

The World's Story

U.S. History - A New Nation, Middle East

Volume Six

Eva March Tappan

The World's Story

A History of the World in Story, Song and Art

Volume 6
U.S. History - A New Nation,
Middle East

Edited by Eva March Tappan

Libraries of Hope

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A History of the World
In Story, Song and Art

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Email**:** librariesofhope@gmail.com

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UNITED STATES
I
THE FIRST YEARS OF THE NATION

HISTORICAL NOTE

DURING the Revolution the colonies had stood together, but when the war came to an end, each one began to think what would be best for itself. In 1787 a convention was decided upon to "form a more perfect union," and then it was that the Constitution of the United States was written.

Very important questions came up for settlement. How much power should be given to the central Government and how much to each State? How long should the President's term of office be? How should the States be represented? There was a vast amount of debate and discussion, but finally the Constitution was submitted to the States. The Federalists were eager for its ratification; the Anti-Federalists opposed, chiefly on the ground of its giving so much power to the central Government. The consent of nine States was necessary for adoption. Between December 7, 1787, and February 6, 1788, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, and Massachusetts had signified their acceptance. Maryland came into line in April; South Carolina in May; then there was a month's delay. At last the Federalists carried the day in New Hampshire and a few days later, in Virginia, and the Constitution was adopted.

After the adoption of the Constitution, each State chose electors to vote for a President. Every vote was cast for Washington, and in 1789 he became President of the United States.

The first difficulty for the new nation to meet was the lack of money. The United States had a poor financial rating, because what the Continental Congress had borrowed had never been repaid. Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, made two propositions to Congress. The first was to tax foreign goods brought into the country. The second was somewhat startling, for he wished the whole Government to assume the debt of each State. This was finally done; and now every creditor of each State became anxious to have a strong central Government, in order that he might get his money.

AMERICA

BY SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
  Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break, —
  The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,

THE UNITED STATES

To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

HOW PHILADELPHIA CELEBRATED THE RATIFICATION OF THE CONSTITUTION

[1788]

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER

PHILADELPHIA was the first large city to receive the news [of the adoption of the Constitution], and there the popular rejoicings put on a more impressive form. It was known so early as the 26th of June that New Hampshire had assented; but every one felt that the Constitution could never be firmly set up while so great and populous a State as Virginia held out. When, therefore, the post that came in on the evening of the 2d of July brought letters telling that Virginia was Federal, the doubts and fears that had tormented men for seven months were put at rest. It was instantly determined that the coming 4th of July should be made the occasion for a great display of Federal spirit; that there should be speeches and toasts and a procession, and that the procession, it was said, should be such a one as the continent had never seen.

Not a moment was wasted, and by the night of the 3d all was ready. The pavements had been swept, the trees had been lopped. Ten ships had been procured, dressed in bunting and anchored in the Delaware, one at the foot of every street from the North Liberties to South Street. They were typical of the ten ratifying States. As the first rays of the morning sun came over the eastern bank of the Delaware, the ship Rising Sun,

which lay at the foot of Market Street, fired a national salute, the bells of Christ Church rang out, and each of the ten vessels on the river ran up to her masthead a broad white flag which, spread by a stiff breeze from the south, displayed the name of the Commonwealth for which she stood. Meanwhile, the procession was fast forming in the city, but the sun had been four hours up before it began to move. Every trade, every business, every occupation of life was represented. There were saddlers, and gunsmiths, stone-cutters, tanners, brewers, merchants, doctors, shipwrights, and stocking-makers. The cordwainers sent a miniature shop. The rope-makers marched each with a bunch of hemp and a piece of rope in his hand. The Manufacturers' Society delighted the crowd with the spectacle of a huge wagon drawn by ten horses and neatly covered with cotton cloth of their own make. On the wagon were a lace loom, a printing-mill, a carding- and a spinning-jenny of eighty spindles. Compared with the cunningly and exquisitely wrought machines now to be found in the mills and factories of New England, they would seem rude and ill-formed. But they were among the newest inventions of the age, and were looked on by our ancestors as marvels of mechanical ingenuity. There, too, were represented in succession Independence, the French Alliance, the Definitive Treaty, the Convention of the States, and the Federal Roof, a huge dome supported by thirteen Corinthian columns. But the cheering was never so loud as when the Federal ship Union came in sight. She had, it was whispered among the crowd, been built in four days. Her bottom was the barge of the ship Alliance, and was the same that had once belonged to

the Serapis and had been taken in the memorable fight by Paul Jones. She mounted twenty guns, and had upon her deck four small boys, who performed all the duties of a crew, set sail, took a pilot on board, trimmed the sheets to suit the breeze, threw out the lead, cast anchor at Union Green, and sent off dispatches to the President of the United States. When the end of the procession had passed Union Green, Wilson gave the address. Hopkinson wrote the ode which, printed in English and in German, was scattered among the people and sent off on the wings of carrier pigeons to the ten ratifying States. That night the streets of the city were bright with bonfires and noisy with the shouts of revelers who had taken too many bumpers to the French King, to the American Fabius, and the builders of the Federal Roof. But the rejoicings did not end with the day. For months afterward the newspapers gave unmistakable evidence of the pleasure with which the great mass of the people contemplated the new plan. The word Federal became more popular than ever. It was given by town committees and selectmen as names to streets in numberless towns . . . and was used as a catchword by tradesmen and shopkeepers. One advertisement informed the public where the Federal minuet was to be obtained. In another a dancing-master announced that he would give instruction in the Federal minuet. A third invited gentlemen who visited the city to put up their horses at the Federal stables. A number of designs were suggested for a lady's Federal hat. Federal punch became the drink of the day. In the shipping news, in the list of packets that had arrived and brigs that had sailed, appeared notices that the sloop Anarchy, when last

heard from, was ashore on Union Rocks; that the scow Old Confederation, Imbecility master, had gone to sea; and that on the same day the stanch ship Federal Constitution, with Public Credit, Commercial Prosperity, and National Energy on board, had reached her haven in safety.

THE FIRST INAUGURATION DAY

[1789]

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER

In every great city, from Boston to Baltimore, societies for the encouragement of manufactures had sprung up since the war, and were flourishing. That at Boston put forth an address urging the manufacturers of the great seaports to join with it in checking importation. The members of the society in Delaware took a solemn pledge to appear on the 1st day of January in each year clothed in goods of American make, to foster the growth of flax and wool, and to discourage the purchase of cloth abroad. The society at Philadelphia had, at great cost and labor, secured the models of a cotton-carder and a cotton-spinner, built a factory, and begun the manufacture of cotton goods.

The result was a speedy return to old habits of simplicity and frugality. Young women wore plainer clothes, and made haste to surpass their mothers in skill at the spinning-wheel. Young men drank American porter and beer, and were not ashamed to be seen in homespun stockings and homemade jeans. Politicians found the surest way to win the hearts of their constituents was to appear dressed in American broadcloth. The town of Hartford could think of no gift so appropriate for John Adams, on his way to be inaugurated Vice-President, as a roll of cloth from its own looms. All true patriots heard with joy that on the auspicious day when

the American Fabius stood forth to take the oath of office he was clad from head to foot in garments whose material was the product of American soil.

His inauguration fell on the last day of April. Washington quitted Mount Vernon on the 16th of the month, in company with Colonel Humphreys and Mr. Thomson, and came by the most direct road through Baltimore and Philadelphia to New York. The journey, even at that time of year, might easily have been made in five days, but he was much delayed by the hearty receptions given him along the entire route. From every village and hamlet through which the road lay the people poured forth to welcome him, and to testify, by shouts and blessings, their love and gratitude for the great things he had done. He was feasted at Alexandria. He was entertained at Georgetown. He was warmly received at Philadelphia. The people of that city had selected Gray's Ferry, on the lower Schuylkill, as the place to meet him, and had taxed their ingenuity to the utmost to devise decorations worthy of the occasion. The bridge, a mean and rude structure, was hidden under cedars and laurel, flags and liberty-caps. Two triumphal arches were put up, and signals arranged to give warning of his coming.

At last, about noon on the 20th, the flag in the ferry-garden was dropped, and soon after the President was seen riding slowly down the hill and under the first arch, where a laurel crown was let fall upon his head. From the bridge he went on in company with Governor Mifflin and the troops to Philadelphia, where he lay that night. The moment he entered the city limits the bells of all the churches were rung, and, in the language

of that time, a *feu de joie* was fired. The President was much affected, and, says an eye-witness, as he moved down Market Street to the city tavern every face seemed to say, "Long, long, long live George Washington." Early the next morning the Philadelphia Horse rode with him to Trenton, where a yet more pleasing reception awaited him. On the Assumpink Bridge, over which, twelve years before, he led his little army on the night before the battle of Princeton, the women of Trenton had put up a triumphal arch. Thirteen columns supported it, and were surmounted by a great dome adorned with a sunflower, and the inscription, "To thee alone." Beyond the bridge was gathered a bevy of women and girls, who, as the President passed under the dome, came forward to greet him, singing and strewing the way with flowers. Washington was greatly touched, and thanked them in a few neatly turned sentences.

From Trenton the Huntington Horse accompanied him to Rocky Hill, where the Somerset Horse met him and escorted him to Brunswick. Thence the Middlesex Horse took him to Woodbridge, and the Essex Horse to the barge at Elizabethtown Point. Once on board, the little craft was rowed by thirteen pilots through the Kill von Kull and out into the broad bosom of the most beautiful of harbors. Around him on every side crowded an innumerable navy of trackscouts and shallops, barges and row-boats, gay with flags and black with shouting men. Before him, just visible in the distance, lay the low hills and the white houses of the great city, and as the barge sped swiftly toward them, the Spanish warship Galveston saluted with thirteen guns. The ship North Carolina replied. A third salute was fired by the artil-

lery as Washington climbed the stairs at Murray's Wharf and was welcomed by Clinton, the senators and representatives, and escorted through dense lines of cheering citizens to the house made ready for his use. At night the sky was red with bonfires, and the streets and coffee-houses full of revelers.

It was the 23d of the month. But as a few finishing touches were yet to be given to Federal Hall, the ceremonies of inauguration were put off till the 30th. On the morning of that day the people went in crowds to the churches to offer up prayers for the welfare of the new Government and the safety of the President. Precisely at noon the procession, which had been forming almost since sunrise, moved from Washington's house on Cherry Street, through Queen Street, Great Dock, and Broad Streets, to Federal Hall. As the head of the line reached the building the troops divided, and Washington was led through the midst of them to the Senate Chamber, where both houses were formally introduced to him. When the members were again seated and the noise had subsided, Adams, who had already been inaugurated, informed the President that the time had come for the administration of the oath of office. Washington rose, and followed by the members of the two houses, went out on the balcony of Federal Hall, from which he could be seen far up and down Wall Street, and by the multitude that filled Broad Street. The Chancellor of New York tendered the oath, and when the ceremony was over, turning toward the people, cried out, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" The crowd took up the cry, and amid the joyous shouts of the citizens and the roar of the

cannon on the Battery, Washington went back to the Senate Chamber and delivered his inaugural. That night there were bonfires in all the streets, and moving transparencies in the windows of the Spanish minister's house.

THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON

[1799]

[THE following account is that given by Mr. Lear, Washington's private secretary, combined with some facts given by Mr. Custis.

The Editor.]

BETWEEN two and three o'clock, on Saturday morning, December 14, he[1] awoke Mrs. Washington, and told her that he was very unwell, and had had an ague. She observed that he could scarcely speak, and breathed with difficulty, and would have got up to call a servant. But he would not permit her, lest she should take a cold. As soon as the day appeared, the woman (Caroline) went into the room to make a fire, and Mrs. Washington sent her immediately to call me. I got up, put on my clothes as quickly as possible, and went to his chamber. Mrs. Washington was then up, and related to me his being ill as before stated. I found the general breathing with difficulty, and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. He desired Mr. Rawlins (one of the overseers) might be sent for, to bleed him before the doctor could arrive. I dispatched a servant instantly for Rawlins, and another for Dr. Craik, and returned again to the general's chamber, where I found him in the same situation as I had left him.

A mixture of molasses, vinegar, and butter, was prepared, to try its effects in the throat; but he could not

[1] Washington.

swallow a drop. Whenever he attempted it, he appeared to be distressed, convulsed, and almost suffocated. Rawlins came in soon after sunrise, and prepared to bleed him. When the arm was ready, the general, observing that Rawlins appeared to be agitated, said, as well as he could speak, "Don't be afraid." And when the incision was made, he observed, "The orifice is not large enough." However, the blood ran pretty freely. Mrs. Washington, not knowing whether bleeding was proper or not in the general's situation, begged that much might not be taken from him, lest it should be injurious, and desired me to stop it; but, when I was about to untie the string, the general put up his hand to prevent it, and, as soon as he could speak, he said, "More, more." Mrs. Washington being still very uneasy, lest too much blood should be taken, it was stopped after taking about half a pint. Finding that no relief was obtained from bleeding, and that nothing would go down the throat, I proposed bathing it externally with *sal volatile*, which was done, and in the operation, which was with the hand, and in the gentlest manner, he observed, "It is very sore." A piece of flannel dipped in *sal volatile* was put around his neck, and his feet bathed in warm water, but without affording any relief.

In the mean time, before Dr. Craik arrived, Mrs. Washington desired me to send for Dr. Brown, of Port Tobacco, whom Dr. Craik had recommended to be called, if any case should ever occur that was seriously alarming.

Dr. Dick came about three o'clock, and Dr. Brown arrived soon after. Upon Dr. Dick's seeing the general,

and consulting a few minutes with Dr. Craik, he was bled again. The blood came very slow, was thick, and did not produce any symptoms of fainting. Dr. Brown came into the chamber soon after, and upon feeling the general's pulse, the physicians went out together. Dr. Craik returned soon after. The general could now swallow a little. Calomel and tartar emetic were administered, but without any effect.

The weather became severely cold, while the group gathered nearer to the couch of the sufferer. He spoke but little. To the respectful and affectionate inquiries of an old family servant, as she smoothed down his pillow, how he felt himself, he answered, "I am very ill." To Mrs. Washington he said, "Go to my desk, and in the private drawer you will find two papers — bring them to me." They were brought. Upon looking at them he observed, "These are my wills — preserve this one and burn the other," which was accordingly done.

In the course of the afternoon he appeared to be in great pain and distress, from the difficulty of breathing, and frequently changed his posture in the bed. On these occasions I lay upon the bed and endeavored to raise him, and turn him with as much ease as possible. He appeared penetrated with gratitude for my attentions, and often said, "I am afraid I shall fatigue you too much," and upon my assuring him that I could feel nothing but a wish to give him ease, he replied, "Well, it is a debt we must pay to each other, and I hope, when you want aid of this kind, you will find it."

He asked when Mr. Lewis and Washington Custis would return. (They were then in New Kent.) I told

him about the 20th of the month. The general's servant, Christopher, was in the room during the day; and in the afternoon the general directed him to sit down, as he had been standing almost the whole day. He did so. About eight o'clock in the morning, he had expressed a desire to get up. His clothes were put on, and he was led to a chair by the fire; he found no relief from that position, and lay down again about ten o'clock. About five o'clock, Dr. Craik came into the room, and, upon going to the bedside, the general said to him, "Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go. I believed, from my first attack, that I should not survive it. My breath cannot last long."

The doctor pressed his hand, but could not utter a word. He retired from the bedside, and sat by the fire absorbed in grief. Between five and six o'clock, Dr. Dick and Dr. Brown came into the room, and with Dr. Craik went to the bed, when Dr. Craik asked him if he could sit up in the bed. He held out his hand, and I raised him up. He then said to the physicians, "I feel myself going; I thank you for your attentions; but I pray you to take no more trouble about me. Let me go off quietly. I cannot last long."

About ten o'clock he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it. At length he said, "I am just going. Have me decently buried; and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead."

I bowed assent, for I could not speak.

He then looked at me again and said, "Do you understand me?"

"Yes," I replied.

"'T IS WELL," said he; the last words which he ever uttered on earth.

With surprising self-possession he prepared to die — composing his form at full length, and folding his arms on his bosom.

About ten minutes before he expired (which was between ten and eleven o'clock Saturday evening), his breathing became easier. He lay quietly; he withdrew his hand from mine, and felt his own pulse. I saw his countenance change. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire. He came to the bedside. The general's hand fell from his wrist. I took it in mine, and pressed it to my bosom. Dr. Craik put his hands over his eyes, and he expired without a struggle or a sigh, December 14, 1799, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, after an illness of twenty-four hours.

RED JACKET AND THE MISSIONARY

[End of the eighteenth century]

BY CHARLES H. L. JOHNSTON

NUMEROUS white missionaries now came to the country of the Indians, endeavoring as well as they could to establish Christianity among the savages. One of these — a missionary named Cram — made a long speech to the Senecas, telling them that there was but one religion, and unless they adopted it they could not prosper; that they had lived all their lives in darkness; and that his object in talking to them was not to get away their lands or money, but to turn them towards the true Gospel. Finally, he asked them to state their objections, if they had any, to the adoption of his religion.

He closed his address with a strong appeal to their reasoning powers, and, after he had finished speaking, the Seneca chiefs retired for a conference. After several hours of talking, Red Jacket came from the tent in which they had been seated, and striding forward, delivered the following speech, which stands as one of the greatest examples of Indian eloquence that is known to history.

"Friend and brother!" he began. "It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and he has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun and has caused the bright orb to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened so that we see clearly.

Our ears are unstopped so that we have been able to distinctly hear the words which you have spoken. For all these favors we thank the Great Spirit and him only.

"Brother! This council fire was kindled by you. It was at your request that we came together at this time. We have listened with attention to what you have said. You have requested us to speak our minds freely. This gives us great joy, for we now consider that we stand upright before you, and can speak what we think. All have heard your voice and all speak to you as one man. Our minds are agreed.

"Brother! You say that you want an answer to your talk before you leave this place. It is right that you should have one, as you are a great distance from home, and we do not wish to detain you. But we will first look back a little, and tell you what our fathers have told us, and what we have heard from the white people.

"Brother! Listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island [meaning the continent of North America — a common belief among the Indians]. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting of the sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and other animals for food. He made the bear and the deer, and their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country, and had taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his red children because he loved them. If we had any disputes about hunting grounds, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the

great waters and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, granted their request and they sat down amongst us. We gave them corn and meat. They gave us poison [spirituous liquor] in return. The white people had now found our country. Tidings were carried back and more came amongst us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We believed them and gave them a large seat. At length their numbers had greatly increased. They wanted more land. They wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquors among us. It was strong and powerful and has slain thousands.

"Brother! Our seats were once large, and yours were very small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but you are not satisfied. You want to force your religion upon us.

"Brother! Continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind; and if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right, and we are lost. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as for you, why has not the Great

Spirit given it to us; and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people?

"Brother! You say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agree, as you can all read the book?

"Brother! we do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers and has been handed down, father to son. We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers, and has been handed down to us, their children. We worship that way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive, to love each other, and to be united. We never quarrel about religion.

"Brother! The Great Spirit has made us all. But he has made a great difference between his white and red children. He has given us a different complexion and different customs. To you he has given the arts; to these he has not opened our eyes. We know these things to be true. Since he has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may not we conclude that he has given us a different religion, according to our understanding? The Great Spirit does right. He knows what is best for his children. We are satisfied.

"Brother! We do not wish to destroy your religion, or to take it from you. We only want to enjoy our own.

"Brother! You say you have not come to get our land or our money, but to enlighten our minds. I will

now tell you that I have been at your meetings and saw you collecting money from the meeting. I cannot tell what this money was intended for, but suppose it was for your minister; and if we should conform to your way of thinking, perhaps you may want some from us.

"Brother! We are told that you have been preaching to white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while, and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good and makes them honest and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again what you have said.

"Brother! You have now heard our answer to your talk, and this is all we have to say at present. As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand, and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends."

THE BURNING OF THE PHILADELPHIA

[1804]

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

[THE piratical people of the Barbary States seized the vessels of all nations that did not pay them tribute, and held officers and crews as slaves in a horrible servitude. In 1803, the American frigate Philadelphia, when blockading the harbor of Tripoli, was captured by the pirates and refitted. Decatur, with the permission of Commodore Preble, set off in a little ketch, the Intrepid, to destroy her.

The Editor.]

IT had been arranged that the attack of the ketch should be supported by the Siren's boats, but delay occurring, Decatur decided not to wait for them, remarking to his officers, "The fewer the numbers the greater the honor!" It was still early evening, and with beating hearts the men on the brig watched the little ketch speed into the harbor toward the Philadelphia.

The frigate lay swinging to the wind under the guns of the bashaw's castle, and protected on every side by the powerful land batteries and forts, mounting over one hundred and fifteen heavy guns, beside numberless smaller pieces, and manned by twenty-five thousand men. On either side, reaching toward the entrance of the harbor, like the horns of a wide crescent, were arranged three smart cruisers, two large galleys and nineteen gunboats. The group of vessels resembled an open mouth, at the back of which was the Philadelphia. Into these jaws of death Decatur boldly sent the

Intrepid. The breeze being still fresh, though dying, drags composed of buckets, spare spars, and canvas were cast astern to diminish the speed of the vessel coming on too rapidly, as any attempt to take in sail would have been suspicious. As the hours of the evening wore away, the wind fell and she crept slowly up the harbor.

The evening was balmy and pleasant, the moon in that tropic land had flooded the heavens with mystic light, bathing the minarets and towers of the sleeping town upon the shores with silver splendor; lights twinkled here and there in the white-walled city, and the Philadelphia herself was brilliantly illuminated by long rows of battle-lanterns which sent beams of yellow luster to mingle with the soft moonlight upon the sparkling water. The frigate's foremast had been cut away in the effort to get her off the reef, her topmasts were housed, and the lower yards lay athwart ship on the gunwales; the lower rigging was set up and, as it was afterward learned, all her guns were shotted. A heavy crew, probably three hundred and fifty men, was on board.

What must have been the sensations of the men in that little ketch as they glided along? To what were they going? Destruction, victory, what would be the end of it? By Decatur's orders, the men had concealed themselves by lying flat upon the decks, behind the bulwarks, rails, masts, bitts, etc., and only a few of the seamen, dressed like Sicilian sailors, with Decatur and the pilot aft to con the ship, and an old battle-scarred veteran at the wheel, were visible. Eighty-three men in a little ramshackle boat, a cockle-shell, were going into a harbor

defended by scientifically constructed and well-armed batteries, to attempt to take a thirty-eight-gun frigate full manned and armed and surrounded by a fleet of small boats carrying fifty to sixty more guns, all bearing upon the Philadelphia herself, in expectation of just such an attack; the attack itself to be delivered in the bright moonlight and in the early evening, about half after ten o'clock!

The very audacity of the conception strikes one with amazement, and to its boldness is largely due the immunity the attackers enjoyed; that anybody should attempt such a thing was absolutely incredible! The thoughts of the young men doubtless went back to home and friends, sweethearts and wives, but, with the determination of heroes, they schooled their beating hearts, nerved their resolution, and stifled any sensations of trepidation which might naturally possess them.

As they approached the Philadelphia, Decatur ordered the seaman at the wheel to head the ketch for the bows of the latter ship, determining to lay his vessel athwart the hawse of the frigate and board from thence. As they drew near, the Tripolitan hailed. By Decatur's direction the pilot answered that they were traders from Malta, who had lost their anchors in the recent storm and desired the privilege of riding by the Philadelphia for the night, i.e., attaching their boat to the frigate's cables until morning.

This not unusual request was granted as a matter of course, and after assuring the watchful Tripolitan that the brig in the offing, about which he had made inquiry, was an English schooner, the Transfer, the Siren's boat, which was swinging astern, was manned by the sailors

upon the deck and a line carried forward to the port-sheet cable. At this moment a sudden shift of wind took the ketch aback and she hung motionless, directly in line with the frigate's battery, and not forty yards away. The position was one fraught with the greatest danger. If they were discovered now they were lost. The pilot, however, by Decatur's orders, amused the enemy with descriptions of the cargo and sea gossip in his *lingua Franca*, the common language of the Mediterranean, until the boat got away, and the ketch feeling the breeze, moved forward again. The coolness and resource of their young commander had saved them. The Tripolitans with ready kindness — soon to be ill-requited — had sent a boat of their own with a cable leading from the port quarter off which they desired the ketch to lie. With great presence of mind the Americans intercepted the boat and took the cable back to the ketch themselves. The two lines were fastened together and then passed in board, where the men, lying down on the deck, grasped it in their hands without rising and lustily hauled away, breasting the Intrepid steadily in toward the frigate.

As the ketch gathered way, she shot into the moonlight between the shadows cast by the masts of the Philadelphia, when the Tripolitan commander at once discovered her anchors hanging over her bows in plain sight. Indignant at the deception which had been practiced, but still unsuspicious of the true character of the stranger, he ordered the fasts immediately to be cut; at the same moment some of his crew discovered the men upon the decks of the ketch. The alarm was instantly given. The cry, "Americanos, Americanos!" rang out over the water. The Americans sprang to their

feet, and though the ketch at this time lay directly under the broadside of the Philadelphia, and could have been blown out of the water by her heavy guns, disregarding their peril in their wild desire for action after their long restraint, they gave such a pull upon the line that before it could be cut the ketch had sufficient way to strike the side of the Philadelphia, where eager hands at once made her fast. Not an order had been given nor a sound made.

Decatur now shouted the command, "Boarders away!" and sprang at the main chains. Midshipmen Morris and Laws, who were beside him, leaped forward at the same instant. Laws dashed in through a port, but the pistols in his boarding-belt caught between the gun and the port-sill, the foot of Decatur slipped, and Charles Morris was the first man to stand upon the deck of the Philadelphia. A second after, the other two men were with him, and the rest of the crew poured in over the rail, and with cutlasses or boarding-pikes, charged down upon the astonished Tripolitans. The weapons werecold steel, the watchword, "Philadelphia." No firearms were used, for Preble's strict orders had been to "carry all with the sword."

Without cheers and with desperate energy the little band dashed at the masses of astonished and terrified men before them, and the whistle of the cutlasses, the ring of steel against steel, the thud of the pike as it buried itself in some beating heart, alone gave evidence of the fell purpose of the stern boarders.

Their attack was pressed home with such vigor that the Americans could not be denied; forming a line from bulwark to bulwark they cleared the deck. After a short

but fierce resistance, in which upward of twenty Tripolitans were killed, those remaining on the upper deck jumped overboard, where many of them were killed by Anderson and his boat crew, or were drowned; others concealing themselves below to meet a worse fate later. A similar scene was enacted on the gun-deck by Lawrence, Bainbridge, Macdonough, and others, during and following the action above. Only the watch-word in the darkness and excitement had prevented several of the Americans from attacking each other. In ten minutes the ship was captured. Not an American had been wounded, so far.

Decatur would have given half his life to have brought her out, and many naval officers have believed that he could have done so. It would have been a matter of extreme difficulty in face of the dangers, especially as there was not a yard crossed nor a sail bent; and as he had received positive orders not to attempt it, he had to obey. The ketch had been filled with combustibles, and they were immediately passed on board. The crew had been divided into several different parties, and each body of men, under the direction of an officer, had been carefully instructed just what was to be done. With remarkable speed and order each group proceeded to its appointed station, and, speedily arranging the inflammable matter, applied the torch.

So rapidly was this done that those charged with the duty of starting the fires below were almost cut off from escape by the flames and smoke from the conflagration above. In less than thirty minutes the ship was on fire in every direction, and the Americans had regained the ketch! Decatur was the last man to leave the Philadel-

phia. The bow-fast and the grapnels on the Intrepid were hastily cut, the sweeps manned, and instant endeavor was made to get clear. For some unaccountable reason, however, the ketch clung to the frigate. Broad sheets of flame came rushing out from the latter's ports and played over the deck of the Intrepid. The situation was serious. It was the most critical moment of the enterprise. All the powder on the Intrepid, in default of a magazine, was stored upon the deck, covered only by a tarpaulin, over which the flames were roaring. In another moment they would be blown up. They retained their presence of mind, however, and soon discovered that the stern-fast had not been cast off. Decatur and others sprang upon the taffrail in the midst of the flames, and as no axes were at hand, hacked the line asunder with their swords. The Intrepid was clear. After a few lusty strokes, which carried them a little distance away, the men stopped rowing and gave three hearty American cheers. They waited until success was achieved and then, in the midst of further danger, gave tongue to their emotions — a signficant action!

At the same moment the startled Tripolitans awoke to life. The minutes of stupor with which they had witnessed the attack, which they hardly comprehended, gave place to energy. The rolling of the drums upon the shore mingled with the wild shouts and cries of the excited soldiery. Lights appeared upon the parapets and immediately the roar of a heavy gun, which sent a shell over the ketch, broke the silence. As if this had been a signal, every battery and every vessel in the harbor awoke to action and commenced a furious cannonade.

Solid shot, shells, canister, and grape shrieked and screamed in the air about the devoted Intrepid, casting up beautiful *jets-d'eau* upon the surface of the bay, which the flames from the burning Philadelphia rendered as light as day. The Americans, having cheered to their hearts' content, bent to their oars, and with such energy as they probably never had used before, they speedily fled from the harbor.

The spectacle they were leaving was one of awe-inspiring magnificence. The frigate, from her long cruise in the tropic latitude, was as dry as paper, and burned like tinder. The flames ran up the lofty spars in lambent columns and clustered about the broad tops in rosy capitals of wavering and mysterious beauty. As the fire spread, the guns of her battery became heated, and in sullen succession they poured forth their messengers of death upon the harbor and the affrighted town toward which the starboard broadside bore. It was a death-song and a last salute, for, as the eager watchers gazed in melancholy triumph upon the results of their own destructive handiwork, she drifted ashore, and with a frightful explosion, which seemed to rend the heavens and surface the sky with fire, she blew up! A moment of silence supervened, which was broken by the roar of the batteries resuming the cannonade.

Strange to say, the Intrepid passed through the fusillade unharmed, one man being slightly wounded, and a grapeshot passing through a sail. The moon had set, and the eager watchers on the Siren finally lost track of the vessel in the darkness. Their burning anxiety as to her fate was not relieved until a boat dashed alongside and a manly figure, clad in a sailor's rough jacket, and grimed

with smoke, sprang on board, triumphantly announcing their safe arrival. It was Decatur!

[In 1815, Decatur succeeded in compelling the Dey to abandon his attacks on American vessels, to surrender his prisoners, and pay for all property destroyed.]

THE TRIALS OF THE BRITISH MINISTER IN JEFFERSON'S ADMINISTRATION

[1803–1809]

BY JAMES PARTON

THE system of precedence was abolished.

This was settled at a Cabinet meeting early in the first term, when the whole barbarous code of precedence was swept away. These rules were substituted: 1. Residents to pay the first visit to strangers; and among strangers, whether native or foreign, first comers call first upon later comers. To this rule there was allowed one exception: "Foreign ministers, from the necessity of making themselves known, pay the first visit to the Secretary of State, which is returned." 2. "When brought together in society, all are perfectly equal, whether foreign or domestic, titled or untitled, in or out of office." The President amplified these rules thus: "The families of foreign ministers, arriving at the seat of government, receive the first visit from those of the national ministers, as from all other residents. Members of the legislature and of the judiciary, independent of their offices, have a right as strangers to receive the first visit. No title being admitted here, those of foreigners give no precedence. Difference of grade among the diplomatic members gives no precedence. At public ceremonies to which the Government invites the presence of foreign ministers and their families, a convenient seat or station will be provided for them, with any other

strangers invited, and the families of the national ministers, each taking place as they arrive, and without any precedence. To maintain the principle of equality, or of *pêle-mêle*, and prevent the growth of precedence out of courtesy, the members of the Executive will practice at their own houses, and recommend an adherence to, the ancient usages of the country, of gentlemen in mass giving precedence to the ladies in mass, in passing from one apartment where they are assembled into another."

All this, with the friendly, humane usages that grew out of it, or were akin to it, agreeable as it was to most persons, shocked some ladies, and offended all men who owed their importance solely to rank or office. Mr. Jackson, English minister in 1809, being a gentleman of sense and good humor, was amused and pleased, during his first conference with President Madison (which proved to be very long), when a "negro servant brought in some glasses of punch and a seed-cake," just as might have been done in a farmhouse of the day; but his wife lamented that her husband, after having been accustomed "to treat with the civilized governments of Europe," should have to negotiate with the "savage democrats" of America. It so chanced that the British minister from 1803 to 1809, with whom Jefferson had most to do, Merry by name but not by nature, was a fanatic of etiquette; and it appears, that, previous to his presentation to the President, he had not heard of the businesslike manner in which the affairs of the White House were conducted. He was stunned at the manner of his reception. It made an impression upon his mind which neither explanation nor the lapse of years could even soften, much less obliterate. And, really, when we

consider that he had passed his life at courts where the nod, the smile, the frown, the glance, the tone, the silence, the presence, the absence, of the head of the Government, were matters of importance, to be noted, recorded, transmitted, and weighed, we ought not to laugh at this Mr. Merry as we do. Besides, as Mr. Jefferson remarks, "Poor Merry had learned nothing of diplomacy but its suspicions, without head enough to distinguish when they were misplaced." Nevertheless, he comes down to us borne on a pillow of laughter, and he remains to this day one of the stock-jests of Washington. Thus he recounted his woes, three years after the event, to Mr. Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, the ablest Federalist in Congress and one of the worthiest:—

"I called on Mr. Madison, who accompanied me officially to introduce me to the President. We went together to the mansion-house, I being in full official costume, as the etiquette of my place required on such a formal introduction of a minister from Great Britain to the President of the United States. On arriving at the hall of audience, we found it empty; at which Mr. Madison seemed surprised, and proceeded to an entry leading to the President's study. I followed him, supposing the introduction was to take place in the adjoining room. At this moment Mr. Jefferson entered the entry at the other end, and all three of us were packed in this narrow space, from which, to make room, I was obliged to back out. In this awkward position my introduction to the President was made by Mr. Madison. Mr. Jefferson's appearance soon explained to me that the general circumstances of my reception had not been accidental, but studied. I, in my official costume, found

myself, at the hour of reception he had himself appointed, introduced to a man as President of the United States, not merely in an undress, but ACTUALLY STANDING IN SLIPPERS DOWN AT THE HEELS, and both pantaloons, coat, and under-clothes indicative of utter slovenliness and indifference to appearances, and in a state of negligence actually studied. I could not doubt that the whole scene was prepared and intended as an insult, not to me personally, but to the sovereign I represented."

It is just possible that Mr. Jefferson thought, that morning, of the time when Gouverneur Morris kicked his heels four months in London waiting for the promised answer of the British Government to as reasonable and urgent a communication from President Washington as one government ever made to another, and then had to leave England without getting it. Possibly, also, it *did* happen to occur to his memory that Mr, Adams had been kept vainly waiting three years in England for a reply to the same proposals. Perhaps, too, he remembered the period when he was himself presented to the King of England by Mr. Adams, and the king froze to them both; an example which was followed by the "king's friends," and society generally, so that it required courage for a courtier to show them anything more than cold civility at an evening party. And this, while they were only asking the king to stay the bloody ravages of the Indians by giving up the seven posts within the boundaries of their country. He *may*, too, have thought of the time when he, as Secretary of State, would send an important communication to the British minister at Philadelphia, and wait many months for an,

answer; but if *he* failed to answer a letter within three or four days, he would be "goaded" by a second. Perhaps he thought the time had come to show the Federalists that he did not accept Great Britain at her own valuation, and did not believe she was fighting the battle of man and liberty against Bonaparte. It may be, too, that he, knowing the childish politics of Europe, and what ridiculous importance was attached there to trifles, may have paused before ringing for a pair of shoes not down at the heels, and wondered if his old slippers, duly reported to Bonaparte, might not drive another nail into the bargain for Louisiana, just concluded by Mr. Livingston and Mr. Monroe, to the great joy of President and people. All these thoughts *may* have flitted through the President's mind, and held back his hand from the bell-rope; but, in all probability, he had no thoughts of the kind, and only wore the clothes he usually did while at work. . . .

But poor Merry's troubles were not yet at an end. He and his wife dined one day at the White House; and, when dinner was announced, the President offered his arm to the lady nearest him at the moment, Mrs. Madison — not to Mrs. Merry, who was on the other side of the room! Insult upon insult! "Poor Merry" made such an outcry at this in Washington that Mr. Madison deemed it best to explain the circumstances to Monroe, the American minister in London, that he might be prepared to meet Merry's version. Mr. Merry did relate his grievances to the English Minister for Foreign Affairs; who, however, forbore to mention it to Monroe. If he had, Monroe was ready for him; for, besides being fully alive to the humor of the affair, he had seen, a few

weeks before, in an official London drawing-room, the wife of an under-Secretary of State accorded precedence over his own. Mrs. Merry went no more to the White House, and her husband went only when official duty compelled. But nothing could tire the placable good nature of Jefferson. Sometime after, desirous to restore social intercourse, he caused Mr. Merry to be informally asked whether he and his wife would accept an invitation to a family dinner at the President's house; and receiving, as he understood, an affirmative intimation, Mr. Jefferson sent the invitation, written with his own hand. Merry rose to his opportunity. He wrote to the Secretary of State, asking whether the President of the United States had invited hfm as a private gentleman or as British plenipotentiary; for, if as a private gentleman, he must obtain the king's permission before he could accept; if in his official character, he must have an assurance that he would be treated with the respect due to it. Madison, with short civility, waived the solution of this problem, and the matter dropped. But it was not till 1809 that British interests in America were confided to abler hands.

Some other points of public etiquette were now settled on rational principles once and forever. The fussy incompetents recently in power had been concerned to know the relation which the President sustained to the Governors of States,— precisely how much more exalted a President was than a Governor, the exact degree of deference a Governor would show a President, and the forms in which deference should be expressed. In July, 1801, the Governor of Virginia asked the President to indicate the etiquette which he thought should

regulate the communications between the State Governments and the general Government. His reply in substance was: Let there be *no* special etiquette. Between President and Governor, each being the supreme head of an independent government, no difference of rank can be admitted. They are equals. Let us continue, then, as in General Washington's time, to write freely, just as public business requires, and with no more ceremony than obvious propriety and convenience dictate. "If it be possible," he said, "to be certainly conscious of anything, I am conscious of feeling no difference between writing to the highest and lowest being on earth."

THE CLERMONT'S FIRST ADVERTISEMENT

[LONG before the end of the eighteenth century, there were attempts to navigate by steam power, but for the lack of a practical steam engine they failed. In 1782, James Watt produced his engine, and then experimenters were numerous in both England and America. A boat made by John Fitch in America reached the speed of seven knots an hour. In 1797, Robert Fulton, a Pennsylvania boy of Irish parents, succeeded in building the Clermont, whose trial trip took place on the Hudson River, August 7, 1807. In less than a month, as is seen by the following advertisement, she was making regular trips between New York and Albany. Fulton can hardly be said to have invented steam navigation; but he was certainly the first to make it a practical and financial success.

The Editor.]

THE PUBLIC IS INFORMED HOW TO TAKE PASSAGE ON THE CLERMONT

SEPT. 2ND, 1807.

THE North River Steamboat will leave Paulus Hook ferry on Friday, 4th of September, at 6 in the morning, and arrive at Albany on Saturday in the afternoon. Provisions, good berths, and accommodations are provided.

The charge to each passenger as follows:—

To Newburg	3 Dolls	— Time,	14	hours.
" Poughkeepsie	4 "	"	17	"
" Esopus	4½ "	"	20	
" Hudson	5 "	"	30	"
" Albany	7	"	36	"

For places apply to Wm. Vandervoort, No. 48 Courtland Street, on the corner of Greenwich Street.

II
THE WAR OF 1812

HISTORICAL NOTE

To prevent England from interfering with American commerce and from exercising what she claimed to be her "right of search," war was declared against Great Britain in 1812. This was an audacious act, for England had sixty times as many warships as the United States, and, although she was also at war with France at the time, she had a large and well-trained army.

In this war the advantage on land was with the British and on the sea with the Americans. The attempts of the United States to invade Canada were defeated by the land battles of Queenstown Heights and Lundy's Lane, and the counter-attacks on the Northwest Territory and on Northern New York were frustrated by Perry's naval victory on Lake Erie and McDonough's on Lake Champlain.

On the ocean, especially in the first part of the war, the Americans won a series of brilliant victories, and the exploits of the Constitution, the Wasp, the United States, and the Essex aroused the wildest enthusiasm throughout the country. But by the close of the war superior numbers enabled the British to establish a blockade of the principal ports that kept most of the American frigates idly at anchor.

In the summer of 1814, a British fleet sailed up the Chesapeake Bay and landed a force of soldiers that entered Washington with little difficulty and burned the government buildings. Napoleon having been dethroned, the British were able to send more soldiers to America. Early in 1815, a strong force of Wellington's veterans attempted to capture New Orleans, but were defeated with heavy loss by a small force of riflemen under General Jackson. This battle was unnecessary, as news was on the way of a treaty of peace that had been signed at Ghent two weeks before. By the terms of the treaty matters were left as they were before the war, but as the struggle with Napoleon was over, England had no further occasion to assert her "right of search."

WHAT CAUSED THE SECOND WAR WITH ENGLAND

[1812]

BY AGNES C. LAUT

ENGLAND was hard-pressed in a life-and-death struggle with Napoleon. To recruit both army and navy, conscription was rigidly and ruthlessly enforced. Yet more! England claimed the right to impress British-born subjects in foreign ports, to seize deserters in either foreign ports or on foreign ships, and, most obnoxious of all, to search neutral vessels on the ocean highway for deserters from the British flag. It was an era of great brutality in military discipline. Desertions were frequent. Also thousands of immigrants were flocking to the new nation of the United States and taking out naturalization papers. England ignored these naturalization papers when taken out by deserters.

Let us see how the thing worked out. A passenger vessel is coming up New York Harbor. An English frigate with cannon pointed swings across the course, signals the American vessel on American waters to slow up, sends a young lieutenant with some marines across to the American vessel, searches her from stem to stern, or compels the American captain to read the roster of the crew, forcibly seizes half a dozen of the American crew as British deserters, and departs, leaving the Americans gasping with wonder whether they are a free nation or a tail to the kite of English designs. It need

not be explained that the offense was often aggravated by the swaggering insolence of the young officers. They considered the fury of the unprepared American crew a prime joke. In vain the Government at Washington complained to the Government at Westminster. England pigeonholed the complaint and went serenely on her way, searching American vessels from Canada to Brazil.

Or an English vessel has come to Hampton Roads to wood and water. An English officer thinks he recognizes among the American crews men who have deserted from English vessels. Three men defy arrest and show their naturalization papers. High words follow, broken heads, and broken canes, and the English crew are glad to escape the mob by rowing out to their own vessel.

Is it surprising that the ill-feeling on both sides accumulated till there lacked only the match to cause an explosion? The explosion came in 1807. H.M.S. Leopard, cruising off Norfolk in June, encounters the United States ship Chesapeake. At 3 P.M. the English ship edges down on the American, loaded to the water-line with lumber, and signals a messenger will be sent across. The young English lieutenant going aboard the Chesapeake shows written orders from Admiral Berkeley of Halifax, commanding a search of the Chesapeake for six deserters. He is very courteous and pleasant about the disagreeable business: the orders are explicit; he must obey his admiral. The American commander is equally courteous. He regrets that he must refuse to obey an English admiral's orders, but his own Government has given *most* explicit orders that American vessels must *not* be searched. The young Englishman returns with serious face. The ships were within pistol-shot of each

other, the men on the English decks all at their guns, the Americans off guard, lounging on the lumber piles. Quick as a flash a cannon shot rips across the Chesapeake's bows, followed by a broadside, and another, and yet another, that riddle the American decks to kindling-wood before the astonished officers can collect their senses. Six seamen are dead and twenty-three wounded when the Chesapeake strikes her colors to surrender; but the Leopard does not want a captive. She sends her lieutenant back, who musters the four hundred American seamen, picks out four men as British deserters, learns that another deserter has been killed and a sixth has jumped overboard rather than be retaken, takes his prisoners back to the Leopard, which proceeds to Halifax, where they are tried by court-martial and shot.

It is n't exactly surprising that the episode literally set the United States on fire with rage, and that the American President at once ordered all American ports closed to British war vessels. The quarrel dragged on between the two Governments for five years. England saw at once that she had gone too far and violated international law. She repudiated Admiral Berkeley's order, offered to apologize and pension the heirs of the victims; but *as she would not repudiate either the right of impressment or the right of search,* the American Government refused to receive the apology.

Other causes fanned the flame of war. The United States was now almost the only nation neutral in Napoleon's wars. To cripple English commerce, Napoleon forbids neutral nations trading at English ports. By way of retaliation England forbids neutral nations trading with French ports; and the United States strikes

back by closing American ports to both nations. It means blue ruin to American trade, but the United States cannot permit herself to be ground between the upper and nether millstones of two hostile European powers. Then, sharp as a gamester playing his trump card, Napoleon revokes his embargo in 1810, which leaves England the offender against the United States. Then Governor Craig of Canada commits an error that must have delighted the heart of Napoleon, who always profited by his enemy's blunders. Well-meaning, but fatally ill and easily alarmed, Craig sends one John Henry from Montreal in 1809 as spy to the United States for the double purpose of sounding public opinion on the subject of war, and of putting any Federalists in favor of withdrawing from the Union in touch with British authorities. Craig goes home to England to die. Henry fails to collect reward for his ignoble services, turns traitor, and sells the entire correspondence to the war party in the United States for ten thousand dollars. That spy business adds fuel to fire. Then there are other quarrels. A deserter from the American army is found teaching school near Cornwall in Canada. He is driven out of the little backwoods schoolhouse, pricked across the field with bayonets, out of the children's view, and shot on Canadian soil by American soldiers, an outrage almost the same in spirit as the British crew's outrage on the Chesapeake. Also, in spite of apologies, the warships clash again. The English sloop Little Belt is cruising off Cape Henry in May of 1811, looking for a French privateer, when a sail appears over the sea. The Little Belt pursues till she sights the commodore's blue flag of the United States frigate President, then she turns about;

but by this time the President has turned the tables on the little sloop, and is pursuing to find out what the former's conduct meant. Darkness settles over the two ships beating about the wind.

"What sloop is that?" shouts an officer through a speaking-trumpet from the American's decks.

"What ship is *that*?" bawls back a voice through the darkness from the little Englander.

Then, before any one can tell who fired first (in fact, each accuses the other of firing first), the cannon are pouring hot shot into each other's hulls till thirty men have fallen on the decks of the Little Belt. Apologies follow, of course, and explanations; but that does not remedy the ill. In fact, when nations and people want to quarrel, they can always find a cause. War is declared in June of 1812 by Congress.

HOW WINFIELD SCOTT RESCUED THE IRISHMEN

BY JAMES BARNES

[In 1812, General Scott, then a young lieutenant-colonel of twenty-six years, was taken prisoner by the British at the battle of Queenstown.

The Editor.]

Scott was in the cabin of the transport when he heard a loud voice demanding admission from the sentry at the cabin door and insisting upon the right to see him. This the sentry vigorously denied. Scott hastened to the sentry's side, and there found one of his own men, much excited. With some difficulty he quieted him and found out what was the matter.

"They're sorting out every man who's got a bit of a brogue, sir," cried the soldier, who showed a trace of his ancestry in his speech, "and they are going to send them over the seas to be tried for high treason. There's young Tom McCullough, who, the same as myself, was born in Norfolk, and McCurdy, who was born in New York; and they declare that all will be hanged for fighting against the king."

Now it happened that there were a number of Irishmen who were actually born in Ireland, but had emigrated to America and had enlisted in the American ranks. There were even among the non-commissioned officers a few hardy old veterans of the Revolution who could claim the Emerald Isle as the place of their birth.

Scott saw that his presence on deck was at once necessary. He was placed under no restraint on board the vessel, and so, brushing by the sentry, in two leaps he was up the ladder and stood on the quarter-deck. There he saw the prisoners, numbering over two hundred, standing under a guard of marines in the waist. An officer was calling their names from a list in his hand. Twenty-three men had already been separated from the others, and stood to one side with forlorn and disconsolate looks. They had already been told off as prisoners, to be detained and sent to England for trial. Scott stood out on the deck before them. The officer looked up from the paper he was reading.

"Well, sir?" he asked. "What can I do for you?"

"You can explain," Scott replied, "the reason for this discrimination. I was led to understand that all of the men placed aboard this vessel were to be sent to the United States for exchange."

"There are some traitors here," the officer replied; "subjects of His Majesty, who have been taken in arms against him. And we are led to believe that there are also not a few deserters from our service. We have a right to investigate."

"I deny that right, sir," Scott replied. "A man who enlists in the army of the United States and fights as provided under the Constitution becomes a citizen, and is entitled to all privileges and protection, and I warn you, sir, that the interests of every man shall be looked after."

"You forget your position, sir," replied the officer hotly; "you're a prisoner, and I order you below to the cabin."

"I am on my parole," Scott thundered, "and you can send me to my cabin by the use of force only, for I decline to go. It is my privilege to look after the personal safety of my men."

The officer waved his hand toward the twenty-three disconsolate ones who stood lined up against the bulwarks.

"This is my answer," he replied. "These Irish renegades are traitors, and will be tried as such. Any more of their ilk will suffer the same fate. Thomas McNulty," he read in a loud voice from the list he had in his hand.

Scott now turned to the Americans.

"If there is a man named NcNulty among you," he said, "I order him not to step forward, and as your commanding officer, I order not one of you to reply to a question addressed to you by any British officer aboard this ship in any manner whatever. They cannot force you to speak. Therefore keep silent!"

The men looked at their tall leader with hope mingled with admiration. Had he said the word, unarmed as they were, they would have thrown themselves upon the marined guard that at a whispered order from a young red-coated lieutenant had brought their pieces to the ready.

"I know my rights, I tell you," Scott added, "and though a prisoner, they still exist. Let these men be returned as they were before."

"No," replied the officer; "these we are sure of — twenty-three traitors who will suffer traitors' fates."

Turning to the officer of the guard, he ordered that the unfortunate men collected should be taken off in the longboat waiting alongside and put on shore to be transferred to another ship.

Scott's anger was now beyond all bounds. Stretching himself to his full height, he pointed to the poor fellows that were being hustled toward the gangway.

"Observe you this," he said; "for every one of those men an Englishmen will be set apart to abide the sentence placed upon them. My country does not forget those who serve her in time of need."

Then walking over to where the prisoners were, he swept through the marines, and grasped some of his men by their extended hands.

"Good-bye, my lads," he said; "don't fear! Keep up your courage; no harm shall come to you."

With that he turned, and, acknowledging the salute of his own men, who stood at attention with their fingers to their cap brims, he went below. In a few minutes the ship was under way.

It is a peculiar characteristic of the good officer and natural soldier that his men are always his first thought. Over and above all else should be their interest and welfare, and let private soldiers once understand that this is the case, and duty is exalted to almost a religion; affection and a desire to serve take the place of instilled obedience. Self-sacrifice becomes a pleasure. A handful of men animated by this spirit will fight harder than thrice their number without it.

Scott always had this peculiar gift; he would call upon men for almost superhuman endeavor, and under his leadership they never failed to respond.

As soon as he reached Boston, Scott went on to Washington, and in a short time was exchanged. He drew up a report of the occurrence on board the cartel and informed the Secretary of War of the matter, and

this very same day a report was presented to Congress, and immediately a passage of an act of retaliation followed. This was on March 3, 1813. Scott never allowed himself to forget and never lost sight of the unfortunate Irishmen. In the latter part of May, at the capture of Fort George, where many prisoners were taken, he picked out twenty-three as hostages to receive the same punishment that should be meted out to his own brave soldiers. Much unnecessary suffering followed perhaps, for the English retaliated; but Scott's prompt redemption of his promise saved his Irish troops. A strange sequel to this occurrence took place. Two years afterward — when he was on leave of absence and recovering from his wounds — he was passing one of the piers on the East River, New York City, when suddenly he heard the sound of loud cheering. Stopping for an instant, he found himself surrounded by a lot of excited men, some of whom rushed forward, endeavoring to take his hand, or even to touch him. They were the same twenty-three who had just that moment been landed after their long imprisonment. They almost crushed their still weak and wounded general in their arms, so great was their enthusiasm and gratitude. It might be mentioned that he wrote to the Department at Washington on their behalf, claiming full pay for their services during the time of their imprisonment and soliciting patents for land bounty. Both petitions, it is pleasing to record, were granted.

ON THE CAPTURE OF THE GUERRIERE

BY PHILIP FRENEAU

LONG the tyrant of our coast
  Reigned the famous Guerrière;
Our little navy she defied,
  Public ship and privateer:
On her sails in letters red,
To our captains were displayed
Words of warning, words of dread,
"All who meet me, have a care!
  I am England's Guerrière."

On the wide, Atlantic deep
  (Not her equal for the fight)
The Constitution, on her way,
  Chanced to meet these men of might;
On her sails was nothing said,
But her waist the teeth displayed
That a deal of blood could shed,
  Which, if she would venture near,
  Would stain the deck of the Guerrière.

Now our gallant ship they met —
  And, to struggle with John Bull —
Who, had come, they little thought,
  Strangers, yet, to Isaac Hull:
Better soon to be acquainted:
Isaac hailed the Lord's anointed —

While the crew the cannon pointed,
And the balls were so directed
With a blaze so unexpected;

Isaac so did maul and rake her
That the decks of Captain Dacre
Were in such a woful pickle
As if death with scythe and sickle,
With his sling, or with his shaft
Had cut his harvest fore and aft.
Thus, in thirty minutes ended,
Mischiefs that could not be mended;
Masts, and yards, and ship descended,
All to David Jones's locker —
Such a ship in such a pucker!

Drink a bout to the Constitution!
She performed some execution,
Did some share of retribution
For the insults of the year
When she took the Guerrière.
May success again await her,
Let who will again command her,
Bainbridge, Rodgers, or Decatur —
Nothing like her can withstand her,
With a crew like that on board her
Who so boldly called "to order"
One bold crew of English sailors,
Long, too long our seamen's jailors,
Dacre and the Guerrière!

THE SHANNON AND THE CHESAPEAKE

[1813]

BY THOMAS TRACY BOUVÉ

THE captain of the Shannon came sailing up the bay,
A reeling wind flung out behind his pennons bright and gay;
His cannon crashed a challenge; the smoke that hid the sea
Was driven hard to windward and drifted back to lee.

The captain of the Shannon sent word into the town:
Was Lawrence there, and would he dare to sail his frigate down
And meet him at the harbor's mouth and fight him, gun to gun,
For honor's sake, with pride at stake, until the fight was won?

Now, long the gallant Lawrence had scoured the bitter main;
With many a scar and wound of war his ship was home again;
His crew, relieved from service, were scattered far and wide,
And scarcely one, his duty done, had lingered by his side.

But to refuse the challenge? Could he outlive the shame?
Brave men and true, but deadly few, he gathered to his fame.

Once more the great ship Chesapeake prepared her for the fight, —
"I'll bring the foe to town in tow," he said, "before to-night!"

High on the hills of Hingham that overlooked the shore,
To watch the fray and hope and pray, for they could do no more,
The children of the country watched the children of the sea
When the smoke drove hard to windward and drifted back to lee.

"How can he fight," they whispered, "with only half a crew,
Though they be rare to do and dare, yet what can brave men do?"
But when the Chesapeake came down, the Stars and Stripes on high,
Stilled was each fear, and cheer on cheer resounded to the sky.

The Captain of the Shannon, he swore both long and loud:
"This victory, where'er it be, shall make two nations proud!
Now onward to this victory or downward to defeat!
A sailor's life is sweet with strife, a sailor's death as sweet."

And as when lightnings rend the sky and gloomy thunders roar,

And crashing surge plays devil's dirge upon the stricken shore,
With thunder and with sheets of flame the two ships rang with shot,
And every gun burst forth a sun of iron crimson-hot.

And twice they lashed together and twice they tore apart,
And iron balls burst wooden walls and pierced each oaken heart.
Still from the hills of Hingham men watched with hopes and fears,
While all the bay was torn that day with shot that rained like tears.

The tall masts of the Chesapeake went groaning by the board;
The Shannon's spars were weak with scars when Broke cast down his sword;
"Now woe," he cried, "to England, and shame and woe to me!"
The smoke drove hard to windward and drifted back to lee.

"Give them one breaking broadside more," he cried, "before we strike!"
But one grim ball that ruined all for hope and home alike
Laid Lawrence low in glory, yet from his pallid lip
Rang to the land his last command: "Boys, don't give up the ship!"

The wounded wept like women when they hauled her ensign down.

THE UNITED STATES

Men's cheeks were pale as with the tale from Hingham
to the town
They hurried in swift silence, while toward the eastern
night
The victor bore away from shore and vanished out of
sight.

Hail to the great ship Chesapeake! Hail to the hero
brave
Who fought her fast, and loved her last, and shared her
sudden grave!
And glory be to those that died for all eternity;
They lie apart at the mother-heart of God's eternal sea.

HOW PERRY SAVED THE NORTHWEST

[1813]

BY CHARLES MORRIS

[In 1813, Oliver Hazard Perry, a young naval officer who had never seen an engagement, was sent to Lake Erie to build a fleet from trees then standing in the forest, and to conquer the British vessels on the lake.

The Editor.]

In a moment everybody was astir; the boatswains' whistles called the men to the capstans, and at the command of "Up anchor" the vessels were soon free to move. But the wind was unfavorable for leaving the harbor, and the crews had to resort to oars in aid of their sails. The instructions to the commanding officers chiefly consisted in the brief but famous one of Nelson: "If you lay your enemy close alongside you cannot be out of place."

On reaching the open waters the enemy was sighted five or six miles away, and the ships were headed towards him, though the light and uncertain wind interfered much with progress. Perry for some time sought to gain the windward position, but at length gave up the effort and decided to square away under the lee of the islands, replying to the sailing-master's remonstrance that this would bring him to leeward of the enemy: "I don't care, to windward or to leeward; they shall fight to-day."

But again the wind shifted, this time a favorable change to the south, and the Americans, now having

the weather gauge, were put before it and ran down with free sheets upon the enemy. The ships were formed in line of battle on the plan decided upon, and all hands ordered to clear them for action. In the midst of this a roll of bunting was brought up from below and handed to Perry. On unfolding it, there were seen in great white letters upon a blue field Lawrence's dying words: "Don't give up the ship!"

"My brave lads," said Perry to his men, "this flag bears the last words of Captain Lawrence. Shall I hoist it?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" came in a hearty response, and up to the main truck sped the significant flag.

It was now about ten o'clock. The wind continued light, and a broad space still divided the two fleets. To hearten the men for the work before them Captain Perry now ordered food and the usual allowance of grog to be served. The mess kits were then cleared away and needful precautions for the coming fight taken, such as drenching the decks with water to render harmless any loose powder that might be scattered, and sprinkling a layer of sand so as to give the men a good footing even if the decks were wet with blood.

Barclay meanwhile had hove to his ships and was awaiting the Americans, the vessels drawn up in close array, in a line square across the wind, the little Chippewa and the big Detroit at the head. Against these Perry advanced in the Lawrence, his flagship, the little Ariel and Scorpion leading the way. With these he headed for the Detroit, leaving the remainder of his fleet to come up as rapidly as possible and to deal with the other British craft.

All being thus disposed, the squadron moved slowly onward before the light and baffling wind, Perry pacing his deck impatiently, stopping at intervals for a word to the gun crews, all of whom he found eagerly preparing for the fray. At one gun were men from the Constitution, the most of them stripped to the waist and with handkerchiefs tied round their heads to keep their hair out of their eyes.

"I need not say anything to you," he remarked; "you know how to beat those fellows."

At another gun stood some of his old gunboat men.

"Ah, here are the Newport boys!" he said cheerily; "they will do their duty, I warrant."

The cheers he got in response showed well the spirit of the men.

The vessels of the squadron rather drifted than sailed towards the enemy, and as noon approached the nearest vessels were still a mile apart, while the rear of the American fleet lay far behind. Far separated as the flagships now were, almost beyond the range of the best guns of that day, the impatience of the British gunners had grown beyond restraint, and a gun roared from the Detroit, its ball plunging into the water before reaching its goal. In a minute or two more a second ball, with better aim, came crashing through the bulwarks of the Lawrence. The battle was on.

Through all this frightful turmoil Perry stood on his quarter-deck, cheering on his men, his little brother beside him, with no evidence of fear on his face. As they stood, two musket-balls passed through the boy's hat; then a splinter was driven through his clothing; finally he was knocked headlong across the deck, and Perry's

face paled at the sight. But it proved to be only a flying hammock that had struck him, and in a minute he was on his feet again.

"All the officers in my division are cut down," said Lieutenant Yarnall, his face covered with blood from a splinter that had been driven through his nose; "can I have others?"

Others were given him, and he went forward again. In a short time he was back with a similar request.

"I have no more officers to give you," said Perry; "you must make out by yourself."

He did make out, aiming and firing the guns with his own hands — a duty which Perry himself was later forced to perform, like Paul Jones of old. He kept at this until he had not enough men on the quarter-deck to aim and fire the one gun left in service. Going to the hatchway, he asked for a man from the surgeon. One was sent, and two others in succession, but still Perry was obliged to repeat the demand.

"There is not another man left to go," said the surgeon.

"Then are there none of the wounded who can pull on a rope?"

At this appeal three men crawled up the hatchway ladder to help with the gun-tackles. These, with aid from the purser and chaplain, rolled the gun out, while Perry aimed and fired it.

This was the last gun fired from the Lawrence. The next broadside from the enemy left not a single gun that could be worked. The vessel itself was a wreck. Her bowsprit and masts had been in great part shot away, while her hull was riddled. Only fourteen men remained

unhurt in her crew of more than a hundred. Twenty had been killed. But the American flag and the blue banner, with its motto, "Don't give up the ship!" floated still, and Perry remained inspired by its spirit. For two hours he had kept up a fight seemingly hopeless from the start, and he was still far from the thought of surrender.

During these two fateful hours the Niagara had kept out of the battle, but now, with a fresher breeze in her sails, she was coming briskly up, headed for the right of the British line. Her route would take her a quarter of a mile or more from the Lawrence. The sight of this unharmed vessel aroused a new hope in the mind of the gallant commander. On her deck he might be able to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Action quickly followed thought. Throwing off the blue jacket he had so far worn, he put on his uniform coat and ordered a boat with four men to be lowered on the side of the Lawrence out of the fiery storm. His boy brother sprang into the boat with the men.

"Yarnall," he said to his faithful lieutenant, "I leave the Lawrence in your charge, with discretionary power. You may hold out or surrender, as your judgment and the circumstances shall dictate."

Then, taking his pennant and the broad banner, with the Lawrence motto, which had been hauled down and given him, he climbed down into the boat and ordered his men to pull away for the Niagara. As soon as the boat was seen from the British fleet and the purpose of the American commander guessed, every gun that could be brought to bear was turned upon it, the water all around being churned by round-shot, grape, canister,

and musket-balls. Through this torrent of shot Perry stood erect in the stern of his boat, intent on inspiring his men with courage, the flag and pennant draped round his shoulders. As they neared their goal a round-shot plunged through the side of the boat. Perry took off his coat and plugged the hole with it, and thus the side of the Niagara was reached.

The crisis of the battle was now reached. Stepping on the deck of this fresh ship, amid the loud cheers of the crew, Perry saw at a glance that a splendid opportunity to turn defeat into victory was in his hands.

"How goes the day?" asked Elliott. Distance had prevented his seeing for himself.

"Bad enough," replied Perry. "Why are the gunboats so far astern?"

"I'll bring them up."

"Do so."

Springing into the boat that had brought Perry up, Elliott rowed away. As he did so Perry's pennant and the blue flag of the Lawrence were hauled aloft, bringing ringing cheers from every American ship except the Lawrence herself, on which Yarnall, not having a gun that could be fired, hauled down his flag to prevent the useless butchery of his crew.

On all other vessels hope had replaced doubt and dismay. Putting up his helm, Perry drove his new flagship square for the British squadron, which was now so bunched that in a few minutes he was in its midst, firing from one battery into the Chippewa and Lady Prevost, from the other into the Detroit, Hunter, and Queen Charlotte. The effect of the close fire on them was disastrous. Already severely injured by the guns of the

Lawrence, this hot fire from a fresh ship was annihilating. The Detroit and the Queen Charlotte tried to swing around and meet him, but fouled each other, while Perry, ranging ahead, rounded to and raked them both.

The other American vessels were joining in as they came within range, and Barclay stood aghast at the slaughter and destruction hurled on his hitherto seemingly victorious ships. The crew of the Lady Prevost fled from the deck, leaving their commander, Lieutenant Buchan, alone on the quarter-deck with bleeding limbs and staring eyes. The tempest of shot and the torrent of destruction were more than even British valor could stand, and eight minutes after Perry's signal dash into their line a man came to the rail of the British flagship, waving a white handkerchief tied to a boarding-pike. It was the signal of surrender. Perry was victor in one of the greatest battles of the war.

Two of the British vessels sought to escape, the Chippewa and the Little Belt, but they were pursued by the Scorpion and the Trippe and brought in as captives, Captain Champlin, on the Scorpion, as he had fired, the first, now firing the last, gun in the fight.

In honor of the good ship in which his great struggle had been made, Captain Perry accepted the surrender of the British officers on the deck of the Lawrence, amid the frightful scene of ruin and carnage which it presented. But the British had left as frightful scenes on their own decks, for the Niagara had amply avenged her consort in the destruction wrought.

This narrative might be prolonged much farther, but

we must close it with the famous dispatch to General Harrison, in which Perry announced his victory: —

"We have met the enemy and they are ours — two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop."

The news of the victory spread with great rapidity through the nation, and was everywhere received with enthusiastic rejoicing, for it was felt that it had definitely turned back the tide of British success in that quarter and saved the settlers of the Northwest from the terrible visitation of the Indian allies of the British. Harrison, aided by Perry, followed it up with an invasion of Canada, found Proctor and his army in retreat, and completely defeated them at the battle of the Thames, Tecumseh, the Indian leader, being killed. The Northwest was saved.



THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

FROM AN ENGRAVING

THE difficulties under which Commodore Perry labored were almost as great in building his fleet as in winning his famous victory. R. M. Devens says: —

"At Presque Isle, ninety miles west of Buffalo, a peninsula extending a considerable distance into the lake encircles a harbor, on the borders of which was the port of Erie. At this place, Commodore Perry was directed to locate, and superintend a naval establishment, the object of which was to create a superior force on the lake. The difficulties of building a navy in the wilderness can only be conceived by those who have experienced them. There was nothing at this spot out of which it could be built but the timber of the forest. Shipbuilders, sailors, naval stores, guns, and ammunition were all to be transported by land, in wagons, and over bad roads, a distance of four hundred miles, either from Albany by the way of Buffalo, or from Philadelphia by the way of Pittsburg. But under all these embarrassments, by the first of August, 1813, Commodore Perry had provided a flotilla, consisting of the ships Lawrence and Niagara, of twenty guns each, and seven smaller vessels, to wit, one of four guns, one of three, two of two, and three of one.

"While the ships were building, the enemy frequently appeared off the harbor and threatened their destruction; but the shallowness of the water on the bar, there being but five feet, prevented their approach. The same cause, which insured the safety of the vessels while building, seemed likely to prevent their being of any service when completed. The two largest drew several feet more water than there was on the bar. The inventive genius of Perry, however, surmounted this difficulty. He placed large scows on each side of these two, filled them so that they sank to the water-edge, then attached them to the ships by strong pieces of timber, and pumped out the water. The scows, in this way, buoyed up the ships, enabling them to pass the bar in safety. This operation was performed in the very eyes of the enemy."

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

[1814]

BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

[NEVER has a patriotic poem come so directly out of the thunder of battle as did the "Star-Spangled Banner." Just before the bombardment of Fort McHenry, its author was sent to the British flagship to arrange for an exchange of prisoners. Here he was obliged to remain until the close of the attack. All through the night he watched the bursting of the shells, but in the first dim gray of the morning his vigil was rewarded, for the flag of the United States was still waving over the fort. Then it was that the poem was written.

The Editor.]

O SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

THE UNITED STATES

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'T is the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

TECUMSEH, THE INDIAN BRIGADIER-GENERAL

[1813]

BY CHARLES H. L. JOHNSTON

In the fighting of the War of 1812 this great chief showed that he could lead an army almost as well as a white man. His military talent was so great that he was made a brigadier-general, a position, which, to my knowledge no other American Indian has ever held among white troops, except General Ely S. Parker, who commanded a detachment of regulars in the Army of the Potomac during the War of the Rebellion. The celebrated Shawnee fought bravely at a fierce fight at Brownston, and was also at the siege of Detroit, with about seven hundred warriors, when this city capitulated to the British. The whole American frontier was open to the ravages of the Indians and English after this event, and under General Proctor, the combined forces of redskins and redcoats swept down upon the border fortress of Fort Meigs, and here captured a number of prisoners, although they did not take the stockade.

The Indians under Tecumseh numbered about eighteen hundred in the fighting at this place, and, giving way to their instincts, they tomahawked all that they could. General Proctor made no attempt to stop them, but was looking calmly at their fiendish work, when he saw Tecumseh galloping forward at great speed. Reaching the scene of slaughter, the savage leaped from his

horse, and seizing two Indians by the throat, knocked them to the ground. Then, drawing his tomahawk and scalping-knife, he cried out: "He of you who injures another prisoner will be killed by Tecumseh. How dare you wreak vengance upon defenseless men? Cowards! Begone!" Cowed by his consuming wrath, the savages slunk away, while the great chief, turning to Proctor, said: "Why, General, did you not stop this awful massacre?"

"Sir," replied the British general, "your Indians cannot be restrained."

"Begone!" thundered Tecumseh. "You are not fit to command! Go home and put on the petticoat of a squaw."

Shortly after this the celebrated Shawnee noticed a small group of Indians near by, who were standing about some prisoners.

"Yonder are four of your people who have been taken prisoners," said Colonel Elliot to him. "You may do as you please with them."

Tecumseh, therefore, walked over the the group and found four Shawnees, who, while fighting on the side of the Americans, had been unable to escape the British regulars, and had been captured.

"Friends," said he, "Colonel Elliot has placed you in my charge, and I will send you back to your nation to have a talk with your people." So saying, he took them with him for some distance, and then sent two of his warriors to accompany them to their own chiefs, where they were discharged, under the promise that they would never fight again against the British during the war.

The disasters to the Americans led the Government to collect a larger army, which was placed under the command of General Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe. Captain Oliver H. Perry built a fleet in Lake Erie, sailed out to attack the British boats, and defeated them. When he had done so, Harrison moved upon Fort Malden, where both Proctor and Tecumseh were stationed. The former burned the fort and retreated with Tecumseh's Indians, meaning to join the other British forces at Niagara, but before the retreat (when Harrison was at Fort Meigs) Tecumseh had sent him a personal challenge, which ran: —

GENERAL HARRISON, — I have with me eight hundred braves. You have an equal number in your hiding place. Come out with them and give me battle. You talked like a brave when we met at Vincennes, and I respected you, but now you hide behind logs, and in earth, like a ground-hog. Give me answer!

TECUMSEH.

Harrison, however, refused to come out, and, as Proctor decided to retreat, Tecumseh seriously meditated a withdrawal from the contest.

"You always told us that you would never draw your foot off British ground," said he to the English commander. "Now, father, we see that you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father's conduct to a fat dog which carries its tail on its back, but, when affrighted, drops it between its legs and runs off. Father, listen! The Americans have not yet defeated

us by land, neither are we sure that they have done so by water; we, therefore, wish to remain here and fight our enemy, should he make his appearance. If we are defeated, we will then retreat with our father.

"Father, you have got the arms and ammunition which our great father sent to his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us and you may go, and welcome. For us, our lives are in the hand of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

But Proctor would listen to no such talk, and pretended, from time to time, that he would halt and give battle. Much to the chagrin of the redskins, he kept on moving. Finally he halted on the river Thames, in Michigan, near a Moravian town, and told Tecumseh that he would fight it out here with the advancing Americans. The great chief, himself, chose the ground for battling, with a marsh on one flank and a stream upon the other. "Brother warriors," said he to his chiefs, "we are about to enter an engagement from which I shall, doubtless, never return; my body will remain upon the field of battle." Then unbuckling his sword, he handed it to a chief, remarking: "When my son becomes a noted warrior, and able to wield a sword, give this to him."

Proctor had placed his guns in the highway and had deployed his regulars between them and a little marsh. Another marsh was five hundred yards farther on, to the right, and here the Indians under Tecumseh were stationed, together with some British regulars. The rest of the Indians were sent out in front, upon the extreme

right, in a position just in front of the swampy bottom of the larger marsh. The ground was nearly covered with an open growth of trees, without underbrush, so that there was little impediment to fighting. Harrison, as he came up, placed his mounted infantry in front, for this was his strongest force, composed of a splendid body of Kentucky frontiersmen under Colonel Richard M. Johnson, all of whom were well used to border warfare. The infantry was in the rear, with a considerable body on the left flank, turned at right angle to the line, so as to face the Indians in the marsh. They were told to advance at the blast of the bugle and to fight as they had done at Tippecanoe — commands which they obeyed quite faithfully. At the shrill note of the horn the horsemen trotted forward. Then, as the British regulars began to pepper them with bullets, they gave a wild cheer, galloped on, and soon were charging right into the lines of the English.

Proctor knew that he was badly wanted by the Americans, because of his numerous massacres of defenseless non-combatants, and so leaped into a two-horse vehicle in order to escape. But a dozen well-mounted men galloped after him, and seeing that he was about to be captured, the faint-hearted Britisher jumped to the earth, took to the woods, and got safely off. Tecumseh's men, meanwhile, stood their ground and did not, at first, give way before the American advance. But soon the savages posted upon the extreme right before the marsh ran wildly into the woods. The valiant Tecumseh was shot in the arm, but, disdaining to fly, stood up manfully, while his wild, inspiring war-whoop was loudly heard above the din of battle. Thus

he was holding his own men to their work, when the Kentucky cavalry, having dispersed Proctor's regulars, returned to the field of battle. Forming for the attack, they rushed, with a wild cheer, upon the mixed battalion of reds and whites. Johnson, himself, was soon near the great chief and shot at him with his pistol. Tecumseh fell, whether from this shot, or not, is not definitely known. The tide of conflict rolled by the prostrate form of the mighty Shawnee, and, with fierce cheers of victory, the Americans chased the now routed British and Indians into the forest, securing a complete and overwhelming victory.

Near the battlefield, where a large oak lay prostrate by a willow marsh, the faithful Shawnees buried Tecumseh, after the American army, flushed with success, returned to the United States. The British Government granted a pension to the widow of the noted warrior, and to his son gave a sword. The willows and rosebushes now grow thick above the mound where repose, in silence and solitude, the ashes of the mighty chief of the Shawnees. He struggled in vain against the inevitable, and his simple grave is only one of the many monuments which mark the restless, overwhelming advance of the conquering Americans. He fought a good fight. His fame is secure upon the golden pages of history.

THE PRIVATEERS OF 1812

WILLIS J. ABBOT

THE declaration of war had hardly been made public, when the hundreds of shipyards from Maine to Savannah resounded with the blows of hammers and the grating of saws, as the shipwrights worked, busily refitting old vessels, or building new ones, destined to cruise against the commerce of John Bull. All sorts of vessels were employed in the service. The Atlantic and Gulf coasts fairly swarmed with small pilot-boats, mounting one long gun amidships, and carrying crews of twenty to forty men. These little craft made rapid sallies into the waters of the Gulf Stream, in search of British West Indiamen homeward bound. Other privateers were huge three-masters, carrying heavy batteries, and able to outsail any of the enemy's ships. On leaving port for a long cruise, these vessels would carry enormous crews, so that captured vessels might be manned and sent home. After a successful cruise, such a privateer returned to port seldom bringing more than one fifth of the crew with which she had set out. But the favorite rig for a privateer was that of the topsail schooner, — such a rig as the Enterprise carried during the war with France. The famous shipyards of Baltimore turned out scores of clean-cut, clipper-built schooners, with long, low hulls and raking masts, which straightway took to

[1] From *A Naval History of the United States*, Copyright (U.S.A.), 1886, 1887, 1888, 1896, by Dodd, Mead & Company.

the ocean on privateering cruises. The armament of these vessels generally consisted of six to ten carronades and one long pivot-gun, going by the pet name of "Long Tom," mounted amidships. The crew was usually a choice assortment of cut-throats and seafaring vagabonds of all classes, — ready enough to fight if plunder was to be gained, but equally ready to surrender if only honor was to be gained by fighting. Yet history records a few actions in which the privateersmen showed a steadiness and courage worthy of seamen of the regular service.

One of the first things to attract the attention of the reader, in the dingy files of some newspaper of 1812–15, is the grotesque names under which many of the privateers sailed. The grandiloquent style of the regular navy vanishes, and in its place we find homely names; such as Jack's Favorite, Lovely Lass, Row-Boat, Saucy Jack, or True-blooded Yankee. Some names are clearly political allusions, — as the Orders in Council, and the Fair Trade. The Black Joke, the Shark, and the Anaconda must have had a grim significance for the luckless merchantmen who fell a prey to the vessels bearing these names. Bunker Hill and Divided We Fall, though odd names to sail under, seemed to bring luck to the two vessels, which were very successful in their cruises. United We Stand was a luckless craft, however, taking only one prize; while the achievements of the Full-blooded Yankee and the Sine Qua Non were equally limited. Of the Poor Sailor, certainly little was to be expected; and it is with no surprise that we find she captured only one prize.

Among the most successful privateers was the Rossie, of Baltimore, commanded by the Revolutionary veteran,

Captain Barney, who left her, finally, to assume command of the American naval forces of Chesapeake Bay. She was a clipper-built schooner, carrying fourteen guns, and a crew of one hundred and twenty men. The destruction wrought by this one cruiser was enormous. In a ninety days' cruise she captured, sunk, or otherwise destroyed British property to the amount of a million and a half dollars, and took two hundred and seventeen prisoners. All this was not done without some hard fighting. One prize — His Britannic Majesty's packet-ship Princess Amelia — was armed with nine-pounders, and made a gallant defense before surrendering. Several men were killed, and the Rossie suffered the loss of her first lieutenant. The prisoners taken by the Rossie were exchanged for Americans captured by the British. With the first body of prisoners thus exchanged, Barney sent a cool note to the British commander at New Brunswick, assuring him that before long a second batch of his captured countrymen should be sent in.

Perhaps the foremost of all the fighting privateers was the General Armstrong, of New York; a schooner mounting eight long nines and one long twenty-four on a pivot. She had a crew of ninety men, and was commanded on her first cruise by Captain Guy R. Champlin. This vessel was one of the first to get to sea, and had cruised for several months with fair success, when in March, 1813, she gave chase to a sail off the Surinam River, on the coast of South America. The stranger seemed to evince no great desire to escape; and the privateer soon gained sufficiently to discover that the supposed merchantman was a British sloop-of-war, whose long row of open ports showed that she carried

twenty-seven guns. Champlin and his men found this a more ugly customer than they had expected; but it was too late to retreat, and to surrender was out of the question: so, calling the people to the guns, Champlin took his ship into action with a steadiness that no old naval captain could have exceeded. "Close quarters and quick work," was the word passed along the gun-deck; and the Armstrong was brought alongside her antagonist at a distance of half pistol-shot. For nearly an hour the two vessels exchanged rapid broadsides; but, though the American gunners were the better marksmen, the heavy build of the sloop-of-war enabled her to stand against broadsides which would have cut the privateer to pieces. Captain Champlin was hit in the shoulder early in the action, but kept his station until the fever of his wound forced him to retire to his cabin. However, he still continued to direct the course of the action; and, seeing that the tide of battle was surely going against him, he ordered the crew to get out the sweeps and pull away from the enemy, whose rigging was too badly cut up to enable her to give chase. This was quickly done; and the General Armstrong, though badly injured, and with her decks covered with dead and dying men, escaped, leaving her more powerful adversary to repair damages and make the best of her way home. Captain Champlin, on his arrival at New York, was the hero of the hour. For a privateer to have held out for an hour against a man-of-war was thought a feat worthy of praise from all classes of men. The merchants of the city tendered the gallant captain a dinner, and the stockholders in his vessel presented him with a costly sword.

But the General Armstrong was destined to fight yet another battle, which should far eclipse the glory of her first. A new captain was to win the laurels this time; for Captain Champlin's wound had forced him to retire, and his place was filled by Captain Samuel C. Reid. On the 26th of September, 1814, the privateer was lying at anchor in the roadstead of Fayal. Over the land that inclosed the snug harbor on three sides waved the flag of Portugal, a neutral power, but unfortunately one of insufficient strength to enforce the rights of neutrality. While the Armstrong was thus lying in the port, a British squadron, composed of the Plantagenet, seventy-four, the Rota, thirty-eight, and Carnation, eighteen, hove in sight, and soon swung into the harbor and dropped anchor. Reid watched the movements of the enemy with eager vigilance. He knew well that the protection of Portugal would not aid him in the least should the captain of that seventy-four choose to open fire upon the Armstrong. The action of the British in coming into the harbor was in itself suspicious, and the American had little doubt that the safety of his vessel was in jeopardy. While he was pacing the deck, and weighing in his mind the probability of an assault by the British, he caught sight of some unusual stir aboard the hostile ships. It was night; but the moon had risen, and by its pale light Reid saw four large barges let fall from the enemy's ships, and, manned by about forty men each, make toward his vessel. In an instant every man on the privateer was called to his post. That there was to be an attack was now certain; and the Americans determined not to give up their vessel without at least a vigorous attempt to defend her. Reid's first act was to warp his

craft under the guns of a rather dilapidated castle, which was supposed to uphold the authority of Portugal over the island and adjacent waters. Hardly had the position been gained when the foremost of the British boats came within hail, and Captain Reid shouted, "Boat ahoy! What boat's that?" No response followed the hail; and it was repeated, with the warning, "Answer, or I shall fire into you." Still the British advanced without responding; and Reid, firmly convinced that they purposed to carry his ship with a sudden dash, ordered his gunners to open on the boats with grape. This was done, and at the first volley the British turned and made off. Captain Reid then warped his vessel still nearer shore; and bending springs on her cable, so that her broadside might be kept always toward the enemy, he awaited a second attack. At midnight the enemy were seen advancing again, this time with fourteen barges and about five hundred men. While the flotilla was still at long range, the Americans opened fire upon them with the heavy "Long Tom"; and, as they came nearer, the full battery of long nine-pounders took up the fight. The carnage in the advancing boats was terrible; but the plucky Englishmen pushed on, meeting the privateer's fire with volleys of musketry and carronades. Despite the American fire, the British succeeded in getting under the bow and quarter of the Armstrong, and strove manfully to board; while the Americans fought no less bravely to keep them back. The attack became a furious hand-to-hand battle. From behind the boarding-nettings the Americans thrust pikes, and fired pistols and muskets, at their assailants, who, mounted on each other's shoulders, were hacking fiercely at the nettings

which kept them from gaining the schooner's deck. The few that managed to clamber on the taffrail of the Armstrong were thrust through and through with pikes, and hurled, thus horribly impaled, into the sea. The fighting was fiercest and deadliest on the quarter; for there were most of the enemy's boats, and there Captain Reid led the defense in person. So hot was the reception met by the British at this point that they drew off in dismay, despairing of ever gaining the privateer's deck. Hardly did Reid see the enemy thus foiled on the quarter when a chorus of British cheers from the forecastle, mingled with yells of rage, told that the enemy had succeeded in effecting a lodgment there. Calling his men about him, the gallant captain dashed forward and was soon in the front rank of the defenders, dealing furious blows with his cutlass, and crying out, "Come on, my lads, and we'll drive them into the sea." The leadership of an officer was all that the sailors needed. The three lieutenants on the forecastle had been killed or disabled, else the enemy had never come aboard. With Reid to cheer them on, the sailors rallied, and with a steady advance drove the British back into their boats. The disheartened enemy did not return to the attack, but returned to their ships, leaving behind two boats captured and two sunk. Their loss in the attack was thirty-four killed and eighty-six wounded. On the privateer were two killed and seven wounded.

But the attack was not to end here. Reid was too old a sailor to expect that the British, chagrined as they were by two repulses, were likely to leave the privateer in peace. He well knew that the withdrawal of the barges meant not an abandonment, but merely a short

discontinuance, of the attack. Accordingly he gave his crew scarcely time to rest, before he set them to work getting the schooner in trim for another battle. The wounded were carried below, and the decks cleared of splinters and wreckage. The boarding-nettings were patched up, and hung again in place. "Long Tom" had been knocked off his carriage by a carronade shot, and had to be remounted; but all was done quickly, and by morning the vessel was ready for whatever might be in store for her. The third assault was made soon after daybreak. Evidently the enemy despaired of his ability to conquer the privateersmen in a hand-to-hand battle; for this time he moved the brig Carnation up within range, and opened fire upon the schooner. The man-of-war could fire nine guns at a broadside, while the schooner could reply with but seven; but "Long Tom" proved the salvation of the privateer. The heavy twenty-four-pound shots from this gun did so much damage upon the hull of the brig that she was forced to draw out of the action; leaving the victory, for the third time, with the Americans.

But now Captain Reid decided that it was folly to longer continue the conflict. The overwhelming force of the enemy made any thought of ultimate escape folly. It only remained for the British to move the seventy-four Plantagenet into action to seal the doom of the Yankee privateer. The gallant defense already made by the Americans had cost the British nearly three hundred men in killed and wounded; and Reid now determined to destroy his vessel and escape to the shore. The great pivot-gun was accordingly pointed down the main hatch, and two heavy shots sent crashing through the

bottom. Then applying the torch, to make certain the work of destruction, the privateersmen left the ship, giving three cheers for the gallant General Armstrong, as a burst of flame and a roar told that the flames had reached her magazine.

This gallant action won loud plaudits for Captain Reid when the news reached the United States. Certainly no vessel of the regular navy was ever more bravely or skillfully defended than was the General Armstrong. But, besides the credit won for the American arms, Reid had unknowingly done his country a memorable service. The three vessels that attacked him were bound to the Gulf of Mexico, to assist in the attack upon New Orleans. The havoc Reid had wrought among their crews, and the damage he inflicted upon the Carnation, so delayed the New Orleans expedition, that General Jackson was able to gather those motley troops that fought so well on the plains of Chalmette. Had it not been for the plucky fight of the lads of the General Armstrong, the British forces would have reached New Orleans ten days earlier, and Pakenham's expedition might have ended very differently.

A narrative of the exploits of, and service done by, the American sailors in the War of 1812, would be incomplete if it said nothing of the sufferings of that great body of tars who spent the greater part of the war season confined in British prisons. Several thousand of these were thrown into confinement before the war broke out, because they refused to serve against their country in British ships. Others were prisoners of war. No exact statistics as to the number of Americans thus imprisoned have ever been made public; but the records of one great

prison — that at Dartmoor — show that, when the war closed, six thousand American seamen were imprisoned there, twenty-five hundred of whom had been detained from long before the opening of the war, on account of their refusal to join the ranks of the enemy. As I write, there lies before me a quaint little book, put out anonymously in 1815, and purporting to be the "Journal of a Young Man captured by the British." Its author, a young surgeon of Salem, named Waterhouse, shipped on a Salem privateer, and was captured early in the war. His experience with British prisons and transport ships was long; and against his jailors he brings shocking charges of brutality, cruelty, and negligence.

The Yankee seamen who were captured during the war were first consigned to receiving-prisons at the British naval stations in America. Sometimes these places of temporary detention were mouldering hulks, moored in bays or rivers; sometimes huge sheds hastily put together, and in which the prisoners were kept only by the unceasing vigilance of armed guards. "The prison at Halifax," writes Waterhouse, "erected solely for the safe-keeping of prisoners of war, resembles an horse-stable, with stalls, or stanchions, for keeping the cattle from each other. It is to a contrivance of this sort that they attach the cords that support those canvas bags or cradles, called hammocks. Four tiers of these hanging nests were made to hang, one above the other, between these stalls, or stanchions. . . . The general hum and confused noise from almost every hammock was at first very distressing. Some would be lamenting their hard fate at being shut up like negro slaves in a Guinea ship, or like fowls in a hen-coop, for no crime, but for fighting

the battles of their country; others, late at night, were relating their adventures to a new prisoner; others, lamenting their aberrations from rectitude, and disobedience to parents, and headstrong willfulness, that drove them to sea, contrary to their parents' wish; while others, of the younger class, were sobbing out their lamentations at the thoughts of what their mothers and sisters suffered after knowing of their imprisonment. Not unfrequently the whole night was spent in this way; and when, about daybreak, the weary prisoner fell into a doze, he was waked from his slumber by the grinding noise of the locks, and the unbarring of the doors, with the cry of 'Turn out! All out!' when each man took down his hammock, and lashed it up, and slung it on his back, and was ready to answer to the roll-call of the turnkey."

From prisons such as this the prisoners were conveyed in droves to England, in the holds of men-of-war and transports. Poorly fed, worse housed, and suffering for lack of air and room, their agony on the voyage was terrible. When they were allowed a few hours' time on deck, they were sure to arouse the anger of the officers by turbulent conduct or imprudent retorts. "One morning as the general and captain of the Regulus [transport] were walking as usual on the quarter-deck, one of our Yankee boys passed along the galley with his kid of burgoo. He rested it on the hatchway while he adjusted the rope ladder to descend with his swill. The thing attracted the attention of the general, who asked the man how many of his comrades ate of that quantity for their breakfast. 'Six, sir,' said the man, 'but it is fit food only for hogs.' This answer affronted the cap-

tain, who asked the man in an angry tone, 'What part of America he came from?' 'Near to Bunker Hill, sir, if you ever heard of that place,' was the answer." On another occasion, a Yankee and a slightly wounded British marine got into a dispute, and came to blows. The British captain saw the occurrence, and accused the American of cowardice in striking a wounded man. "I am no coward, sir," said the Yankee. "I was captain of a gun on board the Constitution when she captured the Guerrière, and afterward when she took the Java. Had I been a coward, I should not have been there."

On one occasion the prisoners on the transport Crown Prince, lying in the river Medway, took an uncontrollable dislike to the commander of a second transport lying close alongside. Their spite was gratified quickly and with great effect. The rations served out to the luckless captives of that time consisted of fish and cold potatoes. The latter edible, being of rather poor quality, the prisoners reserved for missiles; and the obnoxious officer could not pace his quarter-deck without being made a mark for a shower of potatoes. Vainly did he threaten to call up his marines and respond with powder and lead; the Americans were not to be kept down; and for some days the harassed officer hardly dared to show himself upon deck.

The place of final detention for most of the prisoners taken in the war with America was Dartmoor Prison; a rambling collection of huge frame buildings, surrounded by double walls of wood. The number of prisoners confined there, and the length of time which many of them had spent within its walls, gave this place many of the characteristics of a small State, with rulers and

officials of its own. One of the strangest characters of the prison was King Dick, a gigantic negro, who ruled over the five or six hundred prisoners. "He is six feet five inches in height," says one of the prisoners, "and proportionally large. This black Hercules commands respect, and his subjects tremble in his presence. He goes the rounds every day, and visits every berth, to see if they are all kept clean. When he goes the rounds, he puts on a large bear-skin cap, and carries in his hand a huge club. If any of his men are dirty, drunken, or grossly negligent, he threatens them with a beating; and if they are saucy, they are sure to receive one. They have several times conspired against him, and attempted to dethrone him; but he has always conquered the rebels. One night several attacked him while asleep in his hammock: he sprang up, and seized the smallest by his feet, and thumped another with him. The poor negro, who had thus been made a beetle of, was carried the next day to the hospital, sadly bruised, and provokingly laughed at." King Dick, to further uphold his dignity as a monarch, had his private chaplain, who followed his royal master about, and on Sundays preached rude but vigorous sermons to His Majesty's court. On week-days the court was far from being a dignified gathering. King Dick was a famous athlete, and in the cock-loft, over which he reigned, was to be seen fine boxing and fencing. Gambling, too, was not ruled out of the royal list of amusements; and the cries of the players, mingled with the singing of the negroes, and the sounds of the musical instruments upon which they played, made that section of the prison a veritable pandemonium.

But although some few incidents occurred to brighten

momentarily the dull monotony of the prisoners' lot, the life of these unfortunate men, while thus imprisoned, was miserable and hateful to them. Months passed, and even years, but there seemed to be no hope for release. At last came the news of the declaration of peace. How great then was the rejoicing! Thoughts of home, of friends and kindred, flooded the minds of all; and even strong men, whom the hardships of prison-life had not broken down, seemed to give way all at once to tears of joy. But the delays of official action, "red-tape," and the sluggishness of travel in that day, kept the poor fellows pent up for months after the treaty of peace had been announced to them. Nor were they to escape without suffering yet more severely at the hands of their jailors. Three months had passed since peace had been declared; and the long delay so irritated the prisoners, that they chafed under prison restraint, and showed evidences of a mutinous spirit. The guards, to whom was intrusted the difficult task of keeping in subjection six thousand impatient and desperate men, grew nervous, fearing that at any moment the horde of prisoners would rise and sweep away all before them. An outbreak was imminent; and the prisoners were like a magazine of gunpowder, needing but a spark of provocation to explode. On April 6, 1815, matters reached a crisis. The soldiers, losing all presence of mind, fired on the defenseless Americans, killing five men and wounding thirty-four. Thus the last blood shed in the War of 1812 was the blood of unarmed prisoners. But the massacre, horrible and inexcusable as it was, had the effect of hastening the release of the survivors; and soon the last of the captives was on his way home.

THE "HORSE-MARINES" OF 1814

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER

[DURING the latter part of the War of 1812, the British maintained a rigorous blockade of the Atlantic Coast.
The Editor.]

THE interruption of the coasting trade was indeed a very serious affair. For years past that trade had given occupation to thousands of coasters and tens of thousands of sailors. The shoes made at Lynn, the Yankee notions of Connecticut, the cotton cards, the domestic cottons, the playing-cards, produced in New England, the flour of the Middle States, the East India goods brought in from abroad, had found a ready market at Charleston, Savannah, and Augusta, whence great quantities of rice and cotton were brought North. On the arrival of the British fleet this trade, no longer to be carried on in safety by water, began, of necessity, to be carried on by land. At first some merchants at Boston, having chartered a few wagons, dispatched them with loads to Philadelphia, and even to Baltimore. This was enough. The hint was taken. A new industry sprang up, and by the early summer the roads leading southward exhibited one continuous stream of huge canvas-covered wagons tugged along by double and triple teams of horses or of oxen. No distance was then too great, and hundreds of them wound their way from Salem and Boston to Augusta and Savannah. An estimate made toward the close of the year places the number of wagons

thus employed at four thousand, and the number of cattle, horses, and oxen at twenty thousand. Nor does this seem excessive; for a traveler who drove from New York to Richmond declares that he passed two hundred and sixty wagons on the way.

Such was the stream that the good people of the New England towns along the post-road from Boston to New York, scandalized at the wagons that went creaking through their streets every Sabbath, cried out that the tithing-men must do their duty. Since the days of the turnpike and quick-packet stage the laws against traveling on the Sabbath had, even in Connecticut, been suffered to go unenforced. Here and there, indeed, a tithing-man of the old school would quiet his conscience by calling out, Sunday after Sunday, to the driver of the regular four-horse Boston packet, as, loaded with passengers and with steeds at full gallop, it came clattering down the main streets of his native village. But no driver was foolish enough to heed him, and the matter was forgotten by the time the cloud of dust raised by the coach had settled. His inability to cope, single-handed, with a coach and four at full speed satisfied the town that he had done his utmost to enforce the law. But no such excuse applied to a heavily loaded wagon drawn by six oxen, driven by one man on foot, and the law began to be rigorously applied. In Fairfield and Weathersfield that was especially the case, and these two towns soon became the dread of every wagoner whom Fate brought to them on Sunday.

Delays of this sort, coupled with the more serious detentions caused by the unfitness of the wretched ferry-boats on the great rivers to do the work they were thus

suddenly called on to perform, did much to prolong the journey, which must at best have been slow. Even at New York, which now boasted of a steam ferry-boat to Paulus Hook, as many as eight and fifteen wagons were often to be seen drawn up in line at the ferry waiting a chance to cross. On several occasions the wagons stood for three days in the street, and so obstructed travel that the teamsters were arrested and fined ten dollars each for blocking the highways. During the summer, when the roads were at their best, the trip from Boston to Baltimore was made in twenty-six days, from Baltimore to Richmond in ten days, and from Baltimore to Augusta in thirty-three days. Two months were thus consumed on the road between Boston and Augusta. From New York to Augusta the journey was usually made in fifty days, and from Philadelphia in forty-five. That merchants whose cargoes of boots and shoes, whose boxes of India goods, cotton goods, tinware, hardware, and fancy goods were thus entrusted to the honesty of unknown wagoners should be most anxious to follow them in their slow progress southward, was most natural. It was seriously suggested, therefore, that the owners of the wagons should name them, as in the case of ships, keep a rough log in which to enter the names of other wagons met on the road, their destination and their condition, and report to the newspapers of each town and city they passed through. All this information should then be published and copied by newspaper after newspaper for the benefit of shippers. This was done, and in a few weeks every wagon had a name, serious or humorous, according to the temper of the owner. There was Teazer and Split-Log, Commerce

Renewed and Old Times, Neptune Metamorphosed, Toe-the-Mark, Mud-Clipper, Sailor's Misery, Cleopatra, Tecumthe, Serveall, Jefferson's Pride, and Don't give up the Ship. Entering into the humor of the thing, others procured great streamers bearing the words, "Free Trade and Teamsters' Rights," "Free Trade and Oxen's Rights," "No Impressment," and hung them to the sides of their wagons. Taking up the jest, the newspapers now began to record the arrival and departure of the wagons in the columns once devoted to ship news, under the headings, "Horse-Marine Intelligence," "Horse-and-Ox Marine News," "Jeffersonian Commerce." Every wagon team was a "fleet of fast-sailing wagons," to be regularly "cleared" at each city on its route. Every teamster now became a "captain," whose adventures on the way were duly published as a log in some such form as this: "Port of Salem. Arrived the three-horse-ship Dreadnaught, Captain David Allen, sixteen days from New York. Spoke in the latitude of Weathersfield the Crispin, Friend Alley master, from New York, bound homeward to Lynn, but detained and waiting trial for breach of the Sabbath." "The late northeaster has laid an embargo on many wagons. Saw several scudding under bare poles." "Sunday, seventeenth instant, at eleven A.M., Weathersfield meeting-house bearing west, northerly twenty rods, the graves just under our lee, was boarded from a Government cutter called the Tithing-Man, who put a prize-master on board and ordered us to the first tavern. There, notwithstanding the law that free gigs made free passengers, was detained till midnight, when, upon paying the innkeeper's fees, was released." Others

contain accounts of "boardings" and "overhaulings" and "searchings" by custom-house officers, who are invariably called "*douaniers*" by the Federalists' prints. If the cargo was not of English make and smuggled, the teamster would submit with a good grace, and perhaps even court investigation.

Thus a story was told of a wagoner who, when stopped and asked, "What are you loaded with?" replied, "Quintals of pollock, casks of oil, and dry goods from Eastport." "Dry goods from Eastport!" exclaimed the *douanier;* "they must be smuggled!"

The wagoner protested that they were of American make; but the boxes were broken open, and were found to contain, not Yorkshire broadcloth and Irish linens, but dried herrings.

That all these things should go unnoticed by the verse-makers and ballad-writers of the day was impossible. Indeed, they seized upon the opportunity with eagerness, and provided the new captains with as fine a set of catches as had ever belonged to their brethren of the sea.

The favorite was a parody of that stirring hymn of Campbell which begins, "Ye mariners of England, that guard our native seas!"

Ye wagoners of Freedom,
  Whose chargers chew the cud,
Whose wheels have braved a dozen years,
  The gravel and the mud;
Your glorious hawbucks yoke again
  To take another jag,
And scud through the mud,
  Where the heavy wheels do drag;
Where the wagon creak is long and low,
  And the jaded oxen lag.

THE UNITED STATES

Columbia needs no wooden walls,
  No ships where billows swell;
Her march is like a terrapin's,
  Her home is in her shell.
To guard her trade and sailors' rights,
  In woods she spreads her flag.

AFGHANISTAN

HISTORICAL NOTE

AFGHANISTAN was conquered by Alexander the Great, and from his time until the middle of the eighteenth century, indeed, almost to the present day, it has been constantly changing masters. The conqueror of the eighteenth century, Nadir Shah, was assassinated, and succeeded by one of his officers. Since that time the country has been independent, but her annals have been a story of anarchy, revolt, and warfare. In 1838, England restored an exiled shah. The result was a bitter war between the Afghans and the British, followed a few years later by a second struggle, in which the British were successful. An Afghan revolt was put down by General Roberts's march to Kandahar, which won for him his title of Lord Roberts of Kandahar. Since then the land had been practically under British control.

"THE HILL OF BONES"

[1878]

BY REV. ARTHUR MALE

[IN 1838 war broke out between Afghanistan and England. Four years later, the British army was destroyed while retreating through Kurd-Kabul Pass. The visit to the "Hill of Bones," described in the text, took place in 1878, during a second war.

The Editor.]

WHILE we lay at Gundamuk it was but natural that our thoughts often went back to the sad episodes of the former Afghan campaign of 1841 and 1842. Not very far from our camp — perhaps four or five miles — the people of the country still pointed out the remains of "Burnes Sahib's" camp, a few mud walls standing to mark the spot where our forces, when going up to Kabul, were *cantoned* for a while. Among them were Sir Alexander Burnes, Macnaughten, Elphinstone, and others. Then, after a period of garrison in Kabul, there came the sudden and fierce rising of November 2, 1841, when Macnaughten was treacherously slain while holding a parley with Akbar Khan in view of the British garrison who were on the walls of the city. After this came the episode of retreat. The force, diminished in number and weakened by sickness, were promised safe conduct through the passes if they would give up the city they had defended so long and retire to India. They did so, or essayed to do so. And then the arch-traitor, Akbar

Khan, who knew no honor, lined the cliffs en route with his overwhelming numbers. They hung upon the flanks of the retreating army, harrying them, and cutting off the stragglers day after day. Some sixteen thousand souls, of whom perhaps forty-five hundred were fighting men, the rest servants and camp-followers, left Kabul. On they struggled with desperate valor, almost at the outset having to abandon their baggage. It was winter-time, and the snow lay thickly on the road. Thus while the multitudes dropped under the fire which ever poured upon them from the high rocks which lined the Pass, many, very many, perished from the cold, lying down at night in their bed of snow, and rising not again at morning dawn. At last, when bullet, sword, and cold had ended the struggles of almost all the native soldiers and camp-followers, the miserable remnant of the force, consisting mainly of men of the Forty-fourth, a few Artillery men, and a score or so of officers, and numbering, all told, barely a hundred fighting men, with two or three hundred camp-followers, reached the vicinity of Gundamuk, or at least a spot some eight miles from our present camp. The day before they had crossed the stream called the Surkh Ab, or " Red Water," fighting hand-to-hand with their foe for the passage. And now what more could they do? Strength was gone, and hope was almost dead. Six officers were chosen and sent to ride as hard as their miserable ponies would carry them to Jellalabad, some thirty-five miles off, where Sale and Havelock were gallantly holding out, to seek help. It was a forlorn hope, for the journey was fraught with fearful peril. How could six worn-out men ever anticipate a safe ride through a wild country swarming with fierce tribesmen.

But they started. Meanwhile the handful of fighting men who remained gathered on the summit of a round-topped hill. And there, a desperate band, they resolved to fight, and, if no help came, to die, selling their lives as dearly as possible. And they did it. Standing shoulder to shoulder in old heroic British fashion, surrounded by a perfect sea of Ghilzai tribesmen, and the fierce warriors of Akbar, they held their foe at bay till all their ammunition was gone. Then the waves of the sea closed in and swept on and over them, for every man had fallen in his tracks.

And what about the forlorn hope? For a while fortune seemed to favor them. Half the distance had been accomplished without molestation. But at the village of Futtehabad (nigh unto the spot of our fight with the Kujianis a few weeks since) they turned aside — fatal mistake — and sought milk and refreshment from some of the villages. It was given. But while partaking of it, all unsuspicious of treachery, the false villagers attacked them; and though they defended themselves with desperate courage, five were slain. One only, Dr. Brydon, an army surgeon, escaped. Fighting his way through the traitors, he gained the open path, and though pursued for many a mile, with his broken sword he managed to beat off his assailants and then distance them.

About midday on January 13, 1842, a sentry pacing the walls of Jellalabad called aloud that he saw a mounted man slowly wending his way across the barren plain towards the city. Many glasses were leveled, and they could just discern a European supporting himself on a miserable country pony, faint with travel, and perhaps wounded too. Who could he be? they asked one

another, as a thrill passed over them; for the very sight of the solitary stranger seemed to bring them forebodings of disaster. Slowly they led him through the city gate, faint, bleeding, covered with wounds, grasping still the fragment of sword which had been shattered in the conflict for life. It was Brydon, the sole survivor of the force which had left Kabul to return to India, and, with the exception of the hostages who were in captivity, the only living remnant of Elphinstone's army. Riding over the very same pathway as poor Brydon, when I was going back to India, how vividly did I recall Miss Thompson's marvelous picture, where with such strange fidelity she depicts the weary, wounded man clinging to his worn-out, gasping pony. It is the same path today, as you look out from the Kabul gate of Peshawar, with the selfsame solitary tree standing at the corner where it bends away to the left.

With the various remembrances of this old dark page in our history all around us, it was not strange that some of us desired to see a little more closely the very spots where some of these events had taken place.

One morning accordingly two of us rode out beyond our lines, and towards the Jugdullok Pass, accompanied by an old Kujiani who knew the country around, and every spot of interest. The old fellow professed to remember well the time of the last campaign from 1839 to 1842. The names of our leaders then were familiar to him, Pollock and Sale, Elphinstone, Burnes, and Macnaughten. For six miles he led us across the stony plain, and by tortuous hill-paths, until we came out upon a broad stretch of country which led away, we could see, to the entrance of one of the passes. And here on the

flat ground, the hills away in the distance, and no cover or protection near, we found the remains of the old mud walls, and even the remnants of huts, which had once formed part of the cantonments of Burnes. He was our envoy to the Court of Kabul, and a most distinguished Oriental scholar and traveler. But for some time before proceeding to the capital he had been permanently "cantoned" in this spot. With sad interest we moved along the broken walls, and tried to imagine the scene of thirty-nine years ago, when in this spot the little European force were located and lived, surrounded by tribes who were at any rate hostile in heart, aliens in a strange land.

But there was more than this to see, and so we turned to our old guide, one of whose accomplishments, very important to us, was that he could understand a little Hindustani.

"Larai ki jagah kahan hai, buddha?" "Where is the place of fight, old man?" said we. And the old man said not a word, but pointing with his finger forward, silently led us on. Away to our right, perhaps two miles off, we could see a conical hill rising out of the plain, round-topped and solitary. The hill ranges were around it, but distant. It stood alone, a monument itself! We did not say much as we neared it. Both my companion and myself were thinking of the old tragedy and its consummation on that hilltop. We thought of the devoted band who had struggled down the passes from Kabul, fighting every inch of the way; men, women, camp-followers, and soldiers dropping in their tracks under murderous fire or savage attack; or perchance lying down at night, weary of life, to rise no more. We thought of them, — a dimin-

ished band, indeed, — sixteen thousand souls reduced to about five hundred; forty-five hundred soldiers to a bare hundred — reaching the river four miles ahead and finding the ford and bridge barred by an overwhelming host of savage foes. But they cut their way through, and came on — thus far. And here they paused awhile, and then climbed the hill yonder to die. We could see it all again after a lapse of thirty-seven years. The little band toiling with painful effort up the hillside, and forming up on the top shoulder to shoulder — at bay. The fierce tribesmen gathering round, closing in more and more, the band of heroes lessening moment by moment; and then the great wave of the human sea around surging over them and burying them away out of sight unshaken in discipline, undaunted in spirit, faithful unto death!

We reached the bottom of the hill. My companion, who had brought his photographic apparatus with him, and was anxious to get a view first from the base, waited to do it, the Kujiani with him. I slowly ascended; my horse, which belonged to a hill breed, climbing like a cat among the big rocks that covered the side. Soon I reached the summit, and prepared to look upon the very spot where our gallant fellows had made their death stand. There it must be, I thought, towards the center. And I made my way towards it. The summit of the hill was of fairly large extent; but as I came nearer the middle, I saw that there the surface seemed strangely white. What could it be? I hurried forward; and to my horror there I saw gathered together in a great heap the skeleton bones of that heroic band. There, where the men had fallen, their remains had been lying for thirty-seven long years, bleached by the sun, and swept by

every tempest which had broken on that hilltop. It was a ghastly sight. But it was not the ghastliness so much as the sadness of it that struck me most of all. Alien feet had trodden around that hill summit; the wild shepherds who tended their mountain sheep and goats, Kujiani and Ghilzai tribesmen, all had looked upon that open sepulcher; but never before had foot of brother Englishman been there, nor had friendly eyes lighted on the unburied remains. Here were truly the "relics of a lost army." I shouted to my companion, who was still at the bottom of the hill manipulating his camera, and waiting for a peep of brighter light to get a good view.

The day had been gloomy, in consonance, I seemed to feel, with the sad sight on which I had been gazing. I understood now why our Kujiani friend had been quite content to stay below, while I went up alone. He knew what I should find; but he had told us nothing to prepare us for the sight. In response to my shout, Burke, leaving his camera, came hastily up, and looked with horror and amazement on what again revealed itself, as we together came to the center of the hill. They were truly the remains of our poor fellows. Probably when Pollock's avenging force, after relieving the "Illustrious Garrison" at Jellalabad, had marched on up the passes towards Kabul, they had found the bodies here and had buried them out of sight by covering them with a great stone cairn. This, no doubt, had been subsequently rudely cast down by the Afghans belonging to the tribes around, and the bodies left shamefully exposed; the Mussulman creed allowing them to desecrate the place of sepulcher, but not the dead bodies themselves. This was the general opinion. And, indeed, in connection with our own

campaign we had cases where graves in which we had laid some of our men to rest were rudely broken open, — outrage enough, indeed, — but the remains within not otherwise disturbed.

Burke brought up his camera, and from the top of a neighboring height took a picture of the "Hill of Bones," as it afterward came to be called. It was a gloomy, weird picture enough! All around were the mountain spurs reaching down to the barren plain, the furthermost peaks still capped with snow. Yonder away the dark entrance to the Jugdullok Pass. And here in the middle the one solitary round-topped hill — monument and grave at once. Two human forms could be discerned, myself and the old Kujiani, who had now been induced to come up too; we two looking down sadly on the gathered bones of the brave men, as they lay resting on God's earth, and looking up into the face of God's heaven.

When we returned to camp we unfolded the tale of what we had found, and arrangements were made soon after for the reverent burial of the bones. A detachment was sent out, and over the great grave they raised a tall obelisk, which no doubt still marks the spot.

PERSIA

I

THE MIGHTY EMPIRE

HISTORICAL NOTE

MANY centuries ago the Aryans made their way to the countries known later as Media and Persia. At first the Medes were by far the stronger. They struggled fiercely with the Assyrians of Mesopotamia, and finally succeeded, with the aid of the Babylonians, in overcoming them and burning their capital, Nineveh. The Persians had been under the sway of the Medes, but they revolted against their rulers, and Cyrus, the Persian king, became sovereign of the united nations. His kingdom stretched from the Indus River to the Mediterranean Sea, and from the Caspian Sea to the Persian Gulf. Vast as it was, it did not content his son Cambyses, and before long Phœnicia, Egypt, and all northern Africa were added to his dominions. His successor Darius also longed for wider territories. He overcame northwestern India, and twice he attempted to invade Greece. On his first invasion, his ships were shattered in a storm; on the second, he was utterly routed at Marathon. His son Xerxes also attempted to conquer Greece, and at first he met with success. He overcame the Spartans at Thermopylæ and tore down Athens. This was the end of his good fortune. His fleet was destroyed, and he returned to Persia. His general, Mardonius, remained, but he was routed in a furious battle at Platæa.

SOHRAB'S LAST CONTEST

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD

[Of all the heroes of the Persian legends, the greatest was Rustum. His exploits were numerous enough to have needed the work of at least a score of champions for more than a score of years. While he was away from his own country, his wife bore him a son, Sohrab; but lest Rustum should send for the boy to train him to become a warrior, she bade a messenger say to her husband that their child was a girl.

This was how it came to pass, some years later, that Rustum and Sohrab, being on opposite sides, met in single combat, wherein Sohrab received his death wound. He declares: —

> "The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death,
> My father, whom I seek through all the world!
> He shall avenge my death, and punish thee."

The Editor.]

And he saw that youth,
Of age and looks to be his own dear son,
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
Like some rich hyacinth which by the scythe
Of an unskillful gardener has been cut,
Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass: so Sohrab lay,
Lovely in death, upon the common sand.
And Rustum gaz'd on him with grief, and said: —
"O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have lov'd.

Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
Have told thee false: thou art not Rustum's son,
For Rustum had no son; one child he had,
But one: a girl who with her mother now
Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us;
Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war."
  But Sohrab answer'd him in wrath; for now
The anguish of the deep-fix'd spear grew fierce,
And he desir'd to draw forth the steel,
And let the blood flow free, and so to die;
But first he would convince his stubborn foe.
And, rising sternly on one arm, he said: —
  "Man, who art thou who dost deny my words?
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men;
And falsehood, while I liv'd, was far from mine.
I tell thee, prick'd upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she bore."
  He spoke; and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks,
And his knees totter'd, and he smote his hand
Against his breast, his heavy-mailed hand,
That the hard iron corslet clank'd aloud;
And to his heart he press'd the other hand,
And in a hollow voice he spake, and said: —
  "Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie!
If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's son."
  Then, with weak hasty fingers, Sohrab loos'd
His belt, and near the shoulder bar'd his arm,
And show'd a sign in faint vermilion points
Prick'd: as a cunning workman, in Pekin,
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase,
An emperor's gift; at early morn he paints,

And all day long; and, when night comes, the lamp
Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands:
So delicately prick'd the sign appear'd
On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal.
It was that griffin, which of old rear'd Zal,
Rustum's great father, whom they left to die,
A helpless babe, among the mountain-rocks;
Him that kind creature found, and rear'd, and lov'd:
Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.
And Sohrab bar'd that image on his arm,
And himself scann'd it long with mournful eyes,
And then he touch'd it with his hand, and said: —
"How say'st thou? Is that sign the proper sign
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?"
He spoke; but Rustum gaz'd, and gaz'd, and stood
Speechless; and then he utter'd one sharp cry:
O boy — thy father! and his voice chok'd there.
And then a dark cloud pass'd before his eyes,
And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.
But Sohrab crawl'd to where he lay, and cast
His arms about his neck, and kiss'd his lips,
And with fond faltering fingers strok'd his cheeks,
Trying to call him back to life; and life
Came back to Rustum: and he op'd his eyes,
And they stood wide with horror; and he seiz'd
In both his hands the dust which lay around,
And threw it on his head, and smirch'd his hair,
His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms;
And strong convulsive groanings shook his breast,
And his sobs chok'd him; and he clutch'd his sword,
To draw it, and forever let life out.
But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands,

And with a soothing voice he spake, and said: —
"Father, forbear! for I but meet to-day
The doom which at my birth was written down
In Heaven; and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.
Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke too,
I know it: but fate trod those promptings down
Under its iron heel; fate, fate engag'd
The strife, and hurl'd me on my father's spear.
But let us speak no more of this: I find
My father; let me feel that I have found!
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
And wash them with thy tears, and say: *My son!*
Quick! quick! for number'd are my sands of life,
And swift; for like the lightning to this field
I came, and like the wind I go away:
Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.
But it was writ in Heaven that this should be."
So said he, and his voice releas'd the heart
Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth: he cast
His arms round his son's neck, and wept aloud,
And kiss'd him. And awe fell on both the hosts,
When they saw Rustum's grief; and Ruksh, the horse,
With his head bowing to the ground, and mane
Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe
First to the one, then to the other, mov'd
His head, as if inquiring what their grief
Might mean; and from his dark compassionate eyes,
The big warm tears roll'd down, and cak'd the sand.
But Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said: —
"Ruksh, now thou grievest; but, O Ruksh, thy feet

Should first have rotted on their nimble joints,
Or e'er they brought thy master to this field!"
But Sohrab look'd upon the horse and said: —
"Is this, then, Ruksh? How often, in past days,
My mother told me of thee, thou brave steed,
My terrible father's terrible horse! and said
That I should one day find thy lord and thee.
Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane!
O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I:
For thou hast gone where I shall never go,
And snuff'd the breezes of my father's home.
And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan,
And seen the River of Helmund, and the Lake
Of Zirrah; and the aged Zal himself
Has often strok'd thy neck, and given thee food,
Corn in a golden platter, soak'd with wine,
And said: *O Ruksh, bear Rustum well!* — but I
Have never known my grandsire's furrow'd face,
Nor seen his lofty house in Seistan,
Nor slak'd my thirst at the clear Helmund stream;
But lodg'd among my father's foes, and seen
Afrasiab's cities only: Samarcand,
Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,
And the black Toorkmun tents; and only drunk
The desert rivers: Moorghab and Tejend,
Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep,
The northern Sir; and this great Oxus stream,
The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die."
Then, with a heavy groan, Rustum bewail'd: —
"Oh, that its waves were flowing over me!
Oh, that I saw its grains of yellow silt
Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head!"

But, with a grave mild voice, Sohrab replied: —
"Desire not that, my father! thou must live:
For some are born to do great deeds, and live,
As some are born to be obscur'd, and die.
Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,
And reap a second glory in thine age:
Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.
But come: thou seest this great host of men
Which follow me; I pray thee, slay not these!
Let me entreat for them: what have they done?
They follow'd me, my hope, my fame, my star.
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
But me thou must bear hence, not send with them,
But carry me with thee to Seistan,
And place me on a bed, and mourn for me;
Thou, and the snow-hair'd Zal, and all thy friends.
And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above my bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all,
That so the passing horseman on the waste
May see my tomb a great way off, and cry:
Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,
Whom his great father did in ignorance kill!
And I be not forgotten in my grave."

And, with a mournful voice, Rustum replied: —
"Fear not! as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,
So shall it be: for I will burn my tents,
And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me,
And carry thee away to Seistan,
And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee,
With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends.
And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,

And heap a stately mound above thy bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all,
And men shall not forget thee in thy grave.
And I will spare thy host; yea, let them go:
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
What should I do with slaying any more?
For would that all that I have ever slain
Might be once more alive: my bitterest foes,
And they who were call'd champions in their time,
And through whose death I won that fame I have!
And I were nothing but a common man,
A poor, mean soldier, and without renown,
So thou mightest live too, my son, my son!
Or rather would that I, even I myself,
Might now be lying on this bloody sand,
Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine,
Not thou of mine! and I might die, not thou,
And I, not thou, be borne to Seistan;
And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine,
And say: *O son, I weep thee not too sore,*
For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end!
But now in blood and battles was my youth,
And full of blood and battles is my age;
And I shall never end this life of blood."

Then, at the point of death, Sohrab replied: —
"A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful man!
But thou shalt yet have peace; only not now,
Not yet: but thou shalt have it on that day,
When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship,
Thou and the other peers of Kai Khosroo,
Returning home over the salt blue sea,
From laying thy dear master in his grave."

And Rustum gaz'd in Sohrab's face, and said: —
"Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea!
Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure."
He spoke; and Sohrab smil'd on him, and took
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eas'd
His wound's imperious anguish; but the blood
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flow'd with the stream; all down his cold white side
The crimson torrent ran, dim now and soil'd,
Like the soil'd tissue of white violets
Left, freshly gather'd, on their native bank,
By children whom their nurses call with haste
Indoors from the sun's eye; his head droop'd low,
His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay,
White, with eyes clos'd; only when heavy gasps,
Deep heavy gasps, quivering through all his frame,
Convuls'd him back to life, he open'd them,
And fix'd them feebly on his father's face;
Till now all strength was ebb'd: and from his limbs
Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,
And youth, and bloom, and this delightful world.
So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead:
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.
As those black granite pillars, once high-rear'd
By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
His house, now 'mid their broken flights of steps
Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side:
So, in the sand, lay Rustum by his son.
And night came down over the solemn waste,
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,

And darken'd all; and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loos'd, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog; for now
Both armies mov'd to camp, and took their meal;
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward, the Tartars by the river marge:
And Rustum and his son were left alone.

WHEN CYRUS THE GREAT WAS A BOY

[Early part of sixth century B.C.]

BY XENOPHON

AT that time Astyages sent for his daughter and her son; for he was desirous to see him, having heard that he was a handsome and excellent child. Accordingly Mandane went to her father, and took her son Cyrus with her.

As soon as she arrived, and Cyrus knew Astyages to be his mother's father, he instantly, as being a boy naturally affectionate, embraced him, just as if he had been previously brought up with him, and had long loved him; and, observing him adorned with paint about his eyes and color applied to his face, and with artificial hair, things that are customary amongst the Medes (for purple coats, cloaks, collars about the neck, and bracelets on the wrists are all Median decorations; but amongst the Persians at home, even at this day, their habits are much coarser, and their diet more simple), observing the dress of his grandfather, and fixing his eyes on him, he said, "O mother, how handsome my grandfather is!"

His mother then asking him which he thought the more handsome, his father or his grandfather, Cyrus answered, "Of the Persians, mother, my father is much the most handsome; but of all the Medes that I have seen, either upon the road or at the gates of the palace, my grandfather is far the most handsome."

Astyages, then, embracing Cyrus in return, put on him a fine robe, did him honor, and decorated him with

collars and bracelets; and, whenever he went abroad, took him with him on a horse with a bridle of gold, just as he himself used to go about. Cyrus, being a boy fond of what was fine and honorable, was pleased with the robe, and extremely delighted at learning to ride; for, amongst the Persians, from its being difficult to breed horses, and difficult even to ride in a country so mountainous, it is a rare thing to see a horse.

Astyages, when he was supping with his daughter and Cyrus, wishing the boy to sup as agreeably as possible, that he might the less regret what he had left at home, had several dishes set before him, with sauces and meats of all kinds; when, as they relate, Cyrus said: —

"How much trouble, grandfather, you have at your meals, if you must stretch out your hands to all these dishes, and taste of all these kinds of meat!"

"What, then," said Astyages, "do you not think this entertainment much finer than what you have in Persia?"

To this question Cyrus is said to have replied: —

"No, grandfather; for with us the way to be satisfied is much plainer and straighter than with you; since among us plain bread and meat conduct us to that object; you indeed pursue the same object with us, but, after rambling in many windings up and down, you at last scarcely reach the point at which we have arrived long before you."

"But, child," said Astyages, "it is not with pain that we ramble through these windings; if you taste," said he, "you will find that these things are pleasant."

"But, grandfather," said Cyrus, "I observe you yourself show an aversion to these dishes."

"From what do you guess," inquired Astyages, "that you express such an opinion?"

"Because I remark," said he, "that when you touch your bread, you do not wipe your hand upon anything, but when you touch any one of these dishes, you immediately wipe your hand upon your napkin, as if you were quite uneasy that it had touched them."

On receiving this answer Astyages said: "If you think so, then, at least eat heartily of plain meat, that you may return home a stout youth"; and as he said this, he directed various kinds of flesh, both of tame and wild animals, to be presented to him.

Cyrus, when he saw this variety of meats, is reported to have said: —

"And do you give me all these meats, grandfather, to do with them what I please?"

"Yes, indeed," said Astyages; "I make you a present of them."

Then Cyrus, taking of the several meats, is said to have distributed them to the servants about his grandfather, saying to each, "I give this to you, because you take pleasure in teaching me to ride; this to you, because you gave me a javelin, for I have it still; this to you, because you serve my grandfather well; this to you, because you honor my mother"; and to have proceeded thus, till he had distributed all the meat that he had received.

Astyages then said, "And do you give nothing to this Sacian, my cup-bearer, whom I value above all?"

This Sacian was a handsome person, and had the honor to introduce to Astyages any that wanted to see

him, and to exclude such as he did not think it seasonable to admit.

Cyrus on this is said to have answered rather flippantly, as a boy not yet grown bashful: —

"For what reason is it, grandfather, that you value this Sacian so much?"

Astyages replied jestingly. "Do you not see," said he, "how properly and gracefully he pours out my wine?" For these cup-bearers to kings perform their business very cleverly; they pour in the wine without spilling, and give the cup, holding it on three fingers, and presenting it in such a manner as to put it most conveniently into the hand of the person who is to drink.

"Bid the Sacian give me the cup, grandfather," said Cyrus, "that I also, by gracefully pouring in wine for you to drink, may gain your favor if I can."

Astyages bade the Sacian give him the cup; and Cyrus, taking it, rinsed the cup so well, as he had observed the Sacian to do, settled his countenance so gravely, and brought and presented the cup to his grandfather so prettily as to afford much laughter to his mother and Astyages.

Cyrus then, laughing out, leaped up to his grandfather, and, kissing him, cried out, "O Sacian, you are undone; I will turn you out of your office; for I will pour out wine better than you in other respects, and I will not drink the wine myself." For these cup-bearers to kings, when they give the cup, dip a little out with a smaller cup, which they pour into their left hand and swallow; so that, in case they mix poison in the cup, it may be of no profit to them.

Upon this, Astyages said, joking: —

"And why, Cyrus, when you imitated the Sacian in everything else, did not you swallow some of the wine?"

"Because, to say the truth," said he, "I was afraid there might have been poison mixed in the cup; for, when you entertained your friends upon your birthday, I plainly perceived that he had poured in poison for you all."

"And how, child," said he, "did you know this?"

"Because," said he, "I saw you all disordered both in mind and body; for, in the first place, what you do not allow us boys to do, that you did yourselves; for you all cried out together, and yet could not understand each other; next you fell to singing very ridiculously; and, without attending to the singer, you swore that he sang admirably; then, though each told stories of his own strength, when you rose up and fell to dancing, you were not only unable to dance properly, but were unable even to stand upright; at length, you all entirely forgot yourselves, you, that you were the king, and they, that you were their ruler; and then, for the first time, I discovered that it was equal liberty of speech that you were practicing; for you never ceased to speak."

Astyages then said, —

"Is your father, child, never intoxicated when he drinks?"

"No, indeed," said he.

"What does he, then?"

"Why, he quenches his thirst, and suffers no further harm; for I believe, grandfather," says he, "it is not a Sacian that pours out wine for him."

His mother then said: —

"But why, child, do you thus make war upon the Sacian?"

Cyrus is said to have replied: —

"Why, indeed, because I hate him; for, very often, when I am desirous to run to my grandfather, this disagreeable fellow hinders me. But pray, grandfather," said he, "allow me to have the government of him for three days."

"How would you govern him?" said Astyages.

Cyrus replied: —

"Why, standing as he does, just at the entrance, when he had a mind to go in to dinner, I would tell him that it is not yet possible for him to get his dinner, because 'he was busy with certain people': then, when he came to supper, I would tell him that 'he was bathing': and, if he was very eager to eat, I would tell him that 'he was with the women': and so on, till I had tormented him as he torments me when he keeps me from you."

Such amusement did he afford them at meals; at other times of the day, if he perceived his grandfather or his mother's brother in want of anything, it was difficult for any one to be beforehand with him in doing it; for Cyrus was extremely delighted to gratify them in anything that lay in his power.

But when Mandane was preparing to return home to her husband, Astyages requested her to leave Cyrus with him. She made answer, that she was willing to gratify her father in everything; but that she should think it unkind to leave the child against his will.

Upon this, Astyages said to Cyrus: —

"Child, if you will stay with me, in the first place, the Sacian shall not have the command of your access to

me; but, whenever you wish to come in, it shall be in your own power to do so; and the oftener you come," said he, "the more I shall think myself obliged to you. You shall also have the use of all my horses, and of as many more as you please; and, when you go away, you shall take as many of them as you please with you. At meals, too, you shall take whatever way you please to what appears to you to be sufficient. As for the animals that are now in the park, I give them to you; and will collect others of all kinds, which you shall hunt when you have learned to ride, and shall strike them down with your bow and javelin, as grown men do. Boys I will find you for playfellows; and whatever else you may desire, if you tell me of it, you shall not fail to have it."

When Astyages had said this, Cyrus's mother asked him whether he would stay or go. He did not at all hesitate, but at once said that he would stay. And being asked by his mother for what reason, it is said that he answered: —

"Because, mother, at home I am, and am accounted, superior to my equals in age both in throwing the javelin and in shooting with the bow; but here, I well know that, in horsemanship, I am inferior to the boys of my age; and be assured, mother, this grieves me very much. But if you leave me here, and I learn to be a horseman, I conceive that when I am in Persia, I shall easily master them there, who are so good at all exercises on foot; and when I come amongst the Medes, I shall endeavor by becoming the best of good horsemen for my grandfather's sake, to be a support to him."

His mother is reported to have said, "But how, child,

will you be instructed here in the knowledge of justice, when your masters are there?"

"Oh, mother," said Cyrus, "I understand that accurately already."

"How do you know that?" said Mandane.

"Because my teacher," said he, "appointed me to give judgment to others, as being very exact in the knowledge of justice myself. But yet," added he, "for not having decided rightly, in one case, I received some stripes. The case was this: A bigger boy, who had a little coat, taking the coat off a little boy, that had a larger one, put on him his own coat, and put on himself the little boy's coat. I, therefore, giving judgment between them, decided that it was best that each should keep the coat that best fitted him. Upon this, the master beat me, telling me that, when I should be constituted judge of what fitted best, I might determine in this manner; but that when I was to judge whose the coat was, I must consider what just possession is; whether he that took a thing from another by force should have it, or he who made it or purchased it should possess it; and then he told me that what was according to law was just, and that what was contrary to law was an act of violence; and impressed upon me accordingly, that a judge ought to give his opinion in conformity with the law. So, mother," said he, "I understand what is just in all cases very exactly; or, if I am at all deficient, my grandfather here will teach it me."

"But, child," said she, "the same things are not accounted just with your grandfather here, and yonder in Persia; for among the Medes, your grandfather has made himself master of all; but amongst the Persians, it

is accounted just that each should have equal rights with his neighbors. Your father is the first to execute what is appointed by the whole state, and submits to what is appointed; his own inclination is not his standard of action, but,the law. Take care then, that you are not beaten to death at home, if you come thither having learned from your grandfather not what belongs to a king, but what belongs to a tyrant; an ingredient in which is, to think that you yourself ought to have more than others."

"Oh, mother," said Cyrus, "your father is much better able to teach one to have less than to have more. Do you not see," said he, "that he has taught all the Medes to have less than himself? Be well assured, therefore, that your father will not dismiss me, nor any one, from about him, instructed to encroach upon others."



CRŒSUS SHOWING SOLON HIS TREASURES

BY SALOMON KONINCK

(*Amsterdam*, 1609–1656)

At the request of the wealthy King Crœsus, Solon, the Athenian lawgiver, is said to have gone to visit him. Crœsus put on his richest robes and his most costly ornaments; but the simple lawgiver showed no signs of being at all impressed. Crœsus was a little piqued and exhibited his choicest treasures, inquiring, "Have you ever known a happier man than I?" Solon named a humble man who had brought up his children well and had finally died for his country, and also two brothers who had been especially dutiful to their mother. "And do you not count me as even among the fortunate?" Crœsus demanded. Solon replied: "To salute as happy one that is still in the midst of life and hazard, we think as little safe and conclusive as to crown and proclaim as victorious the wrestler that is yet in the ring."

The story of the remainder of Crœsus's life and of how little his wealth availed to bring him happiness or even safety, is told in the following selection.

Plutarch admits that this tale may perhaps not agree with chronology, but the good old story-teller says that he cannot resist telling it.

HOW CYRUS THE GREAT WON THE LAND OF GOLD

[546 B.C.]

BY JACOB ABBOTT

[IN the country of Lydia, the mountains were rich in gold, and the rivers flowed over sands of gold. It was the country in which King Midas of the "golden touch" is fabled to have lived. In the sixth century before Christ, a struggle took place between King Crœsus of Lydia and King Cyrus, who had become ruler of the Medes and the Persians.

The Editor.]

As soon as Cyrus had become established on his throne as King of the Medes and Persians, his influence and power began to extend westward toward the confines of the empire of Crœsus, King of Lydia. Crœsus was aroused from the dejection and stupor into which the death of his son had plunged him by this threatening danger. He began to consider very earnestly what he could do to avert it.

The river Halys, a great river of Asia Minor, which flows northward into the Black Sea, was the eastern boundary of the Lydian empire. Crœsus began to entertain the design of raising an army and crossing the Halys to invade the empire of Cyrus, thinking that that would perhaps be safer policy than to wait for Cyrus to cross the Halys, and bring the war upon him. Still, the enterprise of invading Persia was a vast undertaking, and the responsibility great of being the aggressor in the contest.

After carefully considering the subject in all its aspects, Crœsus found himself still perplexed and undecided.

The Greeks had a method of looking into futurity, and of ascertaining, as they imagined, by supernatural means, the course of future events, which was peculiar to that people; at least no other nation seems ever to have practiced it in the precise form which prevailed among them. It was by means of the oracles. There were four or five localities in the Grecian countries which possessed, as the people thought, the property of inspiring persons who visited them, or of giving to some natural object certain supernatural powers by which future events could be foretold. The three most important of these oracles were situated respectively at Delphi, at Dodona, and at the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon.

Delphi was a small town built in a sort of valley, shaped like an amphitheater, on the southern side of Mount Parnassus. Mount Parnassus is north of the Peloponnesus, not very far from the shores of the Gulf of Corinth. Delphi was in a picturesque and romantic situation, with the mountain behind it, and steep, precipitous rocks descending to the level country before. These precipices answered instead of walls to defend the temple and the town. In very early times a cavern or fissure in the rocks was discovered at Delphi, from which there issued a stream of gaseous vapor, which produced strange effects on those who inhaled it. It was supposed to inspire them. People resorted to the place to obtain the benefit of these inspirations, and of the knowledge which they imagined they could obtain by means of them. Finally, a temple was built, and a priestess resided constantly in it, to inhale the vapor and give the

responses. When she gave her answers to those who came to consult the oracle, she sat upon a sort of three-legged stool, which was called the sacred tripod. These stools were greatly celebrated as a very important part of the sacred apparatus of the place. This oracle became at last so renowned, that the greatest potentates, and even kings, came from great distances to consult it, and they made very rich and costly presents at the shrine when they came. These presents, it was supposed, tended to induce the god who presided over the oracle to give to those who made them favorable and auspicious replies. The deity that dictated the predictions of this oracle was Apollo.

There was another circumstance, besides the existence of the cave, which signalized the locality where this oracle was situated. The people believed that this spot was the exact center of the earth, which of course they considered as one vast plain. There was an ancient story that Jupiter, in order to determine the central point of creation, liberated two eagles at the same time, in opposite quarters of the heavens, that they might fly toward one another, and so mark the middle point by the place of their meeting. They met at Delphi.

Another of the most celebrated oracles was at Dodona. Dodona was northwest of Delphi, in the Epirus, which was a country in the western part of what is now Turkey in Europe, and on the shores of the Adriatic Sea. The origin of the oracle at Dodona was, as the priestesses there told Herodotus, as follows: In very ancient times, two black doves were set at liberty in Thebes, which was a very venerable and sacred city of Egypt. One flew toward the north and the other toward

the west. The former crossed the Mediterranean, and then continued its flight over the Peloponnesus, and over all the southern provinces of Greece, until it reached Dodona. There it alighted on a beech-tree, and said, in a human voice, that that spot was divinely appointed for the seat of a sacred oracle. The other dove flew to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon.

There were three priestesses at Dodona in the days of Herodotus. Their names were Promenea, Timarete, and Nicandre. The answers of the oracle were, for a time, obtained by the priestesses from some appearances which they observed in the sacred beech on which the dove alighted, when the tree was agitated by the wind. In later times, however, the responses were obtained in a still more singular manner. There was a brazen statue of a man, holding a whip in his hand. The whip had three lashes, which were formed of brazen chains. At the end of each chain was an *astragalus*, as it was called, which was a row of little knots or knobs, such as were commonly appended to the lashes of whips used in those days for scourging criminals.

These heavy lashes hung suspended in the hand of the statue over a great brazen caldron, in such a manner that the wind would impel them, from time to time, against its sides, causing the caldron to ring and resound like a gong. There was, however, something in this resonance supernatural and divine; for, though it was not loud, it was very long continued, when once the margin of the caldron was touched, however gently, by the lashes. In fact, it was commonly said that if touched in the morning, it would be night before the reverberations would have died entirely away. Such a belief could be very

easily sustained among the common people; for a large, open-mouthed vessel like the Dodona caldron, with thin sides formed of sonorous metal, might be kept in a state of continual vibration by the wind alone.

They who wished to consult this oracle came with rich presents both for the priestesses and for the shrine, and when they had made the offerings, and performed the preliminary ceremonies required, they propounded their questions to the priestesses, who obtained the replies by interpreting, according to certain rules which they had formed, the sounds emitted by the mysterious gong.

The second black dove which took its flight from Thebes alighted, as we have already said, in the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. This oasis was a small fertile spot in the midst of the deserts of Africa, west of Egypt, about a hundred miles from the Nile, and somewhat nearer than that to the Mediterranean Sea. It was first discovered in the following manner: A certain king was marching across the deserts, and his army, having exhausted their supplies of water, were on the point of perishing with thirst, when a ram mysteriously appeared, and took a position before them as their guide. They followed him, and at length came suddenly upon a green and fertile valley, many miles in length. The ram conducted them into this valley, and then suddenly vanished, and a copious fountain of water sprung up in the place where he had stood. The king, in gratitude for this divine interposition, consecrated the spot and built a temple upon it, which was called the temple of Jupiter Ammon. The dove alighted here, and ever afterward the oracles delivered by the priests of this temple were considered as divinely inspired.

These three were the most important oracles. There were, however, many others of subordinate consequence, each of which had its own peculiar ceremonies, all senseless and absurd. At one there was a sort of oven-shaped cave in the rocks, the spot being inclosed by an artificial wall. The cave was about six feet wide and eight feet deep. The descent into it was by a ladder. Previously to consulting this oracle certain ceremonies were necessary, which it required several days to perform. The applicant was to offer sacrifices to many different deities and to purify himself in various ways. He was then conducted to a stream in the neighborhood of the oracle, where he was to be anointed and washed. Then he drank a certain magical water, called the water of forgetfulness, which made him forget all previous sorrows and cares. Afterward he drank of another enchanted cup, which contained the water of remembrance; this was to make him remember all that should be communicated to him in the cave. He then descended the ladder, and received within the cave the responses of the oracle.

At another of these oracles, which was situated in Attica, the magic virtue was supposed to reside in a certain marble statue, carved in honor of an ancient and celebrated prophet, and placed in a temple. Whoever wished to consult this oracle must abstain from wine for three days, and from food of every kind for twenty-four hours preceding the application. He was then to offer a ram as a sacrifice; and afterward, taking the skin of the ram from the carcass, he was to spread it out before the statue and lie down upon it to sleep. The answers of the oracle came to him in his dreams.

But to return to Crœsus. He wished to ascertain, by

consulting some of these oracles, what the result of his proposed invasion of the dominions of Cyrus would be, in case he should undertake it; and in order to determine which of the various oracles were most worthy of reliance, he conceived the plan of putting them all to a preliminary test. He effected this object in the following manner: —

He dispatched a number of messengers from Sardis, his capital, sending one to each of the various oracles. He directed these messengers to make their several journeys with all convenient dispatch; but, in order to provide for any cases of accidental detention or delay, he allowed them all one hundred days to reach their several places of destination. On the hundredth day from the time of their leaving Sardis, they were all to make applications to the oracles, and inquire what Crœsus, King of Lydia, was doing at that time. Of course he did not tell them what he should be doing; and as the oracles themselves could not possibly know how he was employed by any human powers, their answers would seem to test the validity of their claims to powers divine.

Crœsus kept the reckoning of the days himself with great care, and at the hour appointed on the hundredth day, he employed himself in boiling the flesh of a turtle and of a lamb together in a brazen vessel. The vessel was covered with a lid, which was also of brass. He then awaited the return of the messengers. They came in due time, one after another, bringing the replies which they had severally obtained. The replies were all unsatisfactory, except that of the oracle at Delphi. This answer was in verse, as, in fact, the responses of that oracle always were. The priestess who sat upon the tripod was

accustomed to give the replies in an incoherent and half-intelligible manner, as impostors are very apt to do in uttering prophecies, and then the attendant priests and secretaries wrote them out in verse.

The verse which the messenger brought back from the Delphic tripod was in Greek; but some idea of its style, and the import of it, is conveyed by the following imitation: —

> "I number the sands, I measure the sea,
> What 's hidden to others is known to me.
> The lamb and the turtle are simmering slow
> With brass above them and brass below."

Of course, Crœsus decided that the Delphic oracle was the one that he must rely upon for guidance in respect to his projected campaign. And he now began to prepare to consult it in a manner corresponding with the vast importance of the subject, and with his own boundless wealth. He provided the most extraordinary and sumptuous presents. Some of these treasures were to be deposited in the temple, as sacred gifts, for permanent preservation there. Others were to be offered as a burnt sacrifice in honor of the god. Among the latter, besides an incredible number of living victims, he caused to be prepared a great number of couches, magnificently decorated with silver and gold, and goblets and other vessels of gold, and dresses of various kinds richly embroidered, and numerous other articles, all intended to be used in the ceremonies preliminary to his application to the oracle. When the time arrived, a vast concourse of people assembled to witness the spectacle. The animals were sacrificed, and the people feasted on the flesh; and when these ceremonies were concluded, the couches,

the goblets, the utensils of every kind, the dresses, everything, in short, which had been used on the occasion, were heaped up into one great sacrificial pile, and set on fire. Everything that was combustible was consumed, while the gold was melted, and ran into plates of great size, which were afterward taken out from the ashes. Thus it was the workmanship only of these articles which was destroyed and lost by the fire. The gold, in which the chief value consisted, was saved. It was gold from the Pactolus.

Besides these articles, there were others made, far more magnificent and costly, for the temple itself. There was a silver cistern or tank, large enough to hold three thousand gallons of wine. This tank was to be used by the inhabitants of Delphi in their great festivals. There was also a smaller cistern, or immense goblet, as it might, perhaps, more properly be called, which was made of gold. There were also many other smaller presents, such as basins, vases, and statues, all of silver and gold, and of the most costly workmanship. The gold, too, which had been taken from the fire, was cast again, a part of it being formed into the image of a lion, and the rest into large plates of metal for the lion to stand upon. The image was then set up upon the plates, within the precincts of the temple.

There was one piece of statuary which Crœsus presented to the oracle at Delphi, which was, in some respects, more extraordinary than any of the rest. It was called the bread-maker. It was an image representing a woman, a servant in the household of Crœsus, whose business it was to bake the bread. The reason that induced Crœsus to honor this bread-maker with a statue

of gold was, that on one occasion during his childhood she had saved his life. The mother of Crœsus died when he was young, and his father married a second time. The second wife wished to have some one of *her* children, instead of Crœsus, succeed to her husband's throne. In order, therefore, to remove Crœsus out of the way, she prepared some poison and gave it to the bread-maker, instructing her to put it into the bread which Crœsus was to eat. The bread-maker received the poison and promised to obey. But, instead of doing so, she revealed the intended murder to Crœsus, and gave the poison to the queen's own children. In gratitude for this fidelity to him, Crœsus, when he came to the throne, caused this statue to be made, and now he placed it at Delphi, where he supposed it would forever remain. The memory of his faithful servant was indeed immortalized by the measure, though the statue itself, as well as all these other treasures, in process of time disappeared. In fact, statues of brass or of marble generally make far more durable monuments than statues of gold; and no structure or object of art is likely to be very permanent among mankind unless the workmanship is worth more than the material.

Crœsus did not proceed himself to Delphi with these presents, but sent them by the hands of trusty messengers, who were instructed to perform the ceremonies required, to offer the gifts, and then to make inquiries of the oracle in the following terms: —

"Crœsus, the sovereign of Lydia and of various other kingdoms, in return for the wisdom which has marked your former declarations, has sent you these gifts. He now furthermore desires to know whether it is safe for

him to proceed against the Persians, and if so, whether it is best for him to seek the assistance of any allies."

The answer was as follows: —

"If Crœsus crosses the Halys, and prosecutes a war with Persia, a mighty empire will be overthrown. It will be best for him to form an alliance with the most powerful States of Greece."

Crœsus was extremely pleased with this response. He immediately resolved on undertaking the expedition against Cyrus; and to express his gratitude for so favorable an answer to his questions, he sent to Delphi to inquire what was the number of inhabitants in the city, and, when the answer was reported to him, he sent a present of a sum of money to every one. The Delphians, in their turn, conferred special privileges and honors upon the Lydians and upon Crœsus in respect to their oracle, giving them the precedence in all future consultations, and conferring upon them other marks of distinction and honor.

At the time when Crœsus sent his present to the inhabitants of Delphi, he took the opportunity to address another inquiry to the oracle, which was, whether his power would ever decline. The oracle replied in a couplet of Greek verse, similar in its style to the one recorded on the previous occasion.

It was as follows: —

"Whene'er a mule shall mount upon the Median throne,
Then, and not till then, shall great Crœsus fear to lose his own."

This answer pleased the king quite as much as the former one had done. The allusion to the contingency of a mule's reigning in Media he very naturally regarded

as only a rhetorical and mystical mode of expressing an utter impossibility. Crœsus considered himself and the continuance of his power as perfectly secure. He was fully confirmed in his determination to organize his expedition without any delay, and to proceed immediately to the proper measures for obtaining the Grecian alliance and aid which the oracle had recommended.

There were, in fact, three inducements which combined their influence on the mind of Crœsus, in leading him to cross the Halys, and invade the dominions of the Medes and Persians: first, he was ambitious to extend his own empire; secondly, he feared that if he did not attack Cyrus, Cyrus would himself cross the Halys and attack him; and, thirdly, he felt under some obligation to consider himself the ally of Astyages, and thus bound to espouse his cause, and to aid him in putting down, if possible, the usurpation of Cyrus, and in recovering his throne. He felt under this obligation because Astyages was his brother-in-law; for the latter had married, many years before, a daughter of Alyattes, who was the father of Crœsus. This, as Crœsus thought, gave him a just title to interfere between the dethroned king and the rebel who had dethroned him. Under the influence of all these reasons combined, and encouraged by the responses of the oracle, he determined on attempting the invasion.

The first measure which he adopted was to form an alliance with the most powerful of the States of Greece, as he had been directed to do by the oracle. After much inquiry and consideration, he concluded that the Lacedæmonian State was the most powerful. Their chief city was Sparta, in the Peloponnesus. They were a warlike, stern, and indomitable race of men, capable of bearing

every possible hardship, and of enduring every degree of fatigue and toil, and they desired nothing but military glory for their reward. This was a species of wages which it was very easy to pay; much more easy to furnish than coin, even for Crœsus, notwithstanding the abundant supplies of gold which he was accustomed to obtain from the sands of the Pactolus.

Crœsus sent ambassadors to Sparta to inform the people of the plans which he contemplated, and to ask their aid. He had been instructed, he said, by the oracle at Delphi, to seek the alliance of the most powerful of the States of Greece, and he accordingly made application to them. They were gratified with the compliment implied in selecting them, and acceded readily to his proposal. Besides, they were already on very friendly terms with Crœsus; for, some years before, they had sent to him to procure some gold for a statue which they had occasion to erect, offering to give an equivalent for the value of it in such productions as their country afforded. Crœsus supplied them with the gold that they needed, but generously refused to receive any return.

In the mean time, Crœsus went on, energetically, at Sardis, making the preparations for his campaign. One of his counselors, whose name was Sardaris, ventured, one day, strongly to dissuade him from undertaking the expedition. "You have nothing to gain by it," said he, "if you succeed, and everything to lose if you fail. Consider what sort of people these Persians are whom you are going to combat. They live in the most rude and simple manner, without luxuries, without pleasures, without wealth. If you conquer their country, you will find nothing in it worth bringing away. On the other

hand, if they conquer you, they will come like a vast band of plunderers into Lydia, where there is everything to tempt and reward them. I counsel you to leave them alone, and to remain on this side the Halys, thankful if Cyrus will be contented to remain on the other."

But Crœsus was not in a mood of mind to be persuaded by such reasoning.

When all things were ready, the army commenced its march and moved eastward, through one province of Asia Minor after another, until they reached the Halys. This river is a considerable stream, which rises in the interior of the country, and flows northward into the Euxine Sea. The army encamped on the banks of it, and some plan was to be formed for crossing the stream. In accomplishing this object, Crœsus was aided by a very celebrated engineer who accompanied his army, named Thales. Thales was a native of Miletus, and is generally called in history, Thales the Milesian. He was a very able mathematician and calculator, and many accounts remain of the discoveries and performances by which he acquired his renown.

For example, in the course of his travels, he at one time visited Egypt, and while there, he contrived a very simple way of measuring the height of the pyramids. He set up a pole on the plain in an upright position, and then measured the pole and also its shadow. He also measured the length of the shadow of the pyramid. He then calculated the height of the pyramid by this proportion: as the length of shadow of the pole is to that of the pole itself, so is the length of the shadow of the pyramid to its height.

Thales was an astronomer as well as a philosopher and

engineer. He learned more exactly the true length of the year than it had been known before; and he also made some calculations of eclipses, at least so far as to predict the year in which they would happen. One eclipse which he predicted happened to occur on the day of a great battle between two contending armies. It was cloudy, so that the combatants could not see the sun. This circumstance, however, which concealed the eclipse itself, only made the darkness which was caused by it the more intense. The armies were much terrified at this sudden cessation of the light of day, and supposed it to be a warning from heaven that they should desist from the combat.

Thales the Milesian was the author of several of the geometrical theorems and demonstrations now included in the Elements of Euclid. The celebrated fifth proposition of the first book, so famous among all the modern nations of Europe as the great stumbling block in the way of beginners in the study of geometry, was his. The discovery of the truth expressed in this proposition, and of the complicated demonstration which establishes it, was certainly a much greater mathematical performance than the measuring of the altitude of the pyramids by their shadow.

But to return to Crœsus. Thales undertook the work of transporting the army across the river. He examined the banks, and found, at length, a spot where the land was low and level for some distance from the stream. He caused the army to be brought up to the river at this point, and to be encamped there, as near to the bank as possible, and in as compact a form. He then employed a vast number of laborers to cut a new channel for the waters, behind the army, leading out from the river

above, and rejoining it again at a little distance below. When this channel was finished, he turned the river into its new course, and then the army passed without difficulty over the former bed of the stream.

The Halys being thus passed, Crœsus moved on in the direction of Media. But he soon found that he had not far to go to find his enemy. Cyrus had heard of his plans through deserters and spies, and he had for some time been advancing to meet him. One after the other of the nations through whose dominions he had passed, he had subjected to his sway, or at least, brought under his influence by treaties and alliances, and had received from them all reinforcements to swell the numbers of his army. One nation only remained — the Babylonians. They were on the side of Crœsus. They were jealous of the growing power of the Medes and Persians, and had made a league with Crœsus, promising to aid him in the war. The other nations of the East were in alliance with Cyrus, and he was slowly moving on, at the head of an immense combined force, toward the Halys, at the very time when Crœsus was crossing the stream.

The scouts, therefore, that preceded the army of Crœsus on its march, soon began to fall back into the camp, with intelligence that there was a large armed force coming on to meet them, the advancing columns filling all the roads, and threatening to overwhelm them. The scouts from the army of Cyrus carried back similar intelligence to him. The two armies accordingly halted and began to prepare for battle. The place of their meeting was called Pteria. It was in the province of Cappadocia, and toward the eastern part of Asia Minor.

A great battle was fought at Pteria. It was continued

all day, and remained undecided when the sun went down. The combatants separated when it became dark, and each withdrew from the field. Each king found, it seems, that his antagonist was more formidable than he had imagined, and on the morning after the battle they both seemed inclined to remain in their respective encampments, without evincing any disposition to renew the contest.

Crœsus, in fact, seems to have considered that he was fortunate in having so far repulsed the formidable invasion which Cyrus had been intending for him. He considered Cyrus's army as repulsed, since they had withdrawn from the field, and showed no disposition to return to it. He had no doubt that Cyrus would now go back to Media again, having found how well prepared Crœsus had been to receive him. For himself, he concluded that he ought to be satisfied with the advantage which he had already gained, as the result of one campaign, and return again to Sardis to recruit his army, the force of which had been considerably impaired by the battle, and so postpone the grand invasion till the next season. He accordingly set out on his return. He dispatched messengers, at the same time, to Babylon, to Sparta, to Egypt, and to other countries with which he was in alliance, informing these various nations of the great battle of Pteria and its results, and asking them to send him, early in the following spring, all the reinforcements that they could command, to join him in the grand campaign which he was going to make the next season.

He continued his march homeward without any interruption, sending off, from time to time, as he was moving through his own dominions, such portions of his

troops as desired to return to their homes, enjoining upon them to come back to him in the spring. By this temporary disbanding of a portion of his army, he saved the expense of maintaining them through the winter.

Very soon after Crœsus arrived at Sardis, the whole country in the neighborhood of the capital was thrown into a state of universal alarm by the news that Cyrus was close at hand. It seems that Cyrus had remained in the vicinity of Pteria long enough to allow Crœsus to return, and to give him time to dismiss his troops and establish himself securely in the city. He then suddenly resumed his march, and came on toward Sardis with the utmost possible dispatch. Crœsus, in fact, had no announcement of his approach, until he heard of his arrival.

All was now confusion and alarm, both within and without the city. Crœsus hastily collected all the forces that he could command. He sent immediately to the neighboring cities, summoning all the troops in them to hasten to the capital. He enrolled all the inhabitants of the city that were capable of bearing arms. By these means he collected, in a very short time, quite a formidable force, which he drew up, in battle array, on a great plain not far from the city, and there waited, with much anxiety and solicitude, for Cyrus to come on.

The Lydian army was superior to that of Cyrus in cavalry, and as the place where the battle was to be fought was a plain, which was the kind of ground most favorable for the operations of that species of force, Cyrus felt some solicitude in respect to the impression which might be made by it on his army. Nothing is more terrible than the onset of a squadron of horse when

charging an enemy upon the field of battle. They come in vast bodies, sometimes consisting of many thousands, with the speed of the wind, the men flourishing their sabers and rending the air with the most unearthly cries, those in advance being driven irresistibly on by the weight and impetus of the masses behind. The dreadful torrent bears down and overwhelms everything that attempts to resist its way. They trample one another and their enemies together promiscuously in the dust; the foremost of the column press on with the utmost fury, afraid quite as much of the headlong torrent of friends coming on behind them, as of the line of fixed and motionless enemies who stand ready to receive them before. These enemies, stationed to withstand the charge, arrange themselves in triple or quadruple rows, with the shafts of their spears planted against the ground, and the points directed forward and upward to receive the advancing horsemen. These spears transfix and kill the foremost horses; but those that come on behind, leaping and plunging over their fallen companions, soon break through the lines and put their enemies to flight, in a scene of indescribable havoc and confusion.

Crœsus had large bodies of horse, while Cyrus had no efficient troops to oppose them. He had a great number of camels in the rear of his army, which had been employed as beasts of burden to transport the baggage and stores of the army on their march. Cyrus concluded to make the experiment of opposing these camels to the cavalry. It is frequently said by the ancient historians that the horse has a natural antipathy to the camel, and cannot bear either the smell or the sight of one, though this is not found to be the case at the present day. How-

ever the fact might have been in this respect, Cyrus determined to arrange the camels in his front as he advanced into battle. He accordingly ordered the baggage to be removed, and, releasing their ordinary drivers from the charge of them, he assigned each one to the care of a soldier, who was to mount him, armed with a spear. Even if the supposed antipathy of the horse for the camel did not take effect, Cyrus thought that their large and heavy bodies, defended by the spears of their riders, would afford the most effectual means of resistance against the shock of the Lydian squadrons that he was now able to command.

The battle commenced, and the squadrons of horse came on. But, as soon as they came near the camels, it happened that, either from the influence of the antipathy above referred to, or from alarm at the novelty of the spectacle of such huge and misshapen beasts, or else because of the substantial resistance which the camels and the spears of their riders made to the shock of their charge, the horses were soon thrown into confusion and put to flight. In fact, a general panic seized them, and they became totally unmanageable. Some threw their riders; others, seized with a sort of frenzy, became entirely independent of control. They turned, and trampled the foot soldiers of their own army under foot, and threw the whole body into disorder. The consequence was, that the army of Crœsus was wholly defeated; they fled in confusion, and crowded in vast throngs through the gates into the city, and fortified themselves there.

Cyrus advanced to the city, invested it closely on all sides, and commenced a siege. But the appearances

were not very encouraging. The walls were lofty, thick, and strong, and the numbers within the city were amply sufficient to guard them. Nor was the prospect much more promising of being soon able to reduce the city by famine. The wealth of Crœsus had enabled him to lay up almost inexhaustible stores of food and clothing, as well as treasures of silver and gold. He hoped, therefore, to be able to hold out against the besiegers until help should come from some of his allies. He had sent messengers to them, asking them to come to his rescue without any delay, before he was shut up in the city.

The city of Sardis was built in a position naturally strong, and one part of the wall passed over rocky precipices which were considered entirely impassable. There was a sort of glen or rocky gorge in this quarter, outside of the walls, down which dead bodies were thrown on one occasion subsequently, at a time when the city was besieged, and beasts and birds of prey fed upon them there undisturbed, so lonely was the place and so desolate. In fact, the walls that crowned these precipices were considered absolutely inaccessible, and were very slightly built and very feebly guarded. There was an ancient legend that, a long time before, when a certain Males was King of Lydia, one of his wives had a son in the form of a lion, whom they called Leon, and an oracle declared that if this Leon were carried around the walls of the city, it would be rendered impregnable, and should never be taken. They carried Leon, therefore, around, so far as the regular walls extended. When they came to this precipice of rocks, they returned, considering that this part of the city was impregnable without any such ceremony. A spur or eminence from the mountain of

Tmolus, which was behind the city, projected into it at this point, and there was a strong citadel built upon its summit.

Cyrus continued the siege fourteen days, and then he determined that he must, in some way or other, find the means of carrying it by assault, and to do this he must find some place to scale the walls. He accordingly sent a party of horsemen around to explore every part, offering them a large reward if they would find any place where an entrance could be effected. The horsemen made the circuit, and reported that their search had been in vain. At length a certain soldier, named Hyræades, after studying for some time the precipices on the side which had been deemed inaccessible, saw a sentinel, who was stationed on the walls above, leave his post and come climbing down the rocks for some distance to get his helmet, which had accidentally dropped down. Hyræades watched him both as he descended and as he returned. He reflected on this discovery, communicated it to others, and the practicability of scaling the rock and the walls at that point was discussed. In the end, the attempt was made and was successful. Hyræades went up first, followed by a few daring spirits who were ambitious of the glory of the exploit. They were not at first observed from above. The way being thus shown, great numbers followed on, and so large a force succeeded in thus gaining an entrance that the city was taken.

In the dreadful confusion and din of the storming of the city, Crœsus himself had a very narrow escape from death. He was saved by the miraculous speaking of his deaf-and-dumb son—at least, such is the story. Cyrus had given positive orders to his soldiers, both before the

great battle on the plain and during the siege, that, though they might slay whomever else they pleased, they must not harm Crœsus, but must take him alive. During the time of the storming of the town, when the streets were filled with infuriated soldiers, those on the one side wild with the excitement of triumph, and those on the other maddened with rage and despair, a party, rushing along, overtook Crœsus and his helpless son, whom the unhappy father, it seems, was making a desperate effort to save. The Persian soldiers were about to transfix Crœsus with their spears, when the son, who had never spoken before, called out, "It is Crœsus; do not kill him." The soldiers were arrested by the words, and saved the monarch's life. They made him prisoner, and bore him away to Cyrus.

Crœsus had sent, a long time before, to inquire of the Delphic oracle by what means the power of speech could be restored to his son. The answer was, that that was a boon which he had better not ask; for the day on which he should hear his son speak for the first time would be the darkest and most unhappy day of his life.

Cyrus had not ordered his soldiers to spare the life of Crœsus in battle from any sentiment of humanity toward him, but because he wished to have his case reserved for his own decision. When Crœsus was brought to him a captive, he ordered him to be put in chains, and carefully guarded. As soon as some degree of order was restored in the city, a large funeral pile was erected, by his directions, in a public square, and Crœsus was brought to the spot. Fourteen Lydian young men, the sons, probably, of the most prominent men in the state, were with him. The pile was large enough for them all,

and they were placed upon it. They were all laid upon the wood. Crœsus raised himself and looked around, surveying with extreme consternation and horror the preparations which were making for lighting the pile. His heart sank within him as he thought of the dreadful fate that was before him. The spectators stood by in solemn silence, awaiting the end. Crœsus broke this awful pause by crying out, in a tone of anguish and despair, —

"O Solon! Solon! Solon!"

The officers who had charge of the execution asked him what he meant. Cyrus, too, who was himself personally superintending the scene, asked for an explanation. Crœsus was, for a time, too much agitated and distracted to reply. There were difficulties in respect to language, too, which embarrassed the conversation, as the two kings could speak to each other only through an interpreter. At length Crœsus gave an account of his interview with Solon, and of the sentiment which the philosopher had expressed, that no one could decide whether a man was truly prosperous and happy till it was determined how his life was to end. Cyrus was greatly interested in this narrative; but, in the mean time, the interpreting of the conversation had been slow, a considerable period had elapsed, and the officers had lighted the fire. The pile had been made extremely combustible, and the fire was rapidly making its way through the whole mass. Cyrus eagerly ordered it to be extinguished. The efforts which the soldiers made for this purpose seemed, at first, likely to be fruitless; but they were aided very soon by a sudden shower of rain, which, coming down from the mountains, began, just at

this time, to fall; and thus the flames were extinguished, and Crœsus and the captives saved.

Cyrus immediately, with a fickleness very common among great monarchs in the treatment of both enemies and favorites, began to consider Crœsus as his friend. He ordered him to be unbound, brought him near his person, and treated him with great consideration and honor.

Crœsus remained after this for a long time with Cyrus, and accompanied him in his subsequent campaigns. He was very much incensed at the oracle at Delphi for having deceived him by its false responses and predictions, and thus led him into the terrible snare into which he had fallen. He procured the fetters with which he had been chained when placed upon the pile, and sent them to Delphi, with orders that they should be thrown down upon the threshold of the temple — the visible symbol of his captivity and ruin — as a reproach to the oracle for having deluded him and caused his destruction. In doing this, the messengers were to ask the oracle whether imposition like that which had been practiced on Crœsus was the kind of gratitude it evinced to one who had enriched it by such a profusion of offerings and gifts.

To this the priests of the oracle said in reply that the destruction of the Lydian dynasty had long been decreed by the Fates, in retribution for the guilt of Gyges, the founder of the line. He had murdered his master, and usurped the throne, without any title to it whatever. The judgments of Heaven had been denounced upon Gyges for this crime, to fall on himself or on some of his descendants. The Pythian Apollo at Delphi had done

all in his power to postpone the falling of the blow until after the death of Crœsus, on account of the munificent benefactions which he had made to the oracle; but he had been unable to effect it: the decrees of Fate were inexorable. All that the oracle could do was to postpone — as it had done, it said, for three years — the execution of the sentence, and to give Crœsus warning of the evil that was impending. This had been done by announcing to him that his crossing the Halys would cause the destruction of a mighty empire, meaning that of Lydia; and also by informing him that when he should find a mule upon the throne of Media he must expect to lose his own. Cyrus, who was descended, on the father's side, from the Persian stock, and on the mother's from that of Media, was the hybrid sovereign represented by the mule.

When this answer was reported to Crœsus, it is said that he was satisfied with the explanations, and admitted that the oracle was right, and that he himself had been unreasonable and wrong.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHESUS, IN THE LAND OF LYDIA

[249–251 A.D.]

BY JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

Six young men of Cæsar's household
Fled before their master's anger;
As a god he claimed their worship,
Though a sorry god was he.
For an insect, ever buzzing,
Still annoyed him at the banquet,
Still disturbed his rest and pleasure.
All the chasing of his servants
Could not drive away the torment.
Ever round the head of Cæsar
Did the angry creature hover,
Threatening with its poisoned sting:
Still it flew, and swiftly circling
Made confusion at the table,
Messenger of Baalzebub,
The infernal god of flies.

"Ha!" — so spake the youths together, —
"He a god that fears an insect!
Can a god be thus molested?
Does a god, like wretched mortals,
Feast and revel at the banquet?
Nay! to Him, the one, the only,
Who the sun and moon created,

Who hath made the stars in glory,
Shall we henceforth bend the knee!"

So they spake and left the palace,
Left it in their trim apparel;
By a shepherd led, they hastened
To a cave was in the mountain,
And they all went gliding in.

And the shepherd's dog came after,
Though they strove to drive him from them;
Thrust himself toward his master,
Licked their hands in dumb entreaty,
That he might remain their fellow;
And lay down with them to sleep.

But the wrath of Cæsar kindled,
When he knew that they had left him;
All his former love departed,
All his thought was vengeance only.
Out in quest he sent his people,
Traced them to the mountain-hollow.
Not to fire nor sword he doomed them;
But he bade great stones be lifted
To the entrance of the cavern;
Saw it fastened up with mortar;
And so left them in their tomb.

But the youths lay calmly sleeping;
And the angel, their protector,
Spake before the throne of glory:
" I have watched beside the sleepers,

Made them turn in slumber ever,
That the damps of yonder cavern
Should not cramp their youthful limbs;
And the rocks around I've opened,
That the sun at rising, setting,
May give freshness to their cheeks.
So they lie in rest and quiet,
In the bliss of happy dreams."
So they lay; and still, beside them,
Lay the dog in peaceful slumber,
Never whimpering in his sleep.

Years came on, and years departed;
Till at last the young men wakened;
And the wall, so strongly fastened,
Now had fallen into ruin,
Crumbled by the touch of ages.
Then Iamblicus, the youngest,
And the goodliest of them all,
Seeing that the shepherd trembled,
Said, "I pray you now, my brothers,
Let me go to seek provision;
I have gold; my life I'll venture;
Tarry till I bring you bread."
Ephesus, that noble city,
Then, for many a year, had yielded
To the faith of the Redeemer,
Jesus. (Glory to his name!)

And he ran unto the city;
At the gate were many warders.
Armèd men on tower and turret,

But he passed them all unchallenged;
To the nearest baker's went he,
And in haste demanded bread.

"Ha! young rogue," exclaimed the baker,
"Surely thou hast found a treasure;
That old piece of gold betrays thee!
Give me, or I shall denounce thee,
Half the treasure thou hast found."

And Iamblicus denied it;
But the baker would not listen,
Brawling till the watch came forward.
To the king they both were taken;
And the monarch, like the baker,
But a higher right asserting,
Claimed to share the treasure too.

But at last the wondrous story,
Which the young man told the monarch,
Proved itself by many tokens.
Lord was he of that same palace,
Whither he was brought for judgment;
For he showed to them a pillar,
In the which a stone when loosened
Led unto a treasure chamber,
Heaped with gold and costly jewels.
Straightway came in haste his kindred,
All his clan came thronging round him,
Eager to advance their claim;
Each was nearer than the other.
And Iamblicus, the blooming,

Young in face and form and feature,
Stood an ancestor among them.
All bewildered heard he legends
Of his son and of his grandsons,
Fathers of the men before him.
So amazed he stood and listened,
Patriarch in his early manhood;
While the crowd around him gathered,
Stalwart men, and mighty captains,
Him, the youngest, to acknowledge
As the founder of their race!
And one token with another
Made assurance doubly certain;
None could doubt the wondrous story
Of himself and of his comrades.
Shortly, to the cave returning,
King and people all go with him,
And they saw him enter in.
But no more to king or people
Did the Chosen reappear.
For the seven, who long had tarried, —
Nay, but they were eight in number,
For the faithful dog was with them, —
Thenceforth from the world were sundered.
The most blessed angel Gabriel,
By the will of God Almighty,
Walling up the cave forever,
Led them unto Paradise.

KING DARIUS AND THE FLYING SCYTHIANS

[513 B.C.]

BY HERODOTUS; RETOLD BY ALFRED J. CHURCH

KING DARIUS, being lord of all Asia, wherein were great multitudes of men and much wealth, purposed to make war against the Scythians, desiring also to punish them for their wrongdoing in time past. Now their wrongdoing had been this. They had invaded Asia in the days of the Medes, and had ruled it for twenty and eight years, and when the years were ended had gone back to their own land. About which going back there is this to be told. When they were come to the border of the land, they found an army drawn out in battle array against them; and this army was of their own slaves. But when they had fought with the slaves many times and could not prevail, one of them said to his fellows: "Men of Scythia, we do ill, fighting against these slaves. Come, let us cast aside our spears and take each one of us his whip. For so long as they see us with arms in our hands they count themselves to be our equals, but when they shall see the whips they will remember that we are their masters." This the Scythians did, and it was so with the slaves, that when they saw the whips they fled.

King Darius therefore prepared to make war against the Scythians, requiring soldiers from some nations, and from some ships, and commanding others that they should make a bridge over the Thracian Bosphorus. But in the mean time Artabanus, that was brother to the

king, would have persuaded him not to go against the Scythians, as being men that had no possessions; but he could not prevail. And when the king was now about to depart from Susa, which is the chief city of Persia, there came to him one Œobazus, entreating of him that he would suffer one of his sons to tarry at home, for he had three sons and all were in the army. Then the king said that because Œobazus was his friend and asked but a small thing, all his sons should tarry at home. Whereat the man was greatly rejoiced; but the king sent his executioners and slew them all. In this fashion did they tarry at home.

When the king was come to the Bosphorus he set up two pillars of white marble, whereon he inscribed the names of all the nations as many as were in his army; and indeed of all that he ruled none were absent. The writing on the one pillar was Persian and on the other Greek. Now the number of the men was seven hundred thousand, besides those that were in the ships, and of ships there were six hundred. After this he crossed by the bridge, which Mæandrius of Samos had made over the Bosphorus, commanding the Ionians that they should sail along the shore to the river Danube and should make a bridge across the river, and so tarry till he should come. Then he went on his way through the land of Thrace till he came to the river Tearus. Of this river they say that the water thereof healeth diseases both of men and beasts beyond all others. It has thirty and eight springs flowing from one and the same rock, of which some are cold and some are hot. Here the king pitched his camp, and beside the river he set up a pillar by it, whereon was written, "To the Tearus, which is the best

and fairest of all rivers, came Darius, son of Hystaspes, King of the Persians, being the best and fairest of all men."

At this time the Getæ, that are called Immortal, submitted themselves to him. This they did without fighting, though they are counted the most valiant and righteous of all the Thracians. The cause wherefore they are called Immortal is this. They believe that they die not, but that such as seem to die go to their god Zalmoxis. And every fifth year they send a messenger to Zalmoxis with a message concerning the things which they need. They cast lots who shall be this messenger; and their manner of sending him is this. Some of them stand in order holding up three spears; and others take the messenger whom they would send to Zalmoxis by the hands and the feet, and throw him from above on to the spears. If the man die they hold that Zalmoxis is gracious to them; but if he die not, they blame the messenger, saying that he is a wicked man; and then they look for another. But the message they give him while he is yet alive. These Thracians shoot arrows into the sky when there is thunder and lightning, and threaten the gods, holding that there is in truth no god but this Zalmoxis. As for this Zalmoxis, some say that he was a slave in Samos, and that his master was Pythagoras, and that when he had gathered much wealth he went back to his country; and that he affirmed that neither he nor they that were his disciples should die, but should come to a country full of all manner of all good things; and that while he taught these things he made for himself a dwelling under the earth; and that when this dwelling was finished he vanished out of the sight of the Thracians and dwelt therein for three years; and that afterward

he showed himself again to the Thracians, so that they believed all that he had taught them.

After this the king came to the Danube; which when he had crossed, he said to the Ionians that they should loose the bridge and follow him. But when the Ionians were now about to loose it, a certain Coës, who was captain of the men of Mitylene, spake thus to the king, having first heard that the king would willingly hear his opinion: "This land into which thou goest, O King, hath in it neither fields nor cities; for which reason I would have thee leave this bridge, and leave also them that made it to guard it. For if we prosper in this journey and find the Scythians, then shall we have a way of return, and if we find them not, we shall also have a way. For that we shall turn our backs before the Scythians in battle, I fear not; but only, that not being able to find them, we may wander a long time, and so suffer many things. And I say not this that I may myself be left behind, only I set forth the opinion that I hold to be best for thee, O King: but as for myself I will go with thee, and will not be left behind." These words pleased Darius very much; and he said to Coës, "Man of Lesbos, if I return in peace, come to my house, that I may recompense thee for thy good counsel." After this he took a thong, and tied in it sixty knots, and calling the kings of the Ionians, said to them, "My former purpose concerning the bridge is changed. Take, therefore, this thong, and do thus with it. Loose one knot every day, from the day when I shall depart hence to fight with the Scythians. And if I come not back when all these knots shall have been loosed, then sail back to your own land; but for sixty days, according to the number of the knots,

keep this bridge with all the care that ye may." And when he had said this, he went on his way searching for the Scythians.

Now the Scythians, knowing that they could not stand against the Persians in battle, sent messengers to the nations roundabout that they should help them, for that the Persians had it in their mind to conquer the whole country. And when the kings of these nations had met in council together, eight kings in all, the assembly soon divided, for three were willing to help the Scythians, but five were not willing, saying that the Scythians had invaded the land of Asia and were now suffering punishment for their misdeeds. When this was told to the Scythians they considered what they might best do; and it seemed best that they should not join battle with the Persians, but should flee before them, filling the springs and the wells, and destroying the pasture. For this end they divided themselves into two armies; whereof one, being one third part of the whole, having with them also the Sauromatæ, should go toward the river Tanais, if the Persians should pursue them, but if the Persians turned back, should pursue in their turn; and the remainder, having with them the Geloni and the Budini, should go toward the country of the five nations that would not help them, that the Persians might lay waste the country of these nations. But their wagons, wherein their wives and their children are wont to live, and their flocks and herds, save such only as they needed for food, they sent away, bidding them go northward.

After this, the swiftest of their horsemen went forth to meet the Persians, and found them encamped at a place that is three days' journey from the Danube. And

when the Persians saw the Scythian horsemen they followed on their track, and pursued them a very long way till they came to the desert. Here Darius halted and made his camp by the river Oarus, and began to build eight great forts. But as the Scythians could nowhere be seen he left the forts unfinished, and marched toward the west. And as he marched he came upon the greater army of the Scythians, and these also gave way before him, having always a day's journey between them and the Persians; and they led them to the towns of those nations that were not willing to help them. All these countries the Persians wasted, save only the country of the Agathyrsi; for these came down armed to their borders, and were ready to fight with the Scythians.

And when this had been done many days, Darius, being now weary, sent a horseman to Idanthyrsus, King of the Scythians, saying, "Why flyest thou ever in this fashion? If thou thinkest thyself able to meet me in battle, stay from thy wanderings and fight with me; but if thou confessest thyself to be not worthy, cease from this running, and send gifts as to thy master, even earth and water, and let us talk together." To this Idanthyrsus, King of the Scythians, made answer: "I never feared any man that I should flee before him; and I fear not thee, nor indeed do I now any other thing than that which I am wont to do in peace. But if thou wilt know why we do not fight with thee, hearken: we have neither city nor field for which we should fear, lest they should be taken or plundered, and so join battle with thee. Yet, if thou art minded by all means to fight with us, we have the tombs of our fathers. Find ye these, and seek to destroy them, and ye shall know right soon whether we

will fight for the tombs of our fathers or no. But till thou do this we will not fight with thee till we be so minded. And as to what thou sayest of a master, know that our masters are Zeus only, whose son I am, and Vesta, that is Queen of the Scythians. As to these gifts of earth and water, I will not send them; but I will send such as is meet for thee to receive."

This answer the herald brought back to Darius; but when the kings of the Scythians heard this talk of masters and slaves they were very wroth, and they sent the smaller part of their army to treat with the Ionians at the bridge; but with the larger part they determined not to give way any more before the Persians, but to attack them while they were gathering food. This the Scythians did; and the horsemen of the Persians always fled before their horsemen; but when the foot-soldiers came to the help of the horsemen, then the Scythians gave place. Also they made many attacks on the Persians by night. One thing, indeed, there was that hindered them. There is neither ass nor mule in the whole land of Scythia; and it often fell out that when the horsemen of the Scythians were pursuing the Persians, the asses in their camp would bray; and when the horses heard it they would be astonished and stand still, pricking up their ears, for they had not heard such sound before nor seen the shape of an ass.

Now the Persians were troubled at what befell them; and when the Scythians saw this, they sought to keep them in their country that they might come utterly to want. For this end they left some of their flocks with the shepherds behind them when they themselves departed to some other place. And the Persians coming

upon the flocks and laying hold of them, were much encouraged, and so were the more willing to tarry in the country. But when this had been done many times, at last King Darius was in sore straits and knew not what he should do. Then the King of the Scythians knowing this sent a herald with gifts to Darius, and the gifts were these: a bird, and a mouse, and a frog, and five arrows. And the Persians inquired of the herald that brought the gifts what they might signify; but the man made answer that of this he knew nothing, but that it had been commanded him to give the gifts to the king and then depart straightway, but that the Persians might themselves discover, if only they were wise, what the gifts signified. And King Darius judged that the purpose of the Scythians was this, to give themselves up to him (which is commonly done by the giving of earth and water), for he considered that the mouse liveth in the earth, and eateth the fruits thereof even as doth a man, and that the frog liveth in the water, and that the bird is most like to the horse, and that as to the arrows these signified their arms which they gave up to him. This, indeed, was the opinion of King Darius; but the judgment of Gobryas about the matter was widely different. (This Gobryas was one of the seven who slew the Magian.) He indeed interpreted the gift after this fashion: Unless ye become as birds and fly up into the air, or as mice and burrow in the earth, or as frogs and leap into the water, ye shall not go back, but shall be smitten with these arrows that ye die. Thus Gobryas judged about the gifts.

But in the mean while one of the armies of the Scythians, that which had gone eastward to the Tanais, hav-

ing returned by the way by which they went, came to the Danube and had speech with the Ionians that guarded the bridge, saying, "Men of Ionia, we come to you offering freedom if only ye will hearken unto us. We hear that Darius when he departed bade you guard the bridge for sixty days only, and that if he came not back within these sixty days, ye should loose the bridge and so depart to your own country. Now if ye do after these words ye shall have no blame either from him or from us. Tarry therefore for the appointed days and afterward depart." And when the Ionians said that they would do so the Scythians went their way.

Then this army of the Scythians departed; and the other army set themselves in battle array against Darius, having both horse and foot, and purposing to fight against him. And it so fell out when the two armies were drawn up the one over against the other, that a hare ran through the midst of the army of the Scythians, and when the Scythians saw it they left care of the battle and pursued after the hare. And Darius, seeing that the Scythians were in much confusion and shouted aloud, inquired what this might mean that the enemy were so disturbed. And when he knew that they were busy pursuing the hare he turned to them to whom he was wont to speak at other times also, and said to them, "Surely these men have a great scorn for us; and surely also Gobryas interpreted the gifts and their signification aright. Seeing then that these things are so, we need good counsel that we may return in safety." And Gobryas said, "O King, I knew before that these men were hard to deal with; and now I know it the more certainly when I see how they scoff at us. My judgment

therefore is this: so soon as it shall be night, let us light the fires in the camp, as we are wont to do at other times, and let us tie up the asses in their place, and let us so depart, leaving behind us such as be least able to endure hardships. And let us do this before that the Scythians go to the Danube and loose the bridge, or that the Ionians themselves consider that they may do us this hurt." This was the counsel of Gobryas; and so soon as it was night Darius followed it. He left such of the soldiers as were sick, and such as were of least account, if they should perish, and he caused them to tie up the asses in their places in the camp, and so departed. And the cause why he left the asses and the sick men behind was this: the asses he left that they might make a noise, and the men because they could not make haste in marching. But to these he said that his purpose was to attack the Scythians with the better part of his army, and that they in the mean while should guard the camp. This Darius said to them that were left, and having caused the camp-fires to be lighted he so departed, and made with all the speed that he could for the Danube. And the asses, missing the noise of the multitude about them, made themselves the more noise, which when the Scythians heard they made no doubt but that the Persians were yet in their camp.

But when the day was come they that had been left behind of the Persians, judging that they had been betrayed by King Darius, surrendered themselves to the Scythians, and told what had been done. And the Scythians, so soon as they heard it, pursued after the Persians with both their armies, and with the nations also that had come to their help; and they pursued,

going straight to the Danube. But the Persians and the Scythians fell not in with each other for this cause, namely, that the army of the Persians was for the most part of foot-soldiers, and they knew not the way, for indeed in the land of Scythia there are not roads duly made; but the Scythians were horsemen, and they knew the shortest ways. For this cause they fell not in with each other; but the Scythians came to the bridge of the Danube by a long time the first. And when they found that the Persians were not yet come to the bridge, they spake to the Ionians that were in the ships, saying, "Men of Ionia, the days that were numbered to you are now passed, and ye do wrong still tarrying here by the bridge. And if ye have done this heretofore in fear, fear ye no longer; but leave the bridge with all speed, and go on your way rejoicing, and be free, thanking the Gods and the Scythians for these benefits. And as for the man that was your master, we will so order things with him that he shall not make war against any man hereafter forever." When they heard this the Ionians took counsel together. Then Miltiades the Athenian, who was King of the Chersonese that is near the Hellespont, advised that they should do according to the saying of the Scythians, and so set the Ionians free. But the advice of Histiæus of Miletus was contrary to this, for he said, "Each one of us is king in his own city by reason of the power of Darius; and if this power be overthrown, then shall we be overthrown also, and neither he nor any man will be king in Miletus, or indeed in any of the cities, seeing that they would all of them wish to be governed by the people rather than be governed by a king."

When the other kings heard this they turned straightway to the opinion of Histiæus, though before they had followed the opinion of Miltiades. And as they judged it most expedient for themselves, so they did forthwith. For they loosed that part of the bridge which was toward the Scythians, and they loosed it for the length of a bow-shot. And this they did in order that, though they did nothing, they might yet seem to be doing something, and that the Scythians might not take the bridge by force, and so cross the Danube. And while they were loosing the bridge on the side of the Scythians they affirmed that they were about to do as the Scythians had counseled them. For Histiæus came forward in the name of all, and spake, saying, "Ye men of Scythia, ye have come to us with counsel that is right welcome, and are zealous on our behalf to good purpose. And as ye have advised us well, so will we serve you faithfully. For we will loose this bridge, even as ye now see us do, and we will work with all our might that we may have the freedom which we desire. Do ye, therefore, while we are loosing the bridge, go and seek for these oppressors, and when ye have found them, avenge yourselves and us also upon them in such manner as they deserve."

When the Scythians heard these words they believed a second time that the Ionians spake the truth, and so departed, seeking the Persians. Yet did they miss them altogether, and for this cause, for which indeed they were themselves to blame, namely, that they had destroyed the pastures and filled up the wells. For if they had not done this thing they could easily have found the Persians. But now the counsel that seemed to have been most excellently devised turned out ill for them.

For the Scythians indeed went through their country seeking the Persians where there was food for their horses and wells of water, for they thought that of a surety the enemy would return by this way. But the Persians did not so, but kept to their own trail which they had made marching from the Danube; and so at last, after many things suffered, they came to the river and the bridge. But as they came in the night-time, and the one end of the bridge had been loosed, they were for a while in great fear lest the Ionians should have left them. Now there was with Darius a certain Egyptian, whose voice was louder than the voice of all other men; and Darius commanded this man that he should go down to the edge of the river, and call to Histiæus of Miletus. This he did, and Histiæus heard him call the first time, and straightway brought the ships and joined the bridge, so that the army of the Persians passed over and escaped.

But when the Scythians came again to the river, having missed the Persians a second time, they had great wrath against the Ionians. And from that day they are wont to say of the Ionians that, if they be called freemen, then be they the most cowardly and vile of all the nations upon earth; and if they be counted slaves, then there are no slaves more mean and worthless.

HOW XERXES SET OUT TO CONQUER GREECE

[480 B.C.]

BY HERODOTUS

[DARIUS, King of Persia, tried in vain to conquer Greece. When his son Xerxes came to the throne in 486 B.C., he, too, made the same attempt. An account of his disastrous failure is given in volume IV, "The Great Persian Invasion."

The Editor.]

XERXES thus levied his army, searching out every region of the continent. For from the reduction of Egypt, he was employed four whole years in assembling his forces, and providing things necessary for the expedition. In the course of the fifth year he began his march with a vast multitude of men; for of the expeditions with which we are acquainted, this was by far the greatest, so that that of Darius against the Scythians appears nothing in comparison with this; nor the Scythian, when the Scythians pursuing the Cimmerians, and invading the Medic territory, subdued almost the whole of the upper part of Asia, on account of which Darius afterward attempted to inflict vengeance on them; nor, according to what is related, that of the Atridæ against Ilium; nor that of the Mysians and Teucrians, which took place before the Trojan War, who, having passed over into Europe by the Bosphorus, subdued all the Thracians, and went down to the Ionian Sea, and marched southward as far as the river Peneus.

All these expeditions, and any others, if there have been any besides them, are not to be compared with this one. For what nation did not Xerxes lead out of Asia against Greece? What stream, being drunk, did not fail him, except that of great rivers? Some supplied ships; others were ordered to furnish men for the infantry, from others cavalry were required, from others transports for horses, together with men to serve in the army; others had to furnish long ships for the bridges, and others provisions and vessels.

And first of all, as those who had first attempted to double Mount Athos had met with disasters, preparations were being made for nearly three years about Athos; for triremes were stationed at Eleus in the Chersonese, and proceeding from thence, men of every nation from the army dug under the lash; and they went in succession; and the people who dwelt round Athos dug also. Bubares, son of Megabazus, and Artachæus, son of Artæus, both Persians, presided over the work. Athos is a vast and celebrated mountain, stretching into the sea, and inhabited by men. Where the mountain terminates toward the continent, it is in the form of a peninsula, and is an isthmus of about twelve stades: this is a plain with hills of no great height from the sea of the Acanthians to the sea which is opposite Torone. On this isthmus, in which Mount Athos terminates, stands Sana, a Grecian city; but those within Sana, and situate on Athos itself, which the Persian then was proceeding to make insular instead of continental, are the following, Dion, Olophyxus, Acrothoon, Thyssus, and Cleonæ. These are the cities which occupy Mount Athos.

They made the excavation as follows: the barbarians

divided the ground among the several nations, having drawn a straight line near the city of Sana; and when the trench was deep, some standing at the bottom continued to dig, and others handed the soil that was dug out to men who stood above on ladders; they again in turn handed it to others, until they reached those that were at the top; these last carried it off and threw it away. To all the rest, except the Phœnicians, the brink of the excavation falling in gave double labor, for as they made the upper opening and the lower of equal dimensions, this must necessarily happen. But the Phœnicians show their skill in other works, and especially did so in this; for having received the portion that fell to their share, they dug it, making the upper opening of the trench twice as large as it was necessary for the trench itself to be; and as the work proceeded, they contracted it gradually, so that when they came to the bottom, the work was equal in width to the rest: near adjoining is a meadow, where they had a market and bazaar, and great abundance of meal was brought to them from Asia.

According to my deliberate opinion, Xerxes ordered this excavation to be made from motives of ostentation, wishing to display his power, and to leave a memorial of himself; for though it was possible, without any great labor, to have drawn the ships over the isthmus, he commanded them to dig a channel for the sea of such a width that two triremes might pass through rowed abreast. And the same persons, to whom the excavation was committed, were ordered also to throw a bridge over the river Strymon.

These things, then, he thus contrived: he also caused

cables of papyrus and of white flax to be prepared for the bridges, having ordered the Phœnicians and Egyptians also to lay up provisions for the army, that neither the men nor the beasts of burden might suffer from famine on their march toward Greece; and having informed himself of the situations of the places, he ordered them to lay up the provisions where it was most convenient, conveying them to various quarters in merchant-ships and transports from all parts of Asia. Of these provisions the largest quantity they conveyed to a place called Leuce-Acte, in Thrace; some were ordered to Tyrodiza of the Perinthians, others to Doriscus, others to Eion on the Strymon, and others to Macedonia.

While these men were employed in their appointed task, the whole land forces, having been assembled, marched with Xerxes to Sardis, having set out from Critalla in Cappadocia, for it was ordered that all the troops throughout the continent, that were to march with Xerxes himself, should be assembled at that place. Now which of the generals, bringing the best-appointed troops, received the gifts promised by the king, I am unable to mention; for I am not at all aware that they came to any decision on this point. They then, when having crossed the river Halys they entered Phrygia, marching through that country, arrived at Celænæ, where rise the springs of the Mæander, and of another river not less than the Mæander, which is called the Catarractes, which, springing up in the very forum of the Celænians, discharges itself into the Mæander; in this city, also, the skin of Silenus Marsyas is suspended, which, as the Phrygians report, was stripped off and suspended by Apollo.

In this city Pythius, son of Atys, a Lydian, being in waiting, entertained the whole army of the king and Xerxes himself with most sumptuous feasts; and he offered money, wishing to contribute toward the expense of the war. When Pythius offered money, Xerxes asked the Persians near him who this Pythius was, and what riches he possessed, that he made such an offer. They answered, "O King, this is the person who presented your father Darius with the golden plane tree and the vine; and he is now the richest man we know of in the world, next to yourself."

Xerxes, surprised with these last words, next asked Pythius what might be the amount of his wealth. He said, "O King, I will not conceal it from you, nor will I pretend to be ignorant of my own substance, but as I know it perfectly I will tell you the exact truth. As soon as I heard you were coming down to the Grecian sea, wishing to present you with money for the war I made inquiry, and found by computation that I had two thousand talents of silver, and of gold four millions of Daric staters, all but seven thousand.[1] These I freely give you; for myself, I have sufficient subsistence from my slaves and lands."

Thus he spoke; but Xerxes, delighted with his offer, replied: "My Lydian friend, since I left the Persian country I have met with no man to the present moment who was willing to entertain my army, or who, having come into my presence, has voluntarily offered to contribute money toward the war. But you have entertained my army magnificently and have offered

[1] The silver talent of the Greeks was equal to about $1000, the Daric stater to about $5.40.

me vast sums; therefore, in return for this, I confer on you the following rewards: I make you my friend, and will make up the sum of four millions of staters from my own treasures, by adding the seven thousand; so that the four millions may not be short of seven thousand, but the full sum may be completed by me. Do you retain what you have acquired, and be careful always to continue such as you are; for if you do this you shall never repent, either now or hereafter."

Having said this, and performed his promises, he continued his march; and passing by a city of the Phrygians called Anaua, and a lake from which salt is obtained, he arrived at Colossæ, a considerable city of Phrygia, in which the river Lycus, falling into a chasm of the earth, disappears; then reappearing after a distance of about five stades, it also discharges itself into the Mæander. From Colossæ the army, advancing toward the boundaries of the Phrygians and Lydians, arrived at the city of Cydrara, where a pillar, planted in the ground, and erected by Crœsus, indicates the boundaries by an inscription.

When from Phrygia he entered Lydia, the way dividing into two, that on the left leading to Caria, the other on the right to Sardis, by which latter a traveler is compelled to cross the river Mæander, and to pass by the city of Callatebus, in which confectioners make honey with tamarisk and wheat; Xerxes, going by this way, met with a plane tree, which, on account of its beauty, he presented with golden ornaments, and, having committed it to the care of one of the immortals, on the next day he arrived at Sardis, the capital of the Lydians.

On his arrival at Sardis, he first of all sent heralds to

Greece to demand earth and water, and to require them to provide entertainment for the king; except that he did not send either to Athens or Lacedæmon, but he did to every other place. And he sent the second time for earth and water for the following reason; such as had not given them before when Darius sent, he thought would then certainly do so through fear; wishing, therefore, to know this for certain, he sent. And after this he prepared to march to Abydos.

In the mean while, those who were appointed had joined the Hellespont from Asia to Europe. There is in the Chersonese on the Hellespont, between the city of Sestos and Madytus, a craggy shore extending into the sea, directly opposite Abydos: there, not long after these events, under Xanthippus, son of Ariphron, a general of the Athenians, having taken Artayctes, a Persian, governor of Sestos, they impaled him alive against a plank; for he, having brought women into the temple of Protesilaus at Elæus, committed atrocious crimes.

To this shore, then, beginning at Abydos, they, on whom this task was imposed, constructed bridges, the Phœnicians one with white flax, and the Egyptians the other with papyrus. The distance from Abydos to the opposite shore is seven stades. When the strait was thus united, a violent storm arising, broke in pieces and scattered the whole work.

When Xerxes heard of this, being exceedingly indignant, he commanded that the Hellespont should be stricken with three hundred lashes with a scourge, and that a pair of fetters should be let down into the sea. I have moreover heard that with them he likewise sent

branding instruments to brand the Hellespont. He certainly charged those who flogged the waters to utter these barbarous and impious words: "Thou bitter water! thy master inflicts this punishment upon thee, because thou hast injured him, although thou hadst not suffered any harm from him; and King Xerxes will cross over thee, whether thou wilt or not; it is with justice that no man sacrifices to thee, because thou art both a deceitful and briny river!" He accordingly commanded them to chastise the sea in this manner, and to cut off the heads of those who had to superintend the joining of the Hellespont.

They on whom this thankless office was imposed carried it into execution; and other engineers constructed bridges; and they constructed them in the following manner. They connected together penteconters and triremes, under that toward the Euxine Sea, three hundred and sixty; and under the other, three hundred and fourteen, obliquely in respect of the Pontus, but in the direction of the current in respect of the Hellespont, that it might keep up the tension of the cables. Having connected them together, they let down very long anchors, some on the one bridge toward the Pontus, on account of the winds that blew from it within; others on the other bridge toward the west and the Ægean, on account of the south and southeast winds. They left an opening as a passage through between the penteconters, and that in three places, that any one who wished might be able to sail into the Pontus in light vessels, and from the Pontus outward. Having done this, they stretched the cables from the shore, twisting them with wooden capstans, not as before using the two kinds separately, but assign-

ing to each two of white flax and four of papyrus. The thickness and quality were the same, but those of flax were stronger in proportion, every cubit weighing a full talent. When the passage was bridged over, having sawn up trunks of trees, and having made them equal to the width of the bridge, they laid them regularly upon the extended cables; and having laid them in regular order, they then fastened them together. And having done this, they put brushwood on the top; and having laid the brushwood in regular order, they put earth over the whole; and having pressed down the earth, they drew a fence on each side, that the beasts of burden and horses might not be frightened by looking down upon the sea.

When the works at the bridges were completed, and those at Mount Athos, as well as the mounds at the mouths of the canal, which had been made on account of the tide, in order that the mouths of the trench might not be choked up, and news was brought that the canal was entirely completed; thereupon the army, having wintered at Sardis, and being fully prepared, set out at the beginning of the spring from thence toward Abydos. But as it was on the point of setting out, the sun, quitting his seat in the heavens, disappeared, though there were no clouds, and the air was perfectly serene, and night ensued in the place of day. When Xerxes saw and perceived this, it occasioned him much uneasiness; he therefore inquired of the magi what the prodigy might portend. They answered that "the deity foreshows to the Greeks the extinction of their cities"; adding, "that the sun is the portender of the future to the Greeks, and the moon to the Persians." Xerxes, having

heard this, was much delighted, and set out upon his march.

As he was leading his army away, Pythius the Lydian, terrified by the prodigy in the heavens, and emboldened by the gifts, went to Xerxes the king, and spoke thus: "Sire, would you indulge me by granting a boon I should wish to obtain, which is easy for you to grant, and of great importance to me." Xerxes, expecting that he would wish for anything rather than what he did ask, said that he would grant his request, and bade him declare what he wanted; whereupon he, when he heard this, spoke confidently as follows: "Sire, I have five sons; and it happens that they are all attending you in the expedition against Greece. But do you, O King, pity me, who am thus advanced in years, and release one of my sons from the service, that he may take care of me and my property. Take the other four with you, and, having accomplished your designs, may you return home."

Xerxes was highly incensed, and answered as follows: "Base man! hast thou dared, when I am marching in person against Greece, and taking with me my children, and brothers, and kinsmen, and friends, to make mention of thy son? thou, who art my slave, and who wert bound in duty to follow me with all thy family, even with thy wife. Now learn this well, that the spirit of man dwells in his ears; which, when it hears pleasing things, fills the whole body with delight, but when it hears the contrary, swells with indignation. When, therefore, you did well, and gave promise of the like, you cannot boast of having surpassed the king in generosity; but now that you have adopted a more shameless conduct, you shall not receive your deserts, but less than

your deserts; for your hospitality preserves four of your children, but you shall be punished with the loss of the one whom you cherish most." When he had given this answer, he immediately commanded those whose office it was to execute such orders, to find out the eldest of the sons of Pythius, and to cut his body in two; and having so done, to deposit the halves, one on the right of the road, the other on the left; and that the army should pass between them.

When they had done this, the army afterward passed between. The baggage-bearers and beasts of burden first led the way; after them came a host of all nations promiscuously, not distinguished: after more than one half of the army had passed, an interval was left, that they might not mix with the king's troops. Before him a thousand horsemen led the van, chosen from among all the Persians; and next to them a thousand spearmen, those also chosen from among all, carrying their lances turned downward to the earth. After these came ten sacred horses called Nisæan, gorgeously caparisoned. These horses are called Nisæan on the following account: there is a large plain in the Medic territory which is called the Nisæan; now this plain produces these large horses. Behind these ten horses was placed the sacred chariot of Jupiter, drawn by eight white horses; behind the horses followed a charioteer on foot, holding the reins; because no mortal ever ascends this seat. Behind this came Xerxes himself, on a chariot drawn by Nisæan horses; and a charioteer walked at his side, whose name was Patiramphes, son of Otanes, a Persian.

In this manner, then, Xerxes marched out of Sardis, and whenever he thought right, he used to pass from the

chariot to a covered carriage. Behind him marched a thousand spearmen, the bravest and most noble of the Persians, carrying their spears in the usual manner; and after them another body of a thousand horse, chosen from among the Persians: after the cavalry came ten thousand men chosen from the rest of the Persians; these were infantry; and of these, one thousand had golden pomegranates on their spears instead of ferules, and they inclosed the others all round; but the nine thousand, being within them, had silver pomegranates. Those also that carried their spears turned to the earth had golden pomegranates, and those that followed nearest to Xerxes had golden apples. Behind the ten thousand foot were placed ten thousand Persian cavalry; and after the cavalry was left an interval of two stades; and then the rest of the throng followed promiscuously.

The army directed its march from Lydia to the river Caicus and the Mysian territory; and proceeding from the Caicus, leaving Mount Canæ on the left, passed through Atarneus to the city Carina. From thence it marched through the plain of Thebes, and passing by the city of Adramyttium and the Pelasgian Antrandus, and keeping Mount Ida on the left, it entered the territory of Ilium. But before this, as the army halted during the night under Mount Ida, thunder and lightning fell upon them, and destroyed a considerable number of the troops on the spot.

When the army arrived at the Scamander, which was the first river since they had set out on their march from Sardis, whose stream failed and did not afford sufficient drink for the army and beasts of burden; when, accordingly, Xerxes arrived at this river, he went up to

the Pergamus [1] of Priam, being desirous of seeing it; and having seen it, and inquired into every particular, he sacrificed a thousand oxen to the Ilian Minerva, and the magi poured out libations to the honor of the heroes. After they had done this, a panic fell on the camp during the night, and at the dawn of day they marched from thence, on the left skirting the city of Rhœtium, and Ophrynium, and Dardanus, which borders on Abydos, and on the right the Gergithæ Teucrians.

When they were at Abydos, Xerxes wished to behold the whole army; and there had been previously erected on a hill at this place, for his express use, a lofty throne of white marble; the people of Abydos had made it, in obedience to a previous order of the king. When he was seated there, looking down toward the shore, he beheld both the land army and the fleet; and when he beheld them, he desired to see a contest take place between the ships; and when it had taken place, and the Sidonian Phœnicians were victorious, he showed himself exceedingly gratified both with the contest and the army.

And when he saw the whole Hellespont covered by the ships, and all the shores and the plains of Abydos full of men, Xerxes thereupon pronounced himself happy, but afterward shed tears.

Artabanus, his paternal uncle, having observed him, the same who had before freely declared his opinion, and advised Xerxes not to invade Greece; this man, having perceived Xerxes shedding tears, addressed him thus: "O King, how very different from each other are what you are now doing and what you did a little while ago! for having pronounced yourself happy, now you weep."

[1] That is, "the citadel."

He answered, "Commiseration seized me when I considered how brief all human life is, since of these, numerous as they are, not one shall survive to the hundredth year." But Artabanus replied, saying, "We suffer during life other things more pitiable than this; for in this so brief life, there is not one, either of these or of others, born so happy, that it will not occur to him, not only once but oftentimes, to wish rather to die than to live; for calamities befalling him, and diseases disturbing him, make life, though really short, appear to be long; so that death, life being burdensome, becomes the most desirable refuge for man; and the deity, having given us to taste of sweet existence, is found to be jealous of his gift."

Xerxes answered, saying, "Artabanus, of human life, which is such as you have described it, let us say no more, nor let us call evils to mind, now that we have good things before us."

Xerxes again summoned the most distinguished of the Persians, and when they were assembled he addressed them as follows: "O Persians, I have called you together to desire this of you, that you would acquit yourselves like brave men, and not disgrace the former exploits of the Persians, which are great and memorable; but let each and all of us together show our zeal, for this which we are endeavoring to accomplish is a good common to all. On this account, then, I call on you to apply yourselves earnestly to the war; for, as I am informed, we are marching against brave men; and if we conquer them, no other army in the world will dare to oppose us. Now, then, let us cross over, having first offered up prayers to the gods who protect the Persian territory."

That day they made preparations for the passage over; and on the following they waited for the sun, as they wished to see it rising, in the mean time burning all sorts of perfumes on the bridges, and strewing the road with myrtle branches. When the sun rose, Xerxes, pouring a libation into the sea out of a golden cup, offered up a prayer to the sun that no such accident might befall him as would prevent him from subduing Europe until he had reached its utmost limits. After having prayed, he threw the cup into the Hellespont, and a golden bowl, and a Persian sword, which they call acinace; but I cannot determine with certainty whether he dropped these things into the sea as an offering to the sun, or whether he repented of having scourged the Hellespont, and presented these gifts to the sea as a compensation.

When these ceremonies were finished, the infantry and all the cavalry crossed over by that bridge which was toward the Pontus, and the beasts of burden and attendants by that toward the Ægean. First of all, the ten thousand Persians led the van, all wearing crowns, and after them the promiscuous host of all nations. These crossed on that day. On the following, first the horsemen, and those who carried their lances downward: these also wore crowns; next came the sacred horses and the sacred chariot; afterward Xerxes himself, and the spearmen, and the thousand horsemen; after them the rest of the army closed the march, and at the same time the ships got under weigh to the opposite shore. I have also heard that Xerxes crossed over last of all.

Xerxes, when he had crossed over into Europe, saw the army crossing over under the lash: his army crossed

over in seven days and seven nights without halting at all. On this occasion, it is related that when Xerxes had crossed over the Hellespont, a certain Hellespontine said, "O Jupiter, why, assuming the form of a Persian, and taking the name of Xerxes, do you wish to subvert Greece, bringing all mankind with you, since without them it was in your power to do this?"

II
DAYS OF DECLINE



THE FAMILY OF DARIUS AT THE FEET OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT

BY PAUL VERONESE

(*Italy*, 1530(?)–1588)

In the course of the wars of Alexander the Great with Darius of Persia, he captured the mother, wife, and two daughters of his antagonist. He sent at once to assure them that Darius was not dead, and that they themselves would be treated with the utmost respect — a promise which was kept to the letter. Some time later, the wife of Darius died, and her conqueror buried her with ceremonies of the utmost magnificence. According to Plutarch, Alexander had never even looked upon her face, so that Veronese's painting is rather what might have been than what was.

To attempt to make dress and other accessories those of the event portrayed, was a thing which probably never entered the mind of a sixteenth-century painter; and therefore the costumes in this picture are by no means those of Alexander's day, but exhibit the fashions and the gorgeousness of the Italian Renaissance.

Paul Veronese, the painter of this picture, was a "decorative painter of the highest rank." His delight was to portray men and women at luxurious banquets and in the gorgeous costumes of pageantry. He was a fine draughtsman and a "narrative painter," that is, his pictures may be depended upon to tell stories and to portray upon the faces of the different characters their feelings and emotions.

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE failure of Xerxes to conquer Greece marked the end of Persian greatness. The kingdom, apparently strong and flourishing, was really weak and in its decline. In the year 334 B.C., Alexander the Great with a small army of Macedonians and Greeks invaded Persia and conquered Darius III, the last of the Persian kings. After the death of Alexander and the breaking-up of his kingdom, the Parthians came into power. Their contests with the Romans brought about confusion and weakness, and one Artaxerxes, who claimed to be a descendant of the family of Cyrus, succeeded in making himself sovereign and the founder of a dynasty which continued for more than four hundred years. The most famous ruler of this line was Khosru, who reigned 531–79 A.D. His justice and wisdom and valor in arms were the themes of many a native poet. This glory was short-lived. First, the Romans, then the Mohammedan Arabs invaded the land. Then came the Seljooks, the Tartars, the leader Tamerlane with a new horde of Mongols, and the Afghans; and there were periods of revolution and anarchy marked by revolting tales of perfidy and cruelty. For more than a thousand years the history of Persia has been a long, uninteresting story of constantly changing divisions of the kingdom, of new dynasties, of murders, invasions, and wars.

THE LAST KING OF PERSIA[1]

[334 B.C.]

BY PLUTARCH (ABRIDGED)

[IN 401 B.C., the brother of the Persian king hired some Greek soldiers to help him seize the kingdom. He and the Greek generals were slain. The men made their way back to Greece and reported that the Persian kingdom was not nearly so strong as had been supposed. These two events encouraged Alexander the Great, King of Macedonia, to lead in 334 B.C. an army into Asia against Persia.

The Editor.]

THERE was at this time in Darius's army a Macedonian refugee, named Amyntas, one who was pretty well acquainted with Alexander's character. This man, when he saw Darius intended to fall upon the enemy in the passes and defiles, advised him earnestly to keep where he was, in the open and extensive plains, it being the advantage of a numerous army to have field-room enough when it engages with a lesser force. Darius, instead of taking his counsel, told him he was afraid the enemy would endeavor to run away, and so Alexander would escape out of his hands. "That fear," replied Amyntas, "is needless, for assure yourself that far from avoiding you, he will make all the speed he can to meet you, and is now most likely on his march towards you." But Amyntas's counsel was to no purpose, for Darius immediately decamping, marched into Cilicia, at the same time that Alexander advanced into Syria to meet

[1] From *Plutarch's Lives*. Corrected and translated by A. H. Clough. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1876, by Little, Brown, and Company.

him; and missing one another in the night, they both turned back again. Alexander, greatly pleased with the event, made all the haste he could to fight in the defiles, and Darius to recover his former ground, and draw his army out of so disadvantageous a place. For now he began to perceive his error in engaging himself too far in a country in which the sea, the mountains, and the river Pinarus running through the midst of it, would necessitate him to divide his forces, render his horse almost unserviceable, and only cover and support the weakness of the enemy. Fortune was not kinder to Alexander in the choice of the ground, than he was careful to improve it to his advantage. For being much inferior in numbers, so far from allowing himself to be outflanked, he stretched his right wing much further out than the left wing of his enemies, and fighting there himself in the very foremost ranks, put the barbarians to flight. In this battle he was wounded in the thigh, Chares says by Darius, with whom he fought hand to hand. But in the account which he gave Antipater of the battle, though indeed he owns he was wounded in the thigh with a sword, though not dangerously, yet he takes no notice who it was that wounded him.

Nothing was wanting to complete this victory, in which he overthrew above an hundred and ten thousand of his enemies, but the taking the person of Darius, who escaped very narrowly by flight. However, having taken his chariot and his bow, he returned from pursuing him, and found his own men busy in pillaging the barbarians' camp, which (though to disburden themselves, they had left most of their baggage at Damascus) was exceedingly rich. But Darius's tent, which was full of splendid fur-

niture, and quantities of gold and silver, they reserved for Alexander himself, who after he had put off his arms, went to bathe himself, saying, "Let us now cleanse ourselves from the toils of war in the bath of Darius." "Not so," replied one of his followers, "but in Alexander's rather; for the property of the conquered is, and should be called the conqueror's." Here, when he beheld the bathing vessels, the water-pots, the pans, and the ointment boxes, all of gold, curiously wrought, and smelt the fragrant odors with which the whole place was exquisitely perfumed, and from thence passed into a pavilion of great size and height, where the couches and tables and preparations for an entertainment were perfectly magnificent, he turned to those about him and said, "This, it seems, is royalty."

But as he was going to supper, word was brought him that Darius's mother and wife and two unmarried daughters, being taken among the rest of the prisoners, upon the sight of his chariot and bow were all in mourning and sorrow, imagining him to be dead. After a little pause, more livelily affected with their affliction than with his own success, he sent Leonnatus to them, to let them know Darius was not dead, and that they need not fear any harm from Alexander, who made war upon him only for dominion; they should themselves be provided with everything they had been used to receive from Darius. This kind message could not but be very welcome to the captive ladies, especially being made good by actions no less humane and generous. For he gave them leave to bury whom they pleased of the Persians, and to make use for this purpose of what garments and furniture they thought fit out of the booty. He

diminished nothing of their equipage, or of the attentions and respect formerly paid them, and allowed larger pensions for their maintenance than they had before.

Darius wrote him a letter, and sent friends to intercede with him, requesting him to accept as a ransom of his captives the sum of a thousand talents, and offering him in exchange for his amity and alliance, all the countries on this side the river Euphrates, together with one of his daughters in marriage. These propositions he communicated to his friends; and when Parmenio told him, that for his part, if he were Alexander, he should readily embrace them, "So would I," said Alexander, "if I were Parmenio." Accordingly, his answer to Darius was, that if he would come and yield himself up into his power, he would treat him with all possible kindness; if not, he was resolved immediately to go himself and seek him. But the death of Darius's wife made him soon after regret one part of this answer, and he showed evident marks of grief at being thus deprived of a further opportunity of exercising his clemency and good nature, which he manifested, however, as far as he could, by giving her a most sumptuous funeral.

Among the attendants who waited in the queen's chamber, and were taken prisoners with the women, there was one Tireus, who getting out of the camp, fled away on horseback to Darius, to inform him of his wife's death. He, when he heard it, beating his head, and bursting into tears and lamentations, said, "Alas! how great is the calamity of the Persians! Was it not enough that their king's consort and sister was a prisoner in her lifetime, but she must, now she is dead also, be but meanly and obscurely buried?" "O King," replied the

attendant, "as to her funeral rites, or any respect or honor that should have been shown in them, you have not the least reason to accuse the ill fortune of your country; for to my knowledge neither your queen Statira when alive, nor your mother, nor children, wanted anything of their former happy condition, unless it were the light of your countenance, which I doubt not but the lord Oromasdes will yet restore to its former glory. And after her decease, I assure you, she had not only all due funeral ornaments, but was honored also with the tears of your very enemies; for Alexander is as gentle after victory, as he is terrible in the field."

Darius, breaking away from him into the other division of the tent, where his friends and courtiers were, lifted up his hands to heaven, and uttered this prayer: "Ye gods," said he, "of my family, and of my kingdom, if it be possible, I beseech you to restore the declining affairs of Persia, that I may leave them in as flourishing a condition as I found them, and have it in my power to make a grateful return to Alexander for the kindness which in my adversity he has shown to those who are dearest to me. But if, indeed, the fatal time be come, which is to give a period to the Persian monarchy, if our ruin be a debt that must be paid to the divine jealousy and the vicissitude of things, then I beseech you grant that no other man but Alexander may sit upon the throne of Cyrus." Such is the narrative given by the greater number of the historians.

But to return to Alexander. After he had reduced all Asia on this side the Euphrates, he advanced towards Darius, who was coming down against him with a million of men. In his march, a very ridiculous passage hap-

pened. The servants who followed the camp, for sport's sake divided themselves into two parties, and named the commander of one of them Alexander, and of the other Darius. At first they only pelted one another with clods of earth, but presently took to their fists and at last, heated with the contention, they fought in good earnest with stones and clubs, so that they had much ado to part them; till Alexander, upon hearing of it, ordered the two captains to decide the quarrel by single combat, and armed him who bore his name himself, while Philotas did the same to him who represented Darius. The whole army were spectators of this encounter, willing from the event of it to derive an omen of their own future success. After they had fought stoutly a pretty long while, at last he who was called Alexander had the better, and for a reward of his prowess had twelve villages given him, with leave to wear the Persian dress. So we are told by Eratosthenes.

But the great battle of all that was fought with Darius, was not, as most writers tell us, at Arbela, but at Gaugamela, which, in their language, signifies the camel's house, forasmuch as one of their ancient kings having escaped the pursuit of his enemies on a swift camel, in gratitude to his beast, settled him at this place, with an allowance of certain villages and rents for his maintenance. It came to pass that in the month Boëdromion, about the beginning of the feast of Mysteries at Athens, there was an eclipse of the moon, the eleventh night after which, the two armies being now in view of one another, Darius kept his men in arms, and by torchlight took a general review of them. But Alexander, while his soldiers slept, spent the night before his tent

with his diviner Aristander, performing certain mysterious ceremonies, and sacrificing to the god Fear. In the mean while the oldest of his commanders, and chiefly Parmenio, when they beheld all the plain between Niphates and the Gordyæan Mountains shining with the lights and fires which were made by the barbarians and heard the uncertain and confused sound of voices out of their camp, like the distant roaring of a vast ocean, were so amazed at the thoughts of such a multitude, that after some conference among themselves, they concluded it an enterprise too difficult and hazardous for them to engage so numerous an enemy in the day, and therefore meeting the king as he came from sacrificing, besought him to attack Darius by night, that the darkness might conceal the danger of the ensuing battle. To this he gave them the celebrated answer, "I will not steal a victory," which though some at the time thought a boyish and inconsiderate speech, as if he played with danger, others, however, regarded as an evidence that he confided in his present condition, and acted on a true judgment of the future, not wishing to leave Darius, in case he were worsted, the pretext of trying his fortune again, which he might suppose himself to have, if he could impute his overthrow to the disadvantage of the night, as he did before to the mountains, the narrow passages, and the sea. For while he had such numerous forces and large dominions still remaining, it was not any want of men or arms that could induce him to give up the war, but only the loss of all courage and hope upon the conviction of an undeniable and manifest defeat.

After they were gone from him with this answer, he laid himself down in his tent and slept the rest of the

night more soundly than was usual with him, to the astonishment of the commanders, who came to him early in the morning, and were fain themselves to give order that the soldiers should breakfast. But at last, time not giving them leave to wait any longer, Parmenio went to his bedside, and called him twice or thrice by his name, till he waked him, and then asked him how it was possible, when he was to fight the most important battle of all, he could sleep as soundly as if he were already victorious. "And are we not so, indeed," replied Alexander, smiling, "since we are at last relieved from the trouble of wandering in pursuit of Darius through a wide and wasted country, hoping in vain that he would fight us?" And not only before the battle, but in the height of the danger, he showed himself great, and manifested the self-possession of a just foresight and confidence. For the battle for some time fluctuated and was dubious. The left wing, where Parmenio commanded, was so impetuously charged by the Bactrian horse that it was disordered and forced to give ground, at the same time that Mazæus had sent a detachment round about to fall upon those who guarded the baggage, which so disturbed Parmenio, that he sent messengers to acquaint Alexander that the camp and baggage would be all lost unless he immediately relieved the rear by a considerable reinforcement drawn out of the front. This message being brought him just as he was giving the signal to those about him for the onset, he bade them tell Parmenio that he must have surely lost the use of his reason, and had forgotten, in his alarm, that soldiers, if victorious, become masters of their enemies' baggage; and if defeated, instead of taking care of their wealth or their

slaves, have nothing more to do but to fight gallantly and die with honor. When he had said this, he put on his helmet, having the rest of his arms on before he came out of his tent, which were a coat of the Sicilian make, girt close about him, and over that a breastpiece of thickly quilted linen, which was taken among other booty at the battle of Issus. The helmet, which was made by Theophilus, though of iron, was so well wrought and polished, that it was as bright as the most refined silver. To this was fitted a gorget of the same metal, set with precious stones. His sword, which was the weapon he most used in fight, was given him by the king of the Citieans, and was of an admirable temper and lightness. The belt which he also wore in all engagements, was of much richer workmanship than the rest of his armor. It was a work of the ancient Helicon, and had been presented to him by the Rhodians, as a mark of their respect to him. So long as he was engaged in drawing up his men, or riding about to give orders or directions, or to view them, he spared Bucephalus, who was now growing old, and made use of another horse; but when he was actually to fight, he sent for him again, and as soon as he was mounted, commenced the attack.

He made the longest address that day to the Thessalians and other Greeks, who answered him with loud shouts, desiring him to lead them on against the barbarians; upon which he shifted his javelin into his left hand, and with his right lifted up towards heaven, besought the gods, as Callisthenes tells us, that if he was of a truth the son of Jupiter, they would be pleased to assist and strengthen the Grecians. At the same time the augur Aristander, who had a white mantle about him,

and a crown of gold on his head, rode by and showed them an eagle that soared just over Alexander, and directed his flight towards the enemy; which so animated the beholders, that after mutual encouragements and exhortations, the horse charged at full speed, and were followed in a mass by the whole phalanx of the foot. But before they could well come to blows with the first ranks, the barbarians shrunk back, and were hotly pursued by Alexander, who drove those that fled before him into the middle of the battle, where Darius himself was in person, whom he saw from a distance over the foremost ranks, conspicuous in the midst of his life-guard, a tall and fine-looking man, drawn in a lofty chariot, defended by an abundance of the best horse, who stood close in order about it, ready to receive the enemy. But Alexander's approach was so terrible, forcing those who gave back upon those who yet maintained their ground, that he beat down and dispersed them almost all. Only a few of the bravest and valiantest opposed the pursuit, who were slain in their king's presence, falling in heaps upon one another, and in the very pangs of death striving to catch hold of the horses. Darius now seeing all was lost, that those who were placed in front to defend him were broken and beat back upon him, that he could not turn or disengage his chariot without great difficulty, the wheels being clogged and entangled among the dead bodies, which lay in such heaps as not only stopped, but almost covered the horses, and made them rear and grow so unruly that the frighted charioteer could govern them no longer, in this extremity was glad to quit his chariot and his arms, and mounting, it is said, upon a mare that had been taken from her foal, betook himself

to flight. But he had not escaped so either, if Parmenio had not sent fresh messengers to Alexander, to desire him to return and assist him against a considerable body of the enemy which yet stood together, and would not give ground. For, indeed, Parmenio is on all hands accused of having been sluggish and unserviceable in this battle, whether age had impaired his courage, or that, as Callisthenes says, he secretly disliked and envied Alexander's growing greatness. Alexander, though he was not a little vexed to be so recalled and hindered from pursuing his victory, yet concealed the true reason from his men, and causing a retreat to be sounded, as if it were too late to continue the execution any longer, marched back towards the place of danger, and by the way met with the news of the enemy's total overthrow and flight.

This battle being thus over, seemed to put a period to the Persian empire; and Alexander, who was now proclaimed king of Asia, returned thanks to the gods in magnificent sacrifices, and rewarded his friends and followers with great sums of money, and places, and governments of provinces.

He now set forth to seek Darius, expecting he should be put to the hazard of another battle, but heard he was taken and secured by Bessus, upon which news he sent home the Thessalians, and gave them a largess of two thousand talents over and above the pay that was due to them. This long and painful pursuit of Darius, for in eleven days he marched thirty-three hundred furlongs, harassed his soldiers so that most of them were ready to give it up, chiefly for want of water. While they were in this distress, it happened that some Macedonians who

had fetched water in skins upon their mules from a river they had found out, came about noon to the place where Alexander was, and seeing him almost choked with thirst, presently filled an helmet and offered it him. He asked them to whom they were carrying the water; they told him to their children, adding, that if his life were but saved, it was no matter for them, they should be able well enough to repair that loss, though they all perished. Then he took the helmet into his hands, and looking round about, when he saw all those who were near him stretching their heads out and looking earnestly after the drink, he returned it again with thanks without tasting a drop of it: "For," said he, "if I alone should drink, the rest will be out of heart." The soldiers no sooner took notice of his temperance and magnanimity upon this occasion, than they one and all cried out to him to lead them forward boldly, and began whipping on their horses. For whilst they had such a king, they said they defied both weariness and thirst, looked upon themselves to be little less than immortal. But though they were all equally cheerful and willing, yet not above threescore horse were able, it is said, to keep up, and to fall in with Alexander upon the enemy's camp, where they rode over abundance of gold and silver that lay scattered about, and passing by a great many chariots full of women that wandered here and there for want of drivers, they endeavored to overtake the first of those that fled, in hopes to meet with Darius among them. And at last, after much trouble, they found him lying in a chariot, wounded all over with darts, just at the point of death. However, he desired they would give him some drink; and when he had drunk a little cold

water, he told Polystratus, who gave it him, that it had become the last extremity of his ill fortune to receive benefits and not be able to return them. "But Alexander," said he, "whose kindness to my mother, my wife, and my children I hope the gods will recompense, will doubtless thank you for your humanity to me. Tell him, therefore, in token of my acknowledgment, I give him this right hand," with which words he took hold of Polystratus's hand and died. When Alexander came up to them, he showed manifest tokens of sorrow, and, taking off his own cloak, threw it upon the body to cover it. And some time afterwards, when Bessus was taken, he ordered him to be torn in pieces in this manner. They fastened him to a couple of trees which were bound down so as to meet, and then being let loose, with a great force returned to their places, each of them carrying that part of the body along with it that was tied to it. Darius's body was laid in state, and sent to his mother with pomp suitable to his quality. His brother Exathres, Alexander received into the number of his intimate friends.

DARA

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

WHEN Persia's scepter trembled in a hand
Wilted with harem-heats, and all the land
Was hovered over by those vulture ills
That snuff decaying empire from afar,
Then, with a nature balanced as a star,
Dara arose, a shepherd of the hills.

He who had governed fleecy subjects well
Made his own village by the selfsame spell
Secure and quiet as a guarded fold;
Then, gathering strength by slow and wise degrees
Under his sway, to neighbor villages
Order returned, and faith and justice old.

Now when it fortuned that a king more wise
Endued the realm with brain and hands and eyes,
He sought on every side men brave and just;
And having heard our mountain shepherd's praise,
How he refilled the mould of elder days,
To Dara gave a satrapy in trust.

So Dara shepherded a province wide,
Nor in his viceroy's scepter took more pride
Than in his crook before; but envy finds
More food in cities than on mountains bare;
And the frank sun of natures clear and rare
Breeds poisonous fogs in low and marish minds.

Soon it was hissed into the royal ear,
That, though wise Dara's province, year by year,
Like a great sponge, sucked wealth and plenty up,
Yet, when he squeezed it at the king's behest,
Some yellow drops, more rich than all the rest,
Went to the filling of his private cup.

For proof, they said, that, wheresoe'er he went,
A chest, beneath whose weight the camel bent,
Went with him; and no mortal eye had seen
What was therein, save only Dara's own;
But, when 't was opened, all his tent was known
To glow and lighten with heaped jewels' sheen.

The king set forth for Dara's province straight,
There, as was fit, outside the city's gate,
The viceroy met him with a stately train,
And there, with archers circled, close at hand,
A camel with the chest was seen to stand:
The king's brow reddened, for the guilt was plain.

"Open me here," he cried, "this treasure-chest!"
'T was done; and only a worn shepherd's vest
Was found therein. Some blushed and hung the head;
Not Dara; open as the sky's blue roof
He stood, and, "O my lord, behold the proof
That I was faithful to my trust," he said.

"To govern men, lo all the spell I had!
My soul in these rude garments ever clad
Still to the unstained past kept true and leal,

Still on these plains could breathe her mountain air,
And fortune's heaviest gifts serenely bear,
Which bend men from their truth and make them reel.

"For ruling wisely I should have small skill,
Were I not lord of simple Dara still;
That scepter kept, I could not lose my way."
Strange dew in royal eyes grew round and bright,
And strained the throbbing lids; before 't was night
Two added provinces blest Dara's sway.

THE BUILDING OF THE BRIDGE OF TUS

[Firdusi lived about 935–1020 A.D.]

BY ELIZABETH A. REED

[WHILE Shah Mahmud was ruler of Persia, the idea occurred to him that it would be an excellent thing to have the history of his country put into verse. He tested the ability of various "literary folk" among his subjects, and at length decided that the poet Firdusi should be favored with the commission. Firdusi's poem is known as the "Shah Namah, or book of Kings."

The Editor.]

THIS celebrated poet [Firdusi], whose true name was Abul Kasin, was a native of Tus, a city of Khorasas, and many happy hours of his boyhood were spent on the banks of the beautiful river that swept along its course near his home. But the rebellious waters occasionally flooded their banks, leaving ruin in their path, and the dream of the young poet's life was the hope that some day he might command the means to build a suitable bridge over this turbulent stream, and also to confine its rising waters within banks of solid masonry. When, therefore, he received the royal commission to write the long Persian poem, he felt that this great public improvement was within his reach, and he gladly undertook the task. After several samples of his poem had been presented to the shah, the prime minister was ordered to pay the poet a thousand drachms of gold for every thousand couplets which he produced until the work was completed.

A magnificent residence was erected for Firdusi near the palace of the king, and the best painters of the age

were employed to cover the walls with the portraits of kings and heroes, with paintings of battles and sieges, with the most imposing military scenes, and everything that could excite the martial valor and fire the imagination of the writer.

The only member of the court with whom the poet was not upon friendly terms was the conceited prime minister, who expected, and generally received almost as much adulation from the court poets as the king himself. Firdusi refused to render him this servile homage, and not only so, but finally ignored him to such an extent that he would not go to his house to receive the payment of gold coin which became due upon the completion of each thousand couplets. The only reason he gave for this was that he preferred to receive the whole amount at once, and thereby be enabled to carry out his favorite project and build a bridge in his native city.

All of these little exhibitions of animosity on the part of the poet combined to make him offensive to the vizier, and gave opportunities to other envious courtiers to cultivate the favor of the prime minister by flatteries of himself, and curses upon the head of Firdusi.

At the end of thirty years of hard work the "Shah Namah" was completed, consisting of sixty thousand couplets. The vizier then revenged himself upon the poet by misrepresenting the condition of the treasury to the king, and urging upon him the absurdity of paying such an enormous price for a poem, he finally induced him to send to the poet sixty thousand drachms of silver instead of the gold which he had promised.

Firdusi was coming out of his bath when the bags of silver arrived from the treasury, and learning the value

of their contents, he contemptuously gave them away, giving recklessly and without judgment, until the sum was exhausted.

This insult to the shah was duly reported and exaggerated by the prime minister, and while the monarch was furious with rage, the poet, at the suggestion of the vizier, was condemned to be trampled to death by elephants. His apartment, however, being close to the royal residence, he took advantage of that fact and threw himself at the king's feet, suing for pardon, and this was granted him upon the condition of his immediate departure from the city. Sick at heart, and burning with indignation, he sought the apartment of the king's favorite attendant, Ayaz, who had always been a faithful friend to the bard. To him Firdusi related his story, and from him received the fullest sympathy. Here he wrote a bitter poetic invective against the shah, and having sealed it up, requested Ayaz to deliver it to him after the poet's departure, and also to choose the time for doing so when some defeat had rendered the shah more low-spirited than usual. [This was in part.]

"In Mahmud shall we hope to find
One virtue to redeem his mind?
A mind no generous transports fill,
To truth, to faith, to justice chill.

"Son of a slave. His diadem
In vain may glow with many a gem.
Exalted high in power and place,
Outbursts the meanness of his race.

"Oh, Mahmud, though thou fear'st me not,
Heaven's vengeance will not be forgot.
Shrink, tyrant, from my words of fire,
And tremble at a poet's ire."

The indignant and unfortunate bard escaped from Ghizni by night, on foot and alone, for his friends dared not incur the enmity of the king by rendering him any assistance. Ayaz alone had the generous courage to brave the shah's displeasure by aiding the refugee. He sent a trusty slave after him, who soon overtook him, and giving him a horse and a sum of money and other little comforts for his journey, besought him in the name of Ayaz to hasten out of the territory of Shah Mahmud if he valued his life.

In the mean time reports of the vizier's animosity and of the sultan's cowardice were spread all over the country, exciting universal detestation of the king and his minister. The accounts of the poet's misfortunes and the king's injustice reached Muhteshim, the Prince of Kohistan, about the time the fugitive approached the seat of government. This prince was the dear friend of Shah Mahmud, and bound to him by ties of gratitude for countless favors; but he hesitated not to show his respect for genius, and he sent a deputation of learned and distinguished men to meet Firdusi and invite him to the royal presence. In the midst of this flattering and honorable reception Muhteshim learned that the offended poet intended to publish a satirical work, holding up to the detestation of the world the treachery of Mahmud, and he endeavored to dissuade him from this act of revenge, which he considered unworthy of the greatest literary genius of the age. The poet afterwards sent him a hundred indignant couplets, that the prince might destroy them himself. Firdusi stated in a letter sent with the lines that, although he dreaded not the anger of Mahmud, still, out of grateful friendship for the

generous Muhteshim, he gave up the cutting rebuke. The closing paragraph states that —

"On thy account, most amiable prince, do I now consent to transfer my just revenge from this vain world to a higher court."

Muhteshim presented Firdusi with a goodly sum of money and forwarded him on his journey, fearful lest the sultan's rage or the vizier's malice might overtake and ruin him.

This proved to be a wise precaution, for the king had discovered a sarcastic epigram which Firdusi had written on the wall of the great mosque the night of his departure, and on the next day Ayaz delivered to the furious monarch the insulting letter which the poet had left with him for that purpose, and a large reward was offered for the apprehension of the fugitive. At length, however, the sultan received a long letter from his friend Muhteshim, who related his meeting with Firdusi, now, in his old age, a penniless wanderer, after having devoted the best years of his life in the constant exercise of his great talents for the execution of his king's wishes, and gently reproached the shah for allowing himself to be imposed upon by the evil advice of malicious courtiers; he also informed him of the forgiving spirit the poet had manifested in destroying his own brilliant satire which was composed at the monarch's expense, and closed the letter by quoting the couplet which Firdusi had used in the letter to himself.

The complaints from his subjects also began to come to the royal ears, and all of this, together with the reproaches of his own conscience, produced in his mind a strange combination of grief and rage, of indignation and

regret. He disgraced the malicious vizier, and fined him sixty thousand drachms of gold, the same amount which he had prevented him from paying to Firdusi, and deeply regretted his own injustice to the gifted bard; but still he could not forgive the cutting satire of the letter which had taunted him with his low birth as being one of the causes of his cowardice and meanness.

Firdusi was protected by the Arabian Government, and after some years returned and lived with his family at Tus; but he was old, grieved, and broken down, and at last he died in his quiet home, at the age of eighty-three. In the mean time Shah Mahmud, hearing of his return to Tus, and anxious to render justice, though tardily, to the man he had wronged, sent an envoy with sixty thousand drachms of gold, together with quantities of silks, brocades, velvets, and other costly presents, to Firdusi as a peace offering. But as the royal train of loaded camels entered one gate of the city, a mournful procession went out of another, and followed the dead poet to the place of his burial.

The shah's ambassadors offered the presents intended for Firdusi to his only daughter, but she possessed her father's spirit, and haughtily dismissed the courtiers, rejecting their gifts with proud disdain.

The shah, wishing to make some offering to the memory of the departed poet, ordered the sum which had been intended for him to be expended in erecting a caravansery and bridge in Tus, in accordance with Firdusi's lifelong ambition. These monuments of the poet's fame and of the king's tardy justice existed for many years, until destroyed by an invading army.

LITTLE STORIES FROM SADI, A PERSIAN AUTHOR OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY

I

NEVER had I complained of the vicissitudes of fortune or saddened my face at the revolution of the heavens except once on a time when my foot was naked, and I had not wherewithal to purchase a shoe. Entering the great mosque of Nufah, I saw there a man who had no feet. Then I converted my lament into gratitude and praise for the goodness of God, and bore my want of shoes with patience.

II

Feridun ordered his Chinese embroiderers to embroider around his pavilion: "Thou who art of an understanding heart, be good to the wicked, for the good are great and happy of themselves."

III

I have heard that for a whole week no wayfarers had come to claim the hospitality of the Friend of God [Abraham]. From a cheerful habit he would not eat his morning meal unless some necessitous traveler arrived on his journey. He went out and looked out on every side, and surveyed every point of the valley. He saw only, like a reed in the desert, one solitary man, whose hair was white with the snows of age. He addressed him with a courteous welcome, and gave him an invitation after the custom of the liberal: "O dear to me as the

apple of mine eye, do me the kindness to eat of my bread and of my salt." Gladly he assented, leaped up, and quickened his step, for he knew the character of the inviter — on whom be peace!

They who ministered to the hospitality of the Friend of God seated the poor old man in the seat of honor. He commanded, and they prepared the table, and his companions placed themselves around it. But when the company began, "In the name of God," no voice from the old man reached the ear. Then he said: "O thou that hast seen many days, I perceive that thou art not pious and earnest as an old man should be. Is it not proper when thou eatest thy daily bread, to name the name of the Lord who gave it?"

He replied: "I have not followed thy way, for I was never taught it by the priest of the Fire-Worshipers."

Then the Prophet of good omen knew that the old man was an Infidel, doomed to perdition. And when he found him to be an alien, he assailed him with contumelies as a wicked wretch too unholy to consort with the holy.

Then came an angel from the Creator, who reproved him sternly, saying, "I have bestowed upon him life and daily food for a hundred years, and is he become to thee an abomination in a single day? If he hath offered up his adoration before Fire, art thou therefore to withdraw from him the hand of benevolence?"

IV

I have heard that an old man on a pilgrimage to the Holy Place at each step made two head-bowings in prayer. So warmly was he pursuing his path towards

God that he paused not to pluck out a thorn from his foot. At last, through the temptations of his treacherous heart, his acts appeared so praiseworthy in his own sight that, through the machinations of the Evil One, he was well-nigh falling into the pit, persuading himself that he could not by any possibility walk on any road preferable to this; and had the mercy of God not intervened, his vainglory would have hurried him on to destruction.

But his good genius in an inaudible voice whispered to him: "O happy and fortune-favored man! Think not that, because thou hast discharged a service of prayer, thou hast brought into this court a graceful free-will offering. To give peace to a single heart by a kindly act is worth more than a thousand head-bowings in prayer!"

V

I have heard that King Toghrul came in his rounds on a Hindu sentinel. The snow was falling thick, and it rained in torrents, and he shivered with the cold like the star Canopus. The heart of the king was moved with compassion, and he said: "Thou shalt put on my fur mantle. Wait a moment at the end of the terrace, and I will send it out by the hand of a slave."

Meanwhile a piercing wind was blowing, and the king walked into his royal hall. There the sight of a lovely lady so enchanted him that the poor sentinel entirely slipped his memory. As though the wintry cold was not suffering enough, to his evil fortune were added the pangs of disappointment!

III
STORIES OF MODERN PERSIA

HISTORICAL NOTE

DURING the nineteenth century there were three wars between Persia and Russia over the ownership of Georgia. These resulted in Persia's being obliged to pay Russia a large indemnity, to cede to her wide tracts of land, and to grant her the right of navigation in the Caspian Sea. In 1848 Nasr 'd-Din began his long reign of forty-eight years. From his successor a constitution was extorted just before his death in 1907. Both Russia and England are interested in Persia: the former because of Persia's power over the Caspian Sea; the latter because Persia lies on the way to the English possessions in India. By the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1907, the Russian "sphere of influence" was limited to the northern part of the country, the British to the southeastern. Both powers agreed not to seek either political or commercial concessions beyond these districts, and to respect the independence of the country.

POE'S TALES AT THE PERSIAN COURT

[Nineteenth century]

BY WILFRID SPARROY

UNLIKE his brothers, who are nothing if not volatile in their attitude to study, Bahram Mirza possesses powers of concentration which, savoring, as they do, of the uncanny, have been the means of developing in him a memory of remarkable tenacity. The first novel he ever read was a French translation of "The Captain of the *Vulture*," by Miss Braddon. This book had been given him by the Zillu's-Sultan in order that the lad might while away his leisure hours in the harem by putting the gist of it into Persian, and be the means of hastening his father's post-prandial nap by reading the translation aloud after tiffin. To that blessed consummation, in fact, each boy had been made the present of a book; Feridun Mirza, being the most backward, receiving the most difficult work — Baudelaire's admirable translation of Edgar Allan Poe's "Tales," of which more anon. When Bahram Mirza had finished his holiday task, I called in doubt the thoroughness of his work, in order to test his knowledge of Miss Braddon's closely woven plot.

"Ah," cried Bahram triumphantly, cocking his head over the left shoulder and closing the right eye, "there I waited for you, monsieur! It is true that this is the first Firango story I ever read, but it shall not be the last. His Highness is very pleased with Miss Braddon's work. Would you believe it, monsieur, His Highness could not

sleep after *nahar* (lunch) to-day! and as for me, she kept me awake all night; I was reading, reading, reading!"

"Ah," I retorted, "there I waited for you, my boy! What can you possibly know about the book?"

"I will tell you the tale, monsieur, if you will listen."

"All right," I replied, forearming myself against disappointment by expecting nothing save a blunt, bare outline of the plot; "begin."

Bahram Mirza was on his mettle. He made an excellent start. First he told me the title of the opening chapter, then he related the incidents in an interesting narrative style.

"That is the end of chapter I," he said. "Shall I go on, monsieur?"

"If you can," I replied.

He repeated the performance; after which he waited for the applause.

"Did you skip chapter III?" I asked.

The story took a third jump forward.

"Not so bad!" This from his tutor.

Bahram Mirza was nettled.

"Am I boring monsieur?" said he.

"Get along — get along!" I replied, feigning impatience.

Chapter IV contributed its quota to the plot.

"I lay odds that the next chapter is a blank!" I cried.

Not a bit of it! The contents of every single chapter in the book had been as it were pigeon-holed in the recesses of that tenacious memory of his: a *tour de force* all the more remarkable because no such task had been set him either by the prince or by me.

"Are you pleased with me, sir?" he asked in English, after telling the story from beginning to end.

"You have paid Miss Braddon a marked compliment," I replied.

"She deserved it," was Bahram's courteous rejoinder.

I next turned to Feridun Mirza. "How are you getting on with Baudelaire's translation of Poe?" I asked.

"I cannot understand his French, monsieur," he replied; "it is too difficult for me."

"If I put 'The Fall of the House of Usher' into simple French, could you translate the tale into Persian?"

"Mais oui, monsieur!" cried Feridun Mirza, who is a born story-teller, and would make an entertaining dervish. His interest in the subject encouraged me to do my best to cheat the Zill of his customary siesta after tiffin. After I had put the story into simple words, paragraph by paragraph, and had pointed out the writer's skill in kindling in the reader an ever-increasing dread of the approaching doom, Feridun lending both his ears to my remarks, I made him sit down and throw off his impression at a heat under "an instinctive rather than technical guidance." His version of the story was an unqualified success. The siesta over, he came rushing into my study, followed by his special attendant.

"Ten *tumans!*" he cried. "His Highness gave me ten *tumans* for the story, and did not close an eye! Thank you, monsieur, thank you!"

"To-morrow," I returned, "you shall tell His Highness the tale of 'The Black Cat.' I am busy. Goodbye."

"Thank you, monsieur. I will do even better work to-morrow, that His Highness may make me a present of

fifteen *tumans*." And the lad, so saying, went back to the harem, dreaming, no doubt, of the coveted reward.

The reward, however, remained a dream.

"What!" I said, two days later, "do you mean to say that His Highness gave you nothing? How was that?"

"Well, monsieur," replied Feridun Mirza, "when I was in the middle of the story, His Highness, who had eaten a bowl of *pilaw*, and a dish of *chilaw*, and had drunk a lot of cold tea, gave a loud snore. . . . How he snores, monsieur . . . it is terrible to hear!"

"*Cold* tea!" I exclaimed.

"Mais oui, monsieur!" Feridun was delighted at my bewilderment. "Cold tea is better for the teeth!"

Akbar Mirza, flinging back his head, burst into a sudden roar of laughter, and I cuffed his head for him.

"When a Persian takes upon himself the shame of wine," he explained, rubbing his impudent face, "he says he has been eating 'nightingale's flesh' or drinking 'cold tea' — you see now; yes, sair?"

"'The Murder in the Rue Morgue,' then, *versus* 'cold tea' — that shall be our next match. I lay odds on the 'cold tea' as a soporific."

"And so do I, monsieur," said Feridun Mirza, in a voice of funereal depression. It was plain that his heart, dashed by his recent disappointment, was no longer in the work.

"It is fortunate," he said, upon our translating the third story, "that His Highness is very sleepy now after his *nahar*."

"Why 'fortunate'?" I asked.

Feridun Mirza looked uncommonly knowing. "Because," he replied significantly.

I had to content myself with the explanation.

The next day came. "Did you have any success with your recital of 'The Murder in the Rue Morgue'?" I said to him.

"None at all, monsieur."

"I am sorry, my boy."

"Oh, it does n't matter so much now, monsieur."

"Shall I help you with a fourth story?"

"No, thank you, monsieur. I think I can manage by myself now."

"You are getting more used to the style, I suppose."

"That is one reason, monsieur; but I hope His Highness is n't!"

"Is n't what?"

"Getting used to the style also, monsieur."

The second reason was long in revealing itself, and in the end it was an accident that enlightened my fatuous obtuseness.

Many days wore away. Whenever it occurred to me to ask Feridun Mirza how he was getting on with his stories, I received the same reply —

"Very well, thank you, monsieur. His Highness always falls asleep as soon as I begin."

"Do you need any help in your work?" I would ask.

"No, thank you, monsieur," he would reply. "I can get along now all by myself, and His Highness is always very sleepy after eating."

But at the end of the month, much to my surprise, he came into class and begged me to lend him my assistance. His face wore a crestfallen expression. When I asked him, in all innocence, which of the tales remained

to be translated, his face took on a more dejected look than ever.

"His Highness is very wide-awake now," he remarked at last.

"Don't parry the question. Frankness is the best policy."

"Well, monsieur, I have done 'The Fall of the House of Usher,' . . . and 'The Black Cat,' monsieur, . . . and 'The Murder in the Rue Morgue,' . . . and —"

He raised his eyes to mine, taking the measure of my mood, then turned a trifle pale as to the gills.

"And what else?"

Feridun's eyes fell. "And His Highness is tired of them, sir, and wants something new," he replied at last, all in a breath.

Akbar Mirza, chucking back his head, burst into that characteristic laugh of his, guileless, fresh, and hearty.

"'His Highness is very wide-awake'!" he cried in a convulsion of mirth. "'His Highness wants something new'!"

What I said was "Ah!" What I did was to reach out for the whip.

"Monsieur," said Feridun Mirza in a plaintive voice, "I will tell you the truth. When I told His Highness the story of 'The Fall of the House of Usher,' he was very pleased, and gave me ten *tumans*. But when I told him the tale of 'The Black Cat,' which I had translated ever so much better, he fell asleep, and so I lost my present. But notwithstanding my disappointment, I persevered, thank Allah, and next day I recited 'The Murder in the Rue Morgue.' Then, when His Highness fell asleep yet a second time, the Devil came and tempted me, saying,

'You have translated three stories, two of which His Highness has not heard, all through his falling asleep. Why should you translate any more? All you need to do will be to repeat the stories over and over again in turn.' And that is what I did do, sir, keeping 'The Fall of the House of Usher' for Mondays and Thursdays, and 'The Black Cat' for Tuesdays and Fridays, and 'The Murder in the Rue Morgue' for Wednesdays and Saturdays. And that is the whole truth, monsieur, and it was the Devil who told me to do it. . . ."

"Then you must be the Devil's whipping-boy," I replied. "Come and receive your punishment like a man."

"But, monsieur, His Highness gave me the sticks when he found me out."

Feridun's voice pleaded that enough was as good as a feast.

I laid aside the whip. "And how did His Highness find you out?" I asked.

"Well, monsieur," said Feridun, returning my forbearance by telling the truth. "I made a little mistake. When I was in the middle of 'The Black Cat,' His Highness, who had every appearance of being asleep, opened his eyes all on a sudden, and said to me, 'You read that story yesterday.' Then I knew that I had put the wrong story into my pocket. It was a Wednesday, the most unlucky day in the week; so I begged pardon of His Highness, and went and fetched 'The Murder in the Rue Morgue,' which I began to translate, when His Highness woke up again and said, 'I want something new!' Then, the Devil tempting me yet a second time — for was it not a Wednesday? — I fell to reading the story of 'The

Fall of the House of Usher,' and this I did to pacify His Highness, who had been much pleased with the story. Monsieur will judge of my consternation when I tell him that His Highness, now wide-awake, seized me by the ankle and gave me six strokes of his cane on the soles of my feet, saying that the story had given him the *kabus* (nightmare) half a dozen times at least."

The unexpected climax threw Akbar Mirza into a second fit of laughter.

"Feridun Mirza, Prince Fortunate, is not an angel after all!" he cried, ready to burst his sides with merriment.

"Neither is he made of musk and of amber!" said Humayun Mirza, in a stage recitative.

"He is famous because he is liberal and just," said Bahram Mirza, smiling a grave, ironic smile.

"Let us practice justice and liberality, then," sang out Akbar Mirza, "to the end that we may become even as Feridun Mirza."

"And that was the advice that I was about to give you," said the impenitent sinner. "In fact, I should have used the selfsame words."

Then the two lads, having brought the tips of their fingers together, raised them to their lips, and from the lips to their foreheads, as a token that their thoughts had jumped together.

THE PRINCE WHO LOST HIS BOOK

BY WILFRID SPARROY

"AND now give me your mark-books."

Bahram Mirza, Feridun Mirza, and Humayun Mirza brought me theirs at once; but Akbar Mirza, glancing at me furtively out of the tail of his eye, began to make excuse, saying —

"I cannot find my mark-book anywhere, sir. It must be lost, I think."

"There is no denying the fact that your marks have been mostly *minus* qualities of late," I said dryly.

Akbar Mirza's cheeks took on a nectarine flush. "May I eat dirt, if I was afraid of your showing the book to His Highness," he said all in a breath, replying to the tone of my remark, as is the way of boys in the East as in the West.

"That being the case, I must insist upon your finding it. If it is not here, it might be in the *andarun*. Go and look."

"It is not in this room, sir."

"Is it in the *andarun?*"

"I don't know, sir."

"Go and look."

"Sir, His Highness will be angry with me, if —"

"My dear boy, I cannot possibly take the prince's anger into consideration. The book must be found. I will not have you in the class until it is forthcoming. Off you go."

In half an hour's time he came back.

"The book?"

"I have sought, but I have not found it, sir."

"Begone."

"Sir, His Highness will be in the *andarun* now. Please excuse me, sir."

"Akbar Mirza, you have not told me a single untruth in all the months we have worked together. I believe you to be absolutely truthful. Be frank now. Have you destroyed the book?"

"No, sir, by the head of His Highness."

"Then the mark-book must be somewhere. Go and look for it again."

The next day, I asked him the same questions, and received the same replies, with this result for Akbar Mirza, that he was again banished from the precincts of *Chahil Sutun*. The light dawned upon the third day, but not upon the whereabouts of the missing book, nor upon the release of the prisoner on parole. On the fourth morning, however, he entered the classroom, and flung himself upon my mercy with characteristic frankness.

"Sahib," he said, "you are the master; my ear is in your hand; I am your slave; may I be also your sacrifice! The mark-book is not lost; it is destroyed. It was I who tore it in pieces."

"The giving of alms, Akbar Mirza, is, as you know, specially recommended by Muhammad. I am glad that you have appeased your conscience at last. Humayun Mirza was right when he said that 'to tell the truth is to give alms to one's conscience.' Sit down."

He obeyed, looking extremely crestfallen.

"Don't be downhearted, my boy. Cheer up. All is forgiven and forgotten."

"I am your sacrifice, sir," he replied.

"Upon my life, that is exactly what you look like," said I. "For goodness' sake, try and wear a more cheerful expression. Is it my fault that you have n't a single mark to your name?"

"That is not the reason that I am sad, sir."

"Is it not? What is the reason, then?"

"God knows," he replied.

"Undoubtedly. But won't you enlighten me?"

"I like better not to say, sir."

"Of course, I cannot insist upon your confiding your trouble to me. But I do not like to see you so woebegone. Have you forgotten how to smile?"

Akbar Mirza, making a manful effort, summoned so livid a smile from the depths of his misery, that I implored him to weep outright and have done with it. Much to my surprise, he took me at my word, and burst into tears. I went home, meditating. The next time I saw him, he was his own man again, and so I dismissed the whole matter from my mind. But one day, some three or four months afterwards, when I was setting the book-shelves in order, I came across Akbar Mirza's mark-book hidden behind a row of the "Student's Modern Europe." I turned round and faced the class.

"What is the matter, sir?" asked Bahram Mirza. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Precisely," I replied; "I have just seen the ghost of a book that departed this life some three — or was it four? — months ago. The strange thing is that it is not in bits, as the ghost of a book should be, but has every

appearance of being fit to serve a useful purpose for some months to come. I wonder whether Akbar Mirza will recognize it or not. Here it is"; and I set it on the desk in front of him.

"It is my mark-book," said he.

"Which you destroyed," I added.

"It is —" He paused, overcome by prescience.

"A miracle, Akbar Mirza?"

"No, sir; it is the first lie I ever told you. That is why I was sad when I told it. Did I not weep, sir?"

Then I recalled his expression of unutterable misery.

"Yes, I remember now. But why, having told the truth in the first instance, did you not stick to it?"

"I will tell you, sir. It was like this. I had lost the book, and could not find it anywhere, and you would not give me any lessons until I had found it. All this I told to His Highness, when he asked me why I was absent from school. And my mother, who was present, said to me, 'You have told the truth, but the sahib will not teach you, until you have found the book. The truth has served you ill, beyond a doubt. Now, if you would say that you had destroyed the book, the sahib might give you the sticks, perhaps, but he would certainly give you your lessons.' And His Highness said, 'By my eyes, it would be wise to take your mother's advice.' And I replied, saying, 'But the sahib likes me to tell the truth. Since the book is not destroyed, he might find it. Would it be wise, therefore, to say that I had torn it in pieces?' And this I said on the second day. And His Highness said to me, 'Are you telling the truth now?' And I said, 'Yes; may I be your sacrifice!' And His Highness said, 'I hope you will find the book soon.' But

I could not find it, try as I would. And then, on the third day, all the ladies of the *andarun* said to me, 'Why don't you tell the sahib that you destroyed the book? You must be a very silly boy to persevere in the truth when it serves you so ill. Be wiser to-morrow than you have been to-day.' And so I came to you next morning and told you the lie. I was sad then, and I am sorry now."

There was a pause, and a silence so deep that one could hear Akbar's heart beating, like a clock.

Said Bahram Mirza, "I wonder what the sahib will do. It is a very interesting situation."

"Akbar Mirza is not so much to blame as the women — is he, mosie mon ami?" said Humayun Mirza.

"And the sahib cannot give them the sticks," Feridun Mirza added.

"Silence, boys. Let me think"; and so saying, I struck a match.

"He is going to smoke," Humayun Mirza whispered. His voice was pitched in the key of a Gregorian chant.

He was right. When I had finished my pipe, I unburdened my completed reflection in the matter by saying —

"There is no thoroughfare; the incident is closed. There is nothing more to be said. To business now. . . . Bahram Mirza, stand up. I will tell you when you may sit down again."

Bahram Mirza smiled.

But my conscience would not keep silent, and well he knew it too!

"Sit down, boy," said I at last, tired of the unequal struggle; whereat the rogue smiled more eloquently than ever.

THE FOOD OF THE ROYAL TUTOR

BY WILFRID SPARROY

WHEN I was in Persia the most frequent question that came to my hand by post was: "What are you having to eat at your end of the world?" and I was rated soundly by my friends because of my remissness in not making epistolary capital out of my culinary experiences. I excused myself then by pleading the impossibility of paying a literary tribute to my food, since I had fallen into the Persian habit of taking a nap after tiffin, and of going to bed as soon as I had discussed my supper; "and surely," I added, "you would not expect me to wax eloquent on an aftertaste?" But the excuse was flung indignantly back to me.

The truth is, when we Firangis are grown accustomed to the Persian life, we do not think it worth the effort to give shape and color to our impressions by putting pen to paper. It is more comfortable to rejoice inwardly that our balance, amid the topsy-turveydom of our surroundings, has been restored by the kindly hand of custom; we prefer to chew the cud of meditation as the Persians do, and we will until the end of our stay be warned to evade the enthusiasm that would spur us into correspondence; for when a Firangi catches the Oriental fever, his gusto for writing is speedily swallowed by "a yawning figure of interrogation leaping over its own full stop."

Now the daily round, so long as I was content to abide

within the court circle, kept pace with the sun. I would rise at six, take a header into the tank, drink a cup of tea without milk, and be ready at seven to saunter to school in the *Divan-Khane*, preceded by my two soldiers bearing the books and writing materials. These would be laid aside at midday, when the Persians take to themselves the *nahar*, the first substantial meal of the day. Mine, during the six weeks in which I was the Zillu's-Sultan's guest, was brought over to me from his cooking-house, on an immense tray of brass covered over with a cloth of brilliant design in purple and gold. The average number of courses (all served at once) was fifteen. Among these there were always a dozen poached eggs on a china dish; a basin of *ab-gusht*, or mutton broth under a layer of yellow oil; a platter containing a *pilaw* of boiled rice flavored with orange juice or mixed with currants; a more substantial *pilaw* mixed with stewed meat; and a lamb *kebab* on a wooden skewer, folded in a sheet of "pebble-bread" to keep it warm. The bread derives its name from the sloping back of pebbles (within the oven) on which are set the flat cakes of dough. The *entrées* consist of one rich *khoresh* (curry) of flesh and another of fowl, to be eaten with the *chilaw*, or plain boiled rice, of which there were two white pyramids on plates.

For dessert I had peaches as big as cocoanuts, grapes as big as English plums, several kinds of melon, for the growth of which Isfahan is famous, and delectable dates, from the Persian Gulf, stowed away in the rind of a melon. A bowl of delicious sherbet, composed of pomegranate juice split with iced sugar and water, and served with a beautifully carved pear-wood spoon from Abade,

and an uncorked bottle of Shiraz wine, with a purple aster stuck in the neck by way of a stopper, were the beverages laid before me. Last of all, was a basin of *mast-khiyare,* curds and cucumbers, a favorite dish with the Persians, that should be eaten at the end of the repast, and digested in the arms of Morpheus; for the slight thirst it excites, as the uninitiated have learned from internal evidence, should not be made an excuse for the glass. The thirst will pass away in sleep, provided the sherbet and the wine be left alone: to quaff of the fragrant cups would be to set the curds and cucumbers a-squabbling and a-swelling to the visible discomfort of the inner man.

The Zillu's-Sultan's servant, having deposited the tray on the floor, would say to me, "Nush-i-jan-bad" ("May it be sweet to your soul!"), then he would withdraw, leaving my road-servant Sadik to lay the cloth. In the place of a table there was the floor; the five fingers of my right hand did duty for knives and forks; and as for the plates, behold a plentiful supply of "pebble-bread" in thin sheets, one on top of the other. First, Sadik would spread over the carpet a square of oilcloth, atop of which he would lay a gaudy strip of chintz, setting each dish where it belonged. The place of honor at the head of the tablecloth, facing the door, where the master of the house sits, is occupied by the two dishes of *pilaw;* opposite to them, at the other end, rise the two pyramids of white *chilaw;* the bowl of sherbet with the spoon floating in it stands in the middle; and the ragouts and fruits are placed at the extreme corners, facing one another diagonally. In the family circle, the father, having rolled up his sleeves and squatted himself

on his knees and heels, helps himself first; then he passes the spoon (the dish remaining stationary) to his wife at his right hand, and she serves herself and her children in the order of seniority. The mode of consuming the rice, from time immemorial, is to get as much of it as possible in the fork of the forefinger and thumb pressed closely together, cramming it into the mouth by means of the latter; and the best way of eating the spicy ragout is to roll it up, bit by bit, in a morsel of pebble-bread, which, being as it is of the consistency of pancake, neither crumbles nor breaks in the process. The cooking of the rice is beyond all praise; the best Parisian *chef* could not prepare it half so well; the *chilaw*, in particular, is a triumph: every single grain of it is separate, so dry is it on the outside; but inside it is full of juice. The *pilaw* has a singularly sobering effect upon the diners, and can scarcely be said to be conducive to conversation — indeed, the Persians must do all their talking immediately before meals.

"The yellow weeping of the Shiraz vine" has the smack of old sherry, and at its prime is exceedingly dry, fruity, and inspiring. As everybody keeps silent, the meal, notwithstanding the enormous consumption of food, is all over within twenty minutes, and ends with the washing of hands by pouring water over them from a brass ewer into a brass bowl; after which mouths are rinsed, sleeves rolled down, then a pipe of tobacco is smoked, and slumber won, in summer-time, at least, without much wooing of the drowsy god.

I had no scruples about following the customs of the country in these particulars, and I persevered in the endeavor to gain proficiency in the Persian method of

dining, until I had wrung from the powers that be the necessaries of an English dinner-table. The desire to continue in the habit died with the necessity of doing so! After the post-prandial drowsiness had yielded to a siesta and a cold tub, I would dress myself in clean linen and white flannels, and while away the hours between three o'clock and sundown, first by drilling the young princes, and next by entertaining my guests, or by paying visits to my friends. The meal that brings the day to a close is called *sham:* it is served about two hours after sunset, and consists of the same viands as the *nahar* and in almost equal abundance. I owe it to my reputation to assure the reader that the food provided for me was not the measure of my appetite, but that of the prince's hospitality, on which a squad of soldiers might have fared not wisely, but too well.

A PERSIAN WEDDING

[1885]

BY CHARLES JAMES WILLS

LOVE at first sight is unusual in a country where the women are habitually veiled, and a glimpse even of a lady's face is seldom to be got, save by stratagem or by what is considered immodest — the raising of the corner of her veil by the lady herself. Shrouded as she is from head to foot in an immense sheet of blue, two yards square, a yet further precaution must be taken. Over all this is placed a *ruh-band* or veil — no transparent or flimsy device, as in our own lace "fall," or the thin and gauzy *yashmak* of the Turkish belle, serviceable alike to triumphant and to fading beauty. The *ruh-band* is a piece of white calico or cambric, a yard long, which hangs down like a long mask in front of the Persian woman's face, when clad in her hideous and purposely unbecoming outdoor costume: which costume, sad to say, is also an impenetrable disguise. In it all women are alike. An aperture four inches long, running transversely across the eyes, enables the Persian lady to see her way, and little more; for even this aperture is covered by elaborate and curious embroidery, between the threads of which she can only peep. But the Persian belle will yet find a way of rewarding an admirer with a glance; and thus the marriages so carefully brought about by parents and relatives are not infrequently the result of predilections slyly manifested. The outdoor dress, being a dis-

guise, cuts both ways; and the *intrigante* amuses herself with impunity.

Certain marriages take place because in the eyes of the Orientals they are natural ones, such as the union of first cousins. The children have been like brother and sister from the cradle, and they are married as a matter of course; it is their fate, and they submit to it. But outside these marriages of custom, and far more numerous than the marriages of predilection to which we have referred, are the marriages usually arranged by "brokers." These brokers are old women, who always keep themselves in a position to quote the state of the marriage-market, which fluctuates. In hard times, even girls of good appearance are comparatively a drug. In time of plenty, they "rule firm." The marriage-broker is ever a welcome guest where there are daughters to marry, and also in houses where the sons wish to find a suitable bride. The young people are not consulted by the broker. She deals with the parents, and generally with the mothers. Crafty as a horse-dealer, she runs glibly over the various advantages, mental, physical, and pecuniary, of her *clientèle* of both sexes. So-and-so is a steady, quiet man. Such-an-one has brilliant prospects — has (important consideration!) no other wife. As for Yusuf, how good-looking he is! And Hassan, no man was ever so good-tempered. Of the other sex she sings the praises no less. The skill of Bebe as a housekeeper, the wealth of the ugly daughter of the banker, the dangerous charms of the portionless Zuleikha, she can never say too much about. Her main business is to bargain for the sum to be paid to the father for his daughter's hand; a sum which is usually expended

by that father in pots and pans (all of copper) and other utensils, which he presents to his child as her separate property. The details being settled after much haggling, the young people are engaged, and the marriage-broker gets her commission from both the parents of the bridegroom and those of the bride-elect. Among the poor and laboring classes the bargain is arranged on other grounds. The peasant takes a wife for her thews and sinews, or her skill at weaving carpets or making cheese; while the bridegroom is or is not eligible according as he may be capable of hard work, or may hold some small office, or have a bit of land or a shop. Here the marriage-broker is generally an amateur, who conducts the negotiations purely from that love of match-making which *is* such a blessing to the world.

The *akd*, or marriage contract, is simply a legal form; but it is marriage and not betrothal. A few friends are invited; the bride — perhaps a child of ten — is seated in a room with her parents and relations; over the door hangs the usual curtain. Or, if the ceremony takes place in one room or in the open air, the women are all veiled. At the other side of the curtain, in an outer room or in the open air, are the male guests; and here squats the mullah or priest of the quarter, who now drones out in a monotonous voice the marriage contract, which has been previously drawn up by him. "It is agreed between Hassan the draper, who is *vakeel* (agent) for Houssein the son of the baker, that he, Houssein, hereby acknowledges the receipt of the portion of Nissa the daughter of Achmet the grocer." Here follows a list of the property of the bride in lands, money, houses, cattle, dresses, furniture, carpets, pots, pans, and so on. Always a copy of

the Koran and a certain weight of sewing-silk are mentioned. This detailed account of her property, constituting the woman's separate estate, her husband merely holds in trust during their life together. At death or divorce it goes back again to herself or her heirs. And it is this *mehr*, or separate estate, that renders secure the otherwise precarious position of the Eastern wife in a polygamous country; for the various things enumerated, though acknowledged by the husband as received, may only exist on paper. Still, he has acknowledged them; and if he wish to put away his wife, or if they separate by consent, he is bound to refund the *mehr* of which he has legally acknowledged the receipt, or to obtain her legal discharge for the same. "And," continues the mullah, "he acknowledges the receipt of the aforesaid *mehr*." Then follows a hum of delight at the extent of the lady's property. "You, Hassan, how do you say as *vakeel* for Houssein — is this so?" — "Yes, yes, I agree," mumbles Hassan. "And you, Achmet, do you give your daughter, Lady Nissa, to be the wife of Lord Houssein?" "Yes, yes, I agree," replies Achmet the grocer. "And you, Lady Nissa, are you there?" "Yes, yes, she is here, mullah," replies a chorus of women from behind the curtain. "And you agree, Lady Nissa?" Here there is a giggle from the child-bride. "Yes, yes, she agrees," comes in a triumphant chorus from the women. "Then," says the mullah solemnly, "in the name of God the compassionate, the merciful, and of Mohammed the prophet of God, I declare you, Lord Houssein, and you, Lady Nissa, to be man and wife." Here the mullah puts his stamp of seal to the document: the various parties seal it too, it is carefully

witnessed, and formally completed. The mullah receives his fee of a few shillings; and then, and not till then, he hands over the document — her settlement and "marriage-lines" in one — to the agent of the bride or to her father.

The legal ceremony is over; the young people are married fast, fast as the Mohammedan law can bind. And, theoretically, as yet they have never seen each other's face. But really Houssein has had many a glimpse of the fair Nissa: her mother has often allowed him to see her child from behind a curtain or a cupboard door. All this is understood. And the young people are now legally married. The wedding, as distinct from the espousals, may take place the same evening, in a week, a month, or not for years, according to the age, rank, or circumstances of the bride and bridegroom. Men and women feast separately; and after many water-pipes have been smoked, many pounds of sweetmeats consumed, and a plentiful banquet has been disposed of, the guests separate. All promise to be present at the actual wedding. No music, no rejoicings — nothing but what we have described is seen at the ceremony we have detailed.

From an early hour in the morning of an *arusee* or wedding — I speak of a wedding in the middle ranks of life — there has been considerable bustle in the house of the bride's father. The house has been literally swept and garnished. Carpets have been borrowed, and rooms that at other times are unused and empty are now furnished and decorated with flowers. The poor are standing in a crowd at the outer door, sure of being plentifully regaled. The outer court has been got ready

for the men. Vases of flowers are placed in rows at all the open windows, and in every recess thirty or forty pounds of tobacco have been prepared by pounding and moistening for smoking; the courtyard is freshly watered. If it be a calm day — and spring and summer days in Persia are always free from wind — rose-leaves are sprinkled on the surface of the water of the raised tank in the center of the courtyard, so as to form the word "Bismillah" (in the name of God), the pious welcome of the Mussulman. Similar preparations, but on a larger scale, have been made in the *anderun*, that handsomer and larger courtyard which contains the women's quarters. In this courtyard the Negresses may be seen busily engaged in the kitchen preparing the breakfast for perhaps a hundred guests; and the visitors will stop all day, only leaving to escort the bride to the home of her new husband, whither she will go after dark. Large samovars, or Russian urns, which are in use in every Persian house, are hissing like small steam-engines, ready to furnish tea for the guests on their arrival: not our idea of tea, but a pale infusion sweetened to the consistency of syrup, from the center of each cup of which will project a little island of superfluous sugar. The sherbet-dar, too, is preparing in his own especial den immense quantities of ices and sherbets; and these ices will be served from china bowls, and each ice will be the size and shape of a fair-sized sugar-loaf. As for the sherbets (delicately scented and sweetened fruit-syrups dissolved in water, and with lumps of ice floating in the clear and various colored fluids), they will be supplied in gallons. Orange sherbet, lemon, pomegranate, rosewater, cherry, quince, and an endless further variety of these refreshing

drinks will be offered to the thirsty guests. And now come the musicians in two bands, the Mussulmans', and the Jews'; the latter a ragged and motley crew, but more skillful than their better-clad rivals. They carry with them their strange Old-World instruments, and soon establish themselves in a corner of either court-yard. They, too, partake of tea, and then they prepare to strike up. Noticeable among the Mussulman musicians is the *dohol* player and his instrument. It is a species of big drum, only used at weddings; and, once heard, the awful resonant roar it makes can never be forgotten.

All is ready; the master of the house, dressed in his best, gives a last anxious glance at the preparations, and has an excited discussion with his wife or wives. He waves his hand to the musicians, and hurries to a seat near the door, to be ready to welcome his guests; the music strikes up a merry tune (it is really an air — barbaric, but inspiriting); the tremendous din of the *dohol* is heard at intervals. Then in a loud scream rises the voice of the principal solo singer, who commences one of the sad love-songs of Persia in a high falsetto voice. His face reddens with his exertions, which last through a dozen verses. His eyes nearly start from his head, the muscles of his neck stand out like ropes; but he keeps correct time on the big tambourine, which he plays with consummate skill. The rest of the musicians watch his every movement, and all join in the chorus of "Ah! Leila, Leila, you have made roast meat of my heart!" The music is the signal to the invited guests; they now commence to arrive in crowds. The music and singing proceed, and go on unceasingly till the bride leaves for

her husband's home some ten hours after the artists begin. As the guests pour in, the host receives them with transports of pleasure — all the extravagant compliments of Eastern politeness pass between them. "May your wedding be fortunate!" "You are, indeed, welcome; this is a never-to-be-forgotten honor to me, your slave!" In they pour, the men in their best; the women, closely veiled, pass on unnoticed by the men into the *anderun*, where they unveil and appear to their delighted hostesses in their finest clothes and all their jewelry; and, we are sorry to add, in most cases with their faces carefully painted. As the dresses worn among Persian ladies for indoor use only reach to the knee and are very much *bouffé*, their wearers look like opera dancers. The ladies' feet and legs are bare, as a rule; a gauze shirt of gay color and a tiny zouave jacket daintily embroidered with gold lace on velvet or on satin are worn, while the head is decorated with a large kerchief of silk or gauze, elaborately embroidered with gold thread. From beneath this kerchief the hair falls in innumerable plaits behind, sometimes reaching almost to the ground. The colors of their clothes are of the brightest — pinks, greens, yellows, scarlets, crimsons, blues. The quantity of solid jewelry worn in honor of the bride is prodigious.

Every one takes tea, every one crunches the sweets of various kinds which are piled on china dishes in huge trays in the center of the rooms. Several hundredweight of confectionery — not food, but "sweets" — are thus consumed. Conversation goes on, pipes are smoked by both men and women. Messages pass between the two courtyards. But the men remain in their quarters, and

the women in theirs. The musicians and buffoons are allowed, however, in the women's court on these occasions: they are supposed to be mere professional persons, and on this account are tolerated. At noon a heavy breakfast is served. If there be two hundred guests, there is meat for them and for, say, four hundred servants and hangers-on, while what remains, a still larger portion, is given to the poor.

Lutis or buffoons now bring their performing monkeys or bears — often a miserable and half-starved lion cowed by much beating. They dance, they sing songs, indecent enough in themselves, but tolerated in the East on such occasions. More tea, more ices, more sherbet, more sweets. Pipes without number pass from hand to hand, but no strong drink; that is never seen or tasted, save by the musicians and buffoons, who as the day wanes are freely supplied. The bride meanwhile goes to the bath, whither she is accompanied by many of the ladies, the friends and near relatives of the family. Dinner is served on the same lavish scale as the breakfast. Fowls by the hundred, boiled to rags, under piles of various-colored rice; lambs roasted whole, or boiled in fragments; mutton in savory stews; game and venison hot on the spit; *kababs* and *pilaws* of endless variety; soups, sweets, fruit in profusion: all this is served with the lavishness of true Oriental hospitality.

And now there is a hum of suspense. It is night; and the whole place is lighted up by lamps, candles in shades, and lanterns. A noise of a distant crowd is heard; alms in money are freely distributed among the crowd of beggars and poor at the door; horses are brought for the bride and her friends. The procession of the bride-

groom is approaching: and it must be understood that another grand party has been going on at *his* father's house. The musicians play and sing their loudest: the roofs (the flat roofs of the East) are thronged by all the women and children of the quarter. The bridegroom and his friends arrive, and are welcomed by the women with a peculiar echoing cry of "Kel lel lel," produced by tapping the cheeks. Then the bride appears, carefully veiled in a huge sheet of pink and spangled muslin. She goes to the door and mounts a gayly-caparisoned horse. All the male guests join the procession. Lighted cressets full of blazing embers are carried on high poles to lead and light the way. The lanterns of all the guests are lighted and borne in this procession, which joyfully wends its way through a cheering crowd. At the moment the bride leaves her father's house a shout of "Kel lel lel" announces the fact. Fireworks blaze, the music is deafening, above all is heard the monotonous banging of the wedding drum. And so, the buffoons and musicians leading the way, the procession slowly moves on. As it approaches the house of the bridegroom several sheep are sacrificed in honor of the bride; they are slain at her feet as she steps over her husband's threshold for the first time, accompanied by a female friend or two. Then, invoking blessings on the pair, all wend their way home, and the festival is over.

THE PERSIAN BAZAARS

[Twentieth century]

BY EUSTACHE DE LOREY AND DOUGLAS SLADEN

LIKE the bazaars in Constantinople and Cairo, those of Teheran consist of an immense labyrinth of streets covered with brick vaults, forming an uninterrupted row of little domes, in the middle of each of which a round hole is pierced to let in the light. Through this hole the sun darts its rays like the flash-lights of a man-of-war amid the half-lights of the vaults, which in summer keep the air so cool.

When you enter the great central artery, which starts from the south of the Sabz-Meidan, you are in the Bazaar of the Shoemakers. On both sides of the vault are stalls, from ten to fifteen feet square, with a floor about three feet above the ground. These are occupied by the makers of all sorts of shoes. Here are *pahboush*, yellow, or green for the mullahs; there are the tiny red slippers with turned-up toes and metal heels which the women wear. Farther on are the ugly boots of blacking leather or patent leather with elastic sides, which are intended for those who wish to enjoy the advantages of civilization. Then come the shops where you buy the *giveh*, the national shoes of Persia, made of very strong white linen, with soles of plaited thongs dyed green; and the yellow top-boots, with the red rolled-over tops and very turned-up toes and thick soles, like Tartar boots, which are worn by the Persians in the mountains.

Nothing used to amuse me more than the diversity of types we met in the bazaar. All the types and all the costumes of central and western Asia elbow each other here in the most extraordinary medley.

The first thing I saw in the bazaars, riding a mule, was a venerable mujtehid, in a close-rolled white turban of a thousand little folds, wound round and round a pointed conical cap. He was accompanied by a numerous suite of mullahs, who wore turbans too, but not with the same elaborate coils, because these are reserved for the highest ranks of the priesthood; of Seyyeds, with dark blue turbans, or green if they were *hadji* (pilgrims), as well as descendants of the Prophet, all of them wearing long flowing robes, belted in at the waist by a Cashmere shawl, in which the *calamdan* and the roll of paper appear which are the badge of men of letters. The crowd made deep bows to the mujtehid, and many of them kissed the hem of his garment. He looked at them with condescension, but with a distracted attention, for his eyes seemed to be regarding in the visionary distance the series of the Seven Heavens promised in the Koran. The Persian is very theatrical; he always likes to look his part. If he is a general, he is Bombastes; if he is a judge, he is Rhadamanthus.

Then came an Armenian in a low *kolah*, with clothes which he imagined to be European. He was careful not to brush the Mussulmans, knowing that they would curse him if he polluted them with his impure touch.

The men with flashing eyes and mustaches like a walrus's, wearing a sort of *bolero* made of plaited foals' hair, and a round white cap encircled with striped silk, whose fringe fell over their faces, were merchants from

Kurdistan. Their rifles, slung over their right shoulders, and bandoliers full of cartridges, showed that even Mercury could not go out without being armed in their "charming" country.

The man with a square beard, with a blue-and-white striped cloth on his head, held in its place by a crown of camel's-hair cords with gold knobs, was a merchant of Baghdad; he was positively glittering in his sky-blue *abba* with golden stripes like sun-rays. As he passed by, the Orthodox Persians cursed him, for he was a Sunnite, and his dress was like the one that the assassins of Kassem wear in the religious procession of Moharrem. The young Negro who followed him was a Somali slave that he was probably going to sell.

Then came a water-carrier, dressed in nothing but a dirty shirt, bowed down by the weight of his goat-skin full of water, which swayed about on his back. He held in his left hand one of the legs of the skin, which is the tap through which he draws the water, and in his right, a brass cup engraved with sentences from the Koran and verses of poetry, reciting the praises of the liquid that he was selling. He was watering the front of a shop.

There were interminable files of black phantoms gliding from shop to shop, bargaining noiselessly, and disappearing like shadows. This is all that one sees of the fair sex, with the exception of a few Armenian women, half-veiled, with round caps of embroidered velvet on the tops of their heads, from which fall a quantity of plaits, concealed in the folds of the *chader*, which they wear like their Mussulman congeners.

Horsemen were riding about, and there were strings of little gray donkeys loaded with bricks for building, and

interminable caravans of camels with deafening bells. Their heads, ornamented with tufts of red, green, and yellow, were balanced in a bored and supercilious sort of way on the top of their long swans' necks, encircled with collars of red leather ornamented with little white cowries. Their india-rubber-like feet flattened out as they touched the ground with the regularity of a clock; the loads hanging from each side of their humps, swaying and knocking against the walls, were a perpetual menace for the foot passenger. Suddenly there was a pandemonium: two caravans coming in opposite directions had met, the camel-drivers shouted to make their beasts give way to each other, but in vain; for the beasts were locked together as their loads caught, and dashed the foot passengers into the walls. The cries of fury and the oaths of the camel-drivers were blended with the growling of the camels, the yells of the people, and the howling of the dogs which were run over, and the screams of the frightened women.

The entire traffic was suspended, and it took more than half an hour to reëstablish order. This incident, during which the mirza and I took refuge in a shop in order not to be crushed, gave me the opportunity of bargaining for a pair of exquisite little *pahboush* of gazelle skin, embroidered with golden palms and mother-of-pearl dates. One of these was still in the hands of the workmen. The merchant asked a ridiculous price, as if the pearls had been real; and to give them more value in my eyes, he assured me that they belonged to one of those mysterious phantoms whom fear had driven into the corner of his shop, and who, he said, was a *khanoum* (i.e., lady) of importance. The

mirza drew my attention to a *chader* of black silk fringed with gold lace in the middle of some cotton *chaders*. Who knows? it might have been a princess shopping with her maids. How exciting it would have been to have carried off the *pahboush* of the trembling phantom, who, seated in that corner, looked like a half-filled balloon in the middle of other half-filled balloons. All sorts of ideas passed through my mind: I had visions of a Cinderella of the "Thousand and One Nights," or else perhaps this mignon slipper that I was holding in my hand had been used by the lady to chastise her unfaithful husband, for the heel of the *pahboush* is a favorite weapon in the harem.

But the mirza frowned at me, and I understood that all this was the Eternal Persian Mirage, and must go the way of all mirages. . . . So I ran away laughing.

We passed through the bazaars of *kalyans*, *chibouks*, and other pipes, which were crowded with pilgrims from Kashgar, easily recognizable by their high cheek-bones and narrow eyes, laying in supplies for their journey to Mecca, and went to the Tobacco Bazaar.

It is a very quiet place, full of the fragrance of nicotine. On the counters were bricks of amber-colored tobacco, almost as closely pressed as wood — some a yard high and long and wide, some still sewn up in goatskins. There were also beautiful long leaves of tobacco of Shiraz for the *kalyans*, and tobacco of Kachan, shredded into fine flakes like curls of fair hair, for making into cigarettes.

Flint and steel are still much used, but are being driven out by Japanese and Russian imitations of Swedish matches — the Japanese being incomparably better.

There was an attempt to start a match factory in Persia, but it failed.

Seeing some very beautiful sheets of tobacco for the *kalyan*, I asked the price, and was told a price which came to about two francs — four *krans* [1] — the pound. I ordered two pounds.

"But you put your thumb on the scales!" I exclaimed, seeing that the merchant was cheating. He looked at me — there was a pause — and then he said, in the most unabashed way, "Do you imagine that I am going to give you tobacco of that fineness for four krans the pound if I did not put my thumb in the scale?"

I was so pleased to find a Persian so Persian that I could do nothing but take the tobacco and add a little backsheesh to the price he asked.

The bazaar into which one goes oftenest in Persia is the Bazaar of Carpets. This suggests much to the European mind, which at once thinks of a vast display of rich hangings and gorgeous colors. In Persia one sees nothing of the kind. The carpets are all piled up, one over the other, and when you want to buy a carpet, the men of the shop pull them out one after the other in front of you, and build them into fresh piles on the opposite side. It is very difficult to make up your mind, for you never see more than two displayed at the same time. It takes a very long time; for, carrying in your head as well as you can the remembrance of those you like best, you are always having another one pulled out, and before you manage to get the three or four you really like best all shown at the same time, several hours will have gone, and pounds of dust, coming from all parts of Persia, will

[1] About forty cents.

have been swallowed. However, you need not regret the time expended, so many precious articles will have been exhibited before you, each more beautiful than the other.

The first carpet that struck me was one from Kerman, woven with extraordinary fineness. Its pattern represented a tree on which parrots in great profusion and every attitude ate extraordinary fruits. Under that tree, which took up nearly all the carpet, were some very small gazelles, a quarter of the size of the parrots, and round it was a very delicately drawn border. The next carpet was from Turkestan. On a background of Venetian red, dark blue geometrical drawings were repeated at regular intervals. But this one, which was made of very good material, had a hideous design. It was a bad copy of the Early Victorian carpet, representing a tiger eating an apple under a rosebush. Then the merchant brought out a beautiful dark blue carpet, decorated with narcissi, tulips, and hyacinths, white, red, yellow, and green, of a pre-Raphaelite pattern which came from Kurdistan. It was an old one; they are not made any more.

Directly after this, he showed me a carpet with a regular pattern of henna flowers, which was the modern representative of the same school. The next, of the same pattern, but with very crude colors, showed that in spite of the new laws forbidding aniline colors, these chemical dyes are spoiling the manufacture of modern carpets. Happily this was the exception, and it is to be hoped that the laws by which aniline dyes have recently been prohibited from entering Persia will be enforced with Draconian severity.

After many notable examples from Faraghan, Khorassan, Turkestan, Khoi, and Daghestan, I was shown one very curious carpet, with a white background, on which was drawn with black lines an Assyrian king with wings, copied from the bas-reliefs of Persepolis. His name, Nebuchadnezzar, was written under it in Roman letters. I regretted to see such good work and such fine materials wasted on such a miracle of bad taste. It was executed in one of the best workshops of Kerman.

Silk carpets are very much appreciated in Persia. They are generally of the type of prayer carpets, representing two columns, a vault, and in the middle a mosque lamp hanging down. Another usual pattern for the silk carpets is a vase of flowers with birds. The Persian weavers receive orders, especially from Cairo, for very large silk carpets.

The wily Persian has discovered the secret of making new carpets look ancient. He smokes them over a fire made with special herbs, and this gives the carpet a used appearance and fades the colors. It is nearly impossible, when this is well done, to distinguish between a genuine antique and a forgery.

A commoner way of aging a carpet (very common in the bazaars) is to spread it out on the street, in order that every passer-by and animal may trample on it.

In Tabriz, an Englishman, Mr. Stevens, conceived the happy idea of starting a carpet-weaving industry, where only old patterns are made. He tries to revive the old traditions, and has succeeded very well. I went to see his workrooms in the bazaars. They were established in a large sort of shed with mud walls and roof, lighted by mere holes of windows and skylights. The

weaving was done on old-fashioned hand-looms, some of them eight or ten feet high. Little boys of ten to twelve were perched on planks in front of the looms; a man, holding in his hand the pattern of the carpet with all the colors marked in squares, like our Berlin wool-work patterns, sang to a popular tune the number and color of each thread — one blue, two red, one yellow, etc. — which was repeated in chorus by all the little boys, and accompanied by the noise of the bobbins which go through the warp threads, and the rhythmical swish with which the boys cut the thread after making the little knots.

These little apprentices, dressed in a variety of colors, perched on their planks and singing at the tops of their voices, were like love-birds sitting on a branch.

Interesting as it all was, the mirzaand I were tired out before we made our escape, and nearly smothered by the dust we had to swallow.

NEW YEAR'S CALLS AND GIFTS

[1895]

BY SAMUEL G. WILSON

THE Persians are eminently a social people. They are vivacious and entertaining; fond of jokes and story-telling, and ready in repartee. They are much given to visiting and feasting. This is remarkable, since the great bond of society with us is entirely wanting: the social intercourse of men and women is not permitted, and the idea of it shocks their sense of propriety. Men visit with men, women with women. Dancing amazes them beyond measure, and seems an immodest license and a perversion of liberty.

The Persians are a polite people. They have elaborate rules of etiquette, and many set phrases and compliments suitable for every occasion. Visits are made at the festivals, both for congratulation and condolence, and often for the transaction of business. The physician is honored with an hour's social chat before the ailments of the caller-in are mentioned. He is expected in return to make himself comfortable in the parlor for a prolonged tea-drinking before being inducted into the sick-room. Time is of little value. Social calls are often of three or four hours' duration.

The greatest social event in Persia is the festival of the New Year or Noruz. It commemorates the entrance of the sun into the sign of Aries at the vernal equinox. It is the most fitting and beautiful time for the New

Year. Then the sacred year of the Jews and of some European nations began. March 25th was the first day of the year in Scotland until 1600, and in England until 1752. At this season, Persia, throughout most of its borders, begins to put on its robe of verdure, flowers begin to bloom, and the farmer takes up his work in the fields.

Some Persians affirm that the world began to move in its orbit on that day. Others place the origin of the festival in the time of Jemshid, the founder of Persepolis. He introduced the solar year, and celebrated its first day as a splendid festival. The sculptured procession on the great staircase at Persepolis is supposed to represent the bringing of presents from the various provinces at Noruz. This is the only festival of ancient Persia that has not been displaced by the sacred seasons of Mohammedanism. The Persians never fail to enter into its enjoyment, except when the movable lunar calendar of Islam brings some religious ceremony at the same time. From 1893 to 1896 Noruz falls in the great fast of Ramadan. The festivities with which ancient kings celebrated it are curiously described in the "Arabian Nights," in "The Enchanted Horse." In the introduction to this story it is said: "Noruz, or the new day, is a festival so solemn and so ancient throughout the whole extent of Persia, taking its origin even from the earliest period of idolatry, that the holy religion of the Prophet, pure and unsullied as it is, has been hitherto unable to abolish it; although it must be confessed that it is a custom completely pagan, and that the ceremonies observed in its solemnization are of the most superstitious nature. Not to mention large cities, there is no town, borough, village, or hamlet, however small, where the festival is

not celebrated with extraordinary rejoicings. Those that take place at court surpass all others by the variety of new and surprising spectacles, so that nothing that is attempted in other parts of the world can approach or be compared with this sumptuous magnificence." A thousand years after Haroun-al-Raschid the festival still holds its place. To an outside observer its ceremonies do not seem as "pagan" as some of those connected with Shiahism.

Prior to the festival of Noruz the dervish pitches his white tent before the door of some nobleman, and sits there and yells, "Ya hak!" ("O truth!") until his claims to charity are satisfied. The letter-carrier presents himself to receive an *anam;* the cook expects a new coat; the mirza, and even the physician, are remembered by their patrons; and the alderman receives goodly donations from his constituents. During the last week of the old year the bazaars are profusely decorated. Gay cloths, carpets, and shawls are exhibited in the shops. Pictures, mirrors, mottoes, bunting, and embroideries are hung up. Arches are constructed, spanning the streets with pendent ornaments. Villagers crowd in front of the open shops, and groups of boys stroll about to see the sights. Every one buys a collection of nuts, raisins, figs, dates, dried apricots, grape-juice paste, etc. These fruits must be of seven kinds, the name of each beginning with the letter "S." The collection is called the *yeddi luvn.* Many send to their friends a plateful, with the compliments of the season. The last Wednesday, called Akhir Chahar-Shenba, is a gala day. It is the children's festival, but the whole population is ready for a frolic. Clowns in fantastic costumes and ludicrous masks, and

strolling minstrels with tambourines and cymbals and leading a monkey, perform and collect shahis. Boys crowd the streets, and women gather on the housetops, to see the shows. School-boys enter into the spirit of the day and make a mock visit to their principal. One of them, arrayed like a Kurdish sheik, in long flowing robes, great turban, and a cotton beard, and with attendants armed like Kurds, but with canes for swords, presents himself and declares that a fine has been levied upon the school. He receives a present, and they all go off to expend it on some of the good things in the bazaars.

As the great day approaches, every man says to himself, "Well, to-morrow is Noruz. I must get my head shaved, go to the bath, dye my hands, nails, and beard with henna, put on a clean skull-cap, and see if the tailor has my new coat ready. I must buy some sugar and tea, tobacco and candy, and then I shall be ready for all comers."

In the capital the festival is ushered in and celebrated with elaborate ceremonies by the shah and his court. The crown prince in Tabriz keeps the day with similar rejoicings. At the astronomical termination of the year a tray of the seven fruits is brought before the prince. Some of these are eaten. Incense is burned, according to a custom of the fire-worshipers. One hundred and ten guns are fired off, with reference to Ali, who is said to have been named successor to Mohammed on this day. Consuls, nobles, and high officials, clothed in their uniforms and decorations, pay their salaam to His Highness, and partake of a feast. Luck-money, coined with the name of the shah, is distributed to all. Some of these gold and silver tokens are sent to the mujtehid and other

ecclesiastics. They presage a fortunate year for the recipient, because the king thus indicates his royal favor. After the salaam there is a military review in the *medan* or public square. The trumpet is sounded; the officers on their gayly caparisoned horses present themselves with their companies. Each soldier receives a token of fourteen shahis in value. After the review, wrestling-contests and ram-fights enliven the scene. In some villages buffalo-fights are a part of the programme. These powerful animals, sometimes made ferocious by partial intoxication, make a rough contest. In other places, such as Hamadan, the day is ushered in with a display of pyrotechnics. From the housetops thousands of rockets and "fusing-jugs" are set off.

The festivities extend over two or three weeks. The bazaars are generally closed and business suspended. All are bent on pleasure. Merrymaking reigns supreme. Days are designated for visiting particular classes or wards of the city. On the first day the official class exchange visits, while the religiously inclined give the honor of precedence to the mujtehids. On succeeding days the crowd moves from ward to ward. Calls are often an hour long. About breakfast-time (noon) a group of friends may unexpectedly enter, and a new supply of pilaw must be served up quickly. Families that have suffered bereavement during the preceding year do not make visits, but receive them, serving to their guests bitter coffee and omitting all sweetmeats.

Noruz is a pleasant time to renew old acquaintances, make new ones, and to visit both rich and poor without interfering with their business engagements. I shall give an account of the visits made during one Noruz season,

since they afford the best opportunity to become acquainted with the social customs of the people. According to a custom in visiting men of rank, we sent a request to the governor-general, the former Amir-i-Nizam, that His Excellency might appoint a convenient time to receive us. The governor's house, in a group of government buildings, was built in semi-European style, with windows on all sides and faced with red brick. He had two large reception-rooms, one furnished in Persian, the other in European style. The Persian room had portières over the doors, and was carpeted in the usual manner, with a larger center-piece, two *kenarehs* or side-strips, and a *kala* or head-piece, the four rugs neatly covering the entire floor. The *kenarehs* and *kala* were of soft *kecha* or felt, half an inch thick, and the color of camel's hair, with a simple figured border.[1] Over these was spread, for their protection, a breadth of cotton cloth, called *ru-farsh*. At the upper corners of the reception-room were divans, consisting of mattresses and pillows, and covered with the finest Senna rugs. On one of these divans the governor sat to receive Persian visitors; the other was reserved for men of high rank, while other guests sat on the carpets around the sides of the room.

We had removed our goloshes and hats on being ushered in. The governor, in stockinged feet and with hat on, received us cordially, rising and shaking our hands. To his "Salaam alakum!" ("Peace to you!") we responded, "To you peace! May Your Excellency's feast be blessed!" He replied, "May your favor be

[1] The best of these *kechas* are manufactured at Yezd and Hamadan. A traveler mentions one the dimensions of which were one hundred and twenty by eighty½ feet. It was transported from Yezd on a line of camels for the palace of the minister of justice at Teheran.

increased!" After being seated on chairs we inquired concerning His Excellency's "noble condition." He replied in the customary phrase, "Al hamd ul Ullah!" ("Praise God, I am well!"); but on second inquiry he declared that he was feeling ill, and most of his conversation in the midst of tea-drinking was about his ailments. He ended the interview by saying that he had a *peeshkesh* for the doctor, which proved to be ten imperials.

Afterward we called on the *beglar-begi* or mayor. He is of the Dumbli family, which have ruled in Azerbijan before the Kajar dynasty. He has great wealth, being lord of many villages. All the guests in the saloon rose and remained standing while he led us into a room furnished with tables and chairs. A special feature of the room was the great number of gilded and illuminated firmans and honorary degrees from the shah, framed and hung on the walls, or placed in the niches. According to custom, tea was brought in in tiny glasses having handles of silver, and placed on glass saucers. The cupbearer served each person on an individual waiter of silver, and in the order of the rank of each one, as judged from the position of their seats. He first offered tea to his master, but he, with a wave of the hand, declined to be served until after his guests. The tea was piping hot, without cream, and as sweet as a syrup. On the waiters was a little bottle of Shiraz lemon-juice and sliced *naranj* (grape-fruit) for flavoring it. After a time the attendants reappeared. One bore a salver on which were tiny coffee-cups in holders. The latter resembled in shape an egg-cup. They are sometimes chinaware, and sometimes Zenjan-silver filigree, of exquisite workmanship.

The other attendant bore a coffee-pot; he lifted one of the coffee-cups, placed it in the holder, and filled it about two thirds full of very thick, black, sweet coffee.[1]

The *kalean* or water-pipe was brought in and passed to us. We declined with the phrase, "It is not our custom." The host took a few whiffs and passed it to the guests in the saloon. Finally we said, in the customary form of adieu, "Will you command our dismissal?" He replied, "Do you withdraw your graciousness?" If the host wishes to shorten the visit he can hasten these courses.

A visit to the *kalantar*, the chief alderman, showed us some different phases of Persian life. An hour's ride on horseback brought us to his place in the suburbs. He had extensive grounds, beautifully laid out with fountains and flower-beds and shaded avenues. In his greenhouse were orange and lemon trees bearing fruit. One of his rooms was papered with chromos, another with cuts from the illustrated papers. He had a large household of retainers. The *kalantar* was fond of religious discussion and familiar with the Bible. He had written a book in defense of Islam against Christianity. His opinion was that Paul undermined and corrupted the religion of Jesus. He found in the prophecy of Habakkuk of the Holy One from Mount Paran, who drove asunder the nations, a prediction of Mohammed. Conversation on religion is habitual among the Persians.

Here there were set before us some choice sweetmeats. Among the favorite confections is *gaz*. It is made from

[1] Sometimes sherbets are substituted for the tea or coffee. These are drinks made of lemon, plum, cherry, rose, cucumber, or other fruit-syrups. Simpler forms are *skanjabi*, made of vinegar and honey, or *ayran*, a kind of buttermilk.

the juice of the tamarisk tree and has a delicious flavor, which is increased by being mixed with pistachios. Another favorite is fig-paste, called "ease of the throat." This is variously flavored and colored. Among the candies popular in Persia are sugared burned almond, pomegranate jelly cut in little squares, *khulva*, a taffy of molasses and nuts, rock-candy, and *peshmak*, which is made of sugar and butter, crystallized like snowflakes or thistledown, and formed into pyramids, cones, and other shapes. A very rich pastry sprinkled with sugar, but without fruit, is much prized. Their cakes, made of rice-flour and nuts, with sheep-tail fat and saffron flavor, are rarely agreeable to foreign taste. Year by year confections are being improved by contact with Tiflis and Constantinople. The best sweetmeats are now made in the houses of the wealthy, and some of their ladies are expert in the art. At Noruz and other festivals great *khonchas*[1] of candies are sent in by the clients of the great, and the center of the parlor is occupied by a large display of them. It has lately become the custom to rent a large amount of confections for an occasion, only those being paid for which are eaten, and the rest returned.

These visits, together with others to mollas, merchants, and physicians, gave us considerable knowledge of the life of well-to-do Persians. The impression was gained that their manner of living is very comfortable. Their wealth is not great, but they have the conveniences and luxuries which the country affords, or which they think it necessary to import. Their houses are

[1] A *khoncha* is a wooden tray, about two feet by four, which is carried on a man's head when a wedding-dowry or a present of sweetmeats is taken through the streets.

neither of marble nor of cut stone, nor do they have many of the charms of beautiful architecture. But the wealthy class in the cities have pleasant rooms, excellent food, fruits and flowers in abundance, troops of servants waiting their every beck and call, stables full of valuable horses, incomes easily earned, plenty of leisure for an afternoon siesta and for social intercourse, many holidays and a disposition to enjoy them; and withal they have no reason to envy the far more opulent but possibly less contented plutocrats who under steam pressure and with lightning rapidity are "bulling and bearing" one another in the marts of civilization.

New-Year's calls on the poor of Persia revealed a striking contrast. We knocked at the outer door, that the women might have a chance to conceal themselves. Bending low, we stooped down and passed under a long arched way, and entered a little yard with mud-plastered walls. The *calwakhana* or hall opened into a half-underground room, in one end of which was a poorly made window, covered with oiled paper, its cracks being similarly pasted over to keep out the wind. Its flopping, ill-fitting door was low, while the sill was very high, in order that the shoes may be taken off in the hall and not obstruct the opening and shutting of the door. The rafters overhead were unceiled. The furniture consisted of common carpets (*ghelim*), a mirror brought with the wedding-outfit, a copper basin and ewer, a small tea-urn and some glasses, and a *kalean* on the lower niches. On the upper niches were a few bottles, and on the once whitened walls had been pasted some cigarette-papers, caricature prints, and verses from the Koran. The host greeted us with a hearty "Welcome! You have done me

a great favor." We replied, "May your festival be blessed, may your house be blessed!" He answered, "It is a present to you." The other guests rose, placed their right hands first on their hearts, then to their foreheads, and bowed low. We knelt on our knees on calico cushions, the weight of the body resting on the heels. The host, though his circumstances were straitened, was bright in conversation. A small boy dressed like a grown man entered, and we inquired, "Who is this?" "He is your slave," he replied; which meant, "He is my son." A dish of wheat was growing on the window-sill, a symbol of the renewal of the year. A fish was swimming in a pan, which called forth a remark from him that fish always look toward Mecca at Noruz. He placed before us a few candies, some boiled eggs, and pickled grapes. He had the samovar already boiling, and sat down beside it, washed the cups and saucers, and placed tea before us. We did not decline to drink, for the poor man would feel aggrieved. He honored us specially by almost filling our tea-glasses with sugar, though he himself sipped his tea through a small lump which he held between his teeth and retained to sweeten succeeding sups. What does a poor man have besides the things within sight? His goods consist of a few rude dishes of native pottery, a jar or two of pickled herbs and dried vegetables, a flour-bin, some copper pots, and a chest of clothing. With his wages of a dime a day as a laborer or servant he must provide for his Khadija and Ismiel, Husain and Fatima. He thanks God for the blessing of such a family; but how do they live on such a pittance? Most of it goes to buy bread, which, with some salty cheese to give it taste, or a glass of weak tea, constitutes

his breakfast; his luncheon is bread and sour milk, garlic or onions or some cheap fruit; for dinner a stew of meat and vegetables, highly seasoned with red peppers and onions — a large quantity for a little meat — makes his bread palatable. Lack of employment or high prices reduce him to bread and water. In winter a few *shahis'* worth of charcoal lasts the family a long while under the *kurisee*.

In sleeping rich and poor alike lie on the floor. The bedding, which consists of a short mattress, a round pillow, and coverlets, is folded up and placed in a recess by day. In summer many of the people sleep on the roofs, rising when the sun disturbs them.

The social habit, which is so universally exemplified at Noruz, is a striking trait of the Persian character. One of the social institutions of great attraction is the tea-house. The tea-houses are of various grades. Some are rudely furnished, with merely a raised platform which surrounds the sides of the room, and is covered with matting or carpet. Others have an air of comfort imparted to them by divans, mirrors, chandeliers, etc. With tea at half a cent a glass, and one pipeful of tobacco sufficing for a crowd, it is no wonder loafers seek them and business men make appointments in them. The common pipe, cigarettes, and the *kalean* or water-pipe are much used. In the latter the smoke passes through the water and is drawn into the lungs. Lemon-juice and other flavors are sometimes mixed with the water.

The ordinary *kalean* is about two feet high. It consists of a vase capable of holding about a quart of water, a top about the size of a goblet, in which burning charcoal and dampened tobacco are placed, a wooden tube

which supports the top on the vase, and a mouthpiece or stem about twenty inches long. The support and stem are turned on the lathe, in various ornamental designs. The vase and bowl are of glass, stone, china, brass, or silver, and are set with turquoises or other jewels, and carved, enameled, and decorated with pictures of the shah, flowers, and similar objects.

Another place of social resort and gossip is the bath-house. Custom and religion require frequent ablutions. For the men, with their dyeing of the hair and nails with henna, scraping the flesh with tufa, etc., the bath is a frequent necessity, and no less so for the women, whose hair-dressing, dyeing of eyelashes, etc., require so much time and attention. The bath-houses are below the level of the street, so as to be supplied with water. The arched domes are lighted through slabs of alabaster. One may know when he is near the bath-house by the long rows of colored towels hung on the street walls. The fuel used is weeds, thorn-bushes, straw, dried manure, bones, carcasses, or any other rubbish, and the odor inside and out is sometimes very offensive. The atmosphere of the vaulted room is very hot, as in the case of the Turkish bath. The water in the plunge-tank is changed only once in two or three months, and is consequently a prolific breeder of disease.

The Persian has few kinds of amusement. His theater is the "Takia" or passion-play of Muharram; his lyceum lecturers are the dervishes on the street corner, and the poets and marseyakhan in the residences of the rich. Singers, musicians, and dancers are adjuncts of weddings and other feasts. The Persian gentleman does not dance. A prince, seeing some European noblemen dancing,

expressed his surprise, saying, "Why do you exert yourselves so much? In Persia we hire people to dance for us." No violent games of ball and no severe gymnastics are in vogue, except for the *pehlavans* or wrestlers. Horse-racing and hunting are favorite amusements; chess, checkers, and backgammon are old and standard games. Cards are being introduced throughout the entire country, and gambling is unhappily prevalent.

The custom of giving presents is universal. A person returning home brings a *sogat* or present to each of his relatives and friends. The custom is so binding that some men unwillingly go in debt to avoid a breach of it, and others stay away from home from inability to do what is expected of them. Gifts of dainties from the table, of the first-fruits from the orchard, and of loaves of fresh bread are sent from friend to friend. Formal tokens of commendation from a superior are greatly prized. The shah yearly sends a *khallat* or robe of honor to each governor on the renewal of his appointment. Its bearer is an important official. He is met by the governor at a villa called *khallat-pashan*, where the latter puts on his robe. Its style and elegance indicate the degree of appreciation intended to be shown. It is a high honor for a royal person to give another a robe which he himself has worn. When the crown prince wished to show his appreciation of Dr. Holmes by presenting him with a robe of honor, he first wore it himself a few days.

Certain other presents may be regarded as taxes. Such are the large amounts sent by the governors to the shah at Noruz. Of a similar nature are those sent to local officials by subjects and by foreign residents, as a recognition of obligation for civil protection. On the

receipt of such a gift it is customary to give the bearer a sum of money, showing appreciation of the gift and its sender. Fees, tips, and *anams* are very common. *Peeshkesh* is a gift to a superior, and is generally made with the idea of procuring an equivalent in cash, favor, or influence. *Baksheesh* is a freewill offering to an inferior.

IV
HOW THINGS ARE DONE IN PERSIA

HISTORICAL NOTE

PERSIA is the land of ceremony, and serious offense is sometimes the result of transgressing some minute requirement of etiquette. For the rule of courtesy that demands promptness in meeting an engagement the Persians have no regard, and appear mildly surprised and aggrieved that it should be expected of them. On the other hand, they are generous and hospitable, and almost invariably kind to their servants and animals.

HOW THE PERSIANS BUILD A HOUSE

[About 1885]

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN

It may be a surprise to learn that even the most costly mansions are constructed of sun-dried bricks, and that the flat roofs are of mud. But in a climate like this, these bricks are very durable. Some of the towers of Rhei, still standing after twelve centuries, are of this seemingly perishable material. Lightness, combined with strength, is often gained in Persia by ingeniously building a wall of square sun-dried bricks, arranged in hollow cubes as in a block-house. They are cemented by a layer of mud mixed with straw, over which in turn follows a coat of white plaster. Where great strength is required, the angles are fortified by a layer of burnt bricks. Such a wall will stand for ages. It is interesting to watch the builders at work. They wear long tunics, which are tucked into their girdles when working, displaying a length and muscular development of limb I have never seen equaled elsewhere. The one above sings out in musical tone, "Brother, in the name of God, toss me a brick!" The one below, as he throws the brick, sings in reply, "Oh, my brother! (or, 'Oh, son of my uncle!') in the name of God, behold a brick!"

Less can be said, however, in favor of the roofs of mud. The only reason why they should be used is the rarity and costliness of wood in central Persia; perhaps, also, because a roof of great density better protects the

house from the long dry heat of summer. In that temperature, also, lies the safety of these roofs. Heavy undressed timbers are laid across the walls. Over these comes the lathing, or a layer of dry twigs. In the better houses, square, broad burnt bricks are laid on the lathing, and over these is put a layer of mud ten to twelve inches thick. But generally the bricks are dispensed with. During the summer such a roof becomes very hard; and when the surface is slightly inclined to allow the water to run off, long and heavy rains are required to penetrate it. After the wet season the surface is rolled again for the next winter. With these precautions such roofs last a long time in Persia. But there comes a time with most of them when a little seam appears in the ceiling; then follows a trickling stream, and the occupants, thus warned, remove the furniture without delay to the adjoining apartment. If the rain continues, the ceiling falls in. Occasionally one hears of fatal accidents, or very narrow escapes, from falling roofs in Teheran. But accidents may generally be avoided by proper precaution.

THE AUDIENCE CHAMBER OF THE SHAH

[About 1885]

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN

THE most imposing portion of the palace of the Nasr-ed-Deen Shah is the grand audience chamber, which in dimensions and splendor of effect is one of the most imposing halls in the world. The ceiling and mural decorations are of stucco, but so were those in the Alhambra. The floor is paved with beautiful glazed tiles, arranged in the most exquisite mosaic. In the center of the hall is a large table overlaid with beaten gold, and a long row of armchairs are massively splendid with the same costly material covering every inch of space. At the end of the hall, facing the entrance, is the famous Peacock Throne, brought from Delhi by Nadir Shah, covered with gold and precious stones in a profusion that places the lowest estimate of its value at not less than thirteen millions of dollars.

The magnificence of the shah's audience hall is still further heightened by the fact that here also are stored many of the crown jewels. The reserve of coin and bullion which the shah has saved from his revenues, equal, it is said, to a sum of thirty millions of dollars, is safely locked up in the vaults of the palace. But one need only see the treasures in the audience hall to obtain an idea that Persia is still a land of wealth, and that the tales of splendor recounted in Oriental story were not wholly the fictions of a fancy steeped in opium or *b'hang*. Among

the spoils of ages gathered in the shah's treasury are superb crowns and jeweled coats-of-mail dating back four centuries, to the reign of Shah Ismael. In a glass case one sees a large heap of pearls dense as a pile of sand on the seashore. Diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires catch the eye at every turn, sometimes flashing forth like a crimson or a green fire on the boss of a buckler or a helmet worn at the front of battle ages ago. One ruby there is in that mine of splendor which, on being placed in water, radiates a red light that colors the water like the blood of the vine of Burgundy. There, too, is a globe of the world, twenty inches in diameter, turning on a frame of solid gold; the surface of the earth is represented by precious stones, different colors being used to indicate the divisions of land and sea. The ocean is entirely of turquoise, and Persia is represented by a compact mosaic of diamonds. The famous Dar-i-noor, or Sea of Light, the second of known diamonds in quality, size, and value, is kept carefully locked in a double iron chest, but is shown on rare occasions, and is worn by His Majesty on great state days.

HOW TO MAKE CALLS

[About 1885]

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN

THE afternoon or the early morning is the time when the gentlemen of Teheran exchange calls; never in the evening. A Persian gentleman never calls on a Persian lady; he does not even venture to inquire after her health, or even to mention her to her husband. But after her death it is proper to call on the male relatives of the deceased, to express condolence. A father or a brother may visit a daughter or sister, unless forbidden by the husband. Notwithstanding these restrictions, the exchange of visits among the ladies, or among gentlemen, is a common custom at Teheran, and is a most formidable affair, affording a complete display of the elaborate etiquette for which Persia has always been famous. All the ceremonies attending such a visit are shaded down to the finest point, and form part of the education of every Persian, becoming in fact a second nature to him.

Before making a social call, a servant is sent (generally the previous day) to announce it. The rank of the servant who is sent is suited to the rank of the gentleman who is to receive the visit. If a person of very high degree is to call on one of similar position, it is considered eminently proper to announce and accept the visit in an autograph note. If the caller be of the higher rank, he simply states that he proposes to call at such an hour;

if of equal or lower rank, he asks permission to call. The call must be made on horseback or in a carriage, and the number of mounted attendants depends on the rank of the person visited.

On approaching the house, the visitor, if of high rank, is met by mounted heralds, who immediately return at full speed to announce the approach of the guest. If the host be of very high rank, he will try sometimes to see the effect on his guest of coming into the reception room after the arrival of the guest. Supposing he has not tried such a maneuver, a courteous skirmish occurs when the guest enters the door; each seeks to outdo the other in politeness, while each is exceedingly careful not to accept or allow a position to which he is not entitled by rank. The corner of the room the most remote from the entrance is the place of honor; the guest, if he outranks the host, while strenuously declining to take that seat, will be very careful that his host does not occupy it instead, and quite as careful not to accept it if inferior in rank, although urged, for to do so under such circumstances would be to affront the host, and invite an affront in return. The host, when in the apartment on the arrival of the guest, advances outside of the door of the reception room to receive one of superior rank; meets him at the door if of equal rank, and leads him by the hand to his seat; goes halfway the length of the apartment to meet one of slightly inferior rank, but does not condescend to advance a step for a guest far below in social or official position. When the host and guest are of equal rank, chairs or cushions are arranged in corresponding position opposite the refreshment table, — and so on through all the various social grades. Other

things being equal, the left hand, and not the right, is the place of honor.

The serving of refreshments is another important question regulated by undeviating custom. The *nazir*, or head steward of the household, enters in his stocking-feet, ushering a number of servants equal to the number to be served. If host and guest be of equal rank, the cup is presented to each at exactly the same moment; but if one outranks the other, he is first served. When there is present a member of the royal family, or one of the cabinet or council of the shah, or a foreign minister, the servants must always retire backward to the door. The number and character of the refreshments depend on the rank, the hour, and the season. In the morning tea is served once. In the afternoon, the guest being of equal or higher rank, he is first served with tea in dainty glasses. This is followed by the *kalean*, or water-pipe. When several persons of equal rank are to be served, it is the proper thing to bring an equal number of lighted pipes; but if one present outranks all the others, only one pipe is brought in, which is handed to him. Before smoking, he makes a feint of offering it in turn to all present; but woe to him who incautiously accepts before he of higher rank has smoked, for in that case he will be made to feel the withering scorn of which a Persian gentleman is capable.

After the first *kalean*, tea is served again, followed by a second pipe. After a proper interval, the length of which is regulated by the acceptability of the visit, coffee is served in tiny cups, followed in turn by the pipe. This is the signal that the limit of the entertainment has been reached, and soon the guest in honeyed

words expresses his acknowledgment for the courtesy of the host, and requests permission to depart. When the Persian New Year begins, with the spring equinox, the season is indicated by the substitution of a cool sherbet for the first cup of tea, and sometimes of an ice in the place of coffee; but after the September equinoctial the tea and coffee are resumed. These may seem trivial matters, but in Persia they have great weight; and not only is the taste of the host indicated by the quality and style of the refreshments, but the *savoir-faire* and the rank of the guest are weighed by his bearing on such an occasion. It is of no slight importance that a European in Persia should understand the force of these laws of etiquette, otherwise he is liable to have his breeding as a gentleman misunderstood; while by strongly asserting his claim to all the privileges which he has the right to demand, suitable to his rank, he receives the respect which is his due, but which no Persian will give except when he sees him firm on these points.

MAKING A PRESENT TO AN OFFICIAL

[About 1885]

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN

THE *mehmendar*, or entertainer of the guests of the shah, who received me on arriving in Persia, and accompanied me to the capital, was a man of agreeable disposition. He had lived many years in Europe; he spoke French with facility, and his manners were easy and gracious. On brief acquaintance, one would have set him down as a gentleman comparing favorably with gentlemen and men of affairs in Europe; and it was easy to believe that he would resent any attempt to present him with a trifling gift as a recompense for the services he rendered officially for his Government, and for which he had, presumably, been compensated by the shah. This would have been the conclusion reached by one unacquainted with Oriental character; but my experience in the East led me to think otherwise. I felt that it would be safer to venture to offer him an official tip than to risk offending him by showing too much delicacy in the matter. On arriving at Teheran, I therefore presented him with a new saddle and bridle I had brought with me. He showed not the slightest hesitation at the proposal of such a present, but returned the saddle after inspection, on the plea that it was shopworn, and that out of respect to me he would prefer not to show to his friends a gift that seemed to be unworthy of a Minister of the United States. As the saddle was entirely new and

in perfectly good condition, I saw at once that his object was to receive a more valuable present, possibly in the shape of money. I therefore sent the saddle back to him with a message that I did not need instructions as to what kind of a present I should give, and that he ought to be thankful that I had remembered him at all. A European gentleman, who might have been consul for ten years, and held the rank of general and receiver of the royal guests, to whom such a message should be sent, would probably reply with a challenge; but I had not mistaken the Oriental character. The saddle was accepted with a profusion of thanks.

GETTING A GLASS OF MILK

[About 1885]

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN

TOWARDS evening we were able to creep out of the tent; the cooler air suggested that a glass of milk would meet our wants better than anything else. But in Persia it would never do to send for the milk, for it would have been simply impossible to get it without water. Therefore, after much difficulty, we succeeded in having a cow brought to our tent. But even now the difficulties did not vanish. According to Persian notions, a cow may not be milked without the presence of its calf; it is a disgrace for a man to milk a cow, so a woman had also to come; her husband was obliged to come likewise to look after her. She was greatly embarrassed to conceal her face while milking, as the mantle would not remain in place; but she at last avoided the difficulty by sitting on the farther side of the cow, while we discreetly kept on the other side!

HOW A PERSIAN MOHAMMEDAN SAYS HIS PRAYERS

[About 1890]

BY REV. S. G. WILSON

FIVE times a day are appointed for prayer — dawn, middle of the morning, noon, middle of the afternoon, and sunset. Morning and evening the muezzin mounts a minaret or the roof of a mosque, and gives the *azan*, or call to prayer: "God is great! I testify that there is no God but God; I testify that Mohammed is the apostle of God, and Ali is the vicegerent of God. Come to prayer! Come to security! Prayer is better than sleep." The muezzin may be an educated mullah or an ignorant man. A wealthy neighbor had the call given from his housetop by an illiterate scavenger or porter, who had simply memorized the Arabic words, and was paid for his trouble with some loads of wheat. The preparations for prayer are somewhat elaborate. Certain ablutions are preparative. The ablutions are performed, not by dipping the hands in a basin, but by pouring water from a ewer or from the palm of the hand. The Sunnis and Shiah wash the hands differently. One rubs toward the elbow, the other downward. They can be distinguished from each other by the direction of the hair on the arm. The toes are also carefully rubbed with water, the ears moistened, and the teeth cleaned. A spot of ink, or other defilement, may invalidate the prayer.

When preliminaries have been finished, the worshiper

takes his position on a prayer-rug, with head uncovered and shoes removed, faces toward the Kebla, the Kaaba at Mecca, and places a tablet of pressed earth from Kerbela before him, and holds a string of beads of the same earth in his hands. These beads number ninety-nine, according to the attributes of God. A long one at the end is called the molla; two double ones are called the caliphs. With the beads he keeps tally of his petitions. The tablet is placed before him because Mohammed enjoined that the worshipers should bow their heads to the earth. The prayer is said according to a fixed rote, every motion being prescribed. With the repetition of certain words the devotee raises his hands to heaven, with others his eyes; at one time he kneels, at another prostrates himself with his forehead on the earth; again he touches his knees, toes, palms of the hands, and forehead, to indicate his absolute submission. He must not look backward during the exercise. He may, however, keep an eye on those round about him, and on his goods lest they be stolen, or ejaculate a curse on his apprentice, or tell a passing customer to wait a little while and he will attend to him. He may interject a greeting to a guest or an order for tea, provided he proceeds without mistake. The prayer consists of certain suras of the Koran in Arabic, which are understood by few in Persia, the same words being repeated day after day.

All places are regarded as suitable for prayer. When the call sounds, the man stands up among his guests, or in his shop, in the midst of the noise of manufacturing, or on the housetop, or on the street-corner. The workmen throw aside the pick and shovel and begin their

devotions. The Gospel idea of closet prayer is unknown to them. At first acquaintance a Christian is an enigma to them, never being seen to engage in prayer. A native, describing a Christian lady, said, "She does not revile, she does not steal or lie, yet she has no religion."

MESOPOTAMIA

I

THE KINGDOMS OF CHALDÆA AND ASSYRIA

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE history of the Tigris-Euphrates Valley begins with the Chaldæans of perhaps six thousand years ago. They were an intelligent people. They were skilled in astronomy, they knew how to write, and they collected large libraries of tablets of clay upon which inscriptions had been imprinted in cuneiform, or wedge-shaped characters. They built lofty temples, rising terrace above terrace, of sun-dried bricks, which crumbled in time and fell into shapeless masses.

About 1300 B.C. the Assyrians overcame the Chaldæans. The Assyrians were a proud, cruel people, and their kings delighted in recording the savageness with which they had treated their captives. They, too, were famous builders, but, unfortunately, they had no better material than the sun-dried brick. They were as interested as the Chaldæans in making collections of books, or tablets; and the Royal Library at Nineveh is thought to have contained ten thousand volumes, many of which were copies of the old Chaldæan writings. The best-known names among the Assyrian rulers are Sennacherib, who destroyed Babylon and besieged Jerusalem; and Asshur-bani-pal, whom the Greeks called Sardanapalus. The reign of the latter was marked by magnificence in his court and success in his military operations. This was the golden age of literature and a time of great prosperity.

THE CHALDÆANS AND THEIR WAYS

BY DIODORUS THE SICILIAN

[THE northern part of Mesopotamia, or the country lying between the Tigris and the Euphrates Rivers, was ancient Assyria; the southern part was Chaldæa, or Babylonia. The supreme power in the valley was first held by the Chaldæans, then by the Assyrians, then by the Babylonians.

The Editor.]

HERE it will not be amiss to say something of the Chaldæans (as the Babylonians call them), and of their antiquity, that nothing worth remark may be omitted.

They being the most ancient Babylonians, hold the same station and dignity in the commonwealth as the Egyptian priests do in Egypt; for, being deputed to divine offices, they spend all their time in the study of philosophy, and are especially famous for the art of astrology. They are mightily given to divination, and foretell future events and employ themselves either by purification, sacrifices, or other enchantments to avert evils or procure good fortune and success. They are skillful likewise in the art of divination by the flying of birds, and interpreting of dreams and prodigies; and are reputed as true oracles (in declaring what will come to pass) by their exact and diligent viewing the entrails of the sacrifices. But they attain not to this knowledge in the same manner as the Grecians do: for the Chaldæans learn it by tradition from their ancestors, the son from the father, who are all in the mean time free from all

other public offices and attendances; and because their parents are their tutors, they both learn everything without envy, and rely with more confidence upon the truth of what is taught them; and being trained up in this learning from their very childhood, they become most famous philosophers (that age being most capable of learning wherein they spend much of their time).

They hold that the world is eternal, which had neither any certain beginning nor shall have any end; but all agree that all things are ordered, and this beautiful fabric is supported by a divine providence, and that the motions of the heavens are not performed by chance and of their own accord, but by a certain and determinate will and appointment of the gods. Therefore, from a long observation of the stars and an exact knowledge of the motions and influences of every one of them, wherein they excel all others, they foretell many things that are to come to pass.

They say that the five stars which some call planets, but which they call Interpreters, are most worthy of consideration, both for their motions and their remarkable influences, especially that which the Grecians call Saturn. The brightest of them all, and which often portends many and great events, they call Sol; the other four they name Mars, Venus, Mercury, and Jupiter, with our own country astrologers. They give the name of Interpreters to these stars, because these only, by a peculiar motion, portend things to come; and, instead of interpreters, do declare to men beforehand the good will of the gods; whereas the other stars (not being of the number of the planets) have a constant ordinary motion. Future events, they say, are pointed at some-

times by their rising, and sometimes by their setting, and at other times by their color, as may be experienced by those that will diligently observe it; sometimes foreshowing hurricanes, at other times tempestuous rains, and then again exceeding droughts. By these, they say, are often portended the appearance of comets, eclipses of the sun and moon, earthquakes, and all the other various changes and remarkable effects in the air, boding good and bad, not only to nations in general, but to kings and private persons in particular. Under the course of these planets, they say, are thirty stars, which they call counseling gods, half of whom observe what is done under the earth and what is transacted in the heavens. Once every ten days' space, they say, one of the highest order of these stars descends to them that are of the lowest, like a messenger sent from them above; and then again another ascends from those below to them above, and that this is their constant natural motion to continue forever. The chief of these gods, they say, are twelve in number, to each of which they attribute a month and one sign of the twelve in the zodiac.

Through these twelve signs the sun, moon, and the other five planets run their course. The sun in a year's time, and the moon in the space of a month.

To every one of the planets they assign their own proper courses, where are performed variously in lesser or shorter time according as their several motions are quicker or slower. These stars, they say, have a great influence both as to good and bad, in men's nativities; and from the consideration of their several natures may be foreknown what will befall men afterwards. As they

foretold things to come to other kings formerly, so they did to Alexander, who conquered Darius, and to his successors Antigonus and Seleucus Nicanor; and accordingly things fell out as they declared. They tell likewise private men their fortunes, so certainly that those who have found the thing true by experience have esteemed it a miracle and above the reach of man to perform. Out of the circle of the zodiac they describe four-and-twenty stars, twelve toward the North Pole and as many toward the South.

Those which we see they assign to the living; and the others, that do not appear, they conceive are constellations for the dead; and they term them judges of all things. The moon, they say, is in the lowest orb; and being therefore next to the earth (because she is so small) she finishes her course in a little time, not through the swiftness of her motion, but the shortness of her sphere. In that which they affirm, that she has but a borrowed light, and that when she is eclipsed, it is caused by the interposition of the shadow of the earth, they agree with the Grecians.

Their rules and notions concerning the eclipses of the sun are but weak and mean, which they dare not positively foretell, nor fix a certain time for them. They have likewise opinions concerning the earth, peculiar to themselves, affirming it to resemble a boat and to be hollow; to prove which, and other things relating to the frame of the world, they abound in arguments; but to give a particular account of them, we conceive would be a thing foreign to our history. But this any man may justly and truly say, that the Chaldæans far exceed all other men in the knowledge of astrology, and have

studied it most of any art or science. But the number of years during which the Chaldæans say those of their profession have given themselves to the study of this natural philosophy is incredible; for when Alexander was in Asia, they reckoned up four hundred and seventy thousand years since they first began to observe the motions of the stars. But lest we should make too long a digression from our intended design, let this which we have said concerning the Chaldæans suffice.

HOW THE CHALDÆANS WROTE BOOKS

BY G. MASPERO

THE position of a scribe was an important one. We continually meet with it in all grades of society — in the palaces, in the temples, in the storehouses, in private dwellings; in fine, the scribe was ubiquitous, at court, in the town, in the country, in the army, managing affairs both small and great, and seeing that they were carried on regularly. His education differed but little from that given to the Egyptian scribe; he learned the routine of administration of judicial affairs, the formularies for correspondence either with nobles or with ordinary people, the art of writing, of calculating quickly, and of making out bills correctly. We may well ask whether he ever employed papyrus or prepared skins for these purposes. It would, indeed, seem strange that, after centuries of intercourse, no caravan should have brought into Chaldæa any of those materials which were in such constant use for literary purposes in Africa; yet the same clay which furnished the architect with such an abundant building material appears to have been the only medium for transmitting the language which the scribes possessed. They were always provided with slabs of a fine plastic clay, carefully mixed and kept sufficiently moist to take easily the impression of an object, but at the same time sufficiently firm to prevent the marks once made from becoming either blurred or effaced. When a scribe had a text to copy or a document

to draw up, he chose out one of his slabs, which he placed flat upon his left palm, and taking in the right hand a triangular stylus of flint, copper, bronze, or bone, he at once set to work. The instrument in early times terminated in a fine point, and the marks made by it when it was gently pressed upon the clay were slender and of uniform thickness; in later times, the extremity of the stylus was cut with a bevel, and the impression then took the shape of a metal nail or a wedge. They wrote from left to right along the upper part of the tablet, and covered both sides of it with closely written lines, which sometimes ran over on to the edges. When the writing was finished, the scribe sent his work to the potter, who put it in the kiln and baked it, or the writer may have had a small oven at his own disposition, as a clerk with us would have his table or desk.

The shape of these documents varied, and sometimes strikes us as being peculiar: besides the tablets and the bricks, we find small solid cones, or hollow cylinders of considerable size, on which the kings related their exploits or recorded the history of their wars or the dedication of their buildings. This method had a few inconveniences, but many advantages. These clay books were heavy to hold and clumsy to handle, while the characters did not stand out well from the brown, yellow, and whitish background of the material; but, on the other hand, a poem, baked and incorporated into the page itself, ran less danger of destruction than if scribbled in ink on sheets of papyrus. Fire could make no impression on it; it could withstand water for a considerable length of time; even if broken, the pieces were still of use: as long as it was not pulverized, the entire

document could be restored, with the exception, perhaps, of a few signs or some scraps of a sentence. The inscriptions which have been saved from the foundations of the most ancient temples, several of which date back forty or fifty centuries, are for the most part as clear and legible as when they left the hands of the writer who engraved them or of the workmen who baked them. It is owing to the material to which they were committed that we possess the principal works of Chaldæan literature which have come down to us — poems, annals, hymns, magical incantations; how few fragments of these would ever have reached us had their authors confided them to parchment or paper, after the manner of the Egyptian scribes! The greatest danger that they ran was that of being left forgotten in the corner of the chamber in which they had been kept, or buried under the rubbish of a building after a fire or some violent catastrophe; even then the débris was the means of preserving them, by falling over them and covering them up. Protected under the ruins, they would lie there for centuries, till the fortunate explorer should bring them to light and deliver them over to the patient study of the learned.

The cuneiform character in itself is neither picturesque nor decorative. It does not offer that delightful assemblage of birds and snakes, of men and quadrupeds, of heads and limbs, of tools, weapons, stars, trees, and boats, which succeed each other in perplexing order on the Egyptian monuments, to give permanence to the glory of Pharaoh and the greatness of his gods. Cuneiform writing is essentially composed of thin, short lines, placed in juxtaposition or crossing each other in a some-

what clumsy fashion; it has the appearance of numbers of nails scattered about at haphazard, and its angular configuration, and its stiff and spiny appearance, give the inscriptions a dull and forbidding aspect which no artifice of the engraver can overcome. Yet, in spite of their seemingly arbitrary character, this mass of strokes had its source in actual hieroglyphics. As in the origin of the Egyptian script, the earliest writers had begun by drawing on stone or clay the outline of the object which they desired to convey the idea. But, whereas in Egypt the artistic temperament of the race and the increasing skill of their sculptors had by degrees brought the drawing of each sign to such perfection that it became a miniature portrait of the being or object to be reproduced, in Chaldæa, on the contrary, the signs became degraded from their original forms on account of the difficulty experienced in copying them with the stylus on the clay tablets: they lost their original vertical position and were placed horizontally, retaining finally but the very faintest resemblance to the original model. For instance, the Chaldæan conception of the sky was that of a vault divided into eight segments by diameters running from the four cardinal points and from their principal subdivisions  ; the external circle was soon omitted, the transverse lines alone remaining  which again was simplified into a kind of irregular cross  . In later times, lists were made, in which

the scribes strove to place beside each character the special hieroglyph from which it had been derived. Several fragments of these still exist, a study of which seems to show that the Assyrian scribes of a more recent period were at times as much puzzled as we are ourselves to get at the principles of their own script.

THE TOWER OF BABEL

BY SIR DAVID LYNDSAY

[THE story of the Tower of Babel is told in the eleventh chapter of the Book of Genesis. Sir David Lyndsay, or Lindsay, was a Scottish poet who lived in the first half of the sixteenth century.

The Editor.]

THEIR great fortress then did they found,
And cast till they gat sure ground.
All fell to work, both man and child,
Some howkit clay, some burnt the tyld.
Nimrod, that curious champion,
Deviser was of that dungeon.
Nathing they spared their labors,
Like busy bees upon the flowers,
Or emmets traveling into June;
Some under wrocht, and some aboon,
With strang ingenious masonry,
Upward their wark did fortify;
The land about was fair and plain,
And it rase like ane heich montane,
Those fulish people did intend,
That till the heaven it should ascend;
Sae great ane strength was never seen
Into the warld with men's een.
The wallis of that wark they made,
Twa and fifty fathom braid:
Ane fathom then, as some men says,
Micht been twa fathom in our days;
Ane man was then of mair stature

Nor twa be now, of this be sure.
The translator of Orosius
Intil his chronicle writes thus;
That when the sun is at the hicht,
At noon, when it doth shine maist bricht,
The shadow of that hideous strength
Sax mile and mair it is of length:
Thus may ye judge into your thocht,
Gif Babylon be heich or nocht.

Then the great God omnipotent,
To whom all things been present,
He seeand the ambition,
And the prideful presumption,
How their proud people did pretend,
Up through the heavens till ascend,
Sic languages on them he laid,
That nane wist what ane other said;
Where was but ane language afore,
God send them languages three score;
Afore that time all spak Hebrew,
Then some began for to speak Grew,
Some Dutch, some language Saracen,
And some began to speak Latin.
The maister men gan to ga wild,
Cryand for trees, they brocht them tyld.
Some said, Bring mortar here at ance;
Then brocht they to them stocks and stanes;
And Nimrod, their great champion,
Ran ragand like ane wild lion,
Menacing them with words rude,
But never ane word they understood.



THE LION HUNT

(An Assyrian bas-relief)

THE favorite art work of the Assyrians was a broad frieze of soft limestone whereon were large figures in bas-relief. These people had small notion of perspective, and they greatly preferred to present their subjects in profile. They had not the skill to indicate or suggest; each part must be brought forward and shown as nearly in full as possible. In the Lion Hunt, for instance, the moment is chosen when each of the four legs of the wounded lion are in view. It went beyond Assyrian skill to arrange the twelve legs of three horses in such wise as not to make them appear a mere wilderness; so here we are supposed to understand that the left legs of each animal are exactly behind the right legs, which are shown in the relief. Everything is clear and distinct. We know just how a driver held the reins, how an archer drew his bow, how many spokes were in the wheels, how his whip was made, indeed, we can almost count the arrows in the two quivers.

This is the fascination of Assyrian sculpture, that, little of art in the modern sense as it manifests, it does have the power to tell a story and to show how things were done. It reveals how the soldiers made their camp, crossed rivers, attacked cities, and tortured their enemies; how the king appeared sitting on his throne or offering up a sacrifice or eating his dinner with the queen in the palace gardens. In short, to study an Assyrian bas-relief is like taking a long look into the life that once dwelt between the Tigris and the Euphrates.

HOW THE ASSYRIANS AND BABYLONIANS LIVED

BY A. H. SAYCE

BABYLONIA was the land of bricks, Assyria of stone. It was in Babylonia that the great tower had been built of brick whose head, it was intended, should "reach to heaven." The bricks were merely dried in the sun; it was but rarely that they were baked in the kiln. When it was wished to give additional solidity to the walls of a building, lighted fuel was piled up against them, and their surfaces were thus vitrified into a solid mass. But usually the Babylonian builders were content with the ordinary sun-dried brick of the country. Naturally it crumbled away in the course of time, and the brick structure became a mound of shapeless mud. Nebuchadnezzar tells us how the great temple of the Seven Planets of Heaven and Earth at Borsippa, near Babylon, whose ruins are now known under the name of the Birs-i-Nimrud, and which has often been identified with the Tower of Babel, had been destroyed before his time by rain and storm, and neglect to repair its drains. In fact, the plain of Babylonia was covered with artificial hills formed of the débris of ancient temples which had been allowed to fall into decay. One of the earliest names given to it on the monuments is that of "the land of mounds."

No stone was found in the country. If stone was used, as, for instance, by Nebuchadnezzar in his construction

of the quays of Babylon, it had to be brought from the distant mountains of Elam. Even the smallest stones and pebbles were highly prized. Hence it was that in Babylonia the art of engraving seems to have taken its rise. We learn from Herodotus that every Babylonian carried about with him an engraved seal attached to his wrist by a cord, and the statement is fully confirmed by the native monuments. The seal was of cylindrical shape, pierced longitudinally by a hole through which the cord was passed. When it was needed to be used, it was rolled over the wet clay which served the Babylonians as a writing material, and it was regarded as the necessary guaranty of the owner's identity. No legal deed or contract was valid without the impression of the seals belonging to the persons who took part in it; the engraved stone, in fact, was as indispensable to its owner as his name itself.

In Assyria, on the contrary, clay was comparatively scarce, and stone was plentiful. Hence, while the temples and palaces of Babylonia were built of brick, those of Assyria were, at all events in part, built of stone. The Assyrians, however, had originally migrated from Babylonia, and they carried with them the tradition of the art and architecture of their mother country. Accordingly, while making use of stone they nevertheless did not altogether forego the use of brick. The walls of Nineveh, in spite of their height, were constructed of brick, and it was only the basement of the palaces which was made of stone. We need not be surprised at this slavish imitation of a style of building which was out of place in the country to which it was transferred. In another respect the Assyrians imitated the architecture

of Babylonia even more slavishly and needlessly. This was in the construction of vast platforms of brick, upon which the temples of the gods and the palaces of the kings were erected. In Babylonia such platforms were necessary, in order to secure the edifices upon them from the danger of floods or the inconveniences of a marshy soil. But in Assyria similar precautions were not required. There the buildings could have been raised on a foundation of rock, without the intervention of an artificial platform.

The brick walls of the Babylonian houses were covered with stucco, which was then adorned with painting. Dadoes ran around them, whereon were depicted the figures of men and animals. In the Assyrian palaces the dado was formed of sculptured slabs of stone, and painted in imitation of the dadoes of painted stucco which were usual in Babylonia. The cornices and other portions of the walls were in the houses of the wealthy often ornamented with bronze and alabaster, and even gold. At times ivory was used for the same purpose, as in the ivory palaces of Samaria. The doors more especially were overlaid with bands of bronze, and were frequently double, the hinges revolving in sockets of bronze. The windows were protected from the weather by means of curtains of tapestry; and a flight of steps, open to the air, led to the upper stories of the house. The steps opened upon a court around which the sitting-rooms and bedchambers were built, the apartments assigned to the women being kept separate from those of the men.

All these luxuries, however, were confined to the rich and noble. The mass of the people lived, like their descendants to-day, in mud cabins, with conical roofs of

clay. They had to be content to live on the ground floor, and to exclude the cold and rains of winter, not with costly tapestries, but by making the apertures in the walls which served as windows as small as possible. It is needless to say that the bronze and sculpture and painting which adorned the habitations of the wealthy were unknown in those of the poor.

Even in the houses of the wealthy the furniture was doubtless as scanty and simple as it is still to-day in the East. Rugs of variegated patterns were laid upon the floor, and chairs and stools of various shapes and sizes were used. The stools were generally lofty, so that the feet of the sitter had to be supported on a footstool. Some of the chairs were provided with arms.

At times, instead of chairs, couches or divans were employed. The luxurious Assyrian would even recline on a couch when eating, a habit which passed from the East to Greece, and from Greece to Rome, so that in the days of our Saviour it was more customary to "recline" than to sit at meat. One of the bas-reliefs in the British Museum represents the Assyrian King Assur-bani-pal lying on a couch while he drinks wine and feasts after the defeat and death of his Elamite enemy, though his wife, who participates in the banquet, is seated on a chair. The custom of reclining at meals was doubtless borrowed by the Assyrians from Babylonia, since the older native fashion was to seat the guests at a dinner party on lofty stools on either side of a small table. At night the wealthier classes slept on bedsteads covered with thick mattresses or rugs. Poorer people were satisfied with the mattress only, which was spread upon the ground, and rolled up when no longer needed for use. It

was a bed which could be taken up and carried away, like the "beds" we read of in the New Testament. All classes alike slept in their ordinary clothes.

The house of the well-to-do Assyrian or Babylonian was not considered complete unless it was provided with a garden or plantation, which, it would seem, was usually planted in front of it. It was well stocked with trees, among which the palm naturally held a chief place. In warm weather tables and seats were placed under the shade of the trees, and meals were thus taken in the open air. Those who could afford to keep slaves for the purpose employed one of them in waving a large fan, in order to drive insects away while the meal was being enjoyed. In taking the lease of a house, the tenant usually agreed to keep the garden in order, and to replace any trees that might die or be cut down.

The garden was irrigated from one of the numerous canals which intersected the whole of Babylonia. The rich employed hired laborers for the purpose; the poor had to irrigate their own plot of ground. The water was drawn up in buckets and then poured into a number of rivulets which ran through the garden. Vegetables of all kinds were grown along the edges of the rivulets, more especially onions and garlic. It would appear that flowers also were cultivated, at all events in the gardens of the wealthy, since vases of flowers were placed on the tables at a banquet.

The costume of the people was as varied as it is in the modern European world. Old lists of clothing have come down to us which contain as large an assortment of different dresses and their materials as could be found in a shop of to-day. Among the materials may be

mentioned the *sindhu*, or muslin of "India," which is described as being composed of "vegetable wool," or cotton, and so bears testimony to an ancient trade between Chaldæa and the western coast of India. Most of the stuffs, however, were of home manufacture, and were exported into all parts of the civilized world. It will be remembered that among the Canaanitish spoil found in the tent of Achan was "a goodly Babylonish garment."

In spite of the changes of fashion and the varieties of dress worn by different classes of persons, the principal constituents of the Assyrian and Babylonian costume remained the same. These were a hat or head-dress, a tunic or shirt, and a long outer robe which reached to the ankles. In early Babylonian times the hat was ornamented with ribbons which projected before and behind like horns; at a later period it assumed the shape of a tiara or peaked helmet. The material of which it was composed was thick and sometimes quilted; the upper classes further protected their heads from the sun by a parasol, which in Assyria became the symbol of royal or semi-royal authority. The tunic was of linen or wool, the latter material being much employed, particularly in cold weather; it reached halfway down the thigh, and was fastened round the waist by a girdle. A second tunic was often worn under the first, doubtless during the winter season.

The long robe or cloak was specially characteristic of the Babylonians. It opened in front, was usually sleeveless, and was ornamented at the edge with fringes. In walking it allowed the inner side of the left leg to be exposed. Not unfrequently the girdle was fastened round

it instead of round the tunic. In Assyria the king sometimes wore over his robe a sort of chasuble, richly ornamented like the robe itself.

The Babylonian priest was characterized by a curious kind of flounced dress which descended to the feet, and perhaps was made of muslin. From immemorial times a goat-skin was also flung over his shoulders, the goat being accounted an animal of peculiar sanctity. On Babylonian cylinders and seals a priest may always be at once distinguished by the flounces of his dress.

The costume of the women differed externally but little from that of the men — at least when the latter were dressed in their outer robe. The queen of Assur-bani-pal is depicted in a long unsleeved robe, over which comes a fringed frock reaching below the knees, and over that again a light cape, also fringed and patterned with rosettes. On her feet are boots, and around her head is a crown or fillet representing a castellated wall, and thus resembling the mural crown of Greek sculpture. Earrings, bracelets, and a necklace complete her costume.

Earrings, bracelets, and necklaces were also worn by the men. Anklets are referred to in the inscriptions as well as finger-rings, though the usual substitute for a finger-ring was the cylinder, which, as has already been stated, was attached by a string or chain to the wrist.

The Babylonian, at any rate in earlier times, seems ordinarily to have gone bare footed. Already in the twelfth century B.C., however, we find the king [1] wear-

[1] Merodach-nadin-akhi, B.C. 1106. He has on his head a tall square cap, ornamented in front with a band of rosettes immediately above the forehead, while a row of feathers in an upright position runs round the top. It is curious that a similar head-dress was worn

ing a pair of soft leather shoes, and in Assyria sandals were in use from an early period, the sandal being furnished with a cap for protecting the heel. The northern conquests of Tiglath-pileser III and Sargon introduced the laced boot of the inhabitants of the colder regions in the north. The cavalry, who had hitherto ridden with bare legs, now adopted high boots, laced in front, and worn over tightly-fitting breeches of plaited leather. Certain of the foot-soldiers were also clothed in the same way; while others of them wore the boots without the trousers. Sennacherib was the first of the Assyrian kings who discarded the sandal in his own person and substituted for it a shoe, which like the military boot was laced in front.

It must not be imagined that the robe or even the tunic was always worn. In fact, the light-armed troops in the Assyrian army were contented with a simple kilt, which, together with a felt skull-cap, constituted the whole of their dress. This was also the costume of the Babylonian laborer when working in the fields, and both Assyrians and Babylonians, while engaged in manual work or military operations, discarded the long and inconvenient outer robe. It was only the upper classes who could afford the luxury of wearing it in everyday life. So, too, the use of a hat or cap was not universal. Numbers of people were satisfied with tying up their hair with a fillet or string, even when exposed to the heat of the sun. At times even the fillet was dispensed with.

The hair of the head was worn long, and the Assyrians distinguished themselves from their neighbors by

by the Zakkur, who are usually identified with the Teukrians, and are among the foreign enemies depicted upon the Egyptian monuments.

dressing and curling both it and their beards. The fashion must have been derived from the early Semitic population of Babylonia, since the hero of the great Chaldæan epic is represented on ancient engraved seals with a curled beard. On the other hand, the practice was unknown to the non-Semitic population of the country; the sculptured heads, for instance, found at Tel-loth, which belong to the Accado-Sumerian epoch, are either beardless or else provided with long uncurled beards which terminate in a point, "the musked and curled Assyrian bull," spoken of by Lord Tennyson, being a Semitic creation. Here, as elsewhere, fashion was determined by physical characteristics, and it was only among a Semitic people distinguished by its thick growth of black hair that the art of the hair-dresser could develop as it did in Semitic Babylonia and Assyria. The comparatively beardless Sumerians rather encouraged the barber, who accordingly occupies a conspicuous place in early Babylonian literature.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

BY LORD BYRON

[SENNACHERIB was an Assyrian king who lived during the seventh century, B.C. He was a famous builder and also a great warrior. On an expedition against the King of Judah, he laid siege to Jerusalem. The Egyptian forces drew near, coming to the aid of the Jews. Then Sennacherib and his men turned away from the city and went forth to meet the Egyptians. The following account of the result is taken from the nineteenth chapter of Second Kings: "And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses. So Sennacherib, king of Assyria, departed, and went and returned, and dwelt at Nineveh."

The Editor.]

THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;

And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew
still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

II

BABYLON THE MAGNIFICENT

HISTORICAL NOTE

In spite of the greatness and power of Sardanapalus, there were many revolts and conspiracies against him. These increased as the years passed, and in the time of his successor, Saracus, Nineveh was overthrown, and the kingdom of Babylon rose into supreme power.

Nebuchadnezzar, the second king of this new monarchy, captured and destroyed Jerusalem. He was so successful in his warfare that he could command the labor of thousands of captives, and so carry on the enormous amount of building with which his name is associated. He built and rebuilt temples and palaces and cities; he raised the wonderful Hanging Gardens; and he dug a complicated network of canals which carried water into every corner of his land.

Babylonia was a mighty kingdom, but lying to the eastward was the land of the Medes and Persians. They, too, were powerful, and their power was rapidly increasing. King Crœsus of Lydia and the joint kings of Babylon, Nabonius and his son Belshazzar, formed a league against them; but the Persian King Cyrus was more than equal to their combined strength, and Babylon fell into his hands. He spared the city, but his successors were not so forbearing, and in later years it was destroyed and the vast amount of treasure in the temples was carried away. Alexander the Great planned to rebuild the city, but his early death prevented this, and now hardly a vestige of even its mighty walls can be traced.

HOW SEMIRAMIS BUILT BABYLON

BY DIODORUS THE SICILIAN

[THE King of Assyria, being attacked by hordes from the north and the east, entrusted the southern part of his kingdom to his viceroy, Nabopolassar. The viceroy proved to be a traitor. He held the lands for himself, and with the help of the Medes and his son Nebuchadnezzar he captured Nineveh, the capital of the Assyrian kingdom, which Sennacherib boasted he had made "a city shining like the sun." This was the beginning of the Babylonian monarchy. According to Greek tradition, its capital, Babylon, was founded by Queen Semiramis, daughter of a goddess and wife of King Ninus.

The Editor.]

SEMIRAMIS was naturally of a high aspiring spirit, ambitious to excel all her predecessors in glorious actions, and therefore employed all her thoughts about the building of a city in the province of Babylon; and to this end having provided architects, artists, and all other necessaries for the work, she got together two millions of men out of all parts of the empire, to be employed in the building of the city. It was so built that the river Euphrates ran through the middle of it; and she compassed it round with a wall of three turrets; and such was the state and grandeur of the work that the walls were of that breadth as that six chariots might be driven together upon them. Their height was such as exceeded all men's belief that heard of it. But Clitarchus and those who afterwards went over with Alexander into

Asia have written, that the walls were in circuit three hundred and sixty-five furlongs;[1] the queen making them of that compass, to the end that the furlongs should be as many in number as the days of the year. They were of brick cemented with brimstone; in height, as Ctesias says, fifty orgyas; but as some of the later writers report, but fifty cubits only, and that the breadth was but a little more than what would allow two chariots to be driven in front. There were two hundred and fifty turrets, in height and thickness proportionable to the largeness of the wall. It is not to be wondered at that there were so few towers upon a wall of so great circuit, being that in many places round the city there were deep morasses; so that it was judged to no purpose to raise turrets there, where they were so naturally fortified. Between the wall and the houses there was a space left around the city of two hundred feet.

That the work might be the more speedily dispatched, to each of her friends was allotted a furlong, with an allowance of all expenses necessary for their several parts, and commanded that all should be finished in a year's time; which being diligently perfected with the queen's approbation, she then made a bridge over the narrowest part of the river, five furlongs in length, laying the supports and pillars of the arches with great art and skill at the bottom of the water, twelve feet distant from each other. That the stones might be the more firmly joined, they were bound together with hooks of iron, and the joints filled up with melted lead. And before the pillars she made and placed defenses, with sharp-pointed

[1] A furlong is one eighth of a mile; an orgyas is about six feet; a cubit is about eighteen inches.

angles, to receive the water before it beat upon the flat sides of the pillars; which caused the course of the water to run round by degrees gently and moderately, as far as to the broad sides of the pillars, so that the sharp points of the angles cut the stream, and gave a check to its violence, and the roundness of them by little and little giving way abated the force of the current. This bridge was floored with great joists and planks of cedar, cypress, and palm trees, and was thirty feet in breadth, and for art and curiosity yielded to none of the works of Semiramis.

On either side of the river she raised a bank, as broad as the wall, and with great cost drew it out in length a hundred furlongs. She built likewise two palaces at each end of the bridge upon the bank of the river, whence she might have a prospect over the whole city, and make her passage as by keys to the most convenient places in it as she had occasion. And whereas the Euphrates runs through the middle of Babylon, making its course to the south, the palaces lie the one on the east, and the other on the west side of the river; both built at exceeding costs and expense. For that on the west had a high and stately wall, made of well-burnt bricks, sixty furlongs in compass; within this was drawn another of a round circumference, upon which were portrayed in the bricks before they were burnt, all sorts of living creatures, as if it were to the life, laid with great art in curious colors. This wall was in circuit forty furlongs, three hundred bricks thick, and in height a hundred yards, upon which were turrets a hundred and forty yards high. The third and most inward wall immediately surrounded the palace, thirty furlongs in compass,

and far surmounted the middle wall both in height and thickness, and on this wall and the towers were represented the shapes of all sorts of living creatures, artificially expressed in most lively colors. Especially was represented a general hunting of all sorts of wild beasts, each four cubits high and upwards. Amongst these was to be seen Semiramis on horseback, striking a leopard through with a dart; and next to her, her husband Ninus in close fight with a lion, piercing him with his lance. To this palace she built likewise three gates, under which were apartments of brass for entertainments, into which passages were opened by a certain engine. This palace far excelled that on the other side of the river both in greatness and adornments. For the outermost wall of that (made of well-burnt brick) was but thirty furlongs in compass. Instead of the curious portraiture of beasts, there were the brazen statues of Ninus and Semiramis, the great officers, and of Jupiter, whom the Babylonians call Belus; and likewise armies drawn up in battalia, and divers sorts of hunting were there represented, to the great diversion and pleasure of the beholders.

After all these in a low ground in Babylon she sank a place for a pond, four-square, every square being three hundred furlongs in length, lined with brick and cemented with brimstone, and the whole five and thirty feet in depth. Into this having first turned the river, she then made a passage in form of a vault, from one palace to another, whose arches were built of firm and strong brick, and plastered all over on both sides with bitumen, four cubits thick. The walls of this vault were twenty bricks in thickness and twelve feet high, beside and

above the arches; and the breadth was fifteen feet. This piece of work being finished in two hundred and sixty days, the river was turned into its ancient channel again, so that the river flowing over the whole work, Semiramis could go from one palace to the other without passing over the river. She made likewise two brazen gates at either end of the vault, which continued to the time of the Persian Empire.

In the middle of the city she built a temple to Jupiter, whom the Babylonians call Belus, as we have before said, of which, since writers differ amongst themselves, and the work is now wholly decayed through length of time, there is nothing that can with certainty be related concerning it; yet it is apparent it was of an exceeding great height, and that by the advantage of it the Chaldæan astrologers exactly observed the setting and rising of the stars. The whole was built of brick, cemented with brimstone with great art and cost. Upon the top she placed three statues of beaten gold, of Jupiter, Juno, and Rhea. That of Jupiter stood upright in the posture as if he were walking; he was forty feet in height and weighed a thousand Babylonish talents.[1] The statue of Rhea was of the same weight, sitting on a golden throne, having two lions standing on either side, one at her knees; and near to them two exceeding great serpents of silver weighing thirty talents each. Here likewise the image of Juno stood upright, and weighed eight hundred talents, grasping a serpent by the head in her right hand and holding a scepter adorned with precious stones in her left. For all these deities there was placed a com-

[1] The heavy Babylonian talent weighed about seventy-five pounds; the light talent, about fifty-two.

mon table made of beaten gold, forty feet long, and fifteen broad, weighing five hundred talents; upon which stood two cups, weighing thirty talents, and near to them as many censers, weighing three hundred talents. There were there likewise placed three drinking-bowls of gold, one of which, dedicated to Jupiter, weighed twelve hundred Babylonish talents, but the other two six hundred each; but all those the Persian kings sacrilegiously carried away. And length of time has either altogether consumed or much defaced the palaces and the other structures; so that at this day but a small part of this Babylon is inhabited, and the greatest part which lay within the walls is turned into tillage and pasture.

THE MAKE-BELIEVE ELEPHANTS OF SEMIRAMIS

BY DIODORUS THE SICILIAN

SEMIRAMIS, having settled her affairs in Egypt and Ethiopia, returned with her army into Asia to Bactria; and now having a great army and enjoying a long peace, she had a longing desire to perform some notable exploit by her arms. Hearing, therefore, that the Indians were the greatest nation in the whole world and had the largest and richest tract of land of all, she resolved to make war upon them. Stabrobates was at that time king, who had innumerable forces and many elephants bravely accoutered and fitted to strike terror into the hearts of his enemies. For India, because of the pleasantness of the country, excelled all others, being watered in every place with many rivers, so that the land yielded every year a double crop; and by that means was so rich and so abounded with plenty of all things necessary for the sustenance of man's life that it supplied the inhabitants continually with such things as made them excessively rich, insomuch as it was never known that there was ever any famine amongst them, the climate being so happy and favorable; and upon that account likewise there is an incredible number of elephants, which for courage and strength of body far excel those in Africa. Moreover, this country abounds in gold, silver, brass, iron, and precious stones of all sorts, both for profit and pleasure. All which being

noised abroad, so stirred up the spirit of Semiramis that, though she had no provocation given her, yet she was resolved upon the war against the Indians. But knowing that she had need of great forces, she sent dispatches to all the provinces with command to the governors to list the choicest young men they could find, ordering the proportion of soldiers every province and country should send forth, according to the largeness of it; and commanded that all should furnish themselves with new arms and armor, and all appear in three years' time at a general rendezvous in Bactria, bravely armed and accoutered in all points. And having sent for shipwrights out of Phœnicia, Syria, Cyprus, and other places bordering upon the seacoast, she prepared timber for them fit for the purpose, and ordered them to build vessels that might be taken asunder and conveyed from place to place wherever she pleased. For the river Indus bordering upon that kingdom, being the greatest in those parts, she stood in need of many river boats to pass it in order to repress the Indians. But there being no timber near the river, she was compelled to convey the boats thither by land from Bactria. She further considered that she was much inferior to the Indians in elephants (which it was absolutely necessary for her to make use of). She therefore contrived to have beasts that should resemble them, hoping by this means to strike a terror into the Indians, who believed there were no elephants in any place but in India.

To this end she provided three hundred thousand black oxen, and distributed the flesh among a company of ordinary mechanics and such fellows as she had to play the cobblers for her, and ordered them, by stitching the

skins together and stuffing them with straw, to imitate the shape of an elephant, and in every one of them she put a man to govern them and a camel to carry them, so that at a distance they appeared to all that saw them as if they were really such beasts.

They that were employed in this work wrought at it night and day in a place which was walled round for the purpose, and guards set at every gate, that none might be admitted either to go in or out, to the end that none might see what they were doing lest it should be noised abroad and come to the ears of the Indians.

Having therefore provided shipping and elephants in the space of two years, in the third she rendezvoused all her forces in Bactria. Her army consisted of three millions of foot, two hundred thousand horse, a hundred thousand chariots, and mounted upon camels a hundred thousand men with swords four cubits long. The boats that might be taken asunder were two thousand; which the camels carried by land as they did the mock-elephants, as we have before declared. The soldiers made their horses familiar with these feigned beasts by bringing them often to them, lest they should be terrified at the sight of them; which Perseus imitated many ages after when he was to fight with the Romans, who had elephants in their army out of Africa. However, this contrivance proved to be of no advantage either to him or her, as will appear in the issue herein a little after related.

When Stabrobates the Indian king heard of these great armies and the mighty preparations made against him, he did all he could to excel Semiramis in everything. And first he built of great canes four thousand

river boats; for abundance of these canes grow in India about the rivers and fens, so thick as a man can scarce fathom; and vessels made of these reeds, they say, are exceedingly useful, because they will never rot or be worm-eaten. He was very diligent likewise in preparing of arms and going from place to place throughout all India, and so raised a far greater army than that of Semiramis. To his former number of elephants he added more, which he took by hunting, and furnished them all with everything that might make them look terrible in the face of their enemies; so that by their multitude and the completeness of their armor in all points it seemed above the strength and power of man to bear up against the violent shock of these creatures.

Having therefore made all these preparations, he sent ambassadors to Semiramis (as she was on her march towards him), to complain and upbraid her for beginning a war without any provocation or injury offered her; and by his private letters taxed her with her course of life, and vowed (calling the gods to witness) that if he conquered her he would nail her to the cross. When she read the letter, she smiled, and said the Indian should presently have a trial of her valor by her actions. When she came up with her army to the river Indus, she found the enemy's fleet drawn up in a line of battle; whereupon she forthwith drew up her own, and having manned it with the stoutest soldiers, joined battle, yet so ordering the matter as to have her land forces ready upon the shore, to be assisting as there should be occasion. After a long and sharp fight, with marks of valor on both sides, Semiramis was at length victorious, and sunk a thousand of the enemy's vessels, and took a great number of

prisoners. Puffed up with this success, she took, in the cities and islands that lay in the river, and carried away, an hundred thousand captives. After this, the Indian king drew off his army (as if he fled for fear), but in truth to decoy his enemies to pass the river.

Semiramis, therefore (seeing things fall out according to her wish), laid a broad bridge of boats (at a vast charge) over the river, and thereby passed over all her forces, leaving only threescore thousand to guard the bridge, and with the rest of her army pursued the Indians. She placed the mock-elephants in the front, that the enemy's scouts might presently inform the king what multitudes of elephants she had in her army; and she was not deceived in her hopes, for when the spies gave an account to the Indians what a great multitude of these creatures were advancing towards them, they were all in amaze, inquiring among themselves whence the Assyrians should be supplied with such a vast number of elephants: but the cheat could not long be concealed, for some of Semiramis's soldiers being laid by the heels for their carelessness upon the guard, through fear of further punishment made their escape and fled to the enemy, and undeceived them as to the elephants; upon which the Indian king was mightily encouraged, and caused notice of the delusion to be spread through the whole army, and forthwith marched with all his force against the Assyrians; Semiramis, on the other hand, doing the like. When they approached near one another, Stabrobates, the Indian king, placed his horse and chariots in the vanguard, at a good distance before the main body of his army. The queen, having placed her mock-elephants at the like distance from

her main body, valiantly received her enemy's charge; but the Indian horses were most strangely terrified; for in appearance the phantasms at a distance seemed to be real elephants, and the horses of the Indians (being inured to those creatures) pressed boldly and undauntedly forward; but when they came near and saw another kind of beast than usual, and the smell and almost everything else being strange and new to them, they broke in with great terror and confusion, one upon another, so that they cast some of their riders headlong to the ground, and ran away with others (as the lot happened) into the midst of their enemies: whereupon Semiramis, readily making use of her advantage, with a body of choice men fell in upon them and routed them, forcing them back to their main body. Though Stabrobates was something astonished at this unexpected defeat, yet he brought up his foot against the enemy with his elephants in the front. He himself was in the right wing, mounted upon a stately elephant, and made a fierce charge upon the queen herself, who happened then to be opposite him in the left. And though the mock-elephants in Semiramis's army did the like, yet they stood the violent shock of the other but a little while; for the Indian beasts being both exceeding strong and stout, easily bore down and destroyed all that opposed them, so that there was a great slaughter; for some they trampled under foot, others they rent in pieces with their teeth, and tossed up others with their trunks into the air. The ground therefore being covered with heaps of dead carcasses, and nothing but death and destruction to be seen on every hand, so that all were full of horror and amazement, none durst keep their order or ranks any

longer. Upon which the whole Assyrian army fled outright, and the Indian king encountered Semiramis, and first wounded her with an arrow in the arm, and afterwards with a dart (in wheeling about) in the shoulder; whereupon the queen (her wounds not being mortal) fled, and by the swiftness of her horse (which far exceeded the other that pursued her) she got off. But all making one way to the bridge of boats, and such a vast multitude of men thronging together in one strait and narrow passage, the queen's soldiers miserably perished by treading down one another under foot, and (which was strange and unusual) horse and foot lay tumbling promiscuously one over another. When they at length came to the bridge, and the Indians at their heels, the consternation was so great that many on both sides the bridge were tumbled over into the river. But when the greatest part of those that remained had got over, Semiramis caused the cords and tenons of the bridge to be cut, which done, the boats (which were before joined together, and upon which was a great number of Indians not in the pursuit) being now divided into many parts, and carried here and there by the force of the current, multitudes of the Indians were drowned, and Semiramis was now safe and secure, having such a barrier as the river betwixt her and her enemies. Whereupon the Indian king, being forewarned by prodigies from heaven, and the opinions of the soothsayers, forbore all further pursuit. And Semiramis, making exchange of prisoners in Bactria, returned with scarce a third part of her army.

DANIEL THE FEARLESS

FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT

[Sixth century B.C.]

DANIEL IN THE FIERY FURNACE

NEBUCHADNEZZAR the king made an image of gold, whose height was threescore cubits,[1] and the breadth thereof six cubits: he set it up in the plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon. Then Nebuchadnezzar the king sent to gather together the princes, the governors, and the captains, the judges, the treasurers, the counsellors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces, to come to the dedication of the image which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up. Then the princes, the governors, and captains, the judges, the treasurers, the counsellors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces, were gathered together unto the dedication of the image that Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up; and they stood before the image that Nebuchadnezzar had set up.

Then an herald cried aloud: "To you it is commanded O people, nations, and languages, That at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king hath set up: and whoso falleth not down and worshippeth shall the same hour be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace." Therefore at that time, when

[1] The cubit of the Hebrews was about seventeen and a half inches.

all the people heard the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music, all the people, the nations, and the languages, fell down and worshipped the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up.

Wherefore at that time certain Chaldeans came near, and accused the Jews. They spake and said to the king Nebuchadnezzar: "O king, live for ever. Thou, O king, hast made a decree, that every man that shall hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music, shall fall down and worship the golden image: and whoso falleth not down and worshippeth, that he should be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace. There are certain Jews whom thou hast set over the affairs of the province of Babylon, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego; these men, O king, have not regarded thee: they serve not thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

Then Nebuchadnezzar in his rage and fury commanded to bring Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. Then they brought these men before the king. Nebuchadnezzar spake and said unto them: "Is it true, O Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, do not ye serve my gods, nor worship the golden image which I have set up? Now if ye be ready that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the image which I have made; well: but if ye worship not, ye shall be cast the same hour into the midst of a burning fiery furnace; and who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?"

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego answered and said to the king: "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

Then was Nebuchadnezzar full of fury, and the form of his visage was changed against Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego: therefore he spake, and commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be heated. And he commanded the most mighty men that were in his army to bind Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, and to cast them into the burning fiery furnace. Then these men were bound in their coats, their hosen, and their hats, and their other garments, and were cast into the midst of the burning fiery furnace. Therefore because the king's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of the fire slew those men that took up Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. And these three men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, fell down bound into the midst of the burning fiery furnace.

Then Nebuchadnezzar the king was astonished, and rose up in haste, and spake, and said unto his counsellors: "Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire?"

They answered and said unto the king: "True, O king." He answered and said: "Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."

Then Nebuchadnezzar came near to the mouth of the burning fiery furnace, and spake, and said: "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, ye servants of the most high God, come forth, and come hither."

Then Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego came forth of the midst of the fire. And the princes, governors, and captains, and the king's counsellors, being gathered together, saw these men, upon whose bodies the fire had no power, nor was an hair of their head singed, neither were their coats changed, nor the smell of fire had passed on them.

Then Nebuchadnezzar spake, and said: "Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, who hath sent his angel, and delivered his servants that trusted in him, and have changed the king's word, and yielded their bodies, that they might not serve nor worship any god, except their own God. Therefore I make a decree, That every people, nation, and language, which speak any thing amiss against the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, shall be cut in pieces, and their houses shall be made a dunghill: because there is no other God that can deliver after this sort." Then the king promoted Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, in the province of Babylon.

DANIEL IN THE DEN OF LIONS

It pleased Darius to set over the kingdom an hundred and twenty princes, which should be over the whole kingdom; and over these three presidents; of whom Daniel was first: that the princes might give accounts unto them, and the king should have no damage. Then this Daniel was preferred above the presidents

and princes, because an excellent spirit was in him; and the king thought to set him over the whole realm.

Then the presidents and princes sought to find occasion against Daniel concerning the kingdom; but they could find none occasion nor fault; forasmuch as he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him. Then said these men, "We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." Then these presidents and princes assembled together to the king, and said thus unto him: "King Darius, live for ever. All the presidents of the kingdom, the governors, and the princes, the counsellors, and the captains, have consulted together to establish a royal statute, and to make a firm decree, that whosoever shall ask a petition of any God or man for thirty days, save of thee, O king, he shall be cast into the den of lions. Now, O king, establish the decree, and sign the writing, that it be not changed, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not." Wherefore king Darius signed the writing and the decree.

Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime. Then these men assembled, and found Daniel praying and making supplication before his God. Then they came near, and spake before the king concerning the king's decree: "Hast thou not signed a decree, that every man that shall ask a petition of any God or man within thirty days, save of thee, O king, shall be cast into the den of lions?"

The king answered and said: "The thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not."

Then answered they and said before the king: "That Daniel, which is of the children of the captivity of Judah, regardeth not thee, O king, nor the decree that thou hast signed, but maketh his petition three times a day."

Then the king, when he heard these words, was sore displeased with himself, and set his heart on Daniel to deliver him: and he laboured till the going down of the sun to deliver him. Then these men assembled unto the king, and said unto the king: "Know, O king, that the law of the Medes and Persians is, That no decree nor statute which the king establisheth may be changed."

Then the king commanded, and they brought Daniel and cast him into the den of lions. Now the king spake and said unto Daniel: "Thy God whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee." And a stone was brought, and laid upon the mouth of the den; and the king sealed it with his own signet, and with the signet of his lords; that the purpose might not be changed concerning Daniel.

Then the king went to his palace, and passed the night fasting: neither were instruments of music brought before him: and his sleep went from him. Then the king arose very early in the morning, and went in haste unto the den of lions. And when he came to the den, he cried with a lamentable voice unto Daniel: and the king spake and said to Daniel: "O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?"

Then said Daniel unto the king: "O king, live for

ever. My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me: forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt."

Then was the king exceeding glad for him, and commanded that they should take Daniel up out of the den. So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God.

And the king commanded, and they brought those men which had accused Daniel, and they cast them into the den of lions, them, their children, and their wives; and the lions had the mastery of them, and brake all their bones in pieces or ever they came at the bottom of the den.

Then king Darius wrote unto all people, nations, and languages, that dwell in all the earth: "Peace be multiplied unto you. I make a decree,That in every dominion of my kingdom men tremble and fear before the God of Daniel: for he is the living God, and stedfast for ever, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed, and his dominion shall be even unto the end. He delivereth and rescueth, and he worketh signs and wonders in heaven and in earth, who hath delivered Daniel from the power of the lions."

BELSHAZZAR

[538 B.C.]

BY HEINRICH HEINE

Midnight came slowly sweeping on;
In silent rest lay Babylon.

But in the royal castle high
Red torches gleam and courtiers cry.

Belshazzar there in kingly hall
Is holding kingly festival.

The vassals sat in glittering line,
And emptied the goblets with glowing wine.

The goblets rattle, the choruses swell,
And it pleased the stiff-necked monarch well.

In the monarch's cheeks a wild fire glowed,
And the wine awoke his daring mood.

And, onward still by his madness spurred,
He blasphemes the Lord with a sinful word;

And he brazenly boasts, blaspheming wild,
While the servile courtiers cheered and smiled.

Quick the king spoke, while his proud glance burned,
Quickly the servant went and returned.

He bore on his head the vessels of gold,
Of Jehovah's temple the plunder bold.

With daring hand, in his frenzy grim,
The king seized a beaker and filled to the brim,

And drained to the dregs the sacred cup,
And foaming he cried, as he drank it up,

"Jehovah, eternal scorn I own
To thee. I am monarch of Babylon."

Scarce had the terrible blasphemy rolled
From his lips ere the monarch at heart was cold.

The yelling laughter was hushed, and all
Was still as death in the royal hall.

And see! and see! on the white wall high
The form of a hand went slowly by,

And wrote, — and wrote, on the broad wall white,
Letters of fire, and vanished in night.

Pale as death, with a steady stare,
And with trembling knees, the king sat there;

The horde of slaves sat shuddering chill;
No word they spoke, but were deathlike still.

The magians came, but of them all,
None could read the flame-script on the wall.

But that same night, in all his pride,
By the hands of his servants Belshazzar died.

THE FALL OF BABYLON

[558 B.C.]

BY JACOB ABBOTT

[THE kingdom of the Medes and Persians, lying to the east of Mesopotamia, had been increasing in power so rapidly that the rulers of Lydia and of Babylonia became alarmed and formed a league against it. Cyrus, the Persian king, first overpowered Lydia, and then attacked the Babylonian king. In 538 B.C., Babylon fell into the hands of the Persians.
The Editor.]

IN his advance toward the dominions of Crœsus in Asia Minor, Cyrus had passed to the northward of the great and celebrated city of Babylon. Babylon was on the Euphrates, toward the southern part of Asia. It was the capital of a large and very fertile region, which extended on both sides of the Euphrates toward the Persian Gulf. The limits of the country, however, which was subject to Babylon, varied very much at different times, as they were extended or contracted by revolutions and wars.

The river Euphrates was the great source of fertility for the whole region through which it flowed. The country watered by this river was very densely populated, and the inhabitants were industrious and peaceable, cultivating their land, and living quietly and happily on its fruits. The surface was intersected with canals, which the people had made for conveying the water of the river over the land for the purpose of irrigating it. Some of these canals were navigable. There was one great trunk which passed from the Euphrates to the

Tigris, supplying many minor canals by the way, that was navigable for vessels of considerable burden.

The traffic of the country was, however, mainly conducted by means of boats of moderate size, the construction of which seemed to Herodotus very curious and remarkable. The city was enormously large, and required immense supplies of food, which were brought down in these boats from the agricultural country above. The boats were made in the following manner: first a frame was built, of the shape of the intended boat, broad and shallow and with the stem and stern of the same form. This frame was made of willows, like a basket, and, when finished, was covered with a sheathing of skins. A layer of reeds was then spread over the bottom of the boat to protect the frame, and to distribute evenly the pressure of the cargo. The boat, thus finished, was laden with the produce of the country, and was then floated down the river to Babylon. In this navigation, the boatmen were careful to protect the leather sheathing from injury by avoiding all contact with rocks, or even with the gravel of the shores. They kept their craft in the middle of the stream by means of two oars, or, rather, an oar and a paddle, which were worked, the first at the bows, and the second at the stern. The advance of the boat was in some measure accelerated by these boatmen, though their main function was to steer their vessel by keeping it out of eddies and away from projecting points of land, and directing its course to those parts of the stream where the current was swiftest, and where it would consequently be borne forward most rapidly to its destination.

These boats were generally of very considerable size,

and they carried, in addition to their cargo and crew, one or more beasts of burden — generally asses or mules. These animals were allowed the pleasure, if any pleasure it was to them, of sailing thus idly down the stream, for the sake of having them at hand at the end of the voyage, to carry back again, up the country, the skins, which constituted the most valuable portion of the craft they sailed in. It was found that these skins, if carefully preserved, could be easily transported up the river, and would answer the purpose of a second voyage. Accordingly, when the boats arrived at Babylon, the cargo was sold, the boats were broken up, the skins were folded into packs, and in this form the mules carried them up the river again, the boatmen driving the mules as they walked by their side.

Babylon was a city of immense extent and magnitude. In fact, the accounts given of the space which it covered have often been considered incredible. These accounts make the space which was included within the walls four or five times as large as London. A great deal of this space was, however, occupied by parks and gardens connected with the royal palaces, and by open squares. Then, besides, the houses occupied by the common people in the ancient cities were of fewer stories in height, and consequently more extended on the ground, than those built in modern times. In fact, it is probable that, in many instances, they were mere ranges of huts and hovels, as is the case, indeed, to a considerable extent, in Oriental cities, at the present day, so that it is not at all impossible that even so large an area as four or five times the size of London may have been included within the fortifications of the city.

In respect to the walls of the city, very extraordinary and apparently contradictory accounts are given by the various ancient authors who described them. Some make them seventy-five, and others two or three hundred feet high. There have been many discussions in respect to the comparative credibility of these several statements, and some ingenious attempts have been made to reconcile them. It is not, however, at all surprising that there should be such a diversity in the dimensions given, for the walling of an ancient city was seldom of the same height in all places. The structure necessarily varied according to the nature of the ground, being high wherever the ground without was such as to give the enemy an advantage in an attack, and lower in other situations, where the conformation of the surface was such as to afford, of itself, a partial protection. It is not, perhaps, impossible that, at some particular points — as, for example, across glens and ravines, or along steep declivities — the walls of Babylon may have been raised even to the very extraordinary height which Herodotus ascribes to them.

The walls were made of bricks, and the bricks were formed of clay and earth, which was dug from a trench made outside of the lines. This trench served the purpose of a ditch, to strengthen the fortification when the wall was completed. The water from the river, and from streams flowing toward the river, was admitted to these ditches on every side, and kept them always full.

The sides of these ditches were lined with bricks too, which were made, like those of the walls, from the earth obtained from the excavations. They used for all this masonry a cement made from a species of bitumen,

which was found in great quantities floating down one of the rivers which flowed into the Euphrates, in the neighborhood of Babylon.

The river Euphrates itself flowed through the city. There was a breastwork or low wall along the banks of it on either side, with openings at the terminations of the streets leading to the water, and flights of steps to go down. These openings were secured by gates of brass, which, when closed, would prevent an enemy from gaining access to the city from the river. The great streets, which terminated thus at the river on one side, extended to the walls of the city on the other, and they were crossed by other streets at right angles to them. In the outer walls of the city, at the extremities of all these streets, were massive gates of brass, with hinges and frames of the same metal. There were a hundred of these gates in all. They were guarded by watch-towers on the walls above. The watch-towers were built on both the inner and outer faces of the wall, and the wall itself was so broad that there was room between these watch-towers for a chariot and four to drive and turn.

The river, of course, divided the city into two parts. The king's palace was in the center of one of these divisions, within a vast circular inclosure, which contained the palace buildings, together with the spacious courts, and parks, and gardens pertaining to them. In the center of the other division was a corresponding inclosure, which contained the great temple of Belus. Here there was a very lofty tower, divided into eight separate towers, one above another, with a winding staircase to ascend to the summit. In the upper story was a sort of chapel, with a couch, and a table, and other furniture

for use in the sacred ceremonies, all of gold. Above this, on the highest platform of all, was a grand observatory, where the Babylonian astrologers made their celestial observations.

There was a bridge across the river, connecting one section of the city with the other, and it is said that there was a subterranean passage under the river also, which was used as a private communication between two public edifices — palaces or citadels — which were situated near the extremities of the bridge. All these constructions were of the most grand and imposing character. In addition to the architectural magnificence of the buildings, the gates and walls were embellished with a great variety of sculptures: images of animals, of every form and in every attitude; and men, single and in groups, models of great sovereigns, and representations of hunting scenes, battle scenes, and great events in the Babylonian history.

The most remarkable, however, of all the wonders of Babylon — though perhaps not built till after Cyrus's time — were what were called the Hanging Gardens. Although called the Hanging Gardens, they were not suspended in any manner, as the name might denote, but were supported upon arches and walls. The arches and walls sustained a succession of terraces, rising one above another, with broad flights of steps for ascending to them, and on these terraces the gardens were made. The upper terrace, or platform, was several hundred feet from the ground; so high, that it was necessary to build arches upon arches within, in order to attain the requisite elevation. The lateral thrust of these arches was sustained by a wall twenty-five feet in thickness,

which surrounded the garden on all sides, and rose as high as the lowermost tier of arches, upon which would, of course, be concentrated the pressure and weight of all the pile. The whole structure thus formed a sort of artificial hill, square in form, and rising, in a succession of terraces, to a broad and level area upon the top. The extent of this grand square upon the summit was four hundred feet upon each side.

The surface which served as the foundation for the gardens that adorned these successive terraces and the area above was formed in the following manner: Over the masonry of the arches there was laid a pavement of broad flat stones, sixteen feet long and four feet wide. Over these there was placed a stratum of reeds, laid in bitumen, and above them another flooring of bricks, cemented closely together, so as to be impervious to water. To make the security complete in this respect, the upper surface of this brick flooring was covered with sheets of lead, overlapping each other in such a manner as to convey all the water which might percolate through the mould away to the sides of the garden. The earth and mould were placed upon this surface, thus prepared, and the stratum was so deep as to allow large trees to take root and grow in it. There was an engine constructed in the middle of the upper terrace, by which water could be drawn up from the river, and distributed over every part of the vast pile.

The gardens, thus completed, were filled to profusion with every species of tree, and plant, and vine, which could produce fruit or flowers to enrich or adorn such a scene. Every country in communication with Babylon was made to contribute something to increase the

endless variety of floral beauty which was here literally enthroned. Gardeners of great experience and skill were constantly employed in cultivating the parterres, pruning the fruit trees and the vines, preserving the walks, and introducing new varieties of vegetation. In a word, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon became one of the wonders of the world.

The country in the neighborhood of Babylon, extending from the river on either hand, was in general level and low, and subject to inundations. One of the sovereigns of the country, a queen named Nitocris, had formed the grand design of constructing an immense lake, to take off the superfluous water in case of a flood, and thus prevent an overflow. She also opened a great number of lateral and winding channels for the river, wherever the natural disposition of the surface afforded facilities for doing so, and the earth which was taken out in the course of these excavations was employed in raising the banks by artificial terraces, such as are made to confine the Mississippi at New Orleans, and are there called "levees." [1] The object of Nitocris in these measures was twofold. She wished, in the first place, to open all practicable channels for the flow of the water, and then to confine the current within the channels thus made. She also wished to make the navigation of the stream as intricate and complicated as possible, so that, while the natives of the country might easily find their way, in boats, to the capital, a foreign enemy, if he should make the attempt, might be confused and lost. These were the rivers of Babylon on the banks of which the captive Jews sat down and wept when they remembered Zion.

[1] From the French word *levée*, raised.

This queen Nitocris seems to have been quite distinguished for her engineering and architectural plans. It was she that built the bridge across the Euphrates, within the city; and as there was a feeling of jealousy and ill-will, as usual in such a case, between the two divisions of the town which the river formed, she caused the bridge to be constructed with a movable platform or draw, by means of which the communication might be cut off at pleasure. This draw was generally up at night and down by day.

Herodotus relates a curious anecdote of this queen, which, if true, evinces in another way the peculiar originality of mind and the ingenuity which characterized all her operations. She caused her tomb to be built, before her death, over one of the principal gates of the city. Upon the façade of this monument was a very conspicuous inscription to this effect: "If any one of the sovereigns, my successors, shall be in extreme want of money, let him open my tomb and take what he may think proper; but let him not resort to this resource unless the urgency is extreme."

The tomb remained for some time after the queen's death quite undisturbed. In fact, the people of the city avoided this gate altogether, on account of the dead body deposited above it, and the spot became well-nigh deserted. At length, in process of time, a subsequent sovereign, being in want of money, ventured to open the tomb. He found, however, no money within. The gloomy vault contained nothing but the dead body of the queen, and a label with this inscription: "If your avarice were not as insatiable as it is base, you would not have intruded on the repose of the dead."

It was not surprising that Cyrus, having been so successful in his enterprises thus far, should now begin to turn his thoughts toward this great Babylonian Empire, and to feel a desire to bring it under his sway. The first thing, however, was to confirm and secure his Lydian conquests. He spent some time, therefore, in organizing and arranging, at Sardis, the affairs of the new government which he was to substitute for that of Crœsus there. He designated certain portions of his army to be left for garrisons in the conquered cities. He appointed Persian officers, of course, to command these forces; but, as he wished to conciliate the Lydians, he appointed many of the municipal and civil officers of the country from among them. There would appear to be no danger in doing this, as, by giving the command of the army to Persians, he retained all the real power directly in his own hands.

One of these civil officers, the most important, in fact, of all, was the grand treasurer. To him Cyrus committed the charge of the stores of gold and silver which came into his possession at Sardis, and of the revenues which were afterward to accrue. Cyrus appointed a Lydian named Pactyas to this trust, hoping by such measures to conciliate the people of the country, and to make them more ready to submit to his sway. Things being thus arranged, Cyrus, taking Crœsus with him, set out with the main army to return toward the East.

As soon as he had left Lydia, Pactyas excited the Lydians to revolt. The name of the commander-in-chief of the military forces which Cyrus had left was Tabalus. Pactyas abandoned the city and retired toward the coast, where he contrived to raise a large army, formed

partly of Lydians and partly of bodies of foreign troops, which he was enabled to hire by means of the treasures which Cyrus had put under his charge. He then advanced to Sardis, took possession of the town, and shut up Tabalus, with his Persian troops, in the citadel.

When the tidings of these events came to Cyrus, he was very much incensed, and determined to destroy the city. Crœsus, however, interceded very earnestly in its behalf. He recommended that Cyrus, instead of burning Sardis, should send a sufficient force to disarm the population, and that he should then enact such laws and make such arrangements as should turn the minds of the people to habits of luxury and pleasure. "By doing this," said Crœsus, "the people will, in a short time, become so enervated and so effeminate that you will have nothing to fear from them."

Cyrus decided on adopting this plan. He dispatched a Median named Mazares, an officer of his army, at the head of a strong force, with orders to go back to Sardis, to deliver Tabalus from his danger, to seize and put to death all the leaders in the Lydian rebellion excepting Pactyas. Pactyas was to be saved alive, and sent a prisoner to Cyrus in Persia.

Pactyas did not wait for the arrival of Mazares. As soon as he heard of his approach, he abandoned the ground, and fled northwardly to the city of Cyme, and sought refuge there. When Mazares had reached Sardis and reëstablished the government of Cyrus there, he sent messengers to Cyme, demanding the surrender of the fugitive.

The people of Cyme were uncertain whether they ought to comply. They said that they must first consult

an oracle. There was a very ancient and celebrated oracle near Miletus. They sent messengers to this oracle, demanding to know whether it were according to the will of the gods or not that the fugitive should be surrendered. The answer brought back was, that they might surrender him.

They were accordingly making arrangements for doing this, when one of the citizens, a very prominent and influential man, named Aristodicus, expressed himself not satisfied with the reply. He did not think it possible, he said, that the oracle could really counsel them to deliver up a helpless fugitive to his enemies. The messengers must have misunderstood or misreported the answer which they had received. He finally persuaded his countrymen to send a second embassy: he himself was placed at the head of it. On their arrival, Aristodicus addressed the oracle as follows: —

"To avoid a cruel death from the Persians, Pactyas, a Lydian, fled to us for refuge. The Persians demanded that we should surrender him. Much as we are afraid of their power, we are still more afraid to deliver up a helpless suppliant for protection without clear and decided directions from you."

The embassy received to this demand the same reply as before.

Still Aristodicus was not satisfied; and, as if by way of bringing home to the oracle somewhat more forcibly a sense of the true character of such an action as it seemed to recommend, he began to make a circuit in the grove which was around the temple in which the oracle resided, and to rob and destroy the nests which the birds had built there, allured, apparently, by the sacred re-

pose and quietude of the scene. This had the desired effect. A solemn voice was heard from the interior of the temple, saying, in a warning tone: —

"Impious man! how dost thou dare to molest those who have placed themselves under my protection?"

To this Aristodicus replied by asking the oracle how it was that it watched over and guarded those who sought its own protection, while it directed the people of Cyme to abandon and betray suppliants for theirs. To this the oracle answered: —

"I direct them to do it, in order that such impious men may the sooner bring down upon their heads the judgments of heaven for having dared to entertain even the thought of delivering up a helpless fugitive."

When this answer was reported to the people of Cyme they did not dare to give Pactyas up, nor, on the other hand, did they dare to incur the enmity of the Persians by retaining and protecting him. They accordingly sent him secretly away. The emissaries of Mazares, however, followed him. They kept constantly on his track, demanding him successively of every city where the hapless fugitive sought refuge, until, at length, partly by threats and partly by a reward, they induced a certain city to surrender him. Mazares sent him, a prisoner, to Cyrus. Soon after this Mazares himself died, and Harpagus was appointed governor of Lydia in his stead.

In the mean time, Cyrus went on with his conquests in the heart of Asia, and at length, in the course of a few years, he had completed his arrangements and preparations for the attack on Babylon. He advanced at the head of a large force to the vicinity of the city. The King of Babylon, whose name was Belshazzar, withdrew within

the walls, shut the gates, and felt perfectly secure. A simple wall was in those days a very effectual protection against any armed force whatever, if it was only high enough not to be scaled, and thick enough to resist the blows of a battering-ram. The artillery of modern times would have speedily made a fatal breach in such structures; but there was nothing but the simple force of man, applied through brazen-headed beams of wood, in those days, and Belshazzar knew well that his walls would bid all such modes of demolition a complete defiance. He stationed his soldiers, therefore, on the walls, and his sentinels in the watch-towers, while he himself, and all the nobles of his court, feeling perfectly secure in their impregnable condition, and being abundantly supplied with all the means that the whole empire could furnish, both for sustenance and enjoyment, gave themselves up, in their spacious palaces and gardens, to gayety, festivity, and pleasure.

Cyrus advanced to the city. He stationed one large detachment of his troops at the opening in the main walls where the river entered into the city, and another one below, where it issued from it. These detachments were ordered to march into the city by the bed of the river, as soon as they should observe the water subsiding. He then employed a vast force of laborers to open new channels, and to widen and deepen those which had existed before, for the purpose of drawing off the waters from their usual bed. When these passages were thus prepared, the water was let into them one night, at a time previously designated, and it soon ceased to flow through the city. The detachments of soldiers marched in over the bed of the stream, carrying with them vast

numbers of ladders. With these they easily scaled the low walls which lined the banks of the river, and Belshazzar was thunderstruck with the announcement made to him in the midst of one of his feasts that the Persians were in complete and full possession of the city.