned Canonico Moreri on Filicello'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 previously 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 the still more ancient and decisive authority of Filippo Villari, who lived shortly after the poet, that Giotto, the friend and contemporary of Dante, did undoubtedly paint his likeness in the place indicated. Giotto died in 1336, but as Dante was banished, and was even sentenced to be burned, in 1302, it was obvious 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-

ace. It was clear, then, that the portrait must have been painted between 1299 and 1302.

Mr. Wilde now revolved in his own mind the possibility that this precious relic might remain undestroyed under its coat of whitewash, and might yet be restored to the world. For a moment he felt an impulse to undertake the enterprise; but feared that, in a foreigner from a new world, any part of which is unrepresented at the Tuscan court, it might appear like an intrusion. He soon however found a zealous coadjutor. This was one Giovanni Aubrey Bezzi, a Piedmontese exile, who had long been a resident in England, and was familiar with its language and literature. He was now on a visit to Florence, which liberal and hospitable city is always open to men of merit who for political reasons have been excluded from other parts of Italy. Signor Bezzi partook deeply of the enthusiasm of his countrymen for the memory of Dante, and sympathized with Mr. Wilde in his eagerness to retrieve if possible the lost portrait. They had several consultations as to the means to be adopted to effect their purpose, without incurring the charge of undue officiousness. To lessen any objections that might occur they resolved to ask for nothing but permission to search for the fresco painting at their own expense; and should any remains of it be found, then to propose to the nobility and gentry of Florence an association for the purpose of completing the undertaking, and effectually recovering the lost portrait.

For the same reason the formal memorial addressed to the Grand Duke was drawn up in the name of Florentines; among whom were the celebrated Bartolini, now President of the School of Sculpture in the Imperial and Royal Academy Signor Paolo Ferroni, of the noble family of that name, who has exhibited considerable talent for painting, and Signor Gasparini, also an artist. This petition was urged and supported with indefatigable zeal by Signor Bezzi; and being warmly countenanced by Count Nerli and other functionaries, met with more prompt success than had been anticipated. Signor Marini, a skillful artist, who had succeeded in similar operations, was now employed to remove the whitewash by a process of his own, by which any fresco painting that might exist beneath would be protected from injury. He set to work patiently and cautiously. In a short time he met with evidence of the existence of the fresco. From under the coat of whitewash the head of an angel gradually made its appearance, and was pronounced to be by the pencil of Giotto.

The enterprise was now prosecuted with increased ardor. Several months were expended on the task, and three sides of the chapel wall were uncovered; they were all painted in fresco by Giotto, with the history of the Magdalen, exhibiting her conversion, her penance, and her beatification. The figures, however, were all those of saints and angels; no historical portraits had yet been discovered, and doubts began to be entertained whether there were any. Still the recovery of an indisputable work of Giotto's was considered an ample reward for any toil; and the Ministers of the Grand Duke, acting under his directions, assumed on his behalf the past charges and future management of the enterprise.

At length, on the uncovering of the fourth wall, the undertaking was crowned with complete success. A number of historical figures were brought to light, and among them the undoubted likeness of Dante. He was represented in full length, in the garb of the time, with a book under

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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. The face 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 triumphant result
of their researches; nor the sensation produced,
not merely in Florence but throughout Italy, by
this discovery of a veritable portrait of Dante, in
the prime of his days. It was some such sensa-
tion as would be produced in England by the
sudden discovery of a perfectly well authenticated
likeness of Shakespeare; with a difference in in-
tensity 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 masks said to have been made from a cast
of his face taken after death. One of these masks,
in the possession of the Marquess of Torrigiani,
has been pronounced as certainly the *original*.
Several artists of high talent have concurred in this
opinion; among these may be named Jesi, the
first engraver in Florence; Seymour Kirkup,
Esq., a painter and antiquary; and our own
countryman Powers, whose genius, by the way, is
very highly appreciated by the Italians.

We may expect from the accomplished pen of
Carlo Torrigiani, 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 war-
rant the expense, to have them engraved by emi-
nent 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 Pa-
risian society during the last century was Renée
Charlotte Victoire de Froulay De Tessé, Mar-
chioness De Créquy. She sprang from the highest
and proudest of the old French nobility, and ever
maintained the most exalted notions of the purity
and antiquity of blood, looking upon all fam-
ilies that could not date back further than three
or four hundred years as mere upstarts. When a
beautiful girl, fourteen years of age, she was pre-
sented to Louis XIV., at Versailles, and the an-
cient monarch kissed her hand with great gal-
lantry; after an interval of about eighty-five
years, when nearly a hundred years old, the same
testimonial of respect was paid her at the Tuil-
eries by Bonaparte, then First Consul, who prom-
ised her the restitution of the confiscated forests
formerly belonging to her family. 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 latter days of Louis XIV., the re-
gency of the Duke of Orleans, and the residue of
the last century; and are highly illustrative of the
pide, splendor, and licentiousness of the French
nobility on the very eve of their tremendous
downfall.

I shall draw forth a few scenes from her mem-
oirs, 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 Panthéon.
Henrietta de Lenoncour, 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 Brigitte de Rupelmonde,
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
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. She found her in great agi-
tation; for a time she evidently repressed her
feelings, but they at length broke forth in pas-
sionate exclamations. "Heaven grant me grace,"
said she, "some day or other to pardon my cousin
Gondrecourt the sorrows he has caused me!"

"What do you mean?—what sorrows, my
child?" inquired her visitor. "What has your
cousin done to affect you?"

"He is married!" cried she in accents of de-
spair, but endeavoring to repress her sobs.

"Married! I have heard nothing of the kind,
my dear. Are you perfectly sure of it?"

"Alas! nothing is more certain; my aunt de
Rupelmonde informed me of it."

The lady retired, full of surprise and commiser-
ation. She related the scene in a circle of the
highest nobility, in the saloon of the Marshal
Prince of Beauvau, where the unaccountable self-
sacrifice of the beautiful novice was under discus-
sion.

"Alas!" said she, "the poor girl is crossed in
love; she is about to renounce the world in de-
spair, at the marriage of her cousin De Gondre-
court."

"What!" cried a gentleman present, "the
Viscount de Gondrecourt married! Never was
there a greater falsehood. And 'her aunt told
her so!' Oh! I understand the plot. The coun-
tess is passionately fond of Gondrecourt, and
jealous of her beautiful niece; but her schemes
are vain; the Viscount holds her in perfect de-
testation."

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 im-
perious temper; robust in person, with a mascu-
line 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 mistake the aim of this detestable woman. She is 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 bottom of the intended sacrifice; for although a canoness, a dignitary of a religious order, she was pronounced little better than a devil incarnate.

The Princess de Beauvau, a woman of generous spirit and intrepid zeal, 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 with a woman's promptness. Within a short time her carriage was at the iron gate of the archiepiscopal palace, and her servants rang for admission. Two Switzers, 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 deshabille. Her dignity and the dignity of the archbishop demanded that the gate should be served in full costume. For half an hour, therefore, had the princess to wait, in feverish impatience, until the two dignitaries of the porter's lodge arrayed themselves; 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 gallons, 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 halbert. Thus equipped at all points, they planted themselves before the door of the carriage; struck the ends of their halberts on the ground with emphasis; and stood waiting with official importance, but 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, where the Bishop of Chartres never failed to invite him for the anniversary soirée of Madame de Maintenon."

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 his entrance into the church 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 Panthemont, and sent in an urgent request for a moment's conversation with the Lady Abbess. 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 entreated permission to enter the convent, to reveal to the Lady Abbess in two words something of 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 forlorn 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 imperials of crimson velvet, and magnificent 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 parti-colored crowd of lacqueys in rich liveries, obstructed all the entrances to De Panthemont.

Eleven o'clock had struck; the last auditor had entered the church; the deep tones of the organ began 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 presents an 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 candelabras 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, Bernardines, Raccollers, Capuchins, and others, all in their appropriate robes and dresses. In the midst presided the Archbishop of Paris, Christopher de Beaumont; surrounded by his four arch priests and his vicars-general. He was seated with his back against the altar. When his eyes were cast down, his countenance, pale and severe, is repre-

morning the princess monastery of De Panthemont requested a novice for a month. The Lady Abbess. The Abbess could not be obliged to attend in the convent. The princess entered the convent, to reveal two words something of the Abbess sent word as impossible, until she from the Archbishop and once more to her carriage, hope, took her station in the church, to watch for the

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sented as having been somewhat sepulchral and death-like; but the moment he raised his large, dark, sparkling eyes, the whole became animated; beaming with ardor, and expressive of energy, penetration, and firmness.

The audience that crowded the church was no less illustrious. Excepting the royal family, all that was elevated in rank and title was 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 creaked on their hinges, and Madame de Richelieu, the high and noble Abbess of De Panthemont, advanced to resign 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 then a sort of murmur was 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 Stanislaus, Duke of Lorraine. A whisper circulated 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 remained 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. It 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, Monsigneur," eagerly interposed the Countess de Rupelmonde.

"You will reply to me by and bye, 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 noviciate, 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 Lenoncour on the sincerity of her religious vocation. There is a canonical impediment to her professing for the present; and, as to the future, we reserve to ourselves the consideration of the matter; interdicting 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 terms of the bull *cum proximis*:" "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 had that habitude of 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 was particularly extolled for his delicacy in delecting this manœuvre 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 all points in her wicked plans against her beautiful niece. In consequence of the caveat of the archbishop, her superior ecclesiastic, the Abbess de Panthemont, formally forbade Mademoiselle de Lenoncour 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 abbess 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 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, by a decree of the Grand Council, was divested of the guardianship of her niece. All the arrears of revenues accumulated during Mademoiselle de Lenoncour'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 dowager de Gondrecourt, and the Marshal Prince de Beauvau, to attend the marriage of Adrien de Gondrecourt, Viscount of Jean-sur-Moselle, and Henrietta de Lenoncour, Countess de Hevouval, etc., which duly took place in the chapel of the archiepiscopal palace at Paris.

So much for the beautiful Henrietta de Lenoncour. We will now draw forth a companion picture of a handsome young cavalier, who figured in the gay world of Paris about the same time, and concerning 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 Letorières. 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 abbe, he received a gratuitous education at 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 still 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 pure air and warm sunshine in 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 town. Wherever he went his good looks 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 hackney coachman, who was passing by, pulled up, and asked him if he wished a cast in his carriage. Letorières 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, pertinaciously.

"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," cried he, "that I left so charming 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 his tailor, to whom 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 find it 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 and many more vaunts, the good dame sallied forth. When she returned home, however, she wore quite a different aspect.

"Well," said her husband, "how much have you received from the 'charming' young man?"

"Let me alone," replied the wife; "I found him playing on the guitar, and he looked so handsome, and was so amiable and genteel, 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 mantelpiece in spite of him!"

The captivating looks and manners of Letorières made his way with equal facility in the great world. His high connections entitled him to presentation at court, but some questions arose about the sufficiency of his proofs of nobility; 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 the 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 he had 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 befitting 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 fiery relations of the princess. Letorières received two sword-thrusts 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 in an arcade leading to the cloister of the cemetery. The interview of the lovers was long and tender. They exchanged vows of eternal fidelity, and flattered themselves

going out to get change crowns; before I come ming' youth myself, and over to charm me. I'll to put me off with fine

more vaunts, the good when she returned home, different aspect.

and, "how much have I aming' young man?" "I found the wife; "I found and he looked so handsome and genteel, that I had him."

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with hopes of future happiness, which they were never to realize. After repeated farewells, the princess re-entered the convent, never again to behold the charming Letorières. On the following morning his corpse 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 leaving the 'Ancient Dominion,' and emigrating 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 of one of the old Virginian 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 Virginian households. She was a dignitary that almost rivalled 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 disgracing 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 stand and served out tea with a mingled respectfulness and pride of station, truly exemplary. Her great 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 to heart, 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 juvenility, while I was yet what is termed 'an unlucky

* Ralph Ringwood, though a fictitious name, is a real personage: the worthy original is now living and flourishing in honorable station. I have given 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 embellishments of fiction; but I thought them so strikingly characteristic of the individual, and of the scenes and society into which his peculiar humors carried him, that I preferred giving them in their original simplicity.—G. C.

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 advantage to introduce a breed of mules, and accordingly imported three jacks 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 disgraced and their whole 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 jacks loose to shift for themselves 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 Virginian love for anything of the equestrian species predominated, 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 summoning some of my school-fellows, we drove 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 I 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-boys' 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-eared steeds. As I knew the jacks would be in great demand on Sunday morning, I secured one over night, and conducted him home, to be ready for an early outset. But where was I to quarter him for the night? I could not put him in the stable; our old black groom George was as absolute in that domain 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 Virginian establishments for the smoking of hams, and other kinds 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, by the exertions I had made in catching the donkey, that I fell into a sound sleep, and the morning broke without my awakening.

"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. Scarce had she

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 dropped old Barbara; the animal trampled over 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 took it for granted that this was Beelzebub himself. 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 another, for the good soul was devoutly superstitious.

"As ill luck would have it, among those attracted by the noise was a little, cursed, fidgety, 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 intermeddler and busybody pest. 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 no farther, for he was one of those testy curmudgeons 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 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 amazement. 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 wiffet of a man; one that in Kentucky we would not call even an 'individual'; nothing more than a 'remote circumstance.' I soon, therefore, 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. I soon 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 flogging. 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 prairie, was brought into sudden activity by the checks and restraints I suffered. 'I'll go 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 glori-

ous 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 she had encountered. When she 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 thought punishment might have 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.

"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. I was not far in my teens, and to talk of setting off alone for Kentucky, to turn hunter, seemed doubtless the idle prattle of a boy. He was little aware of the dogged resolution of my character; and his smile of incredulity but fixed me more obstinately in my purpose. I assured him I was serious in what I said, and would certainly set off for Kentucky in the spring.

"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 one day in his study, 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 my humor, trusting that a little rough 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 my room, tied up three or 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 and wept, and entreated me to stay. I felt my heart

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swell in my throat; but I gulped it back to its
place, and straightened myself up: I would not
suffer myself to cry. I at length disengaged my-
self 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 outset 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 overheard
two men in the bar-room conjecture who and
what I could be. 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. Scorning, 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.

"Where are you going, youngster?" de-
manded he.

"That's none of your business!" replied I,
rather pertly.

"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,
lest I should be stopped. I took my meals in the
houses, in the course of the day, but would turn
aside at night into some wood or ravine, make a
fire, and sleep before it. This I considered was
true hunter's style, and I wished to inure myself
to it.

"At length I arrived at Brownsville, leg-weary
and way-worn, and in a shabby plight, as you
may suppose, having been 'camping out' for
some nights past. I applied at some of the inferior
inns, but could gain no admission. I was regarded
for a moment with a dubious eye, and then in-
formed they did not receive foot-passengers. At
last I went boldly to the principal inn. The land-
lord appeared as unwilling as the rest to receive a
vagrant boy beneath his roof; but his wife inter-
fered in the midst of his excuses, and half elbow-
ing him aside:

"Where are you going, my lad?" said she.

"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!" cried she warmly. 'I knew

if you had a mother living you would not be
here.' From that moment the good woman treat-
ed me with a mother's kindness.

"I remained several days beneath her roof re-
covering from the fatigue of my journey. While
here 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 jour-
ney.

"At Wheeling I embarked in a flat-bottomed fam-
ily 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 plashing in the water. Deer and
bears would frequently swim across the river;
others would come down to the bank and gaze
at the boat as it passed. I was incessantly on the
alert with my rifle; but somehow or other the
game was never within shot. Sometimes I got a
chance to land and try my skill on shore. I shot
squirrels and small birds and even wild turkeys;
but though I caught glimpses of deer bounding
away through the woods, I never could get a fair
shot at them.

"In this way we glided in our broad-horn past
Cincinnati, the 'Queen of the West' as she is
now called, then a mere group of log cabins;
and the site of the bustling city of Louisville, then
designated by a solitary house. As I said before,
the Ohio was as yet a wild river; all was forest,
forest, forest! Near the confluence of Green
River with the Ohio, I landed, bade adieu to the
broad-horn, and struck for the interior of Ken-
tucky. I had no precise plan; my only idea was
to make for one of the wildest parts of the coun-
try. I had relatives in Lexington and other settled
places, to whom I thought it probable my father
would write concerning me; so as I was full of
manhood and independence, and resolutely bent
on making my way in the world without assist-
ance or control, I resolved to keep clear of them
all.

"In the course of my first day's trudge, I shot
a wild turkey, and slung it on my back for provi-
sions. The forest was open and clear from under-
wood. I saw deer in abundance, but always run-
ning, running. It seemed to me as if these
animals never stood still.

"At length I came to where a gang of half-
starved wolves were feasting on the carcass of a
deer which they had run down; and snarling and
snapping and fighting like so many dogs. They
were all so ravenous and intent upon their prey
that they did not notice me, and I had time to
make my observations. One, larger and fiercer
than the rest, seemed to claim the larger share,
and to keep the others in awe. If any one came
too near him while eating, he would fly off, seize
and shake him, and then return to his repast.
'This,' thought I, 'must be the captain; if I can
kill him, I shall defeat the whole army.' I ac-
cordingly took aim, fired, and down dropped the
old fellow. He might be only shamming dead;
so I loaded and put a second ball through him.
He never budged; all the rest ran off, and my
victory was complete.

"It would not be easy to describe my triumph-
ant feelings on this great achievement. I
marched on with renovated spirit, regarding my-

self as absolute lord of the forest. As night drew near, I prepared for camping. My first care was to collect dry 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 camped out several times in the early part of my expedition; but that was in comparatively 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, but I 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 prowlings 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 day-break, when all 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.

"Those deer," replied I, pettishly; "but it seems as if they never stand still."

"Upon that he burst out laughing. 'Where are you from?' said he.

"From Richmond."

"What! In old Virginny?"

"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.'

"The more I 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 the deer running, at a great distance. In the proper season these prairies would be covered in many places with wild strawberries, where your horse's hoofs would be dyed to the fetlock. I thought there could not be another 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 scarce 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 hoped 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 perplexed by paths leading 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. These were called buffalo-tracks, and traversed Kentucky from end to end, like highways. Traces of them may

River from a broad-horn.
 companions ?

g ?

come here for ?

ghingly, 'you'll make a
 mistaking that ! Have

rkey ; I can't get within
 always running.

secret of that. You're
 and starting the deer at
 those that are scamper-
 slow, and silent, and
 keep your eyes close
 m tree to tree, if you wish
 r. But come, go home
 Bill Smithers ; I live not
 little while, and I'll teach

the invitation of honest Bill
 reached his habitation ; a
 square hole for a window
 sticks and clay. Here he
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 two around, preparatory
 corn and potatoes. In the
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still be seen in uncultivated parts, or deeply worn
 in the rocks where they crossed the mountains.
 I was a young woodsman, and sorely puzzled to
 distinguish one kind of track from the other, or to
 make out my course through this tangled laby-
 rinth. While thus perplexed, I heard a distant
 roaring and rushing sound ; a gloom stole over
 the forest : on looking up, when I could catch a
 stray glimpse of the sky, I beheld the clouds rolled
 up like balls, the lower parts as black as ink.
 There was now and then an explosion, like a
 burst of cannonry afar off, and the crash of a fall-
 ing tree. I had heard of hurricanes in the woods,
 and surmised that one was at hand. It soon
 came crashing its way ; the forest writhing, and
 twisting, and groaning before it. The hurricane
 did not extend far on either side, but in a manner
 ploughed a furrow through the woodland ; snap-
 ping off or uprooting trees that had stood for cen-
 turies, 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 scam-
 bled nimbly round the trunk like a squirrel.
 Down it went, bearing down another tree with it.
 I crept under the trunk as a shelter, and was pro-
 tected 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 back-
 woodsman. He was a gray-haired man, hardy
 and weather-beaten, with a blue wart, like a great
 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 appella-
 tion 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.
 Under his instruction I soon made a tolerable
 proficiency in hunting. My first exploit, of any con-
 sequence, 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 : he fell to the ground and lay motion-
 less. The brothers sent in their dog, who seized
 the bear by the throat. 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
 huntsmen, almost as wild and untameable as In-
 dians : but they were fine fellows.

"By degrees I became known, and somewhat
 of a favorite among the hunters of the neighbor-
 hood ; that is to say, men who lived within a cir-
 cle of thirty or forty miles, and came occasionally
 to see John Miller, who was a patriarch among
 them. They lived widely apart, in log huts and
 wigwams, almost with the simplicity of Indians,

and well nigh as destitute of the comforts and in-
 ventions of civilized life. They seldom saw each
 other ; weeks, and even months would elapse,
 without their visiting. When they did meet, it
 was very much after the manner of Indians ;
 loitering about all day, without having much to
 say, but becoming communicative as evening ad-
 vanced, and sitting up half the night before the
 fire, telling hunting stories, and terrible tales of
 the fights of the Bloody Ground.

"Sometimes several would join in a distant
 hunting expedition, or rather campaign. Expedi-
 tions of this kind lasted from November until
 April ; during which we laid up our stock of sum-
 mer 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 cane-brake, to screen us
 from the wind. One side of our lodge was open
 toward the fire. Our horses were hopped and
 turned loose in the cane-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 deer at a distance from the camp, he
 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 morn-
 ing early he would get a horse out of the cane-
 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 super-
 natural. 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 ac-
 counting for a bad shot. If a hunter grossly
 missed his aim he would ask, 'Who shot last with
 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 bears'-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 re-
 turn 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 Green River, when we re-
 ceived 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 coun-
 try. 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 him of con-
 sequence. There was no other man 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 was always ready to get up a carousal, 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 Muddy, which is a branch of Rough Creek, which is a branch of Green 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 leathern hunting-dress, which was the only one I had, was somewhat the worse for wear, it is true, and considerably japed with blood and grease; but I was up to hunting expedients. Getting into a periogue, I paddled off to a part of the Green River where there was sand and clay, that might serve for soap; then taking off my dress, I scrubbed and scoured it, until I thought it looked very well. I then put it on the end of a stick, and hung it out of the periogue to dry, while I stretched myself very comfortably on the green bank of the river. Unluckily a flaw struck the periogue, and tipped over the stick: down went my dress to the bottom of the river, and I never saw it more. Here was I, 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 deer-skin, gayly fringed at the shoulders, with leggings of the same, fringed from hip to heel. He then made me a rakish raccoon-cap, with a flaunting 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.

"It 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 not one could compare with mine; and my raccoon-cap, with its flowing tail, was the admiration of everybody. The girls were mostly in doe-skin dresses; for 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; for there was Jammy Kiel, famous for raccoon-hunting, and Bob Tarleton, and Wesley Pigman, and Joe Taylor, and several other prime fellows for a frolic, that made all ring 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 happened.

"As old Schultz, the father, was one day looking in the cane-brakes for his cattle, he came upon the track of horses. He knew they were none of his, and that none of his neighbors had horses about that place. They must be stray horses; or 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 could not sufficiently express his thankfulness; and when about to depart, inquired what he had to pay? Old Schultz stepped back with surprise. 'Stranger,' said he, 'you have been welcome under my roof. I've given you nothing but wild meat and hominy, because I 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 it to his conscience to go away without making some recompense. 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 caught their 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 presented them these jewels, without the least hesitation; 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 lockets, 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 ain't got a locket that you can see your face in, as clear as in a spring of water!'

"In a twinkling all the young hunters gathered round old Schultz's daughters. I, who knew what looking-glasses were, did not budge. Some of the girls who sat near me were excessively mortified at finding themselves thus deserted. I heard Peggy Pugh say to Sally Pigman, 'Good-

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ness knows, it's well Schultz's daughters is got
them things round their necks, for it's the first
time the young men crowded round them!'

"I saw immediately the danger of the case.
We were a small community, and could not afford
to be split up by feuds. So I stepped up to the
girls, and whispered to them: 'Polly,' said I,
'those lockets are powerful fine, and become you
amazingly; but you don't consider that the coun-
try is n't advanced enough in these parts for such
things. You and I understand these matters, but
these people don't. Fine things like these may do
very well in the old settlements, but they won't
answer at the Pigeon Roost Fork of the Muddy.
You had better lay them aside for the present, or
we shall have no peace.'

"Polly and her sister luckily saw their error;
they took off the lockets, laid them aside, and
harmony was restored: otherwise, I verily believe
there would have been an end of our community.
Indeed, notwithstanding the great sacrifice they
made on this occasion, I do not think old Schultz's
daughters were ever much liked afterward among
the young women.

"This was the first time that looking-glasses
were ever seen in the Green River part of Ken-
tucky."

"I had now lived some time with old Miller,
and had become a tolerably expert hunter. Game,
however, began to grow scarce. The buffalo had
gathered together, as if by universal understand-
ing, and had crossed the Mississippi, never to re-
turn. Strangers kept pouring into the country,
clearing away the forests, and building in all di-
rections. The hunters began to grow restive,
Jemmy Kiel, the same of whom I have already
spoken for his skill in raccoon catching, came to
me one day: 'I can't stand this any longer,' said
he; 'we're getting too thick here. Simon
Schultz crowds me so, that I have no comfort of
my life.'

"'Why, how you talk!' said I; 'Simon
Schultz lives twelve miles off.'

"'No matter; his cattle run with mine, and I've
no idea of living where another's man cattle can
run with mine. That's too close neighborhood;
I want elbow-room. This country, too, is grow-
ing too poor to live in; there's no game; so two
or three of us have made up our minds to follow
the buffalo to the Missouri, and we should like to
have you of the party.' Other hunters of my ac-
quaintance talked in the same manner. This set
me thinking; but the more I thought the more I
was perplexed. I had no one to advise with; old
Miller and his associates knew but of one mode of
life, and I had had no experience in any other; but
I had a wide scope of thought. When out hunt-
ing alone I used to forget the sport, and sit for
hours together on the trunk of a tree, with rifle in
hand, buried in thought, and debating with my-
self: 'Shall I go with Jemmy Kiel and his com-
pany, or shall I remain here? If I remain here
there will soon be nothing left to hunt; but am I
to be a hunter all my life? Have not I something
more in me than to be carrying a rifle on my
shoulder, day after day, and dodging about after
bears, and deer, and other brute beasts? My
family told me I had; and I called to mind my
boyish boast to my sister, that I would never re-
turn home, until I returned a member of Congress
from Kentucky; but was this the way to fit my-
self for such a station?'

"Various plans passed through my mind, but
they were abandoned almost as soon as formed,
and length I determined on becoming a lawyer.

True it is, I knew almost nothing. I had left
school before I had learned beyond the 'rule of
three,' 'Never mind,' said I to myself, reso-
lutely; 'I am a terrible fellow for hanging on to
anything when I've once made up my mind; and
if a man has but ordinary capacity, and will set to
work with heart and soul, and stick to it, he can
do almost anything.' With this maxim, which
has been pretty much my main-stay throughout
life, I fortified myself in my determination to at-
tempt 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 the courts. This too required funds. I
examined into the state of my finances. The purse
given me by my father had remained untouched,
in the bottom of an old chest up in the loft, for
money was scarcely needed in these parts. I had
bargained away the skins acquired in hunting, for
a horse and various other matters, on which in
case of need, I could raise funds. I therefore
thought I could make shift to maintain myself un-
til I was fitted for the bar.

"I informed my worthy host and patron, old
Miller, of my plan. He shook his head at my
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 comforta-
ble board and accommodation in a private family
for a dollar and a half a week. I liked the place,
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 pacing 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 differ-
ent from the hale, buxom, brown girls of the
woods; and then her white dress!—it was per-
fectly dazzling! Never was poor youth more ta-
ken by surprise, and suddenly bewitched. My
heart yearned to know her; but how was I to ac-
cost her? I had grown wild in the woods, and
had none of the habits of polite life. Had she
been like Peggy Pugh or Sally Pigman, or any
other of my leathern-dressed belles of the Pigeon
Roost, I should have approached her 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 ringlets, and blue eyes, and deli-
cate 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 rob-
bery. Nobody knew me here. I would just step
in, snatch a kiss, mount my horse, and ride 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 with her back to the
door, looking out at the window, and did not hear

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 moment 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 remains of the paternal purse, 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 linch 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; but the more I read the 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 perplexed 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 believe would have liked me much better if I had not been so much addicted to reading. He considered all books filled with lies and impositions, 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 upon 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. They must not talk to me about the earth's going round the sun!'

"At another time he was in a perfect fret at being told the distance between the sun and moon. 'How can any one tell the distance?' cried he. 'Who surveyed it? who carried the chain? By Jupiter! they only talk this way before me to annoy me. But then there's some people of sense who give in to this cursed humbug! There's Judge Broadnax, now, one of the best lawyers we have; isn't it surprising he should believe in such stuff? Why, sir, the other day I heard him talk of the distance from a star he called Mars to the sun! He must have got it out of one or other of those confounded books he's so fond of reading; a book some impudent fellow has written, who knew nobody could swear the distance was more or less.'

"For my own part, feeling my own deficiency in scientific lore, I never ventured to unsettle his conviction that the sun made his daily circuit round the earth; and for aught I said to the contrary, he lived and died in that belief.

"I had been about a year at Bardstown, living

thus studiously and reclusely, when, as I was one day walking the street, I met two young girls, in one of whom I immediately recalled the little beauty whom I had kissed so impudently. She blushed up to the eyes, and so did I; but we both passed on without further sign of recognition. This second glimpse of her, however, caused an odd fluttering about my heart. I could not get her out of my thoughts for days. She quite interfered with my studies. I tried to think of her as a mere child, but it would not do; she had improved in beauty, and was tending toward womanhood; and then I myself was but little better than a stripling. However, I did not attempt to seek after her, or even to find out who she was, but returned doggedly to my books. By degrees she faded from my thoughts, or if she did cross them occasionally, it was only to increase my despondency; for I feared that with all my exertions, I should never be able to fit myself for the bar, or enable myself to support a wife.

"One cold stormy evening I was seated, in dumphish mood, in the bar-room of the inn, looking into the fire, and turning over uncomfortable thoughts, when I was accosted by some one who had entered the room without my perceiving it. I looked up, and saw before me a tall and, as I thought, pompous-looking man, arrayed in small clothes and knee-buckles, with powdered head, and shoes nicely blacked and polished; a style of dress unparalleled in those days, in that rough country. I took a pique against him from the very portliness of his appearance, and stateliness of his manner, and bristled up as he accosted me. He demanded if my name was not Ringwood.

"I was startled, for I supposed myself perfectly incog.; but I answered in the affirmative.

"Your family, I believe, lives in Richmond?"

"My gorge began to rise. 'Yes, sir,' replied I, sulkily, 'my family does live in Richmond.'

"And what, may I ask, has brought you into this part of the country?"

"Zounds, sir!" cried I, starting on my feet, 'what business is it of yours? How dare you to question me in this manner?"

"The entrance of some persons prevented a reply; but I walked up and down the bar-room, fuming with conscious independence and insulted dignity, while the pompous-looking personage, who had thus trespassed upon my spleen, retired without proffering another word.

"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, when my jealous 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. I made acquaintance, too, with 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-

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suits, joined it, and this 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 favorable effect in correcting any 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 I really improved under their hands; became quiet where I had been shy or sulky, and easy where 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 with her the identical blue-eyed little beauty whom I had so audaciously kissed. I was formally introduced to her, but 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 one time 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 confused 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 volume of comic recollection; we both broke into a laugh, and from that moment all went on well.

"A few evenings afterward I met her at a dance, and prosecuted the acquaintance. I soon became deeply attached to her; paid my 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 defiance of her family, and the whole world.

"She laughed, and told me I need not give myself any uneasiness; would be no unreasonable opposition. She knew my family 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 prosecuted my studies with redoubled 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 militated 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 it possible, I loved her more than ever. I reluctantly, therefore, agreed to go to college for a couple of years, though it must necessarily postpone our union.

"Scarcely had I formed this resolution, when her mother was taken ill, and died, leaving her without a protector. This again altered all my plans. I felt as if I could protect her. I gave up all idea 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 knives and forks, a half dozen spoons; everything by half dozens; a little delft ware; everything in a small way; we were so poor, but then 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 then it was hard parting with my wife so soon after marriage. However, go I must. Money must be made, or we should 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. 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 bully of a fellow, who was partly intoxicated, strike an old man. He came swaggering by me, and elbowed me as he passed. I immediately knocked him down, and kicked him into the street. I needed no better introduction. In a moment I had a dozen rough shakes of the hand, and invitations to drink, and

found myself quite 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 come from. In 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 told to choose counsel from the lawyers 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 took minutes 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 then 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 incompetent; 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 tranquillize my feelings. 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 cause. 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 tingling through every vein in my body. In 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-

tack upon a novice in my situation. The public prosecutor made a kind of apology: this, from a man of his redoubted powers, was a vast concession. I renewed my argument with a fearless glow; carried the case through triumphantly, and the man was acquitted.

"This was the making of me. Everybody was curious to know who this new lawyer was, that had thus suddenly risen among them, and beard-ed the attorney-general at the very outset. The story of my debut at the inn on the preceding evening, when I had knocked down a bully, and kicked him out of doors for striking an old man, was circulated with favorable exaggerations. Even my very beardless chin and juvenile countenance were in my favor, for people gave me far more credit than I really deserved. The chance business which occurs in our country courts came thronging upon me. I was repeatedly employed in other causes; and by Saturday night, when the court closed, and I had paid my bill at the inn, I found myself with a hundred and fifty dollars in silver, three hundred dollars in notes, and a horse that I afterward sold for two hundred dollars more.

"Never did miser gloat on his money with more delight. I locked the door of my room; piled the money in a heap upon the table; walked round it; sat with my elbows on the table, and my chin upon my hands, and gazed upon it. Was I thinking of the money? No! I was thinking of my little wife at home. Another sleepless night ensued; but what a night of golden fancies, and splendid air-castles! As soon as morning dawned, I was up, mounted the borrowed horse with which I had come to court, and led the other which I had received as a fee. All the way I was delighting myself with the thoughts of the surprise I had in store for my little wife, for both of us had expected nothing but that I should spend all the money I had horrowed, and should return in debt.

"Our meeting was joyous, as you may suppose; but I played the part of the Indian hunter, who, when he returns from the chase, never for a time speaks of his success. She had prepared a snug little rustic meal for me, and while it was getting ready I seated myself at an old-fashioned desk in one corner, and began to count over my money, and put it away. She came to me before I had finished, and asked who I had collected the money for.

"'For myself, to be sure,' replied I, with affected coolness; 'I made it at court.'

"She looked me for a moment in the face, incredulously. I tried to keep my countenance, and to play Indian, but it would not do. My muscles began to twitch; my feelings all at once gave way. I caught her in my arms; laughed, cried, and danced about the room, like a crazy man. From that time forward, we never wanted for money.

"I had not been long in successful practice, when I was surprised one day by a visit from my woodland patron, old Miller. The tidings of my prosperity had reached him in the wilderness, and he had walked one hundred and fifty miles on foot to see me. By that time I had improved my domestic establishment, and had all things comfortable about me. He looked around him with a wondering eye, at what he considered luxuries and superfluities; but supposed they were all right in my altered circumstances. He said he did not know, upon the whole, but that I had acted for the best. It is true, if game had con-

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... tinued plenty, it would have been a folly for me to
... quit a hunter's life ; but hunting was pretty nigh
... done up in Kentucky. The buffalo had gone to
... Missouri ; the elk were nearly gone also ; deer,
... too, were growing scarce ; they might last out
... his time, as he was growing old, but they were not
... worth setting up life upon. He had once lived on
... the borders of Virginia. Game grew scarce
... there ; he followed it up across Kentucky, and
... now it was again giving him the slip ; but he was
... too old to follow it farther.

... "He remained with us three days. My wife
... did everything in her power to make him comfort-
... able ; but at the end of that time he said he must
... be off again to the woods. He was tired of the
... village, and of having so many people about him.
... He accordingly returned to the wilderness and to
... hunting life. But I fear he did not make a good
... end of it ; for I understand that a few years be-
... fore his death he married Sukey Thomas, who
... lived at the White Oak Run."

THE SEMINOLES.

... FROM the time of the chimerical cruisions of
... Old Ponce de Leon in search of the Fountain of
... Youth, the avaricious expedition of Pamphilo de
... Narvaez in quest of gold, and the chivalrous en-
... terprise 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 re-
... sisted 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 bitter-
... ness of a hostility that has been handed down
... from father to son, for upward of three centuries,
... and exasperated 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 do-
... minion, they are known by the name of the Semi-
... noles, or "Wanderers."

... Bartram, who travelled through Florida in the
... latter part of the last century, speaks 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 exer-
... cises "over these then 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 cul-
... tivation."

... 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 hommocks, and vast savannas of the in-
... terior, 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 abodes 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 re-
... treats and temporary dwelling places that effectually
... guard them from any sudden invasions or at-
... tacks from their enemies ; and being such a
... swampy, hommocky country, furnishes such a
... plenty and variety of supplies for the nourishment
... of varieties of animals, that I can venture to as-
... sert 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 se-
... curity of person and property, the two great con-
... cerns of mankind. The hides of deer, bears,
... tigers, and wolves, together with honey, wax, and
... other productions of the country, purchase their
... clothing equipage and domestic utensils from the
... whites. They seem to be free from want or de-
... sires. 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 vociferous. The visage, action, and
... deportment of the Seminoles form the most strik-
... ing picture of happiness in this life ; joy, content-
... ment, love, and friendship, without guile or
... affectation, 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, smil-
... ing 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
... tawn skin of honey, which I accepted, and at part-
... ing 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 com-
... pany consisted of seven young Seminoles, under
... the conduct of a young prince or chief of Tala-
... hasochte, a town southward in the isthmus. They
... were all dressed and painted with singular ele-
... gance, and richly ornamented with silver plates,
... chains, etc., after the Seminole mode, with wav-
... ing 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 before he returned.
... 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 till this time preserved our spirituous liquors. They left us with perfect cordiality and cheerfulness, wishing us a good repose, and retired to their own camp. Having a band 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, indolent 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 stateliness, while the young people danced before him. The women joined in the dances with the men, excepting the war-dances. They wore 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 Great Father 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-

tion, have concluded to decline his offer. We will do very well for white men, will not do for red men. I know you white men say we all come from the same father and mother, but you are mistaken. We have a tradition handed down from our forefathers, and we believe it, that the Great Spirit when he undertook to make men, made the black man; it was his first attempt, and pretty well for a beginning; but he soon saw he had bungled; so he determined to try his hand again. He did so, and made the red man. He liked him much better than the black man, but still he was not exactly what he wanted. So he tried once more, and made the white man; and then he was satisfied. You see, therefore, that you were made last, and that is the reason I call you my youngest brother.

"When the Great Spirit had made the three men, he called them together and showed them three boxes. The first was filled with books, and maps, and papers; the second with bows and arrows, knives and tomahawks; the third with spades, axes, hoes, and hammers. 'These, my sons,' said he, 'are the means by which you are to live: choose among them according to your fancy.'

"The white man, being the favorite, had the first choice. He passed by the box of working-tools without notice; but when he came to the weapons for war and hunting, he stopped and looked hard at them. The red man trembled, for he had set his heart upon that box. The white man, however, after looking upon it for a moment, passed on, and chose the box of books and papers. The red man's turn came next; and you may be sure he seized with joy upon the bows and arrows and tomahawks. As to the black man, he had no choice left but to put up with the box of tools.

"From this it is clear that the Great Spirit intended the white man should learn to read and write; to understand all about the moon and stars; and to make everything, even rum and whiskey. That the red man should be a first-rate hunter, and a mighty warrior, but he was not to learn anything from books, as the Great Spirit had not given him any; nor was he to make rum and whiskey, lest he should kill himself with drinking. As to the black man, as he had nothing but working tools, it was clear he was to work for the white and red man, which he has continued to do.

"We must go according to the wishes of the Great Spirit, or we shall get into trouble. To know how to read and write is very good for white men, but very bad for red men. It makes white men better, but red men worse. Some of the Creeks and Cherokees learned to read and write, and they are the greatest rascals among all the Indians. They went on to Washington, and said they were going to see their Great Father, to talk about the good of the nation. And when they got there, they all wrote upon a little piece of paper, without the nation at home knowing anything about it. And the first thing the nation at home knew of the matter, they were called together by the Indian agent, who showed them a little piece of paper, which he told them was a treaty, which their brethren had made in their name, with their Great Father at Washington. And as they knew not what a treaty was, he held up the little piece of paper, and they looked under it, and lo! it covered a great extent of country, and they found that their brethren, by knowing how to read and write, had sold their houses and their lands and the graves of their fathers; and

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that 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. Several of the chiefs signed the treaty with great reluctance; but none opposed it more strongly than Neamathla, principal chief of the Mickasookies, a fierce and warlike people, many of the Creeks by origin, who lived about the Mickasookie lake. Neamathla had always been active in those depredations on the frontiers of Georgia which 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 frank 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 cry 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 Fowl towns, inhabited by the Mickasookies. His government palace for a time was a mere log house, and he lived on hunters' fare. The village of Neamathla 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 such a 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 chief, 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 fulfil 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 joke. 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 to hold a secret war-talk at Neamathla's town. 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, on 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 "trail," leading 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 discontented 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 intrude 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 it 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 well 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 rather a 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. The young men made way 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 arm. 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 motives for holding that council. The moment he 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 men. You are in the palm 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 the fate of your warriors whose bones 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."

Seeing the effect of his words, he concluded by appointing a day for the Indians to meet him 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 mustered one 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, from the same source, of the names 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 when the talk was over, they might go home unmolested.

A grand talk was now held, in which the late conspiracy was discussed. As he had foreseen, Neamathla and the other old chiefs threw all the blame upon the young men. "Well," replied Duval, "with us white men, when we find a man incompetent to govern those under him, we put him down, and appoint another in his place. Now as you all 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 ceremony. The Indians were surprised and delighted at finding the appointments fall upon the very men they would 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 governor, and sure to keep an eye on the disaffected. As to the great chief Neamathla, he 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-

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feated. Governor Duval was afterward enabled to remove the whole nation, through his own personal influence, without the aid of the general government.

To the Editor of the Knickerbocker.

SIR: The following letter was scribbled to a friend during my sojourn in the Alhambra, in 1828. 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, 1828.

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 great end of religion seems to be to create holidays and ceremonials. For two days past, Granada has been in a gay turmoil with the great annual fête of Corpus Christi. This most eventful and romantic city, as you well know, has every been the rallying point of a mountainous region, studded with small towns and villages. Hither, during the time that Granada was the splendid capital of a Moorish kingdom, the Moslem youth repaired from all points, to participate in chivalrous festivities; and hither 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 fertile 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 tilts and tournaments during the times of Moorish domination, and incessantly mentioned in all the old Moorish ballads of love and chivalry. For several days the hammer had resounded throughout this square. A gallery of wood had been erected all round it, forming a covered way for the grand procession of Corpus Christi. On this eve of the ceremonial this gallery was a fashionable promenade. It was brilliantly illuminated, bands of music were stationed in balconies on the four sides of the square, and all the fashion and beauty of Granada, and all its population that could boast a little finery of apparel, together with the *majors* and *majas*, the beaux and belles of the villages, in their gay Andalusian costumes, thronged this covered walk, anxious to see and to be seen. As to the sturdy peasantry of the Vega, and such of the mountaineers as did not pretend to display, but were content with hearty enjoyment, they swarmed in the centre of the square; some in groups listening to the guitar and the traditional ballad; some dancing their favorite boléro; some seated on the ground making a merry though frugal supper; and some stretched out for their night's repose.

The gay crowd of the gallery dispersed gradu-

ally toward midnight; but the centre of the square resembled the bivouac of an army; for hundreds of the peasantry, men, women, and children, passed the night there, sleeping soundly on the bare earth, under the open canopy of heaven. A summer's night requires no shelter in this genial climate; and with a great part of the hardy peasantry of Spain, a bed is a superfluity which many of them never enjoy, and which they affect to despise. The common Spaniard spreads out his manta, or mule-cloth, or wraps himself in his cloak, and lies on the ground, with his saddle for a pillow.

The next morning I revisited the square at sunrise. It was still strewn with groups of sleepers; some were reposing from the dance and revel of the evening; others had left their villages after work, on the preceding day, and having trudged on foot the greater part of the night, were taking a sound sleep to freshen them for the festivities of the day. Numbers from the mountains, and the remote villages of the plain, who had set out in the night, continued to arrive, with their wives and children. All were in high spirits; greeting each other, and exchanging jokes and pleasantries. The gay tumult thickened as the day advanced. Now came pouring in at the city gates, and parading through the streets, the deputations from the various villages, destined to swell the grand procession. These village deputations were headed by their priests, bearing their respective crosses and banners, and images of the Blessed Virgin and of patron saints; all which were matters of great rivalry and jealousy 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 grand pageant, which slowly paraded 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 parishes and villages; every church and convent had contributed its banners, its images, its reliques, and poured forth its wealth, for the occasion. In the centre of the procession walked the archbishop, under a damask canopy, and surrounded by inferior dignitaries and their dependants. The whole moved to the swell and cadence of numerous bands of music, and, passing through the midst of a countless yet silent multitude, proceeded onward to the cathedral.

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 front of the wooden gallery erected for the procession, extending several hundred feet, was faced with canvas, on which some humble though patriotic artist had painted, by contract, a series of the principal scenes and exploits of the conquest, as recorded in chronicle and romance. It is thus the romantic legends of Granada mingle themselves with everything, and are kept fresh in the public mind. Another great festival at Grenada, answering in its popular character to our Fourth of July, is *El Día de la Toma*; "The day of the Capture;" 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 alarm-bell on the Torre de la Campana, or watch-tower of the Alhambra, keeps up a clangor from morn till night; and happy is the damsel 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 castanet, and gay groups, in the fanciful dresses of Andalusia, perform those popular dances which they have inherited from the Moors.

In the meantime a grand procession moves through the city. The banner of Ferdinand and Isabella, that precious relique of the conquest, is brought forth from its depository, and borne by the Alferéz 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 their 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 Alferéz Mayor puts on his hat, and waves 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 oft-sung achievement of Hernando del Pulgar, surnamed *El de las Hazañas*, "He of the Exploits," the favorite hero of the populace of Granada.

During the time that Ferdinand and Isabella besieged the city, the young Moorish and Spanish knights vied with each other in extravagant bravados. On one occasion Hernando del Pulgar, at the head of a handful of youthful followers, made a dash into Granada at the dead of night, nailed the inscription of Ave Maria, with his dagger, to the gate of the principal mosque, as a token of having consecrated it to the Virgin, and effected his retreat in safety.

While the Moorish cavaliers admired this daring exploit, they felt bound to revenge it. On the following day, therefore, Tarfe, one of the stoutest of the infidel warriors, paraded in 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 Garcilaso 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 prodigiously 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 crowds, and 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 mouthy speech, in the very midst of the Moorish capital, he is cheered with enthusiastic bravos; and when he nails the tablet of Ave Maria to the door 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 bear the brunt of the temporary indignation of their auditors; and when the infidel 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 uncouth ceremony 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 accoutrements, once the equipments of the village chivalry, and treasured up from generation to generation, since the time of the conquest. In these hereditary and historical garbs some of the most sturdy of the villagers array themselves as champions of the faith, while its ancient opponents 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, but are opposed by the infidel Moslems, who surround the tent. A mock fight succeeds, 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 pious zeal of their antagonists. The contest, however, invariably terminates in favor of the good cause. The Moors are defeated and taken prisoners. The image of the Virgin, rescued from thralldom, is elevated in triumph; and a grand procession succeeds, in which the Spanish conquerors figure with great vain-glory and applause, and their captives are led in chains, to the infinite delight and edification of the populace. These annual festivals are the delight of the villagers, who expend 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-glorious daring that prevailed between the youthful warriors of both nations, in that romantic war. The mosque thus consecrated to the Virgin was made the 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 lineal representative of the hare-brained cavalier has the right to this day to enter the church, on certain occasions, on horseback, to sit within the choir, and to put on his hat at the elevation of the host, though these privileges have often been obstinately contested by the clergy.

The present lineal representative of Hernando del Pulgar is the Marquis de Salar, 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 inheriting the fire of his ancestor. When the paintings were put up in the Vivarambla, illustrating the scenes of the conquest, an old gray-headed family servant of the Pulgars was so delighted with those which related to the family hero, that he absolutely shed tears, and hurrying home to the Marquis, urged him to hasten and behold the family trophies. The sudden zeal of the old man provoked the mirth of his young master; upon which,

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turning 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 Salar was married
to the beautiful daughter of the Count —, men-
tioned by the author in his anecdotes of the Al-
hambra. The match was very agreeable to all
parties, and the nuptials were celebrated with
great festivity.

ABDERAHMAN:

FOUNDER OF THE DYNASTY OF THE OMMADES
IN SPAIN.

To the Editor of the Knickerbocker.

SIR: In the following memoir I have conform-
ed to the facts furnished by the Arabian chroni-
clers, as cited by the learned Conde. The story
of Abderahman has almost the charm of romance;
but it derives a higher interest from the heroic
yet gentle virtues which it illustrates, and from
recording the fortunes of the founder of that
splendid dynasty, which shed such a lustre upon
Spain during the domination of the Arabs. Ab-
derahman may, in some respects, be compared to
our own Washington. He achieved the inde-
pendence of Moslem Spain, freeing it from sub-
jection to the caliphs; he united its jarring parts
under one government; he ruled over it with jus-
tice, clemency, and moderation; his whole course
of conduct was distinguished by wonderful tor-
bearance and magnanimity; and when he died
he left a legacy of good example and good coun-
sel to his successors.

G. C.

"BLESSED be God!" exclaims an Arabian his-
torian; "in His hands alone is the destiny of
princes. He overthrows the mighty, and hum-
bles the haughty to the dust; and he raises up
the persecuted and afflicted from the very depths
of despair!"

The illustrious house of Omeya had swayed the
sceptre at Damascus for nearly a century, when a
rebellion broke out, headed by Aboul Abbas
Salah, who aspired to the throne of the caliphs, as
being descended from Abbas, the uncle of the
prophet. The rebellion was successful. Marvau,
the last caliph of the house of Omeya, was defeat-
ed and slain. A general proscription of the Om-
miades took place. Many of them fell in battle;
many were treacherously slain, in places where
they had taken refuge; above seventy most noble
and distinguished were murdered at a banquet to
which they had been invited, and their dead bod-
ies covered with cloths, and made to serve as ta-
bles for the horrible festivity. Others were driven
forth, forlorn and desolate wanderers in various
parts of the earth, and pursued with relentless
hated; for it was the determination of the usurp-
er that not one of the persecuted family should
escape. Aboul Abbas took possession of three
stately palaces, and delicious gardens, and found-
ed the powerful dynasty of the Abbassides,
which, for several centuries, maintained dominion
in the east.

"Blessed be God!" again exclaims the Ara-
bian historian; "it was written in His eternal
decrees that, notwithstanding the fury of the Ab-
bassides, the noble stock of Omeya should not be
destroyed. One fruitful branch remained to flour-
ish with glory and greatness in another land."

When the sanguinary proscription of the Om-
miades took place, two young princes of that line,
brothers, by the names of Solyman and Abderah-
man were spared for a time. Their personal
graces, noble demeanor, and winning affability,
had made them many friends, while their extreme
youth 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 execu-
tioner. His brother Abderahman was warned of
his danger in time. Several of his friends hasten-
ed 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 wel-
tering 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 pal-
aces of his ancestors, in which his family 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 liable 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 that 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 vig-
orous, 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, were upon his traces,
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 dis-
tant cloud of dust a troop of the caliph's horse-
men. His night was passed in broken sleep 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 bade
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 Aben Habib, who had risen to rank
and fortune under the fostering favor of the Om-
miades. "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 by 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 betried. They
fear being suspected of gratitude by his persecu-
tors, and involved in his misfortunes.

The unfortunate Abderahman had halted for a
few days to repose himself among a horde of
Bedouins, who had received him with their char-
acteristic hospitality. They would gather round
him in the evenings, to listen to his conversation,
regarding with wonder this gently-spoken stranger
from 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 roused by the tramp of horsemen. The Wali Aben Halib, who, like all the governors of distant parts, 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 worn down by travel. He had immediately sent forth horsemen in his pursuit, with orders to bring him to him dead or alive. The emissaries of the Wali had traced him to his resting-place, and demanded of the Arabs whether a young man, a stranger from Syria, did not sojourn among their tribe. The Bedouins knew by the description that the stranger must be their guest, and feared some evil was intended him. "Such a youth," said they, "has indeed sojourned among us; but 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 Abderahman, who was still sleeping. "If thou hast aught to fear from man in power," said they, "arise and fly; for the horsemen of the Wali 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 life lasts, and we have weapons to wield."

Abderahman 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 from man, more cruel and relentless, when in pursuit of blood, 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 outstripped pursuit," said the Bedouins; "whither shall we conduct thee? Where is thy home and the land of thy people?"

"Home have I none!" replied Abderahman, mournfully, "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.

Abderahman sat by the well, and mused for a time. At length, breaking silence, "In the midst of Mauritania," said he, "dwells the tribe of Zeneta. 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 spirits, and journeyed with all speed to Tahart, the capital of the Zenetes.

When Abderahman entered the place, followed by his six rustic Arabs, all wayworn and travel-stained, his noble and majestic demeanor shone through the simple garb of a Bedouin. A crowd gathered around him, as he alighted from his weary steed. 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 Abderahman upon whose head a price has been set, and who has 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 of need I would find a home and friends among the Zenetes."

The words of Abderahman went straight to the hearts of his hearers. They pitied his youth and his great misfortunes, while they were charmed by his frankness, and by the manly graces of his person. The tribe was of a bold and generous spirit, and not to be averted 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 Neques took Abderahman 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.

Abderahman had resided some time among the hospitable Zenetes, when one day two strangers, of 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 Abderahman, and, taking him apart: "Hearken," said they, "Abderahman, of the royal line of Omeya; we are ambassadors sent on the part of the principal Moslems of Spain, to offer thee, not merely an asylum, for that thou hast already among these brave Zenetes, but an empire! Spain is a prey to distracting factions, and can no longer exist as a dependance 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 silence all rival claims, and bring the warring parties into unity and peace; 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 honorable 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 men; but thou wilt have on thy side the bravest captains that have signalized themselves in the conquest of the unbelievers."

The ambassadors ceased, and Abderahman remained for a time lost in wonder and admiration. "God is great!" exclaimed he, at length;

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"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 alarms. Since it is 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. "The sea-board of Africa," said they, "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 Abderahman 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 from my benefactors, and desert their hospitable 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. They hailed with joy the great change in 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 lances and horsemen." 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 Xequé, 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.

Abderahman reached Spain in safety, and landed at Almanecar, 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 exercising control over this 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 extortions. 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 honorable lineage, was chosen for this station. He 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 everything waste, 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 mere heaps of rubbish and ashes. At the time of the landing of Abderahman 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 domination of Spain.

He had halted one day in a valley called Wad-arambla, and was reposing with his family in his pavilion, while his people and the prisoners made a repast in 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 arrival of Abderahman and 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 this cruelty," says the Arabian chronicler, "lost him the favor of Allah; for from that time, success deserted his standard."

Abderahman had indeed been hailed with joy on his landing in Spain. The old people hoped to find tranquillity under the sway of one supreme chieftain, descended from their ancient caliphs; the young men were rejoiced to have a youthful warrior 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 Abderahman 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 Sidonia. 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, where 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 coming foe.

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 Abderahman. 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 thrifty 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 war of Spain. On the other side was a mere youth, scarce attained to manhood, with a hasty levy 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 carried everything before it. The cavalry of Yusuf was broken, and driven back upon the infantry, and before noon

the whole host was put to headlong flight. Yusuf and Samael 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 Almunecar. The battle was obstinate and bloody, but 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 Samael 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 Samael into favor, employing 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 rejoin his son Muhammad. A general amnesty 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 domination 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 beaming countenance; and when they beheld the mingled majesty and benignity of their 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 banks and dykes, to keep the Guadalquivir from overflowing its borders, and on the vast terraces thus formed, he planted 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 inhaling the bland and balmy airs of that delightful 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, from 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 heart of Abderahman yearned toward this tree; it was the offspring of his native country, and 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 a rude but literal translation:

"Beauteous Palm! thou also wert hither brought 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 wouldst thou shed, couldst thou feel my woes. Repeated griefs have overwhelmed me. With early tears I bedewed the palms on the banks of the Euphrates; but neither tree nor river heeded my sorrows, when driven by cruel fate, and the ferocious Aboul Abbas, from the scenes of my childhood and the sweet objects of my affection.

"To thee no remembrance remains of my beloved country; I, unhappy! can never recall it without tears."

The generosity of Abderahman to his vanquished 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 peril life 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. Flushed with new hopes of success, he caused arms to be secretly collected, and deposited in various villages, most zealous in their professions of devotion, and raising a considerable body of troops, seized upon the castle of Almodovar. The rash rebellion was short-lived. At the first appearance of an army sent by Abderahman, and commanded by Abdelmelee, governor of Seville, the villages which had so recently professed loyalty to Yusuf, hastened to declare their attachment to the monarch, and to give up the concealed arms. Almodovar was soon retaken, and Yusuf, driven to the environs of Lorea, was surrounded by the cavalry of Abdelmelee. The veteran endeavored to cut a passage through the enemy, but after fighting with desperate fury, and with a force of arm incredible in one of his age, he fell beneath blows from weapons of all kinds, so that after the battle his body could scarcely be recognized, so numerous were the wounds. His head was cut off and 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 their house, they surprised and seized upon Toledo, during the absence of Temam, its Wali or commander. In this old warrior city, built upon a rock, and almost surrounded by the Tagus, they set up a kind of robber hold, scouring the surrounding country levying tribute, seizing upon horses, and compelling the peasantry to join their standard. Every day cavalcades of horses and mules, laden with spoil, with flocks of sheep and droves of cattle, came pouring over the bridges on either side of the city, and thronging in at the gates, the plunder of the surrounding country. Those of the inhabitants who were still loyal to Abderahman dared not lift up their

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voices, for men of the sword bore sway. At length one day, when the sons of Yusuf, with their choicest troops, were out on a maraud, the watchmen on the towers gave the alarm. A troop of scattered horsemen were spurring wildly toward the gates. The banners of the sons of Yusuf were descried. Two of them spurred into the city, followed by a handful of warriors, covered with confusion and dismay. They had been encountered and defeated by the Wali Temam, and one of the brothers had been slain.

The gates were secured in all haste, and the walls were scarcely manned, when Temam appeared before them with his troops, and summoned the city to surrender. A great internal commotion ensued between the loyalists and the insurgents; the latter, however, had weapons in their hands, and prevailed; and for several days, trusting to the strength of their rock-built fortress, they set the Wali at defiance. At length some of the loyal inhabitants of Toledo, who knew all its secret and subterraneous passages, some of which, if chroniclers may be believed, have existed since the days of Hercules, if not of Tubal Cain, introduced Temam and a chosen band of his warriors into the very centre of the city, where they suddenly appeared as if by magic. A panic seized upon the insurgents. Some sought safety in submission, some in concealment, some in flight. Casim, one of the sons of Yusuf, escaped in disguise; the youngest, unarmed, was taken, and was sent captive to the king, accompanied by the head of his brother, who had been slain in battle.

When Abderahman beheld the youth laden with chains, he remembered his own sufferings in his early days, and had compassion on him; but, to prevent him from doing further mischief, he imprisoned him in a tower of the wall of Cordova.

In the meantime Casim, who had escaped, managed to raise another band of warriors. Spain, in all ages a guerilla country, prone to partisan warfare and petty maraud, was at that time infested by bands of licentious troops, who had sprung up in the civil contests; their only object pillage, their only dependence the sword, and ready to flock to any new and desperate standard, that promised the greatest license. With a ruffian force thus levied, Casim scoured the country, took Sidonia by storm, and surprised Seville while in a state of unsuspecting security.

Abderahman put himself at the head of his faithful Zenetes, and took the field in person. By the rapidity of his movements, the rebels were defeated, Sidonia and Seville speedily retaken, and Casim was made prisoner. The generosity of Abderahman, was again exhibited toward this unfortunate son of Yusuf. He spared his life, and sent him to be confined in a tower at Toledo.

The veteran Samael had taken no part in these insurrections, but had attended faithfully to the affairs intrusted to him by Abderahman. The death of his old friend and colleague, Yusuf, however, and the subsequent disasters of his family, filled him with despondency. Fearing the inconsistency of fortune, and the dangers incident to public employ, he entreated the king to be permitted to retire to his house in Seguenza, and indulge a privacy and repose suited to his advanced age. His prayer was granted. The veteran laid by his arms, battered in a thousand conflicts; hugging his sword and lance against the wall, and surrounded by a few friends, gave himself up apparently to the sweets of quiet and unambitious 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 outward humility were glowing the coals of faction. In his seemingly philosophical retirement, Samael was concerting 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 devoted 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 chieftain 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 they, "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 saying, he confirmed the amnesty, and granted Hixem ben Adra a worthless life, to be employed in farther treason.

Scarcely had Abderahman returned from this expedition, when a powerful army, sent by the caliph, landed from Africa on the coast of the Algarves. The commander, Aly ben Moguth, Emir of Cairvan, 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, denouncing Abderahman as a usurper, the vagrant member of a family proscribed and execrated 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 repairing to the camp of Aly, offered to deliver the city into his hands.

Abderahman, as bold in war as he was gentle in peace, took the field with his wonted promptness; overthrew his enemies, with great slaughter, 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. Abderahman caused the head to be struck off, and conveyed to Cairvan, where it was affixed at night to a column in the public square, with this inscription: "Thus Abderahman, the descendant of the Omeys, punishes the rash and arrogant."

Hixem ben Adra escaped from the field of battle, and excited farther troubles, but was eventually captured by Abdelmelec, 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 Abderahman was disturbed by farther 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 have any temporal power over Spain.

Having again an interval of peace, Abderahman devoted himself to the education of his children. Suleiman, the eldest, he appointed Wali, or governor, of Toledo; Abdallah, the second, was intrusted with the command of Merida; but the third son, Hixem, was the delight of his heart, the son of Howara, his favorite sultana, whom he loved throughout life with the utmost tenderness. With this youth, who was full of promise, he relaxed from 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 Coraixi.

While Abderahman was thus indulging in the gentle propensities of his nature, mischief was secretly at work. Muhamad, the youngest son of Yusuf, had been for many years a prisoner in the tower of Cordova. Being passive and resigned, his keepers relaxed their vigilance, and brought him forth from his dungeon. He went groping 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, but were at length 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 ablutions.

A year passed in this way without anything to excite suspicion. During all this time, however, the blindness of Muhamad was entirely a deception; and he was concerting 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 Muhamad 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, leading 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 across to a thick grove on 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 guardians 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 benefit the wicked without injuring the good. The flight of that blind man will cause much trouble and bloodshed."

His predictions were verified. Muhamad 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 Ronda, at the head of a daring band that laid all the neighboring valleys under contribution.

Abderahman summoned his governors from their various military posts, to assist in driving the rebels from their mountain fastnesses into the

plains. It was a dangerous and protracted to-do for the mountains were frightfully wild and rugged. He entered them with a powerful host, 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 Guadalemar. The rebels were signally defeated; four thousand fell in action, many were drowned in the river, and Muhamad, with a few horsemen, escaped to the mountains of the Algarves. Here he was hunted by the alcaydes from one desolate retreat to another; his few followers grew tired of sharing the disastrous fortunes of a fated man; one by one deserted him, and he himself deserted the remainder, fearing they might give him up, to purchase their own pardon.

Lonely and disguised, he plunged into the depths of the forests, or lurked in dens and caverns, like a famished 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, at the risk of 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 dread of discovery, and with groundless fears of the vengeance of Abderahman. Death at length put an end to his wretchedness.

A milder fate attended his brother Casim. Being defeated in 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 suing for mere existence. He thought upon the mutability of fortune, and felt how insecure are all her favors. He raised the unhappy Casim from the earth, ordered his irons to be taken off, and, not content with mere forgiveness, treated him with honor, and gave him possessions in Seville, where he might live in state conformable to the ancient 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 benign was his government, that every one blessed the revival of the illustrious line of Omeya. He was at all 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 had been favored, he undertook to erect a mosque in his favorite city of Cordova, that should rival in splendor the great mosque of Damascus, and excel the one recently erected in Bagdad by the Abbassides, the suppliants of his family.

It is said that he himself furnished the plan for

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this 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
to 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 sur-
passed 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 thou-
sand and ninety-three columns of marble. There
were nineteen portals, covered with plates of
bronze of rare 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
grandest Moslem monuments in Spain.

Finding himself advancing in years, Abderah-
man assembled in his capital of Cordova the prin-
cipal 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. All present made an oath of fealty to
Abderahman during his life, and to Hixem after
his death. The prince was younger than his
brothers, Soleiman and Abdallah; but he was
the son of Howara, the tenderly beloved sultana
of Abderahman, and her 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 regal power
and authority, let us do his holy will, which is
nothing else than to do good to all men, and es-
pecially to those committed to our protection.
Render equal justice, my son, to the rich and the
poor, and never suffer i justice to be done within
thy dominion, for it is the road to perdition. Be
merciful and benignant to those dependent upon
thee. Confide the government of thy cities and
provinces to men of worth and experience; pun-
ish without compassion those ministers who op-
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. Culti-
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
gardens 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
among thy 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 Om-
niades 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 dark and doubtful cases of atrocious accusation.

The accused was required to plunge his hand in
boiling oil, or to walk across red-hot ploughshares,
or to maintain his innocence in armed fight and
listed field, in person or by champion. If he
passed these ordeals unscathed, 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 the subjects of these rude trials
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 unani-
mity 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 their intellects that the
whole jarring panel can discern the truth, and
concur in a 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 at home by his misdeeds, and,
finally, 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 domains to be one of the wisest princes that
ever lived. In fact, there was no one measure
adopted by him that 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 wise potentate lived for half a century in single-blessedness; at length his courtiers began to think it a great pity so wise and wealthy a prince 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.

He turned their 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 another proof of his great wisdom. "The duke," said they, "is waxing a little too old, the damsel, on the other hand, is a little too young; if one is looking in years, the other has a superabundance; as 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 dotingly 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 wonderful docility with which he submitted to be reined and checked, acquired the amiable and enviable appellation of Duke Philibert 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 propitiate Heaven. He made vows and pilgrimages, he fasted and he prayed, but all to no purpose. The courtiers were all astonished at the circumstance. They could not account for it. While the meanest peasant in the country had sturdy brats by dozens, without putting up a prayer, the duke wore himself to skin and bone with penances and fastings, yet seemed farther off from his object than ever.

At length, the worthy prince fell dangerously ill, and felt his end 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 soon dried from youthful eyes, and sorrow lies lightly on a youthful heart. In a little while thou wilt forget in the arms of another husband him who 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 uxorious feelings of the duke were not yet satisfied. "Safe bind, safe find," thought 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 anywise lapsed from 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 inheritor of the dukedom. As he was a violent, high-handed man, and one of the sturdiest knights in the land, fears were entertained that he might attempt to seize on the territories by force. He had, however, two bachelor uncles for bosom counsellors, swaggering, rakehell old cavaliers, who, having led loose and riotous lives, prided themselves upon knowing the world, and being deeply experienced in human nature. "Prithee, man, be of good cheer," said they, "the duchess is a young and buxom widow. She has just buried our 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 like a bird from a cage. Think you she will keep her vow? Pooh, pooh—impossible! Take our words 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 could 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 so terrible an ordeal.

The duchess was aware of the watch thus kept upon her. Though confident of her own rectitude, she knew that it is 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 adroitly administered.

All males were rigorously excluded from the palace; she never went out of its precincts, and whenever she moved about its courts and gardens, she surrounded herself with a body-guard of young maids of honor, commanded by dames renowned for discretion. She slept in a bed without curtains, placed in the centre of a room illuminated by innumerable wax tapers. Four ancient spinsters, virtuous as Virginia, perfect dragons of watchfulness, who only slept during the daytime, kept vigils 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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slander almost bit her tongue off in despair, at
finding no room even for a surmise. Never was
ordeal more burdensome, or more enduringly sus-
tained.

The year passed away. The last, odd day ar-
rived, and a long, long day it was. It was the
twenty-first of June, the longest day in the year.
It seemed as if it would never come to an end.
A thousand times did the duchess and her ladies
watch the sun from the windows of the palace, as
he slowly climbed the vault of heaven, and seemed
still more slowly to roll down. They could not
help expressing their wonder, now and then, why
the duke should have tagged this supernumerary
day to the end of the year, as if three hundred and
sixty-five days were not sufficient to try and task
the fidelity of any woman. It is the last grain
that turns the scale—the last drop that overflows
the goblet—and the last moment of delay that ex-
hausts the patience. By the time the sun sank
below the horizon, the duchess was in a fidget
that passed all bounds, and, though several hours
were yet to pass before the day regularly expired,
she could not have remained those hours in du-
rance to gain a royal crown, much less a ducal
coronet. So she gave orders, and her palfrey,
magnificently caparisoned, was brought into the
court-yard of the castle, with palfreys for all her
ladies in attendance. In this way she sallied forth,
just as the sun had gone down. It was a mission
of piety—a pilgrim cavalcade to a convent at the
toot of a neighboring mountain—to return thanks
to the blessed Virgin, for having sustained her
through this fearful ordeal.

The orisons performed, the duchess and her
ladies returned, ambling gently along the border
of a forest. It was about that mellow hour of
twilight when night and day are mingled, and all
objects are indistinct. Suddenly, some mon-
strous animal sprang from out a thicket, with fear-
ful howlings. The female body-guard was thrown
into confusion, and fled different ways. It was
some time before they recovered from their panic,
and gathered once more together; but the duch-
ess was not to be found. The greatest anxiety was
felt for her safety. The hazy mist of twilight had
prevented their distinguishing perfectly the animal
which had alighted them. Some thought it
a wolf, others a bear, others a wild man of the
woods. For upwards of an hour did they be-
leaguer the forest, without daring to venture in,
and were on the point of giving up the duchess as
torn to pieces and devoured, when, to their great
joy, they beheld her advancing in the gloom, sup-
ported by a stately cavalier.

He was a stranger knight, whom nobody knew.
It was impossible to distinguish his countenance
in the dark; but all the ladies agreed that he was
of noble presence and captivating address. He
had rescued the duchess from the very fangs of
the monster, which, he assured the ladies, was
neither a wolf, nor a bear, nor yet a wild man of
the woods, but a veritable fiery dragon, a species
of monster peculiarly hostile to beautiful females
in the days of chivalry, and which all the efforts
of knight-errantry had not been able to extirpate.

The ladies crossed themselves when they heard
of the danger from which they had escaped, and
could not enough admire the gallantry of the
cavalier. The duchess would fain have prevailed
on her deliverer to accompany her to her court;
but he had no time to spare, being a knight-er-
rant, who had many adventures on hand, and
many distressed damsels and afflicted widows to

rescue and relieve in various parts of the country.
Taking a respectful leave, therefore, he pursued
his wayfaring, and the duchess and her train re-
turned to the palace. Throughout the whole way,
the ladies were unwearied in chanting the praises
of the stranger knight, nay, 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 blustering
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 immacu-
late fidelity. One fatal hour remained to be ac-
counted for; and into the space of one little hour
sins enough may be conjured up by evil tongues,
to blast the fame of a whole life of virtue.

The two graceless uncles, who had seen the
world, were ever ready to bolster the matter
through, and as they were brawny, broad-should-
ered 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 *hoi ha!*
ha! 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 var-
let who dares not show his face in the daylight.
You may tell that to those who do not know hu-
man nature, for our parts, we know the sex, and
that's enough."

If, however, the other repeated his assertion,
they would suddenly 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 swag-
ger 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 hu-
man sagacity incapable of dispelling the mystery,
it was determined to leave the question to heaven;
or in other words, to decide it by the ordeal of
the sword—a sage tribunal in the age of chivalry.
The nephew and two bully uncles were to main-
tain their accusation in listed combat, and six
months were allowed to the duchess to provide
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, elapsed, 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 youthful king, brave, ardent, 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 attire, their prancing steeds, and splendid retinues; and the haughty dames of the court appeared in a blaze of jewels.

In the midst of all this pagentry, the beautiful, but afflicted Duchess of Lorraine made her approach to the throne. She was dressed in black, and closely veiled; four duennas 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 avenge her fame, every cavalier pressed forward to offer his arm and sword, without inquiring into the merits of the case; for it seemed clear that so beauteous 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 promise lists and a fair field, and 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 accusation, 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, and on that 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, splendidly 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-à-pie*, and followed by a train of cavaliers of their own roystering cast, great swearers and carousers, arrant swashbucklers, with clanking armor and jingling spurs. 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 sturdy and stalwart frames of these warriors, showed that whoever won the victory from them, must do it at the cost of many a bitter blow.

As the nephew and his riotous crew rode in at one side of the field, the lair widow appeared at the other, with her suite of grave grayheaded courtiers, her ancient duennas 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 from among the clouds of night.

The trumpets sounded for the combat. The warriors were just entering the lists, when a stranger knight, armed in panoply, and followed by two pages and an esquire, came galloping into the field, and, riding up to the royal balcony, claimed the combat as a matter of right.

"In me," cried he, "behold the cavalier who had the happiness to rescue the beautiful duchess from the peril of the forest, and the misfortune to bring on her this grievous calumny. It was but recently, in the course of my errantry, that tidings of her wrongs have reached my ears, and I have urged hither at all speed, to stand forth in her vindication."

No sooner did the duchess hear the accents of the knight than she recognized his voice, and joined her prayers with his that he might enter the lists. The difficulty was, to determine which of the three champions already appointed should yield his place, each insisting on the honor of the combat. The stranger knight would have settled the point, by taking the whole contest upon himself; but this the other knights would not permit. It was at length determined, as before, by lot, and the cavalier who lost the chance retired murmuring and disconsolate.

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 but must have 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



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W. H. KATERSKILL, ILLINOIS

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The Fatal Joust.

The Fatal Joust from Life

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the graceless nephew and the stranger knight. He sees their concussion, 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 assailants of the brawny uncles were less successful in their rude encounter; but he will picture to himself the stout stranger spurring to their rescue, in the very critical moment; he will see him transfixing one with his lance, and cleaving the other to the chine 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 acclamations; 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 fain have had the knight establish his title to such high advancement by farther 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 perfectly satisfied of 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 husband of the duchess did not pray and fast like his predecessor, Philibert the wife-ridden; yet he found greater favor in the eyes of Heaven, for their union was blessed with a numerous progeny—the daughters chaste and beautiful as their mother; the sons stout and valiant as their sire, and renowned, like him, for relieving disconsolate damsels and desolated 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 almost obliterated customs and usages of his country, would do well to put himself upon the track of some early band 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-

ginia cherishes peculiarities characteristic of the days of Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh.

In the same way the sturdy yeomanry of New Jersey and Pennsylvania keep up many usages fading away in ancient Germany; while many an honest, broad-bottomed custom, nearly extinct in venerable Holland, may be found flourishing in pristine vigor and luxuriance in Dutch villages, on the banks of the Mohawk and the Hudson.

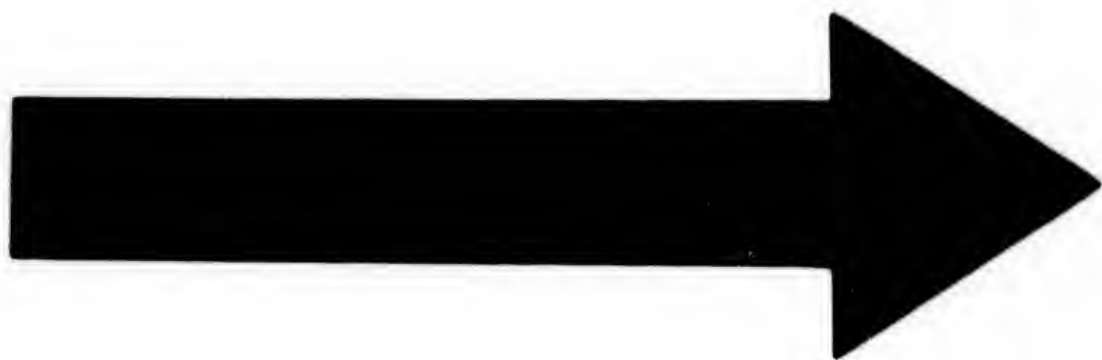
In no part of our country, however, are the customs and peculiarities, imported from the old world by the earlier settlers, kept up with more fidelity than in the little, poverty-stricken villages of Spanish and French origin, which border the rivers of ancient Louisiana. Their population is generally made up of the descendants of those nations, married and interwoven together, and occasionally crossed with a slight dash of the Indian. The French character, however, floats on top, as, from its buoyant qualities, it is sure to do, whenever it forms a particle, however small, of an intermixture.

In these serene and dilapidated villages, art and nature stand still, and the world forgets to turn round. The revolutions that distract other parts of this mutable planet, reach not here, or pass over without leaving any trace. The fortunate inhabitants have none of that public spirit which extends its cares beyond its horizon, and imports trouble and perplexity from all quarters in newspapers. In fact, newspapers are almost unknown in these villages, and as French is the current language, the inhabitants have little community of opinion with their republican neighbors. They retain, therefore, their old habits of passive obedience to the decrees of government, as though they still lived under the absolute sway of colonial commandants, instead of being part and parcel of the sovereign people, and having a voice in public legislation.

A few aged men, who have grown gray on their hereditary acres, and are of the good old colonial stock, exert a patriarchal sway in all matters of public and private import; their opinions are considered oracular, and their word is law.

The inhabitants, moreover, have none of that eagerness for gain and rage for improvement which keep our people continually on the move, and our country towns incessantly in a state of transition. There the magic phrases, "town lots," "water privileges," "railroads," and other comprehensive and soul-stirring words from the speculator's vocabulary, are never heard. The residents dwell in the houses built by their forefathers, without thinking of enlarging or modernizing them, or pulling them down and turning them into granite stores. The trees, under which they have been born and have played in infancy, flourish undisturbed; though, by cutting them down, they might open new streets, and put money in their pockets. In a word, the almighty dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land, seems to have no genuine devotees in these peculiar villages; and unless some of its missionaries penetrate there, and erect banking houses and other pious shrines, there is no knowing how long the inhabitants may remain in their present state of contented poverty.

In descending one of our great Western rivers in a steamboat, I met with two worthies from one of these villages, who had been on a distant excursion, the longest they had ever made, as they seldom ventured far from home. One was the great man, or Grand Seigneur, of the village; not



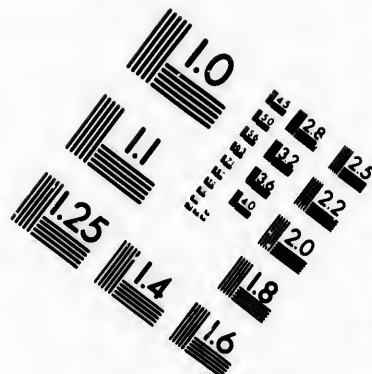
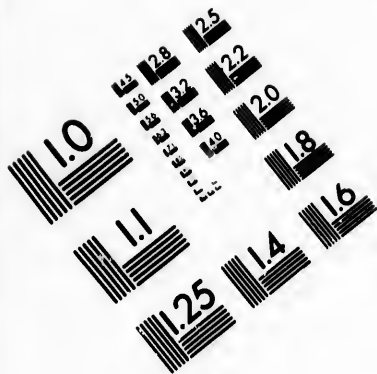
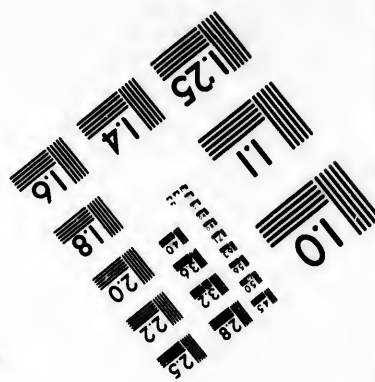
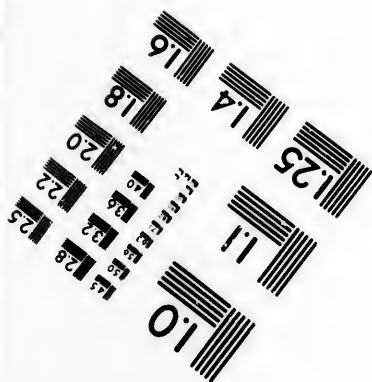
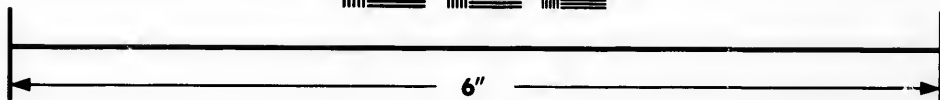
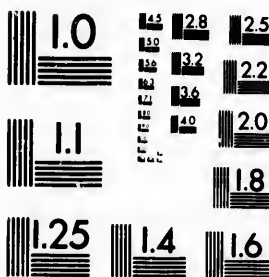


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that he enjoyed any legal privileges or power there, everything of the kind having been done away when the province was ceded by France to the United States. His sway over his neighbors was merely one of custom and convention, out of deference to his family. Beside, he was worth full fifty thousand dollars, an amount almost equal, in the imaginations of the villagers, to the treasures of King Solomon.

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 potentates 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; evidently a privileged and favorite servant, who had grown up and grown old with him. He was dressed in creole style—with white jacket and trousers, a stiff shirt collar, that threatened to cut off his ears, a bright Madras handkerchief tied round his head, and large gold ear-rings. 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 extra 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, be assured it is a negro's.

Beside 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 paid for his passage. At dinner time he took his seat 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 down; 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 bright, squirrel-like eye, and a gold ring in his ear. His dress was flimsy, 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 fêtes; if they work but little, they dance a great deal, and a fiddle is the joy of their 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 rendering him petty attentions: 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 board of a steamboat. He was quite another being, I am told, when at home in his own 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 you did but look hard at him, he would throw himself upon his back, and lift up his legs, as if imploring mercy.

At table he took his seat a little 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 dubiously 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 diffidence the exemplary little animal would take hold of it, with the very tip of his teeth, as if he would almost rather not, or was fearful of taking too great a liberty. And then with what decorum would he eat it! How many efforts would he make in swallowing it, as if it stuck in his throat; with what daintiness would he lick his lips; and then with what an air of thankfulness would he resume 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 bore traces of having been a 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 colored handkerchiefs, or 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 elicitation, that baffle 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

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rear, with a legion of domestics, of all ages, fol-
lowing him to a large, old-fashioned French
house, that domineered over the village.

His black valet de chambre, in white jacket and
trousers, and gold ear-rings, was met on the
shore by a boon, though rustic companion, a tall
negro fellow, with a long good-humored face, and
the profile of a horse, which stood out from be-
neath a narrow-rimmed straw hat, stuck on the
back of his head. The explosions of laughter, of
these two varlets 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. Every-
body had a joke for Compere Martin, and Compe-
re 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
quite a different animal the moment he touched
the land. Here he was at home ; here he was of
consequence. He barked, he leaped, he frisked
about his old friends, and then would skim round
the place in a wide circle, as if mad.

I traced Compere Martin and his little dog to
their home. 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 com-
mandant. In one wing of this crazy, but aristoc-
ratical abode, was nestled the family of my fel-
low-traveller ; for poor devils are apt to be mag-
nificently clad and lodged, in the cast-off clothes
and abandoned palaces of the great and wealthy.

The arrival of Compere Martin was welcomed
by a legion of women, children, and mongrel
curs ; and, as poverty and gayety generally go
hand in hand among the French and their de-
scendants, the crazy mansion soon resounded
with loud gossip and light-hearted laughter.

As the steamboat paused a short time at the vil-
lage, I took occasion to stroll about the place.
Most of the houses were in the French taste, with
casements and rickety verandas, but most of
them in flimsy and ruinous condition. All the
wagons, 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 looks of the people reminded me of the vil-
lages of France.

From one of the houses came the hum of a spin-
ning wheel, accompanied by a scrap of an old
French chanson, which I have heard many a time
among the peasantry of Languedoc, doubtless a
traditional song, brought over by the first French
emigrants, and handed down from generation to
generation.

Half a dozen young ladies emerged from the
adjacent dwellings, reminding me, by their light
step and gay costume, of scenes in ancient France,
where taste in dress comes natural to every class
of females. The trim bodice and covered petti-
coat, and little apron, with its pockets to receive
the hands when in an attitude for conversation ;
the colored kerchief wound tastefully round the
head, with a coquettish knot perking above one
ear ; and the neat slipper and tight drawn stock-
ing with its braid of narrow ribbon embracing the
ankle where it peeps from its mysterious curtain.
It is from this ambush that Cupid sends his most
inciting arrows.

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 very few villages I had
met with in my wide tour, that was yet poor
enough to be merry ; but the bell of the steam-
boat summoned me to re-embark.

As we swept away from the shore, I cast back
a wistful eye upon the moss-grown roofs and an-
cient elms of the village, and prayed that the in-
habitants might long retain their happy igno-
rance, their absence of all enterprise and improve-
ment, their respect for the fiddle, and their con-
tempt for the almighty dollar.* I fear, however,
my prayer is doomed to be of no avail. In a lit-
tle while the steamboat whirled me to an Ameri-
can town, just springing into bustling and pros-
perous existence.

The surrounding forest had been laid out in
town lots ; frames of wooden buildings were ris-
ing 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 Grecian temples. There were rival hotels, rival
churches, and rival newspapers ; together with
the usual number of judges, and generals, and
governors ; not to speak of doctors by the dozen,
and lawyers by the score.

The place, I was told, was in an astonishing
career of improvement, with a canal and two rail-
roads 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 politi-
cal 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 benches com-
manding a view of the walks and avenues of the
garden. This genial nook is a place of great re-
sort in the latter part of autumn and in fine days
in winter, as it seems to retain the flavor of de-
parted summer. On a calm, bright morning it is
quite alive with nursery-maids and their playful
little charges. Hither also resort a number of an-
cient ladies and gentlemen, who, with the laudable
thrift 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 thawed before the fire, putting
forth a feeble show of gallantry among the an-
tiquated dames, and now and then eyeing the

* This phrase, used for the first time in this sketch,
has since passed into current circulation, and by
some has been questioned as savoring of irreverence.
The author, therefore, owes it to his orthodoxy to
declare that no irreverence was intended even to the
dollar itself ; which he is aware is daily becoming more
and more an object of worship.

buxom nursery-maids with what might almost be mistaken for an air of libertinism.

Among the habitual frequenters 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 *ailes de pigeon*, a style strongly savoring 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 elegant though 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 nursery-maid'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 an habitual expression of benevolence in his face which I have very frequently remarked in these relics of the politer days of France. The constant interchange of those thousand little courtesies which imperceptibly sweeten life have 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 accommodated 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 autumnal breeze whirling the yellow 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 noble hotel in Paris; but the revolution, which effected 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 bloodhounds 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 ate his dinner, contrasted sadly with the gay saloons of Paris. Everything looked gloomy and disheartening. Poverty stared him in the face; he turned over the few shillings 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 fighting, 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 to it 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 old 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 a caricature 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 *braves gens*; 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 noticed 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 splendid 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 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 Psyche, 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 was a devout attendant upon *levées*; 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

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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 shady 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 no one 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 of 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 lev-

ity 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.

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MOORISH CHRONICLES.

BY

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHRONICLE 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 castellos, with watch-towers and fortresses on impending cliffs, in which they might shelter and defend themselves in case of sudden inroad. Thus arose the kingdom of the Asturias, subject to Pelayo 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 Cantabria, 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 seigniories, 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 revenge 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 Gonzalez Nuño, who married Doña Ximena, a daughter of one of the counts of Castile put to death by Ordoña II. From this marriage came Fernan Gonzalez, the subject of the following chronicle.

VOL. IV.

CHAPTER I.

INSTALLATION OF FERNAN GONZALEZ AS COUNT OF CASTILE.—HIS FIRST CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE MOORS.—VICTORY OF SAN QUIRCE.—HOW THE COUNT DISPOSED OF THE SPOILS.

THE renowned Fernan Gonzalez, the most complete hero of his time, was born about the year 887. Historians trace his descent to Nuño Belchidez, nephew of the Emperor Charlemagne, and Doña Sula Bella, granddaughter to the Prince Don Sancho, rightful sovereign of Spain, but superseded by Roderick, the last of the Gothic kings.

Fernan Gonzalez was hardily educated among the mountains in a strong place called Maron, in the house of Martin Gonzalez, a gallant and veteran cavalier. From his earliest years he was inured to all kinds of toils and perils, taught to hunt, to hawk, to ride the great horse, to manage sword, lance, and buckler; in a word, he was accomplished in all the noble exercises befitting a cavalier.

His father Gonzalvo Nuñez died in 903, and his elder brother Rodrigo in 904, without issue; and such was the admiration already entertained of Fernan Gonzalez by the hardy mountaineers and old Castilian warriors, that though scarce seventeen years of age he was unanimously elected to rule over them. His title is said to have been Count, Duke, and Consul, under the seigniorship of Alonzo the Great, King of Leon. A cortes, or assemblage of the nobility and chivalry of Castile and of the mountains, met together at the recently built city of Burgos to do honor to his installation. Sebastian, the renowned Bishop of Oca, officiated.

In those stern days of Spain, the situation of a sovereign was not that of silken ease and idle ceremonial. When he put the rich crown upon his head, he encircled it likewise with shining steel. With the sceptre were united the lance and shield, emblems of perpetual war against the enemies of the faith. The cortes 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.

2. No person should prosecute another out of Castile at any tribunal of justice or of arms, under pain of being considered a stranger.

3. All Jews and Moors who refused to acknowledge the Christian faith should depart from Castile within two months.

4. That cavaliers of noble blood should treat their tenants and vassals with love and gentleness.

5. That he who slew another, or committed any other grave offence, should make equal measure of atonement.

6. That no one should take the property of another; but, if oppressed by poverty, should come to the count, who ought to be as a father to all.

7. That all should unite and be of one heart, and aid one another in defense of their faith and of their country.

Such were the ordinances of the ancient Cortes of Burgos; brief and simple, and easy to be understood; not, as at the present day, multifarious and perplexed, to the confusion and ruin of clients and the enrichment of lawyers.

Scarce was the installation ended, and while Burgos was yet abandoned to festivity, the young count, with the impatient ardor of youth, caused the trumpets to sound through the streets a call to arms. A captain of the Moorish king of Toledo was ravaging the territory of Castile at the head of seven thousand troops, and against him the youthful count determined to make his first campaign. In the spur of the moment but one hundred horsemen and fifteen hundred foot-soldiers could be collected; but with this slender force the count prepared to take the field. Ruy Velazquez, a valiant cavalier, remonstrated against such rashness, but in vain. "I owe," said the count, "a death to the grave; the debt can never be paid so honorably as in the service of God and my country. Let every one, therefore, address himself heart and hand to this enterprise; for if I come face to face with this Moor, I will most assuredly give him battle." So saying, he knelt before Bishop Sebastian of Salamanca and craved his benediction. The reverend prelate invoked on his head the blessing and protection of Heaven, for his heart yearned toward him; but when he saw the youthful warrior about to depart, he kindled as it were with a holy martial fire, and ordering his steed to be saddled he sallied forth with him to the wars.

The little army soon came upon traces of the enemy in fields laid waste, and the smoking ruins of villages and hamlets. The count sent out scouts to clamber every height and explore every defile. From the summit of a hill they beheld the Moors encamped in a valley which was covered with the flocks and herds swept from the neighboring country. The camp of the marauders was formidable as to numbers, with various standards floating in the breeze; for in this foray were engaged the Moorish chiefs of Saragossa, Denia, and Seville, together with many valiant Moslems who had crossed the straits from Africa to share in what they considered a holy enterprise. The scouts observed, however, that the most negligent security reigned throughout the camp; some repose, others feasting and reveling, all evidently considering themselves safe from any attack.

Upon hearing this the count led his men secretly and silently to the assault, and came upon the Moors in the midst of their revelry, before they had time to buckle on their armor.

The infidels, however, made a brave though confused resistance; the camp was strewn 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 equipments 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 counsellor. 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 souls in purgatory—a pious custom, which he ever after observed. He moreover founded a church on the field of battle, dedicated to St. Quiree, 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 victory. All this was doubtless owing to the providential presence of the good bishop on this occasion; and 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 SALLY 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 Quiree. 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 his family, but was at present in possession of the Moors. In sooth it had repeatedly been taken and retaken; for in those iron days no castle nor fortress remained long under the same masters. One year it was in the hands of the Christians, the next, of 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 among the associated marauders who had been routed in the battle of San Quiree; 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

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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 Don Lope de Biscaya, which last brought a goodly train of stout Biscayans. The alférez, or standard-bearer, was Orbita Velasquez, who had distinguished himself in the battle of San Quirece. 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 inconsiderable to invest the town and fortress. Besides, about two leagues distant was the gaunt and rock-built castle of Carazo, a presidio or stronghold of the Moors, whence he might be attacked in the rear, should he linger before the fortress. It was evident, therefore, that whatever was to be effected 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, and a hill shut them from view, 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 close the gates, but it was too late. The count and his cavaliers burst them open and put every one to the sword who made opposition. Leaving Don Velasco and a number of soldiers to guard the castle, the count hastened with the rest in pursuit of the Moors who were solemnizing the day on the banks of the Arlanza. Some were reclining on the grass, others were amusing themselves with music and the popular dance of the Zambra, while their arms lay scattered among the herbage.

At sight of the Christians, they snatched up 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 alcaid of the fortress, and the count returned, covered with glory, to his capital of Burgos.

The brilliant victories and hardly 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 missives 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 pleasure 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 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 having been broken in the assault. The Moors fought desperately 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 thorn in the side of Castile—the Moorish garrison often sweeping the road between Burgos and Leon, carrying off travellers, capturing cattle, and plundering convoys of provisions and merchandise. The count advanced against this place in open day, ravaging the country and announcing his approach by clouds of smoke from the burning habitations of the Moors. Abdallah, the alcaid of the fortress, would have made peace, but the count refused all terms. "God," said he, "has appointed me to rescue his holy inheritance from the power of infidels; nothing is to be negotiated but by the edge of the sword."

Abdallah then made a sally with a chosen band of his cavaliers. They at first careered lightly with their Arabian steeds and launched their Moorish darts, but the Christians closed in the old Gothic style, fighting hand to hand. Abdallah fell by the sword of the count, and his follow-

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.

HOW THE COUNT OF CASTILE AND THE KING OF LEON MAKE A TRIUMPHANT FORAY INTO THE MOORISH COUNTRY.—CAPTURE OF SALAMANCA.—OF THE CHALLENGE BROUGHT BY THE HERALD AND OF THE COUNT'S DEFIANCE.

COUNT FERNAN GONZALEZ was restless, daring, and impetuous; he seldom suffered lance 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 Great became emulous 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 Montanases, 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 brave 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 Fernan Gonzalez replied to the defiance with 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. The spoil gained in this battle was devoutly expended in repairing the churches of Castile and the Montanases.

CHAPTER V.

A NIGHT ASSAULT UPON THE CASTLE OF CARAZO.—THE MOORISH MAIDEN WHO BETRAYED 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 two leagues' 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 tranquillity 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 when a fair opportunity should give a chance to give a

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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 on; lights 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 he 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 height. They had almost attained the foot of the towers when they were descried by a sentinel who cried with a loud voice, "The foe! the foe! to arms! to arms!" The count, followed by his hardy cavaliers, rushed forward to the gate, crying, "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 COUNT, WHO SUMMONS ALL CASTLE 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 harsh treatment to compel him to relinquish the 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 his mortal malady, sent for the count to come to him to his death-bed 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 quietly 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. Abderahman was at this time king of Cordova and Miramamolin, or sovereign of the Moors in Spain. He had been enraged 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. Abderahman 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 Abderahman depended as upon his right hand.

On hearing of the impending danger, Count Fernan Gonzalez summoned all men of Castile capable of bearing arms to repair to his standard at Muñon. His force when assembled was but small, but composed of the bravest chivalry of Castile, any 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 Don Gonzalo 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 in-road into the country of the Moors, by way of compelling them to make a truce. The count, 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, he assured we shall vanquish him, and the greater his renown the greater will be the honor 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 Arlanza. 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 close thicket of cedars, surrounding a small 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 afford them places 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 infidel. 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 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, to be dedicated to 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, atabals, 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 derisive shouts, and rushed forward to surround them.

Don Fernan Gonzalez remained calm and 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 Puente de Hitero, of fiery courage but vainglorious temper. He was cased 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 rose 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 into the thickest of 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 expiring 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 cavaliers in pious procession to the hermitage of San Pedro. Here he gave much silver and gold to the worthy 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 boar. The worthy Fray Agapida, however, needed no corroboration of the kind, swallowing the whole story with the ready credence of a pious monk. The

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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, now 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 Abarca, either from the abarcas 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 Nájara and Rioja, to which he laid claim. These incursions he repeated whenever he had peace or truce with the Moors.*

Count Fernan Gonzalez, 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 Gonzalez of Castile, and this is what I am told to say. You have done him much wrong in times past, by leaguings 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 Abarca 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 against the Moors 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 counsellors, 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 fealty 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 Velasquez, and the count advanced resolutely a day's journey into the kingdom of Navarre, for his maxim was to strike quickly and sudden. 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 not 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 fight 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 Abarca, 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 Gonzalez 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 Poitiers, the close friend and ally of King Sancho Abarca,

action here recorded was known by the name of the battle of the Ford of Cascajares.

Sandoval gives a different account of the fate of the hermits. He says that Almanzor, in a rage at their prognostics, overthrew their chapel, and, without alighting from his horse, ordered the three monks to be beheaded in his presence. "This martyrdom," he adds, "is represented in an ancient painting of the chapel which still exists."

* Sandoval: The Five Bishops. Marliana, lib. 8, c. 5, p. 367. Cron. Gen. de España, part 3, c. 18, fol. 53.

† Cron. Gen. de España, *ut supra*.

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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 powerful 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," said they, "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 you as they would their own souls."

"Well have you spoken, Nuño Laynez," replied the count; "yet for all this I am not minded to defer 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 galled by flights of darts and arrows as they crossed, and received with lances on 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 Gonzalez galloped along the front of the enemy. "Where is the Count of Toulouse?" cried he; "let him come forth and face me,—me, Fernan Gonzalez of Castile, 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 to man and horse to horse, like honorable and generous cavaliers. They rushed upon each other with the full speed of their horses; the lance of Don Fernan pierced through all the armor and accoutrements of the Count of Toulouse and 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 again, but were pursued, and three hundred of them taken.*

The field being won, Count Fernan Gonzalez alighted and took off the armor of the Count of Toulouse with his own hands, and wrapped him in a xemete, or Moorish mantle, of great value, which he had gained when he conquered Almanzor. He ordered a coffin to be made, and covered 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 Gonzalez 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 THROWN INTO 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 Tembloso, 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 Gonzalez, 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 feuds between Navarre and Castile by a firm alliance, and to this end it was proposed that the count should take to wife Dona 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 only 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, retreated with his cavaliers into a neighboring hermitage, and, barricading the door, 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 secure. King Garcia the Trembler, having in this wily manner

* Cron. Gen. de España.

* Mariana, lib. 8, c. 5, p. 367.

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gained possession of the count, threw him in
irons and conducted him prisoner to Navarre,
where he confined him in a strong castle called
Castro Viejo. At his intercession, however, his
five cavaliers were released, and carried back to
Castile the doleful tidings of his captivity.

Now it came to pass that a brave Norman
count, who was performing a pilgrimage to St.
Iago of Compostella, heard that the Count
Fernan Gonzalez, whose renown had spread far
and wide, lay in chains in Castro Viejo. Hav-
ing a vehement desire to see the man of whom
fame had spoken so loudly, he repaired to the
castle, and bribed his way to the prison of the
count. When he entered and beheld so noble
a cavalier in a solitary dungeon and in chains,
he was sore at heart. The count looked up
with wonder as this stranger stood before him in
pilgrim garb and with sorrowful aspect, but
when he learned his name and rank, and the
object of his visit, he gave him the right hand of
friendship.

The pilgrim count left the castle more ena-
mored than ever of the character of Count Fer-
nan Gonzalez. At a festival of the court he be-
held the Princess Sancha, who had served as a
lure to draw the good count into the power of
his enemies, and he found her of surpassing
beauty, and of a gentle and loving demeanor; so
he determined to seek an opportunity to speak
with her in private, for surely, thought he, in
such a bosom must dwell the soft pity of woman-
hood. Accordingly, one day as the princess was
walking in the garden with her ladies, he pre-
sented himself before her in his pilgrim's garb,
and prayed to speak with her apart, as if on
some holy mission. And when they were alone,
"How is this, Princess," said he, "that you are
doing such great wrong to Heaven, to yourself,
and to all Christendom?" The princess started,
and said, "What wrong have I done?" Then
replied the pilgrim count, "Behold, for thy sake
the noblest of cavaliers, the pride of Spain, the
flower of chivalry, the hope of Christendom, lies
in a dungeon, fettered with galling chains. What
lady but would be too happy to be honored with
the love of Count Fernan Gonzalez; and thou
hast scorned it! How will it tell for thy fame
in future times, that thou wast made a snare to
capture an honorable knight; that the gentlest,
the bravest, the most generous of cavaliers was
inveigled by the love of thee to be thrown into a
dungeon? How hast thou reversed the maxims
of chivalry! Beauty has ever been the friend of
valor; but thou hast been its foe! The fair
hands of lovely dames have ever bestowed laurels
and rewards on those gallant knights who sought
and deserved their loves; thou hast bestowed
chains and a dungeon. Behold, the Moors re-
joice in his captivity, while all Christians mourn.
Thy name will be accursed throughout the land
like that of Cava; but shouldst thou have the
heroism to set him free, thou wilt be extolled
above all Spanish ladies. Hadst thou but seen
him as I have done,—alone, abandoned, en-
chained; yet so noble, so courteous, so heroic in
his chains, that kings upon their thrones might
envy the majesty of his demeanor. If thou
couldst feel love for man, thou shouldst do it for
this knight; for I swear to thee on this cross
which I bear, that never was there king or
emperor in the world so worthy of woman's
love." When the pilgrim count had thus spok-
en, he left the princess to meditate upon his
words.

CHAPTER XI.

OF THE MEDITATIONS OF THE PRINCESS, AND
THEIR RESULT.—HER FLIGHT FROM THE
PRISON WITH THE COUNT, AND PERILS OF
THE ESCAPE.—THE NUP?IALS.

THE Princess Sancha 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 touches the heart of woman as the
idea of valor suffering for her sake. The more
the princess meditated the more she became
enamored. 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." "Alas!" cried she,
"was there ever a lady more unfortunate than I?
All the love and devotion of this noble cavalier 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, for
certainly her beauty surpassed the ordinary love-
liness of woman.

"Noble cavalier," said the princess, "this is no
time for idle words and ceremonies. Behold be-
fore you the Princess Doña Sancha; the word
which my brother brake I am here to fulfil. 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. Swear
to me one word, and when you have sworn it, I
know your loyalty too well 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 Chris-
tian 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, so that they permitted the count to sally
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 diffi-
culty, 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 fist, 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 beating about
the bushes, which at length got upon the traces of

the count and princess, and discovering them, set up a violent barking. Alighting from his mule, 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 resistance was in vain, for he was without weapon and in chains, and the archpriest was a powerful man, exceeding broad across the shoulders; he sought therefore to win him by fair words, promising that if he would aid him to escape he would give him a city 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 implored 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, "Gladly," said he, "will I assist the count to escape, but upon one condition." Then he whispered a proposal 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 edge of a precipice and flung him headlong down; and his neck was broken in the fall.

The count then took the mule of the archpriest, his hawk, and his hounds, and after keeping 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 bear 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," replied the princess; "for the love of me 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, as the car drew near, that the knight seated in it was clad in his own armor, with his own devices, and held his own banner in his hand. "Surely," said he, crossing himself, "this is enchantment;" but on looking still nearer, he recognized among the horsemen Nuño Sandias and Nuño 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."

Now so it appears that the tidings of the captivity of the count had spread mourning and consternation throughout Castile, and the cavaliers assembled together to devise means for his deliverance. And certain of them had prepared this effigy 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 and set forth with it as a 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 token 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 Sancha, also, was hailed with blessings wherever she passed, as the deliverer of their lord and the saviour of Castile, and shortly afterward her nuptials with the count were celebrated 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 INTERCEDES FOR HIS RELEASE.

THE rejoicings for the marriage of Count Fernan Gonzalez with the beautiful Princess Sancha were scarcely finished when King Garcia the Trembler 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 almost as much afflicted at the captivity of her 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 recollection of the bad faith of King Garcia and of his own treacherous and harsh imprisonment to be easily moved, and the king was kept in duress 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 relent; so King Garcia the Trembler was released 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 COMPUNCTION 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 scoured the Valley of Laguna; passed victoriously along the banks of the Douro, building towers and castles to keep the country in subjection; how he scaled the walls of the castle of Ormaz, being the first to mount, sword in

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THE MATTERS OF IRVING

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The Count's Struggle for Liberty in the Mountains.
Illustrated by John Pollard.

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hand; how by the valor of his arm he captured the city of Orma; how he took the town of Sandoval, the origin of the cavaliers of Sandoval, who were anciently called Salvadores; how he made an inroad even to Madrid, then a strongly fortified village, and having taken and sacked it, returned in triumph to Burgos.

But it would be wronging the memory of this great and good cavalier to pass in silence over one of his exploits in which he gave a singular instance of his piety. This was in an expedition against the ancient city of Sylo. It was not a place of much value in itself, being situated in a cold and sterile country, but it had become a stronghold of the Moors, whence they carried on their warfare. This place the count carried by assault, entering it in full armor, on his steed, overturning and slaying all who opposed him. In the fury of his career he rode into a spacious edifice which he supposed to be a mosque, with the pious intention of slaying every infidel he might find within. On looking round, however, great was his astonishment at beholding images of saints, the blessed cross of our Saviour, and various other sacred objects, which announced a church devoted to the veritable faith. Struck with remorse, he sprang from his horse, threw himself upon his knees, and with many tears implored pardon of God for the sin he had unknowingly committed. While he was yet on his knees, several monks of the order of St. Dominic approached, meagre in looks and squalid in attire, but hailing him with great joy as their deliverer. In sooth this was a convent of San Sebastian, the fraternity of which had remained captives 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 upon 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 a marvellous memento of the expedition of the count against this city, which remained, he 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 softened wax.* It is to be presumed that the horse's hoofs had been gifted with miraculous hardness in reward to the count for his pious oblation of the shoes.

CHAPTER XIV.

OF THE MOORISH HOST THAT CAME UP FROM CORDOVA, AND HOW THE COUNT REPAIRED TO THE HERMITAGE OF SAN PEDRO, AND PRAYED FOR SUCCESS 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 heroic deeds of the court, 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 renowned battle of Hazinas, which, says Agapida, for its miraculous events is worthy of eternal blazon.

Now so it was that the Moorish king of Cordova 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 Fernan Gonzalez 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 Piedrafitas, while the Moors encamped in Hazinas. When, however, he beheld the mighty host arrayed against him, his heart for once was troubled with evil forebodings, and calling to mind the cheering prognostications of the friar Pelayo on a like occasion, he resolved to repair again to that holy man for counsel. Leaving his camp, therefore, secretly, he set out, accompanied by two cavaliers, to seek the chapel which he had ordered to be built at the hermitage of San Pedro, on the mountain overhanging the river Arlanza, but when arrived there he heard to his great grief that the worthy friar was dead.

Entering the chapel, however, he knelt down at the altar and prayed for success in the coming fight; humbly representing that he had never, like many of the kings and nobles of Spain, done homage to the infidels and acknowledged them for sovereigns. The count remained a long time at prayer, until sleep gradually stole over him; and as he lay slumbering before the altar the holy Fray Pelayo appeared before him in a vision, clad in garments as white as snow. "Why sleepest thou, Fernan Gonzalez?" said he, "arise, and go forth, and know that thou shalt conquer those Moors. For, inasmuch as thou art a faithful vassal of the Most High, he has commanded the Apostle San Iago and myself, with many angels, to come to thy aid, and we will appear in the battle clad in white armor, with each of us a red cross upon our pennon. Therefore arise, I say, and go hence with a valiant heart."

The count awoke, and while he was yet musing upon the vision he heard a voice saying, "Arise, and get thee hence; why dost thou linger? Separate thy host into three divisions: enter the field of battle by the east, with the smallest division, and I will be with thee; and let the second division enter by the west, and that shall be aided by San Iago; and let the third division enter by the north. Know that I am San Millan who come to thee with this message."

The count departed joyfully from the chapel, and returned to his army; and when he told his troops of this, his second visit to the hermitage, and of the vision he had had, and how the holy friar San Pelayo had again assured him of victory, their hearts were lifted up, and they rejoiced to serve under a leader who had such excellent counsellors in war.

In the evening preceeding the battle Don Fernan Gonzalez divided his forces as he had been ordered. The first division was composed of two hundred horsemen and six thousand infantry; hardy mountaineers, light of foot and of great valor. In the advance were Don Gustios Gon-

* Sandoval, p. 313.

zalez of Salas, and his seven sons and two nephews, and his brother Ruy Velasquez, and a valiant cavalier named Gonzalo Dias.

The second division was led by Don Lope de Biscaya, with the people of Burueba and Trevino, and Old Castile and Castro and the Asturias. 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 dubbed knights, and twenty esquires of the count, whom he had 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 vomiting flames, and making a loud hissing 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 outcries, but before he came forth the serpent had disappeared. He rebuked the terrors 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 doubtless raised this spectrum to alarm them; but he bade them be of good heart, since they had San Lago on their side, and might set Moor, astrologer, and devil at defiance.

In the first day's fight Don Fernan 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 Gustios Gonzalez and his kindred warriors showed prodigies of valor. Don Fernan, 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 could no longer be heard. The sun went 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 lago! San lago! and rushed to the attack.

Don Gustios Gonzalo de Salas, the leader of one of the divisions, made a lane into 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 Gustios Gonzalo were numbered, for the Moor slew him, and with him fell a nephew of Count Fernan, and many of his principal cavaliers.

Count Fernan Gonzalez encountered the Moor who had just slain his friend. The infidel would have avoided him, 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 lago 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 to the enemy. The Christians, on the other hand, recovered their forces, knowing the Apostle San lago to be at hand. They charged the Moors with new vigor, and put them to flight, and pursued them for two days, killing and making captive. They then returned and gathered together the bodies of the Christians who had been slain, and buried them in the chapel of San Pedro of Arlanza and in 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 worn 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 COUNTESS CONCENTS HIS ESCAPE. — LEON AND CASTILE UNITED BY THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE ORDOÑO WITH URACA, THE DAUGHTER OF THE COUNT BY HIS FIRST WIFE.

NOT long after this most renowned and marvelous battle, a Moorish captain named Aceyfa became a vassal of the Count Don Fernan. 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 fortresses 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 Fernan Gonzalez was aroused at this attack upon his Moorish vassal, 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 to seek advice of saint or hermit; so his army was defeated by King Ramiro, and himself 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

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wall, which to this day is pointed out as his prison.*

All Castile was thrown into grief and consternation by this event, and lamentations were heard throughout the land, as though the count 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 an oath upon 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 departed secretly at nightfall, and travelled rapidly until morning, when they left the roads, and took to the mountains, lest their march should be discovered. Arrived near Leon, she halted her band in a thick wood in the mountain of Samosa where she ordered them to remain in secrecy. Then clothing herself as a pilgrim with her staff and panner, she sent word to King Ramiro that she was on a pilgrimage to San Iago, and entreated that she might have permission to visit her husband in his prison. King Ramiro not merely granted her request, but sallied forth above a league from the city with a great retinue to do her honor. So 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 miserable and dishonored state, however, the valor of spirit which had hitherto sustained her gave way, and tears flowed from her eyes. The count received her joyfully, and reproached her with her tears; "for it becomes us," said he, "to submit 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 day-light 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 orders from 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 apartment of Don Fernan, but was astonished to find there the beautiful countess in place of her warrior husband. He conducted 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 distinguished cavalier; as such I trust 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 befitting 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 marriageable age; so it was agreed that nuptials should be solemnized between her and the Prince Ordoño, son of King Ramiro; and all Leon and Castile rejoiced at this union, which promised tranquillity to the land.

CHAPTER XVI.

MOORISH INCURSION INTO CASTILE.—BATTLE OF SAN ESTEVAN.—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 edifying and praiseworthy traces which remain, says Fray 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 Ordoño III., the same 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 Don Sancho, nephew, by the mother's side, of King Garcia of 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 Garcia and to Count Fernan Gonzalez, and it is said both favored his pretensions. Nay, the count soon appeared in the field in company with King Garcia 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 wars; the restless part of the subjects of King Ordoño rose in rebellion, and everything was in confusion. King Ordoño succeeded, however, in quelling the rebellion, and defended himself so ably against King Garcia and Count Fernan Gonzalez, that they returned home without effecting their object.

* In the *Cronica General de España*, this imprisonment is said to have been by King Sancho the Fat; but the cautious Agapida goes according to his favorite Sandoval in attributing it to King Ramiro, and in so doing he is supported by the *Chronicle of Bleda*. L. 3, c. 19.

About this time, say the records of Compostello, the sinful dissensions of the Christians brought on them a visible and awful scourge from Heaven. A great flame, 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 place; it scorched Castro Xeriz likewise, and Brebisco 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; though it does not appear that the king received again his repudiated wife Urraca. These confederate princes gave the Moors a great battle near to San Estevan. "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 monkish chronicler.

The Christians were incastellated at San Estevan de Gormaz, which is near the banks of the Douro.

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 on no account leave it until all the masses were finished.

On the present occasion the firmness of this brave but pious cavalier was put to a severe proof. When the first mass was finished, the count and his cavaliers rose and sallied 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 the esquire 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 at the sound the war-horse pricked up his ears, snuffed 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 came not out of the chapel. The esquire was wroth, and blushed for his lord, for he thought it was through 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 was about to sally forth when horsemen 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 arm they owed the victory. The good knight, imagining they were scoffing at him, felt still more cast 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 came 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 warrior exactly resembling him, with the same arms, device, and steed, had appeared in 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 pourpoint 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 pourpoint 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 by 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 Antolenez, in the service of the Count Garcia Fernandez. 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 to be repeated;" witness the repeated appearance of San Iago in precisely the same manner, to

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King Ordoño III. did not long survive this battle. Scarce had he arrived at Zamora on his way homeward, 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 his throne.

CHAPTER XVII.

KING SANCHO THE FAT. — OF THE HOMAGE HE EXACTED 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 absence of Count Fernan Gonzalez was 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 kiss the hand of any one in token of vassalage. 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 a favor; but as monarchs do 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 hereinafter 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

save Christian armies from imminent danger of defeat, and achieve wonderful victories over the infidels, as we find recorded throughout the Spanish chronicles,

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 soon lost the favor of his warrior subjects, who looked upon him as a mere trencherman and bed-presenter, and not fitted to command men who lived in the saddle, and had rather fight than either eat or sleep.

King Sancho saw that he might soon have hard fighting to maintain his throne; and how could he figure as a warrior who could not mount on 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 totally at a loss for a recipe, his own leanness being a gift of Nature; he advised him, however, to repair to Abderahman, the Miramamolín of Spain and King of Cordova, with whom he was happily at peace, and consult with him, and seek advice of the Arabian physicians resident at Cordova—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 miramamolín, 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, to 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 well succeeded under the regimen prescribed by the miramamolín, 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 leanness and horsemanship, sent a stern message to Count Fernan Gonzalez to come to his cortes, or resign his count-

ship. The count was exceedingly indignant at this order, and feared, moreover, that some indignity or injury would be offered him should he repair to Leon. He made the message known to his principal cavaliers, and requested their advice. Most of them were of opinion that he should not go to the cortes. Don Fernan declared, however, that he would not act disloyally in omitting to do that which the counts of Castile had always performed, although he felt that he incurred the risk of death or imprisonment. Leaving his son, Garcia Fernandez, therefore, in charge of his counsellors, he departed for Leon with only seven cavaliers.

As he approached the gates of that city, no one came forth to greet him, as had always been the custom. This he considered an evil sign. Presenting himself before the king, he would have kissed his hand, but the monarch withheld it. He charged the count with being vainglorious and disloyal; with having absented himself from the cortes and conspired against his throne;—for all which he should make atonement, and should give hostages or pledges for his good faith before he left the court.

The count in reply accounted for absenting himself from the cortes by the perfidious treatment he had formerly experienced at Leon. As to any grievances the king might have to complain of, he stood ready to redress them, provided the king would make good his own written engagement, signed with his own hand and sealed with his own seal, to pay for the horse and falcon which he had purchased of the count on his former visit to Leon. Three years had now elapsed since 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 with him for the horse and hawk; but when he came to cast up the account, 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, assured him 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. Grievously did he repent his first experience in traffic, and found that it is not safe even for a monarch to 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 of payment 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.

King Sancho now saw 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 Fernan Gonzalez to relinquish the debt, and in lieu thereof to be released from his vassalage.

The count agreed right gladly to this compromise, being thus relieved from all tribute 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 a horse and falcon, and thus were the Castilians relieved, by a skilful bargain in horse-dealing, from all subjection to the kingdom of Leon.*

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 over; instead of erecting palaces and lofty castles, he began now to turn his thoughts upon the grave and to build his last earthly habitation, the sepulchre.

Before erecting his own, he had one built of rich and stately workmanship for his first wife, 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 at the chapel and hermitage of San Pedro at Arlanza, where he had first communed with the holy Friar Pelayo. When it was completed, he merely inscribed upon it the word "Obijt," leaving the rest to be supplied by others after his death.

When the Moors perceived that Count Fernan Gonzalez, once so redoubtable in arms, was old and infirm, and given to build tombs instead of castles, they thought it a favorable time to make an inroad into Castile. They passed the border, therefore in great numbers, laying everything waste and bearding the old lion in his very den.

The veteran had laid by his sword and buckler, and had almost given up the world; but the sound of Moorish drum and trumpet called him back even from the threshold of the sepulchre. Buckling on once more his armor and bestriding his war-steed, he summoned around him his Castilian cavaliers, seasoned like him in a thousand battles, and accompanied by his son Garcia Fernandez, who inherited all the valor of his father, issued forth to meet the foe; followed by the shouts and blessings of the populace, who joyed to see him once more in arms and glowing with his ancient fire.

The Moors were retiring from an extensive ravage, laden with booty and driving before them an immense cavalgada, when they descried a squadron of cavaliers, armed all in steel, emerging from a great cloud of dust, and bearing aloft the silver cross, the well-known standard of Count Fernan Gonzalez. That veteran warrior came on, as usual, leading the way, sword in hand. The very sight of his standard had struck dismay into the enemy; they soon gave way before one of his vigorous charges, nor did he cease to pursue them until they took shelter within the very walls of Cordova. Here he wasted the surrounding country with fire and sword, and after

* Cronica de Alonzo el Sabio, pt. 3, c. 19.

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"Such," says Fray Antonio Agapida, "was the
last campaign in the life of this most valorous
cavalier;" and now, abandoning all further deeds
of mortal 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 coun-
try.

He was equally indefatigable in preparing for
his spiritual as for his mortal campaign. In-
stead, however, of mailed warriors tramping
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 un-
der 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 pre-
pared for his end like a good Christian. He
wrote to the kings of Leon and Navarre in terms
of great humility, craving their pardon for all
past injuries and offences, and entreating them,
for the good of Christendom, to live in peace and
amity, and make common cause for the defence
of the faith.

Ten days before the time which Heaven had
appointed for his death he sent for the abbot of
the chapel and convent of Arlanza, and bending
his aged knees before him, confessed all his sins.
This done, as in former times he had shown great
state and ceremony in his worldly pageants, so
now he arranged his last cavalcade to the grave.
He prayed the abbot to return to his monastery
and have his sepulchre prepared for his reception,
and that the abbots of St. Sebastian and Silos
and Quiree, with a train of holy friars, might
come at the appointed day for his body; that
thus, as he commended his soul to Heaven
through the hands of his confessor, he might,
through the hands of these pious men, resign his
body to the earth.

When the abbot had departed, the count de-
sired to be left alone; and clothing himself in a

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 ene-
mies of the soul. He died in the full command
of all his faculties, making no groans nor con-
tortions, 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 con-
versing with St. Pelayo and St. Millan, as they
appeared to him in vision before the battle of
Hazinas.

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
pommel 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 exulted in the
victory gained by those which had been carried
to the wars. Thus were marvellously fulfilled
the words of the holy psalm,—"*Exultabant ossa
humilitata.*"*

Here ends the chronicle of the most valorous
and renowned Don Fernan Gonzalez, Count of
Castile. *Laus Deo.*

* Sandoval, p. 334.

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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 propinquity 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 Nuñez, Don Fernan Nuñez, and Don Gonzalo Nuñez. 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 exactions on rich and poor, and, what is still more flagrant, he extended these exactions 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 persuaded 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, assuring 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 thralldom of Don Alvar.

In this way the unfortunate prince was made an instrument in the hands of this haughty and arrogant nobleman of inflicting 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 had he 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 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 Diaz de Haro, Señor of Biscay, and Don Gonzalo Ruiz Giron, and Don Alonzo 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, forbore to let King Alfonso know 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 cavaliers of her party for Palencia. The death of the King Enrique being noised 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 Duenas, and, on its making some show of resistance, took it by force.

The cavaliers who were with the queen endeavored to effect a reconciliation between her and Don Alvar, seeing that the latter had powerful connections, and through 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 her son Fernando hastened to meet her. The meeting took place at the castle of Otiella, and happy was the anxious mother once more to embrace 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 at that time was a great and wealthy town. 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 for queen and swore fealty to her. She immediately, in presence of her nobles, prelates, and people, renounced 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 LARAS.

KING ALFONSO of Leon was exceedingly exasperated at the furtive 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 her, 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 two wives by the Pope, and now, as he conceived, cajoled 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 notwithstanding the earnest expostulations and entreaties of holy men, he entered Castile with an army, ravaging the legitimate inheritance of

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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 rallying under his standard.

There were at this time full two thousand cavaliers 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 be guilty of the impiety of taking up arms against his father. By her advice King Fernando sent an embassy to his father, expostulating 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 jointly sovereigns of both Castile and Leon, and the Prince Fernando, 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 marriage; and as to the crown of Castile, it now belongs 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 Dueñas, but found that place strongly garrisoned by Diego Lopez de Haro and Ruy Díaz de los Cameros; he next marched upon Burgos, but that place was equally well garrisoned by Lope Díez 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 to his kingdom.

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 Muñon and Lerma and Lara, and other places which either belonged to, or held 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 the troubles and contentions 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 her son 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, Count Fernan Nuñez with his battalions, 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 Tellez and Suer Tellez and Alvar Ruyz to protect the flanks.

As the royal troops drew near, Count Alvar, leaving his people in the town, sallied forth 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 upon a bank and regarding them so loftily; and Alonzo Tellez and Suer Tellez looking more closely, recognized Don Alvar, and putting spurs to their horses, dashed up the bank, followed by several cavaliers. Don Alvar repented of his vain confidence too late, and seeing great numbers urging toward him, turned his reins and retreated toward the town. Still his stomach was too high for absolute flight, and the others, who spurred after him at full speed, overtook him. Throwing himself from his horse, he covered himself with his shield and prepared for defence. Alonzo Tellez, however, called to his men not to kill the count, but to take him prisoner. He was accordingly 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 misdeeds. 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 Gonsalvo Ruiz Giron, and confined in the castle of Valladolid. The places 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 ineffectual 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 hydropsy. 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 as 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 that the funeral should be honorably performed at her own expense, and sent a cloth of gold to cover the bier.†

The brother of Count Alvar, Don Fernando

* Cronica Gotica, por Don Alonzo Nuñez de Castro, p. 17.

† Cronica General de España, pt. 3, p. 370.

abandoned his country in despair and went to Morocco, where he was well received by the Miramolin, 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 civil wars of Castile. At length 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 Gonsalvo, a knight of the order of the Hospital of St. Jean d'Acre, and who had 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 Morocco. 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 Gonsalvo 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 Campos a Zalmos, which appertained to the Friars of the Temple, where the holy fraternity gave it the rites of sepulture with all due honor. Such was the end of these three brothers of the once proud and powerful house of Lara, whose disloyal deeds had harassed their country and brought ruin upon themselves.

CHAPTER III.

MARRIAGE OF KING FERNANDO.—CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE MOORS.—ABEN MOHAMED, KING OF BAEZA, DECLARES HIMSELF THE VASSAL OF KING FERNANDO.—THEY MARCH TO JAEN.—BURNING OF THE TOWER.—FERNANDO COMMENCES THE BUILDING OF THE CATHEDRAL AT TOLEDO.

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 cast about her eyes in search of a suitable alliance for her son, and had many consultations with the Bishop Maurice of Burgos, and other ghostly counsellors, thereupon. They at length agreed upon the Princess Beatrix, 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 Beatrix, 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 Huelgos, 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 endurance.

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 inclinations, 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 in person, but sent in advance Don Lope Diaz de Haro and Ruy Gonsalvo 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, inasmuch 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 was 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 town of Priego by assault, and gave 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 hostages 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 up all the Christian captives 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 Gonzalo Ybanez, Master of Calatrava, and Tello Alonzo Meneses, son of Don Alonzo Tellez, and other stout cavaliers, fitted to maintain frontier

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posts. These arrangements being made, and having ransacked every mountain and valley, and taken many other places not herein specified, King Fernando returned in triumph to Toledo, where he was joyfully received by his mother Berenguela and his wife Beatrice.

Clerical historians do not fail to record with infinite satisfaction a single instance of the devout and zealous spirit which King Fernando had derived from his constant communion with the reverend fathers of the Church. As the king was one day walking with his ghostly adviser the archbishop, in the principal church of Toledo, which was built in the Moresco fashion, having been a mosque of the infidels, it occurred, or more probably was suggested to him, that, since God had aided him to increase his kingdom, and had given him such victories over the enemies of his holy faith, it became him to rebuild his holy temple, which was ancient and falling to decay, and to adorn it richly with the spoils taken from the Moors. The thought was promptly carried into effect. The king and the archbishop laid the first stone with great solemnity, and in the fulness of time accomplished that mighty cathedral of Toledo, which remains the wonder and admiration of after ages.

CHAPTER IV.

ASSASSINATION OF ABEN MOHAMED.—HIS HEAD CARRIED AS A PRESENT TO ABULLALE, THE MOORISH KING OF SEVILLE.—ADVANCE OF THE CHRISTIANS INTO ANDALUSIA.—ABULLALE PURCHASES A TRUCE.

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 thorough 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 Alonzo Tellez de Meneses, 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 Martos 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 their hands these newly acquired places. He marched upon Martos, which was not strongly walled. The Countess Doña Yrenia, 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 pell-mell at the gate of the town. Here the press was excessive. Fernan Gomez de Pudiello, 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 sallied 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.

Provisions began to fail the besieged, and they were reduced to slay 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 effected an entrance. 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 Guadalaxara, 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 defence 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 HUD.—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 Abdallar Mohammed ben Hud, but commonly called Aben Hud, was effecting a great revolution in Moorish affairs. He was of the lineage of Aben Alfange, and bitterly opposed to the sect of Almohades, 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, fol. 373.

* 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 Seville 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 engines 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. Some of the Leonese and Gallegos were disposed to place the Prince Alonzo, 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 conduct him to the cathedral, where he received their homage, and was proclaimed king, with the *Te Deums* 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 think had been exercising a secret influence over her late husband, yet suppressed all such feelings, and un-

* The hiatus, here noted by the author, has evidently arisen from the loss of a leaf of his manuscript. The printed line which precedes the parenthesis concludes page 32 of the manuscript; the line which follows it begins page 34. The intermediate page is wanting. I presume the author did not become conscious of his loss until he had resorted to his manuscript for revision, and that he could not depend upon his memory to supply what was wanting without a fresh resort to authorities not at hand. Hence a postponement and ultimate omission. The missing leaf would scarce have filled half a column of print, and, it would seem from the context, must have related the invasion of Andalusia by Fernando and the ravages committed by his armies.—*Ed.*

dertook 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 dower 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.

EXPEDITION OF THE PRINCE ALONZO AGAINST THE MOORS.—ENCAMPS ON THE BANKS OF THE GUADALETE.—ABEN HUD MARCHES OUT FROM XEREZ AND GIVES BATTLE.—PROWESS OF GARCIA PEREZ DE VARGAS.—FLIGHT AND PURSUIT OF THE MOORS.—MIRACLE OF THE BLESSED SANTIAGO.

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 to extend from the Bay of Biscay to the vicinity of the Guadalquivir, 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 seigniorial right. Being 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 Alonzo, to make an expedition into the country of the Moors, and to attack the newly risen power of Aben Hud.

As the Prince Alonzo 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 cordobes, 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 Guadalquivir, they scoured the vicinity of Seville, and continued onward for Xerez, sweeping off cattle and sheep from the pastures of Andalusia; driving on long cavalgadas of horses and mules laden with spoil; until the earth shook with the tramping 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 led by the son of Aben Mohamed, the king of Baeza. 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.

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meadows, while the soldiers, fatigued with ravage, 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 inroad, summoned all his chivalry of the seaboard 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 Azules, with seven hundred horsemen, Moors of Africa, light, vigorous, and active; and the city was full of troops.

The camp of Don Alonzo had a formidable appearance at a distance, from the flocks and herds which surrounded it, the vast number of sumpter 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 sallied forth from the city, and took his position in the olive-fields between the 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 only apprehensive of their escaping. It is even said that he ordered great quantities of cord 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 Guadalete behind them, they felt the perils 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 truncheon in hand, encouraging every one by word and look and fearless demeanor. 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 beasts of burden, and form a troop 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 could not have a priest or monk for the purpose, confessed to each other.

Among the cavaliers were two noted for their valor; but who, though brothers-in-law, lived in mortal feud. 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 there might not be enmity 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 declined the fraternal embrace, 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 chroniclers, 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 charge, 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! Castile! Castile!" charged upon 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, until 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 Azules, 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 Agapida, "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 a great knotted limb from 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, Machacha! Machacha!" (So! So! Diego, smash them! smash them!) and from that day forward that strong-handed cavalier went by the name of Diego Machacha, 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 beyond calculation. 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 troops were recalled 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 eagerness 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 this 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 Batrix 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. Her body was interred in the nunnery of 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 SEAT 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 shrunk 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. Silently fastening ladders 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 Ruyz Tabur galloped in at the head of a squadron of horse, and by the dawn of day the whole suburbs of Cordova, called the Axarquia, were in their possession; 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 steel; 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 proud city of the infidels! that seat 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 castle 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 convents.

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 Alonzo before Xerez, was at this time in Ecija 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 Xuares by name, who had been banished from Castile by King Fernando. This cavalier offered to go as a spy into 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 alighted 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 Otiella. 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 Otiella 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 as formidable an 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 your majesty 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 beseech your majesty to order that for three or four nights there be made 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; rejoining his companions at the bridge, they mounted their horses and travelled all night and returned to Ecija.

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 all 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 perfidious 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 guard 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-cup 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, and every one hid him to his home, 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 succor. With sad and broken spirits, 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 king, having now gained 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 walked round 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 unction. 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 Galicia, which the Alhagib 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-two years had been in the power of the infidels, soon spread throughout the kingdom, and people came crowding from 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 throng 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 muezzin had been accus-

tomed to call the Moslems to their worship. "When the pilgrims," says Fray Antonio 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 upwards of two years had elapsed since the death of the Queen Beatrix, 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 for the faith; so that apparently he had no thought of further matrimony; 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 Ponthier, and a descendant of Louis the Seventh of France. The marriage was negotiated by Queen Berenguela with the Count of Ponthier; 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 money 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

* Cron. Gen. de España, pt. 4. Bleda, lib. 4, c. 10.

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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 Holy Week, and much did it grieve this saintly monarch, say his chroniclers, to be obliged even for a moment to quit the holy quiet of the church for the worldly bustle of the palace, to lay by the saint and enact the sovereign. Having heard the representations of Don Alvar Perez, he forthwith gave him ample funds wherewith to maintain his castles, his soldiers, and even the idlers who thronged about the frontier, and who would be useful subjects when the times should become settled. Satisfied, also, 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 viceroy. Don Alvar hastened back to execute his mission and enter upon his 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 ALHAMAR, FOUNDER OF THE ALHAMBRA.—FORTIFIES GRANADA AND MAKES IT HIS CAPITAL.—ATTEMPTS TO SURPRISE THE CASTLE OF MARTOS.—PERIL OF THE FORTRESS.—A WOMAN'S STRATAGEM 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 Alhamar, or Aben Alhamar, 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 manly years, he had been appointed alcayde of Arjona and Jaen, and had distinguished himself by the justice and benignity of his rule. He was intrepid, also, and ambitious, and during the late dissensions 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 Moorish territories, and was 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 needs nothing more to give lasting renown to Aben Alhamar 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 Alhamar had not time to indulge in the arts of peace. He saw the storm of war that threatened his newly founded kingdom, and prepared to buffet with it. The territories of Granada extended along the coast from Algeiras almost to Murcia, 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 Alhamar, 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 fifty thousand Moors abandoning Valencia on the conquest of that country by the king of Aragon, hastened to put themselves under the dominion of Aben Alhamar.

Don Alvar Perez, on returning to his post, had intelligence of all these circumstances, 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 countess and her 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 Alhamar 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 fortress, 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 watchman from the tower gave notice of a cloud of dust, with Moorish banners and armor gleaming through it. It was, in fact, the Moorish king, Aben Alhamar, who pitched his tents before the castle.

Great was the consternation that reigned within the walls, for all the men were absent, except-

ing one or two necessary for the service of the castle. The dames and donzellas gave themselves up to despair, expecting to be carried away captive, perhaps to supply some Moorish harem. The countess, however, was of an intrepid spirit and ready invention. Summoning her duchas and damsels, she made them arrange their hair, and dress themselves like men, take weapons in hand, and show themselves between the battlements. The Moorish king was deceived, and supposed the fort well garrisoned. He was deterred, therefore, from attempting to take it by storm. In the meantime she dispatched a messenger by the postern-gate, with orders to speed swiftly in quest of Don Tello, and tell him the peril of the fortress.

At hearing these tidings, Don Tello and his companions turned their reins and spurred back for the castle, but on drawing nigh, they saw from a hill that it was invested by a numerous host who were battering the walls. It was an appalling sight—to cut their way through such a force seemed hopeless—yet their hearts were wrung with anguish when they thought of the countess and her helpless donzellas. Upon this, Diego Perez de Vargas, surnamed Machacha, stepped forward and proposed to form a forlorn hope, and attempt to force a passage to the castle. "If any of us succeed," said he, "we may save the countess and the rock; if we fail, we shall save our souls and act the parts of good cavaliers. This rock is the key of all the frontier, on which the king depends to get possession of the country. Shame would it be if Moors should capture it; above all if they should lead away our honored countess and her ladies captive before our eyes, while our lances remain unstained by blood and we unscarred with a wound. For my part, I would rather die than see it. Life is but short; we should do in it our best. So, in a word, cavaliers, if you refuse to join me I will take my leave of you and do what I can with my single arm."

"Diego Perez," cried Don Tello, "you have spoken my very wishes; I will stand by you until the death, and let those who are good cavaliers and hidalgos follow our example."

The other cavaliers caught fire at these words; forming a solid squadron, they put spurs to their horses, and rushed down upon the Moors. The first who broke into the ranks of the enemy was Diego Perez, the Smasher, and he opened a way for the others. Their only object was to cut their way to the fortress; so they fought and pressed forward. The most of them got to the rock; some were cut off by the Moors, and died like valiant knights, fighting to the last gasp.

When the Moorish king saw the daring of these cavaliers, and that they had succeeded in reinforcing the garrison, he despaired of gaining the castle without much time, trouble, and loss of blood. He persuaded himself, therefore, that it was not worth the price, and, striking his tents, abandoned the siege. Thus the rock of Martos was saved by the sagacity of the countess and the prowess of Diego Perez de Vargas, surnamed the Smasher.

In the meantime, Don Alvar Perez de Castro arrived in presence of the king at Huel. King Fernando received him with benignity, but seemed to think his zeal beyond his prudence; leaving so important a frontier so weakly guarded, sinking the viceroys in the courier, and coming so far to give by word of mouth what might easily have been communicated by letter. He felt the value, however, of his loyalty and devotion, but,

furnishing him with ample funds, requested him to lose no time in getting back to his post. The count set out on his return, but it is probable the ardor and excitement of his spirit proved fatal to him, for he was seized with a violent fever when on the journey, and died in the town of Orgaz.

CHAPTER XI.

ABEN HUDIEL, THE MOORISH KING OF MURCIA, BECOMES THE VASSAL OF KING FERNANDO.—ABEN ALHAMAR SEEKS TO DRIVE THE CHRISTIANS OUT OF ANDALUSIA.—FERNANDO TAKES THE FIELD AGAINST HIM.—RAVAGES OF THE KING.—HIS LAST MEETING WITH THE QUEEN-MOTHER.

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 could be spared from Castile and Leon, he hastened to Cordova, to supply the loss the frontier had sustained in 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 measure 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 and hold him in check, King Fernando departed for Castile, making a circuit by Jaen and Baeza and Andujar, and arriving in Toledo on the fourth of April. Here he received important propositions from Aben Hudiel, the Moorish king of Murcia. The death of Aben Hud had left that kingdom a scene of confusion. The alcaydes of the different cities and fortresses were at strife with each other, and many refused allegiance to Aben Hudiel. The latter, too, was in hostility 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 missives 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 Pelayo de Correa, the Grand Master of Santiago, a cavalier of consummate wisdom and address, and also Rodrigo Gonzalez Giron. The prince was received in Murcia with regal honors; the terms were soon adjusted by which the Moorish king acknowledged vassalage to

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King Fernando, and ceded to him one-half of his revenues, in return for which the king graciously took him under his protection. The alcaides of Alicant, Elche, Oriola, and several other places, agreed to this covenant of vassalage, but it was indignantly spurned by the Wali 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 alcaides of his own party in Mula and Carthagea.

As the prince Alfonso had come 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 the saintly Fernando 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 Constanza was abbess.*

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 honored in the traditions of Spain. One of the brothers, Don Fernando, had left a daughter, Doña 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 señoria of Serpa. Between this prince and Doña 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 the king.

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 Wali of Lorca and his partisans, the alcaides of Mula and Carthagea, 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 essay in arms. He accordingly dispatched 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, Lorea, and Carthagea 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 kingdom of Antichrist, 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 has been said during the late truce, had 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 immediately set off for the frontier, 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 Gonzalez de Lara, son of the Count Gonzalo, to scour the country about Arjona, Jaen, and Alcaudete. 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 modes of ravage practised in these unsparring 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 Alcaudete, 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 Gonzales, 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 fatigues, 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 of Granada. In the meantime he returned to Andujar to the Queen Juana. He merely came, say the old chroniclers, for the purpose of conducting her to Cordova; fulfilling, always,

* Cronica del Rey Santo, cap. 13.

† 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 harassing 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 spirits 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 not 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 had elapsed since they had seen each other, and her extreme age rendered her anxious to embrace her son. The king, to prevent her from taking so long a journey, set 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 remnant of her days in holy repose. King Fernando, who had ever found in his mother his ablest counsellor and best support, entreated 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-mother's yielding to his solicitations. The illustrious son and mother remained together six weeks, enjoying each other's society, after which they separated—the king and queen for the frontier, and the queen-mother for Toledo. 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 VAS-
SAL OF THE KING, WHO ENTERS JAEN IN
TRIUMPH.

It was in the middle of August, 1245, that King Fernando set out on his grand expedition to 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 Alcala la Real. The town,

too, of Illora, built on a lofty rock and fancying itself secure, was captured and given a prey to flames, which was as a bale fire to the country. Thence he descended into the beautiful Vega of Granada, ravaging that earthly paradise. Aben Alhamar sallied forth from Granada with what forces he could collect, and a bloody battle ensued about twelve miles from Granada. A part of the troops of Aben Alhamar were hasty levies, inhabitants of the city, and but little accustomed to combat; they lost courage, gave way, and threw the better part of the troops in disorder; a retreat took place which ended in a headlong flight, in which there was great carnage.*

Content for the present with the ravage he had made and the victory he had gained, King Fernando now drew off his troops and repaired to his frontier hold of Martos, where they might rest after their fatigues in security.

Here he was joined by Don Pelayo Perez Correa, the Grand Master of Santiago. This valiant cavalier, who was as sage and shrewd in council as he was adroit and daring in the field, had aided the youthful Prince Alfonso in completing the tranquillization of Murcia, and leaving him in the quiet administration of affairs in that kingdom, had since been on a pious and political mission to the court of Rome. He arrived most opportunely at Martos, to aid the king with his counsels, for there was none in whose wisdom and loyalty the king had more confidence.

The grand master listened to all the plans of the king for the humiliation of the haughty King of Granada; he then gravely but most respectfully objected to the course the king was pursuing. He held the mere ravaging the country of little ultimate benefit. It harassed and irritated, but did not destroy the enemy, while it fatigued and demoralized the army. To conquer the country, they must not lay waste the field, but take the towns; so long as the Moors retained their strongholds, so long they had dominion over the land. He advised, therefore, as a signal blow to the power of the Moorish king, the capture of the city of Jaen. This was a city of immense strength, the bulwark of the kingdom; it was well supplied with provisions and the munitions of war; strongly garrisoned and commanded by Abu Omar, native of Cordova, a general of cavalry, and one of the bravest officers of Aben Alhamar. King Fernando had already besieged it in vain, but the reasoning of the grand master had either convinced his reason or touched his pride. He set himself down before the walls of Jaen, declaring he would never raise the siege until he was master of the place. For a long time the siege was carried on in the depth of winter, in defiance of rain and tempests. Aben Alhamar was in despair: he could not relieve the place; he could not again venture on a battle with the king after his late defeat. He saw that Jaen must fall, and feared it would be followed by the fall of Granada. He was a man of ardent spirit and quick and generous impulses. Taking a sudden resolution, he departed secretly for the Christian camp, and made his way to the presence of King Fernando. "Behold before you," said he, "the King of Granada. Resistance I find unavailing; I come, trusting to your magnanimity and good faith, to put myself under your protection and acknowledge myself your vassal." So saying, he knelt and kissed the king's hand in token of homage.

"King Fernando," say the old chroniclers,

* Some chronicles, through mistake, make it Pezuelo near Ciudad Real, in the mountains on the confines of Granada.

* Conde, tom. iii. c. 5.

"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 politic as he was generous. He received Aben Alhamar as a vassal; conditioned for the delivery of Jaen into his hands; 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 humiliated at having to come under the yoke of vassalage. He consoled 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.

NOTE.—There is some dispute among historians as to the duration of the siege and the date of the surrender of Jaen. Some make the siege endure eight months, from August into the middle of April. The authentic Agapida adopts the opinion of the author of *Notas para la Vida del Santo Rey*, etc., who makes the siege begin on the 31st December and end about the 26th February.

CHAPTER XIII.

AXATAF, KING OF SEVILLE, EXASPERATED AT THE SUBMISSION OF THE KING OF GRANADA, REJECTS THE PROPOSITIONS OF KING FERNANDO FOR A TRUCE.—THE LATTER IS ENCOURAGED BY A VISION TO UNDERTAKE THE CONQUEST OF THE CITY OF SEVILLE.—DEATH OF QUEEN BERENGUELA.—A DIPLOMATIC MARRIAGE.

KING FERNANDO, having reduced the fair kingdom of Granada to vassalage, and fortified himself in Andalusia by the possession of the strong city of Jaen, bethought him now of returning to Castile. There was but one Moorish potentate 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 forborne 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

Fernando was loth to leave this great frontier in its present unsettled state, with such a powerful enemy in the neighborhood, who might take advantage of his absence to break into open hostility; still it was his policy to let the sword rest in the sheath until he had completely secured his new possessions. He sought, therefore, to make a truce with King Axataf, and, to enforce his propositions, it is said he appeared with his army before Seville in May, 1246.† His propositions were rejected, as it were, at the very gate. It appears that the King of Seville was exasperated rather than dismayed by the submission of the King of Granada. He felt that on himself depended the last hope of Islamism in Spain; he trusted on aid from the coast of Barbary, with which his capital had ready communication by water; and he resolved to make a bold stand in the cause of his faith.

King Fernando retired indignant from before Seville, and repaired to Cordova, with the pious determination to punish the obstinacy and humble the pride of the infidel, by planting the standard of the cross on the walls of his capital. Seville once in his power, the rest of Andalusia would soon follow, and then his triumph over the sect of Mahomet would be complete. Other reasons may have concurred to make him covet the conquest of Seville. It was a city of great splendor and wealth, situated in the midst of a fertile country, in a genial climate, under a benignant sky; and having by its river, the Guadalquivir, an open highway for commerce, it was the metropolis of all Morisma—a world of wealth and delight within itself.

These were sufficient reasons for aiming at the conquest of this famous city, but these were not sufficient to satisfy the holy friars who have written the history of this monarch, and who have found a reason more befitting his character of saint. Accordingly we are told, by the worthy Fray Antonio Agapida, that at a time when the king was in deep affliction for the death of his mother, the Queen Berenguela, and was praying with great fervor, there appeared before him Saint Isidro, the great Apostle of Spain, who had been Archbishop of Seville in old times, before the perdition of Spain by the Moors. As the monarch gazed in reverend wonder at the vision, the saint laid on him a solemn injunction to rescue from the empire of Mahomet his city of Seville. "Que así la llamo por suya en la patria, suya en la silla, y suya en la proteccion." "Such," says Agapida, "was the true reason why this pious king undertook the conquest of Seville;" and in this assertion he is supported by many Spanish chroniclers; and by the traditions of the Church—the vision of San Isidro being read to this day among its services.‡

The death of Queen Berenguela, to which we have just adverted, happened some months after the conquest of Jaen and submission of Granada. The grief of the king on hearing the tidings, we are told, was past description. For a time it quite overwhelmed him. "Nor is it much to be marvelled at," says an old chronicler; "for never did monarch lose a mother so noble and magnanimous in all her actions. She was indeed accomplished in all things, an example of every virtue, the mirror of Castile and Leon and all Spain, by whose counsel and wisdom the affairs of many kingdoms were governed. This noble queen,"

* *Notas para la Vida, del Santo Rey*, p. 562.

† *Ibid.*, p. 572.

‡ Rodríguez, *Memorias del Santo Rey*, c. lvi.ii.

continues the chronicler, "was deplored in all the cities, towns, and villages of Castile and Leon; by all people, great and small, but *especially by poor cavaliers*, 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 arms. There was thus danger of a rupture with Aragon, and of King Fernando having an enemy on his back, while busied in his wars in Andalusia. Fortunately King Jayme had a fair daughter, the Princess Violante; and the grave diplomatists of the two courts determined that it were better the two children should marry, than the two fathers should fight. To this arrangement King Fernando and King Jayme gladly assented. They were both of the same faith; both proud of the name of Christian; both zealous in driving Mahometanism out of Spain, and in augmenting their empires with its 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.

Foreseeing, as long as the mouth of the Guadalquivir was open, the city could receive reinforcements and supplies from Africa, the king held consultations with a wealthy man of Burgos, Ramon Bonifaz, or Boniface, by name—some say a native of France—one well experienced in maritime affairs, and capable of fitting out and managing a fleet. This man he constituted his admiral, and sent him to Biscay 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.—DON 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 roused 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 zealous 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 Lora 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 Alcala del Rio, a place of great consequence, through which passed all the succors from the mountains to the city. This place was bravely defended by Axataf in person, the commander of Seville. He remained in Alcala with three hundred Moorish cavaliers, making frequent sallies upon the Christians, and effecting great slaughter. At length he beheld 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 garrison 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 King Fernando.

While the king was putting Alcala 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 assail him from the shores. In this peril he sent in all speed for succor 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 way dismayed, 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 had 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 on the twentieth 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 of whom were warlike friars, attempted to cross the river at the ford below Aznal Farache. Upon this, Aben Amaken, Moorish king of Niebla, sallied forth with a great

* Cronica del Rey Don Fernando, c. xiii.

the princes, cavaliers, of Castile and Leon prepared to take the y of Catalonia and dard of the king, as and prowess from es.

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host to defend the pass, and the cavaliers were exposed to imminent peril, until the king sent one hundred cavaliers to their aid, led on by Rodrigo Flores and Alonzo Tellez and Fernan Diafez.

Thus reinforced, the Master of Santiago scoured the opposite side of the river, and with his little army of scarce four hundred horsemen, mingled monks and soldiers, spread dismay throughout the country. They attacked the town of Gelbes, and, after a desperate combat, entered it, sword in hand, slaying or capturing the Moors, and making rich booty. They made repeated assaults upon the castle of Triana, and had bloody combats with its garrison, but could not take the place. This hardy band of cavaliers had pitched their tents and formed their little camp on the banks of the river, below the castle of Aznal Farache. This fortress was situated on an eminence above the river, and its massive ruins, remaining at the present day, attest its formidable strength.

When the Moors from the castle towers looked down upon this little camp of Christian cavaliers, and saw them sallying forth and careering about the country, and returning in the evenings with cavalcades of sheep and cattle, and mules laden with spoil, and long trains of captives, they were exceedingly wroth, and they kept a watch upon them, and sallied forth every day to fight with them, and to intercept stragglers from their camp, and to carry off their horses. Then the cavaliers concerted together, and they lay in ambush one day in the road by which the Moors were accustomed to sally forth, and when the Moors had partly passed their ambush, they rushed forth and fell upon them, and killed and captured above three hundred, and pursued the remainder to the very gates of the castle. From that time the Moors were so disheartened that they made no further sallies.

Shortly after, the Master of Santiago receiving secret intelligence that a Moorish sea-captain had passed from Seville to Triana, on his way to succor the castle of Aznal Farache, placed himself, with a number of chosen cavaliers, in ambuscade at a pass by which the Moors were expected to come. After waiting a long time, their scouts brought word that the Moors had taken another road, and were nearly at the foot of the hill on which stood the castle. "Cavaliers," cried the master, "it is not too late; let us first use our spurs and then our weapons, and if our steeds prove good, the day will yet be ours." So saying, he put spurs to his horse, and the rest following his example, they soon came in sight of the Moors. The latter, seeing the Christians coming after them full speed, urged their horses up the hill toward the castle, but the Christians overtook them and slew seven of those in the rear. In the skirmish, Garci Perez struck the Moorish captain from his horse with a blow of his lance. The Christians rushed forward to take him prisoner. On seeing this, the Moors turned back, threw themselves between their commander and his assailants, and kept the latter in check while he was conveyed into the castle. Several of them fell covered with wounds; the residue, seeing their chieftain safe, turned their reins and galloped for the castle, just entering in time to have the gates closed upon their pursuers.

Time and space permit not to recount the many other valorous deeds of Don Pelayo Correa, the good Master of Santiago, and his band

of cavaliers and monks. His little camp became a terror to the neighborhood, and checked the sallies of the Moorish mountaineers from the Sierra Morena. In one of his enterprises he gained a signal advantage over the foe, but the approach of night threatened to defraud him of his victory. Then the pious warrior lifted up his voice and supplicated the Virgin Mary in those celebrated words: "Santa Maria deten tu dia" (Holy Mary, detain thy day), 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 ready to faint with thirst, and could find no stream or fountain; and when the good master saw the distress of his soldiers, his heart was touched with compassion, and, bethinking himself of the miracle performed by Moses, in an impulse of holy zeal and confidence, and in the name of the blessed Virgin, he struck the dry and barren rock with his lance, and instantly there gushed forth a fountain of water, at which all his Christian soldiery drank and were refreshed.† So much at present for the good Master of Santiago, Don Pelayo Correa.

CHAPTER XV.

KING FERNANDO CHANGES HIS CAMP.—GARCI 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. As the land was level, they easily scoured the fields, carried off horses and stragglers from the camp, and kept it in continual alarm. He drew off, therefore, to a securer place, called Tablada, the same where at present is situated the hermitage of Nuestra Señora de el Balme. Here he had a profound ditch dugged 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 was mingled with the splendor of arms; and the

* Zuniga: *Annales de Sevilla*, L. 1.

† Jacob Paranes: *Lib. de los Maestros de St. Iago*. *Crónica Gotica*, T. 3, § xlii. Zuniga: *Annales de Seville*.

‡ *Crónica Gotica*, T. 3, § viii.

various colors of the tents and pavilions, and the fluttering standards and pennons bearing the painted devices of the proudest houses of Spain, were gay and glorious to behold.

When the king had established the camp in Tablada he ordered that every day the foragers 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 guard who escorted the foragers. One day it was the turn of Garci Perez, the same cavalier who had killed the king of the Azules. He was a hardy, iron warrior, seasoned and scarred 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 cavalier. They had not proceeded far before they perceived seven Moorish genetecs, or light-horsemen, directly in their rear. 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 *duello* which obliges us to make front against such fearful odds."

To this Garci Perez replied: "Señor, forward, always forward; let us continue on our road; those Moors will never wait for us." The other cavalier, however, exclaimed 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 his aid.

Upon this Don Lorenzo Nuarez, 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 the Moors know 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 lacing his *morian*, an embroidered cap which he wore on his head fell to the ground without his perceiving it. Having laced the capellina, he continued on his way, and his squire 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, making menaces.

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 about the place where he dropped his cap.

Having arrived at some distance from the Moors, he took off his arms to return them to

his squire, and unlacing the capellina, found that the cap was wanting. He asked the squire for it, but the latter knew nothing about it. Seeing that it had fallen, he again demanded his arms of the squire and returned in search of it, telling his squire to keep close behind him and look out well for it. The squire remonstrated. "What, señor," said he, "will you return and place yourself in such great peril for a mere capa? Have you not already done enough for your honor, in passing so daringly by 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 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 Nuarez 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 capa 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 ever 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 BOARDED BY ADMIRAL BONIFAZ.—
DESTRUCTION OF THE MOORISH FLEET.—
SUCCOR FROM AFRICA.

WHILE the army of King Fernando the Saint harassed the city by land and cut off its supplies, the bold Bonifaz, with his fleet, shut up the river, prevented all succor from Africa, and menaced

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ORS, AND HOW AL BONIFAZ.— RISH FLEET.—

ando the Saint off its supplies, ut up the river, 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 pass were destroyed, famine must be 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 ruin. 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—salled 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, filling the air with smoke, but falling short of their enemy. The tumultuous uproar of their preparations had put all the Christians on their guard. The bold Bonifaz waited not to be assailed; 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 from ship 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 opposite shore 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 squadrons, the clash of arms, and the din of drums and trumpets on either bank, 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, feints, 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 stakes 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 an opportunity 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 clamorous 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 affright; 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 RUYZ, AND HOW HE RESCUED HIS CATTLE FROM THE MOORS.—FURTHER ENTERPRISES OF THE PRIOR, AND OF THE AMBUSCADE INTO WHICH HE FELL.

IT happened one day that a great part of the cavaliers of the army were absent, some making cavalgadas about the country, others guarding the foragers, and others gone to receive the Prince Alfonso, who was on his way to the 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 Ruyz, 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. Careening lightly round, therefore, between the cattle and the camp, they began to drive them toward the city. The alarm was given in the camp, and six sturdy friars sallied forth, on foot, with two cavaliers, in pursuit of the marauders. The prior himself was roused by the noise; when he heard that the bees 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 ambuscade 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 Gotica, l. 3, § 13. Cronica General, pt. 4. Cronica de Santo Rey, c. 55.

himself a prisoner. Commending himself to his patron saint, and bracing his shield, he charged bravely among the Moors, and began to lay about him with a holy zeal of spirit and a vigorous arm of flesh. Every blow that he gave was in the name of San Juan, and every blow laid an infidel in the dust. His friars, seeing the peril of their leader, came running to his aid, accompanied by a number of cavaliers. They rushed into the fight, shouting, "San Juan! San Juan!" and began to deal such sturdy blows as savored more of the camp than of the cloister. Great and fierce was this struggle between cowl and turban. The ground was strewn with bodies of the infidels; but the Christians were a mere handful among a multitude. A burly friar, commander of Siercilla, was struck to the earth, and his shaven head cleft by a blow of a scimeter; several squires and cavaliers, to the number of twenty, fell covered with wounds; yet still the stout prior and his brethren continued fighting with desperate fury, shouting incessantly, "San Juan! San Juan!" and dealing their blows with as good heart as they had ever dealt benedictions on their followers.

The noise of this skirmish, and the holy shouts of the fighting friars, resounded through the camp. The alarm was given, "The Prior of San Juan is surrounded by the enemy! To the rescue! to the rescue!" The whole Christian host was in agitation, but none were so alert as those holy warriors of the Church, Don Garci, Bishop of Cordova, and Don Sancho, Bishop of Coria. Hastily summoning their vassals, horse and foot, they bestrode their steeds, with cuirass over cassolet, and lance instead of crossier, and set off at full gallop to the rescue of their brother saints. When the Moors saw the warrior bishops and their retainers scouring to the field, they gave over the contest, and leaving the prior and his companions, they drew off toward the city. Their retreat was soon changed to a headlong flight; for the bishops, not content with rescuing the prior, continued in pursuit of his assailants. The Moorish foot-soldiers were soon overtaken and either slaughtered or made prisoners: nor did the horsemen make good their retreat into the city, until the powerful arm of the Church had visited their rear with pious vengeance.* Nor did the chastisement of Heaven end here. The stout prior of the hospital, being once aroused, was full of ardor and enterprise. Concerting with the Prince Don Enrique, and the Masters of Calatrava and Alcantara, and the valiant Lorenzo Xuares, they made a sudden assault by night on the suburb of Seville called Benaljojar, and broke their way into it with fire and sword. The Moors were aroused 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 warrior friars, having gathered together a great cavalcade 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

in like manner, bearing off wealthy spoils. Such was the pious vengeance which the Moors brought upon themselves by meddling with the kine of the stout prior of the hospital.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BRAVADO OF THE THREE CAVALIERS.—AMBUSH AT THE BRIDGE OVER THE GUADAYRA.—DESPERATE VALOR OF GARCI PEREZ.—GRAND ATTEMPT OF ADMIRAL BONIFAZ ON THE BRIDGE OF BOATS.—SEVILLE DISMEMBERED FROM TRIANA.

OF 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 enamored of danger, and like a gamester with his gold, he seemed to have no pleasure of his life except in putting it in constant jeopardy. One of the greatest friends of Garci Perez was Don Lorenzo Xuares 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 Xuares, and a third cavalier, named Alfonso Tello, were on horseback, patrolling the skirts 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, from the towers of the gate, saw three Christian knights advancing over the plain, and supposed them to be messengers or deserters from the army. When the cavaliers drew near, each struck his lance against the gate, and wheeling round, put spurs to his horse and retreated. The Moors, considering this a scornful defiance, were violently exasperated, and sallied forth in great numbers to revenge the insult. They soon were hard on the traces of the Christian cavaliers. The first who turned to fight with them was Alfonso Tello, being of a fiery and impatient spirit. The second was Garci Perez; the third was Don Lorenzo, who waited until the Moors came up with them, when he braced his shield, couched his lance, and took the whole brunt of their charge. A desperate fight took place, for though the Moors were overwhelming in number, the cavaliers were three of the most valiant warriors in Spain. The conflict was beheld from the camp. The alarm was given; the Christian cavaliers hastened to the rescue of their companions in arms; squadron after squadron pressed to the field, the Moors poured out reinforcements from the gate; in this way a general battle ensued, which lasted a great part of the day, until the Moors were vanquished and driven within their walls.

There was one of the gates of Seville, called the gate of the Alcazar, which led out to a small bridge over the Guadaya. Out of this gate the Moors used to make frequent sallies, to fall sud-

* *Cronica General*, pt. 4, p. 338.

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XVIII.

CAVALIERS.—AMBUSH
THE GUADAYRA.—
F GARCI PEREZ.—
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denly upon the Christian camp, or to sweep off
the flocks and herds about 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 in-
trusted to those two valiant compeers in arms,
Garcí Perez de Vargas and Don Lorenzo Nuñez;
and they determined to take ample 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
good Master of Santiago. When they were all
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 be-
yond 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 Garcí Perez,
to restrain his daring spirit, 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. They kept concealed, and the Moors
passed by them in careless and irregular manner,
as men apprehending no danger. Scarce 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 over-
thrown 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, flung themselves
from the bridge, and perished in the Guadaya; others
were cut down and trampled under the
hoofs of friends and foes. Don Lorenzo, in the
heat of the fight, cried aloud incessantly, defying
the Moors, and proclaiming his name,—"Turn
hither! turn hither! 'Tis I, Lorenzo Nuñez!"
But few of the Moors cared to look him in the
face.

Don Lorenzo now returned to his cavaliers,
but on looking round, Garcí Perez was not to be
seen. All were dismayed, fearing some evil for-
tune had befallen him; when, on casting their
eyes beyond the bridge, they saw him on the op-
posite side, surrounded by Moors and fighting
with desperate valor.

"Garcí Perez has deceived us," said Don Lo-
renzo, "and has passed the bridge, contrary to
agreement. But to the rescue, comrades! never
let it be said that so good a cavalier as Garcí
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, cutting down and overturning the Moors,
and driving great numbers to fling themselves
into the river. When the Moors who had sur-
rounded Garcí 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 remain-
der of the day, quite up to the gate of the Alca-
zar; and if the chronicles of the times speak with

their usual veracity, full three thousand infidels
bit the dust on that occasion. When Don Lo-
renzo returned to the camp, and was in presence
of the king and of numerous cavaliers, great en-
comiums were passed upon his valor; but he
modestly replied that Garcí 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 cava-
liers.*

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 Triana 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 plan to break this bridge asunder, and thus to
cut off all communication between the city and
Triana. No sooner had this idea entered his
mind than he landed, 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 chosen men, well armed 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 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 as soon as it was in full force, 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 shores were lined on each side with Chris-
tian troops, watching the event with great anxiety.
The king and the Prince Alfonso, with their war-
riors, 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
Correa, 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 be-
fore he had proceeded half his course. 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 unsuc-
cessful. At length a fresh and strong wind arose
that swelled every sail and sent the ships plough-
ing up the waves of the Guadalquivir. A dead

* *Cronica General de España*, pt. 4. *Cronica del
Rey Fernando el Santo*, c. 60. *Cronica Gotica*, T. 3,
p. 126.

silence prevailed among the hosts 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. On 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 rallying forth; while the ships, having accomplished their enterprise, extricated themselves from their dangerous situation, 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, darts, and lances 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 all armed, and bury themselves in the earth.*

The very women combated from the walls, and 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 camp a youthful Infanzon, or noble, of proud lineage. 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 similar device to his own, of white waves, emblazoned on the scutcheon 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 assume 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 so it 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 said not a word.

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 couching his lance, charged among the thickest 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 sword and lance and mace, while stones and darts and arrows were rained down from the towers above the gates. 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 wall. 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 uninjured, and his armorial 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 eying him from head to foot, "Señor cavalier," said he, "you may well dispute my right to wear this honorable device in my shield, since you see I take so little care of it 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 valor that is never put to the proof becomes sullied."*

At these words the Infanzon was deeply humiliated, for he saw that Garci Perez had heard of his empty speeches, and he felt how unworthy he had spoken of so valiant and magnanimous a cavalier. "Señor cavalier," said he, "pardon my ignorance and presumption; you alone are worthy

* Cronica General, pt. 4, 341.

* Cronica General, pt. 4. Cronica Gotica, T. 3, § 16.

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Then Garci Perez blushed at the praises he had thus drawn upon himself, and he regretted the harshness of his words toward the Infanzon, 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 war 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 by 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 with them was Don Pero Nufez 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 Nufez, 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 their 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 reuniting 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 fleet in the middle 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 severally 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 miramolin. This being peremptorily 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 permitting the commander to retain possession of St. Lucar, Aznal 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 was present 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 by so many lives that the streets of Seville should run with blood. The Moors were silenced by this reply, and prepared with heavy hearts to fulfil 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 Jews, presented him with the key of Jewry, the quarter 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 signification,—"God will open—the king will enter." On the ring was inscribed in Hebrew,—"The King of kings will enter; all the world

* Cronica General, pt. 4. Cronica del Rey Santo. Cronica Gotica, T. 3, § 16.

† Cronica General, pt. 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 repose 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 as chose to depart for Africa. Upward of one hundred thousand, it is said, were thus convoyed 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 sallied forth with his conquering army to subdue the surrounding country. He soon brought under subjection Xerez, Medina, Sidonia, Alua, Bepel, and many other places near the sea-coast; 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 bold Admiral Bonifaz.

In the midst of his preparations, which spread consternation throughout Mauritania, the pious

king fell dangerously ill at Seville of a dropsy. When he found his dying hour approaching, he made his death-bed confession, and requested the holy Sacrament to be administered to him. A train of bishops and other clergy, among whom was his son Philip, Archbishop of Seville, brought the Sacrament into his presence. The king rose from his bed, threw himself on his knees, with a rope round his neck and a crucifix in his hand, and poured forth his soul in penitence and prayer. Having received the *viatica* and the holy Sacrament, he commanded all ornaments of royalty to be taken from his chamber. He assembled his children round his bedside, and blessed his son the Prince Alfonso, as his first-born and the heir of his throne, giving him excellent advice for the government of his kingdom, and charging him to protect the interests of his brethren. The pious king afterward fell into an ecstasy or trance, in which he beheld angels watching round his bed to bear his soul to heaven. He awoke from this in a state of heavenly rapture, and, asking for a candle, he took it in his hand and made his ultimate profession of the faith. He then requested the clergy present to repeat the litanies, and to chant the *Te Deum Laudamus*. In chanting the first verse of the hymn, the king gently inclined his head, with perfect serenity of countenance, and rendered up his spirit. "The hymn," says the ancient chronicle, "which was begun on earth by men, was continued by the voices of angels, which were heard by all present." These doubtless were the angels which the king in his ecstasy had beheld around his couch, and which now accompanied him, in his glorious ascent to heaven, with songs of holy triumph. Nor was it in his chamber alone that these voices were heard, but in all the royal alcazars of Seville, the sweetest voices were heard in the air and seraphic music, as of angelic choirs, at the moment that the sainted king expired.* He died on the 30th of May, the vespers of the Holy Trinity, in the year of the Incarnation one thousand two hundred and forty-two, aged seventy-three years—having reigned thirty-five years over Castile and twenty over Leon.

Two days after his death he was interred in his royal chapel in the Holy Church, in a sepulchre of alabaster, which still remains. It is asserted by grave authors that at the time of putting his body in the sepulchre, the choir of angels again was heard chanting his eulogium, and filling the air with sweet melody in praise of his virtues.†

When Alhamar, the Moorish king of Granada, heard of his death, he caused great demonstrations of mourning to be made throughout his dominions. During his life he sent yearly a number of Moors with one hundred wax tapers, to assist at his exequies, which ceremony was observed by his successors, until the time of the conquest of Granada by Fernando the Catholic.‡

* Pablo de Espinosa: Grandezas de Sevilla, fol. 146. Cronica del Santo Rey, c. 78. Cronica Gotica, T. 3, p. 166.

† Argotti de Molina: Nobleza de Andaluzia, L. 1, c. 21. Tomas Bocio: Signales de la Iglesia, L. 20. Don Rodrigo Sanchez, Bishop of Palencia, pt. 3, c. 40.

‡ Pablo de Espinosa, fol. 146.

* 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. (Zuniga: Annales de Sevilla.)

Seville of a dropsy. When his hour approaching, he called for the priest, and requested the sacrament to be administered to him. A bishop of Seville, who was present, threw himself on his knees, and with his hands joined, bore his soul to heaven in a state of heavenly peace. He received the *viatica*, and commanded all ornaments from his chamber, and his bed-side, and Alfonso, as his first-born, giving him the government of his kingdom, and the interests of his country. He afterward fell into an ecstasy, when he beheld angels bearing his soul to heaven. He took it in his own hand, and made profession of the faith, and the clergy present to him, and he sang the *Te Deum*. He then bowed his head, with reverence, and rendered up his soul. He was the first of the kings of Castile, which were doubtless were the first of the kings of Castile, who had beheld his soul now accompanied to heaven, with songs of praise. He died in his chamber, and his body was heard, but in all the sweetest voices of the church, as of the saints. He died on the 30th of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand and two hundred and three years — having reigned over Castile and twenty

years. He was interred in the Church, in a sepulchre. It is said that at the time of his death, the choir of angels sang a eulogium, and filling the air with praise of his vir-

gins. He was the first king of Granada, and his great demonstration of piety made throughout his kingdom. He sent yearly a hundred wax tapers, which ceremony was continued until the time of the conversion of the Catholic. †

Crónicas de Sevilla, fol. 146.
Cronica Gotica, T. 3,

de Andaluzia, L. 1, c.
de la Iglesia, L. 20.
of Palencia, pt. 3, c. 40.

