

The World's Story

U.S. History - Expansion, Arabia, Palestine

VOLUME SEVEN

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

The World's Story

A History of the World in Story, Song and Art

Volume 7
U.S. History – Expansion, Arabia, Palestine

Edited by Eva March Tappan

Libraries of Hope

The World's Story
A History of the World
In Story, Song and Art

Volume 7
U.S. History – Expansion,
Arabia, Palestine

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UNITED STATES
I
THE CLIFF-DWELLERS OF THE SOUTHWEST

HISTORICAL NOTE

WHEN Vaca, a companion of De Soto, finally succeeded in escaping from the Indians and making his way to a Spanish town, he told such tales of the wonders of the wilderness that the Spanish governor of Mexico sent Brother Marcos to visit this country and learn what he could about it. He succeeded in finding seven pueblos, or houses of sun-baked clay, the homes of the Zuñi Indians; but his reception was so hostile that he was forced to return. The governor then sent out Coronado with Brother Marcos as guide. The Zuñi pueblos were not only found, but captured, and much of the country thereabouts was explored. On one of the trips the Spaniards came to a "sky city" called Acoma, and captured it. Later, they wandered into what is now Kansas. The Spanish had by this time explored Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona.

THE SEVEN CITIES OF THE WILDERNESS

BY JOHN FISKE

THERE was a tradition afloat in Europe that on the occasion of the conquest of the Spanish peninsula by the Arabs in the eighth century, a certain Bishop of Lisbon took refuge upon an island or group of islands far out on the Sea of Darkness, and founded seven cities there. [These] seven cities were curiously transferred into the very heart of the American continent. Among the Nahuatl tribes there was a legend of Chicomoztoc, or the Seven Caves, from which at some period in the past their ancestors issued. As soon as the Spaniards got hold of this legend they contrived to mix up these Seven Caves with their Seven Cities. They were supposed to be somewhere to the northward, and when Cabeza de Vaca and his comrades had disclosed the existence of such a vast territory north of Mexico, it was resolved to search for the Seven Cities in that direction. The work was entrusted to Fray Marcos of Nizza, or Nice, as we now call it. He was a Franciscan monk of great ability, who had accompanied Pizarro on the first march to Caxamarca to meet Atahualpa. He had afterwards gone to Quito and thence seems to have accompanied Alvarado on his return to Guatemala. He had lately found his way to Mexico, and was selected by the great viceroy Antonio de Mendoza to go and find the Seven Cities. He was attended on the journey by the negro Estevánico and a few Pima Indians who had

been educated at Mexico; and their reception by the natives along the route was extremely hospitable. At Matape, an Indian village in Sonora, they heard definite news of a country situated thirty days' march to the northward, where there were seven large cities, "with houses of stone and lime, . . . the smallest ones of two stories and a flat roof, and others of three and four stories, and that of the lord with five, all placed together in order; and on the door-sills and lintels of the principal houses many figures of turquoise stones . . . and [it was said] that the people of these cities are very well clothed," etc. The name of the first of these cities was said to be Cibola. And from that time forth this became a common name for the group, and we hear much of the Seven Cities of Cibola.

These were the seven pueblos of Zuñi, in New Mexico, of which six were still inhabited at the end of the sixteenth century. The name Cibola was properly applied to the group, as it referred to the whole extent of territory occupied by the Zuñis. The surviving pueblo which we know to-day as Zuñi will probably serve as an excellent sample of the pueblo towns visited by the Spaniards in their first wanderings in North America. As Fray Marcos drew near to it he heard much of the power and glory of Cibola, and began to feel that his most romantic anticipations were about to be verified; but now came his first misfortune on this journey, and it was a sharp one. Hitherto the white man and the black man had been treated with the reverence due to supernatural beings, or to persons who at least were mighty wizards. But at Kiakima, the first of the Zuñi pueblos, the negro's "medicine" was not accepted. Estevánico

traveled some miles in advance of Fray Marcos. When he arrived at the first of the cities of Cibola, flaunting the turquoises and the handsome Indian girls, with whom he had been presented in the course of the journey, — much to the disgust of the Franciscan friar, — the elders and chiefs of the pueblo would not grant him admittance. He was lodged in a small house outside the inclosure, and was cautiously catechized. When he announced himself as the envoy and forerunner of a white man, sent by a mighty prince beyond the sky to instruct them in heavenly things, the Zuñi elders were struck with a sense of incongruity. How could black represent white, or be the envoy and forerunner of white. To the metaphysics of the middle status of barbarism the question wore a very uncanny look, and to the common sense of the middle status of barbarism the self-complacent Estevánico appeared to be simply a spy from some chieftain or tribe that wanted to conquer the Zuñis. A Cortés might easily have dealt with such a situation, but most men would consider it very uncomfortable, and so did poor silly "Little Steve." While the elders were debating whether they should do reverence to him as a wizard, or butcher him as a spy, he stole out of his lodging and sought safety in flight; and this act, being promptly detected, robbed him of all dignity and sealed his fate. A hue and cry went after him, and an arrow soon found its way to his heart. The news of this catastrophe checked the advance of Fray Marcos. His Indian comrades were discouraged, and the most he could do was to keep them with him while he climbed a hill whence he could get a Pisgah sight of the glories of Cibola. After he had accomplished this, the

party returned with all possible haste to Culiacan, and arrived there in August, 1539, after an absence of five months.

As an instance of the tenacious vitality of tradition, and its substantial accuracy in dealing with a very simple and striking fact, it is interesting to find that to this day the Zuñis remember the fate of Estevánico. In one of the folk-tales taken down by Mr. Cushing from the lips of Zuñi priests, it is said that "previous to the first coming of the *Mexicans* (the Zuñi Indians call all the Spanish-speaking people Mexicans), a *black Mexican* made his appearance at the Zuñi village of Kiakima. He was very greedy, voracious, and bold, and the people killed him for it. After his death the Mexicans [i.e., Spaniards] made their appearance in numbers for the first time, and made war upon the Zuñis, conquering them in the end."

HOW THE CLIFF-DWELLERS LIVED

BY T. MITCHELL PRUDDEN

If now, without further parley as to the details of the ruins and the vicissitudes of their exploration, we turn to the various things which the old "cliff-dwellers" have left, many of which one may see for himself to-day upon the spot, and try to frame from them a conception of the masters of these homes, we shall find that a good deal may be read out of the darkness of forgotten centuries without special light from the torches of the professional archæologists.

He was a dark-skinned fellow, this old "cliff-dweller," as his mummified remains show plainly enough. The hair was usually black, and moderately coarse and long. He was of medium stature, and the back of his skull was flattened by being tied firmly against a board in infancy, as among some races is the custom still. He had fair teeth, much worn, as the years grew upon him, from munching ill-ground corn.

It would be difficult to say from the articles thus far discovered just how much this prehistoric man was devoted to dress, or rather, to undress. A simple breech-clout was certainly in vogue, and there is considerable reason to think that this was, at times at least, the *pièce de resistance* in his costume. But parts of hide jackets, fur caps, blankets made of feathers tied on to a coarse net of cord, are also in evidence, and mostly preserved among the furnishings of the dead. A variety

of sandals and other rude foot-gear has been found, some woven of yucca leaves, some braided of other vegetable fibers, some rudely constructed from corn-husks.

A certain passion for personal adornment and devotion to superstition is evident from the rough beads and the strings of bones and small shells which he wore, while amulets of turquoise or shell or broken pottery pierced for suspension about the neck are not seldom found. He brushed his hair with tightly tied bunches of stiff grass, with one end trimmed square, and his long coarse black hairs are clinging still to some of them.

The spirit of the age now prompts us to ask what did he do for a living, this dark fellow in scanty attire, with a tinge of vanity and superstition?

He was, first of all, a farmer. He raised corn and beans and gourds in the thin soil of the mesas, or upon the lesser slopes, which still show traces of scanty terraces. Corn is frequently found, sometimes still on the cob, sometimes shelled off and stowed in jars, while corn-cobs and corn-husks are scattered everywhere among the rubbish. The beans and gourds are less abundant. The gourd seeds were sometimes carefully stowed away. The only farming implements which have been found are, so far as I am aware, stout sticks pointed or flattened at one end, quite like the planting-sticks still in use by primitive agriculturists.

It is evident enough that in his time, as now, his country was very dry, and water had to be carefully husbanded. One finds here and there traces of hollow reservoirs and what seem to have been irrigating ditches. Sloping hollows in the rocks near the houses are not

infrequently dammed across their lower ends, apparently to save the melting snow or the waste of showers.

The considerable number of large jars would indicate that water was sometimes stored also in the houses. The earthen ladles or dippers not infrequently found in the ruins or in the graves are often much worn and beveled on the edges, an indication that they were used to ladle up water from hollows in the rocks, such as abound on the plateaus above and about the cliffs. Small springs still exist near some of the largest cliff-houses.

That the "cliff-man" was skilled in masonry the well-shaped and finished stones, the trim walls hung upon steep sloping rock surfaces, sheer at the edges of cliffs, where they rest to-day firm and secure, abundantly prove. The mortar of most of the houses was very cleverly laid in, and between the tiers pebbles and small stones were set, giving a pleasing break to the lines of the masonry.

The rooms of these great dwellings were apparently not all built at one time, and in size, shape, and arrangement conform to the exigencies of the situation. Some of them are many feet across, some so small that one can hardly stand upright in them and can reach from side to side. Some communicate with one another by low openings, through which one must crawl on hands and knees; others are entered only through holes in the ceilings. Some of the rooms are so small that they could have been used only for storage.

The great sloping arches of the caverns in which the larger cliff-houses are built shelter most of them from above. But when rooms were exposed or were built one

above another, the roofs or floors are supported by timber girders, whose rough ends witness to the toilsome processes involved in their shaping with such tools alone as men of the stone age could command. Upon the heavier timbers they laid smaller sticks, tied osiers and cedar bark to these, and plastered the whole over with thick layers of mud or mortar. A large part of the timber is well preserved.

Within, the masonry is usually coated with a thin layer of plaster, and the sweep of the rough palms of the old artisans is still plain on many a chamber wall. They had tiny fireplaces in the corners of some of the little rooms. In others the fire was in a pit in the floor at the center. The smoke from the fires found its way out as best it could through holes in the ceilings. So the walls are often very black, and from some of them you can rub off the soot upon your hands to-day. But when the wall got too sooty a thin fresh layer of plaster was laid on over it. In some of the larger rooms one can count sixteen, and perhaps more, thin layers of fresh plaster, with the soot in streaks of black between them.

Furniture there is no trace of, unless one reckon as such a low stone step or bench which runs around some of the larger rooms.

Many of the ruins contain large round chambers with the narrow stone bench along the wall, and a pit in the center for a fire. They have usually a pyramidal or dome-like roof of large timbers, whose ends rest upon stone piers which project into the rooms. The walls of these rooms, which seem to have been places of assembly and are called *estufas* or kivas, are usually very sooty. In them, too, one finds such evidence of an intelligent

provision for ventilation as shames some of our practices to-day. Flues, often of considerable size, are built into the walls, leading from the open air down into the chambers, and opening at the floor-level. In front of this opening, and between it and the fire-pit, was usually a stone or wooden screen.

Little square cubbies were not infrequently made inside the rooms by leaving a stone out of the masonry. These are especially common in the large round chambers just mentioned, and small utensils and ornaments have been frequently found stowed away in them. Many of the rooms have wooden pegs built into the walls, apparently for hanging things upon.

The stout timbers which form the floors of the higher rooms were sometimes left sticking through the masonry outside the walls, and small cross-sticks being tied upon them, they made excellent balconies — a little dangerous, perhaps, if some skulking marauder with a bow and arrows should happen to creep to the nearest cliff edge above, but airy and with commanding outlook.

Firesticks have been left, with round charred ends, such as the early folks the world over were wont to twirl upon another stick and so win fire. Little bunches of cedar-bark strips closely tied with yucca threads, and burnt at one end where they have been used as tinder, are not uncommon "finds" in the rooms and in the rubbish heaps.

No trace of metal tools or utensils has ever been found in these ruins. The "cliff-dweller" was a man of the Stone Age. He was no mean artisan, however, as may be seen by his stone arrow-heads and spear-heads, by his stone axes and hammers, many of them, thanks to the

dry climate, with the wooden handle still tied firmly on to them. He had knives made of chipped stone tied into the end of a stick, and often made fast with some sort of pitch. Sharp, smooth stones, which may have been used for skinning large game, are not rare.

Small stone mortars with spherical or cylindrical pestles are not uncommon, and one may safely conjecture that they were employed to grind the mineral colors used in the decoration of pottery. Stone-tipped drills have been found, which were doubtless used to make holes in their amulets and beads, and in mending broken pottery. There are corn-mills — great stone slabs, a little hollowed, and set aslant in the floor at one side of some of the rooms, with a flat narrow slip of stone to be grasped in the hands in grinding.

Our early American was something of a hunter, if we may judge from the deer bones often found. He was a warrior, too. Many of his houses are not only built in inaccessible and well-protected places, but loopholes sloping towards the avenues of approach are common in the walls, and the doors have ample provision for closure by tightly fitting slabs of stone. Bows still loosely strung with sinew, and stone-tipped arrows with the shaft intact, have defied time, too. With these and stone-tipped spears and stone knives and wooden clubs our warrior did his hunting and his fighting.

The "cliff-man" had one domestic animal and, so far as can be made out, only one, and that was the turkey, or something very like it. This bird must have been kept in considerable numbers. Its feathers are found in abundance, and were used, as I have said, to make blankets. Bunches of the quills have been discovered

stowed away in the houses. This domestic pet has been pictured more often than any other creature by the man of the cliffs, and most frequently upon his pottery.

There is no evidence of the use of written characters by these people, but here and there simple geometric or irregular figures are found in dull color on the plaster and on the faces of the cliffs. There is relatively little animal drawing, but occasionally crude linear figures of men, mountain sheep and birds are found. Similar crude pictographs are occasionally cut in rough shallow lines in the rocks near the dwellings. On the whole such artistic capacities as this old barbarian possessed were but scantily exercised upon his walls.

In his pottery, however, as well as in animal figures and various other objects made of shell, jade, onyx, and turquoise, among which are some very handsome mosaics, we find such expression of the artistic sense as gives him a very respectable standing in the hierarchy of early American art.

While whole pieces of pottery are occasionally found in protected places in the abandoned rooms, and fragments are scattered in profusion everywhere, the larger part of the well-preserved articles of clay has come from the burial places. So I must linger a moment to speak of these.

The rock about the cliff-dwellings is usually so scantily clad with soil that earth burial was not accomplished without difficulty. The places outside the dwellings most commonly selected for this purpose were low shelves in the cliffs, from which the earth was scooped, and shallow pits, sometimes stoned at the sides or lined with clay, were thus fashioned.

But one of the most common burial-places of the "cliff-man" of the Mesa Verde was the rubbish heaps which he allowed to accumulate, often to an enormous extent, in the low, dark, angular space at the back of his houses, where the sloping roof of the caverns in the cliff met the horizontal shelf on which the houses stand.

These great rubbish heaps, often several feet deep, are made up of dirt and dust of unrecognizable origin, of turkey droppings, and of all sorts of waste from the man and his housekeeping. There are feathers and corn-husks and corn-cobs, fragments of bone and of wood, rinds and stems of gourds, scraps of yucca, half-burned corn-cobs, pieces of charcoal, bits of worn fabrics, cast-off sandals, and broken pottery in abundance.

Now and then the delvers in these back-door rubbish heaps have come upon whole pieces of pottery or stone implements and other things which have evidently been hidden there, perhaps in times of siege. The whole material is disagreeable on account of the fine, choking dust which rises whenever it is stirred, but it is not otherwise offensive now. It was in this dark, protected place, then, that the cliff-man often buried his dead. The legs and arms were usually drawn to the body, which was tied and bound with yucca leaves, and protected in various ways from direct contact with the earth, sometimes by wooden or osier or yucca mats, or by feather cloth or basketry, or slabs of stone. Many of the skeletons are well preserved, and occasionally the whole body is mummified and in very perfect state. Some bodies have been found walled up in the smaller rooms.

But it is of the pottery that I wish especially to speak.

It is all fashioned by the hands, for no tidings of the potter's wheel had ever reached these folks, and their skill in the management of clay justly commands admiration. Some of the great jars holding several gallons are scarcely one eighth of an inch thick, are of excellent shape and symmetry, and, when struck, ring like a bell. The old cliff-man — or woman — knew how to mix pounded stone, or sand, or old pottery broken into small fragments with his clay to prevent shrinkage and cracking. He knew how to bake his finished articles, and his fancy in shaping and decorating was of no mean order.

Some of the ware is gray and smooth and undecorated; some forms show that it was built up by strips of clay, coil upon coil. In many pieces regular indentations made by the finger tips or nail upon the coils give the general impression of basketwork. The tiny ridges of the maker's finger-tips are often marked upon the indented coilware with a sharpness which rivals any of the impressions which one can get to-day on paper, with all the refinement of Galton's fascinating but smeary technique. Then there is a third kind of pottery, in which the article has received a surface wash of light mineral color, upon which are decorations of various forms, usually in black, but sometimes in black and red. It is not very common to find red pottery in the region about the Mesa Verde, but occasionally a piece is unearthed.

The forms of pottery are various. There are bowls of many shapes and sizes, usually decorated on the inside only. There are long jars and short jars, some with wide and some with narrow mouths. There are vases,

pitchers, cups, ladles, platters, sieves, mugs, and bottles, and many other queer-shaped things which it would be difficult to name. The colors were mineral, and very durable, as is evident from their excellent preservation after hundreds of years of burial.

The decoration is frequently almost concealed, when the articles are exhumed, by a rough whitish incrustation of lime which through the years of burial has gathered on the surfaces. Washing with dilute acid discloses the pattern underneath.

Not infrequently one finds bowls and jars which have been cracked or broken, and mended by drilling holes along the cracks and tying the pieces together with yucca cords. A great deal of care was evidently taken in fashioning and decorating some of this pottery, and the thrifty old "cliff-dweller" knew very well that a mended jar was useful to store corn and flour and such dry things in, even if it would no longer hold water.

One often finds, inside the pieces of pottery in the graves, fragments of the mineral from which the pigment was ground, and smooth stones with which, apparently, the surface of the clay articles was smoothed and polished. Arrow-heads, bone implements, beads, shells, amulets, corn, and a variety of their pathetic belongings are not infrequently found packed within the jars and bowls beside the crumbled bodies.

And the "cliff-dweller" smoked a pipe! I feel constrained to leave it to the archæologists to decide whether he smoked for the fun of it, or with devotional or ceremonial intent, and what he smoked. But one short-stemmed pipe of clay, decorated in red, and blackened within from use, and one half-shaped in

process of construction, are in my own collection. It is a dreamy land, this which he lived in, and I hope that he lay in the shadows sometimes in the lulls of his strenuous life, and, with no urgent thoughts of his gods or his etiquette, puffed idly and at ease his little dudheen.

Baskets and mats showed considerable variety in the weaving and a distinct appreciation of ornament witness to the cliff-man's skill. Coarse grass, yucca, willow, and split sticks are the materials which he used for this purpose.

The bottoms of most of the jars and larger clay vessels are rounded, and, so far as I have seen, never have the hollow underneath which in modern Indian pottery facilitates its carrying poised upon the head. And so plaited rings, which were doubtless used for steadying the jars upon the head or on the ground, are, as might be expected, not uncommon. But his skill as a weaver was not limited to basketry, for fabrics of varied texture and composition are largely in evidence. The yucca, or Spanish-bayonet, which grows all over the arid country of the "cliff-dweller," was one of the things which he had to thank his gods for, hour by hour.

He hung the narrow leaves about his houses in neatly tied bunches, readyfor coarser purposes. He used them in this form as cords to tie slender sticks in place upon his ceilings, on which the mud was plastered; with them he bound his sandals to his feet, pieced out bands of cloth which were too worn or too weak to steady burdens carried on his back; with them he tied together the sticks which framed the baby board and bound the dead for burial. With them he mended broken bowls, and wove coarse nets around the great water jars for support

or suspension; while, woven close, they made durable sandal soles and coarse baskets.

Then he beat out the brittle woody part of these precious yucca leaves with wooden sticks, and out of the fine, tough, pliable fibrils which were left he twisted threads and cords, the warp and woof of his most common woven fabrics. Some of these fabrics are coarse and rough; some are smooth and fine. In some of them the yucca cord forms the warp, while the woof is of cotton, dark and light, with woven patterns.

Whether he used the narrow strips of the leaf, or cords or rope twisted of their fibers, the old cliff-fellow knew how to tie good square knots which have not slipped a jot for some hundreds of years. I have sought in vain for "squaw" knots, among thousands of these bits of handiwork, on roof and ceiling and mended fabric. And he who never saw the sea could make a "ring splice" to shame a sailor.

The feather cloth is, in some respects, one of the most noteworthy of this old citizen's productions. He hetcheled his dry yucca leaves, twisted their fibrils into coarse cords, tied these together to form a wide-meshed net, and then inch by inch he bound them close with little tufts of fluffy blue-gray feathers, ravaged, no doubt, largely from his turkey pets; or sometimes he twisted the feathers into the cords as he made them. Some of the feather blankets so toilsomely constructed have been found in excellent preservation, but in most of them the feathers are largely frayed away. They must have been very warm, and were apparently among the choicest possessions of these thrifty folks. A little fine-textured cloth, all of cotton, has been found.

The utensils of some of his milder industries the cliff-man largely fashioned out of bone. He ground broad beveled edges on the broken segments of the leg bones of larger animals, like the deer, forming crude knives and chisels and scrapers; but of smaller bones, and especially of the long bones of the turkey, he made awls and punches and needles. About the surface of the rocks, near the cliff-dwellings, are shallow hollows and grooves, worn, no doubt, by the old artisan in shaping and polishing his stone and bone implements.

I was greatly puzzled, during our delvings among the rubbish heaps behind the ruins, by numerous small irregular wads of fine strips of corn-husk or other fiber, which had been bruised and closely matted together; and it was not until I had later become acquainted with the Hopi Indians, two hundred and fifty miles to the southward of the Mesa Verde, that I found a clue. Here I saw them pick out of a bowl of thick brown stuff, which they said was sweet, and which certainly was sticky, similar-looking wads of fiber, and, thrusting them into their mouths, begin vigorous mastication. Then I realized that the husk wads of the rubbish heaps had probably been, while in their pristine state, the prehistoric avatars of the chewing-gum.

A dark-skinned, black-haired, scantily clad barbarian, then, it seems he was, our dweller in the cliffs, the real American. Farmer, mason, potter, weaver, basket-maker, tailor, jeweler, hunter, priest, and warrior all in one. Daring and hardy he was to scale those cliffs, and build upon their brinks the houses into which he gathered sustenance wrung from the unwilling soil. Diligent and thrifty he was certainly. Skillful, too, as

skill goes in the stage of evolvement up to which he had slowly won his way. Superstitious, doubtless, as is ever the case with those who frame their notions of the world face to face with the crude forces of nature. Dreamy, I fancy he must have been, for he looked abroad through red dawns and hazy noontides and witching twilights fading very slowly into night.

And he was — well — he was undoubtedly dirty. Life has more urgent uses for water than bathing in these grim arid wastes. But nature is a very efficient sanitarian in dry climates such as his, and "use can make sweet the peach's shady side." So let us say no more about it.

It is the business of the archæologist to learn and tell you, or to guess and tell you, when these early Americans lived, where they came from, and whither they have gone. A group of skeletons, with skulls broken as if by blows, which the early explorers found lying unburied in a heap upon the floor, would seem to indicate that in one case at least there was a fierce dramatic ending to the story. The archaic character of the pottery and the size of some trees which have grown upon the ruined masonry prove that several centuries at least have passed since their abandoned homes fell into the custody of the squirrels and the elements. The modern Indian shuns them, as a rule, as he does all things which savor of death; and so, until a dozen years or so ago, the silent dwellings held unchallenged the secrets of the vanished race.

HOW LITTLE-BLUE-FOX FOOLED THE COYOTE

A PUEBLO FOLK-STORY RETOLD BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS

["ALL the animals with which the Tée-wahn are familiar — the buffalo (which they used to hunt on the vast plains to the eastward), the bear, deer, antelope, mountain lion, badger, wild turkey, fox, eagle, crow, buzzard, rabbit, and so on — appear in their legends and fairy tales, as well as in their religious ceremonials and beliefs. Too-whây-deh, the coyote, or little prairie wolf, figures in countless stories, and always to his own disadvantage. Smart as he is in some things, he believes whatever is told him; and by his credulity becomes the butt of all the other animals, who never tire of 'April-fooling' him. He is also a great coward. To call an Indian here '*Too-whây-deh*' is one of the bitterest insults that can be offered him." . . .]

Once upon a time Too-whây-shur-wée-deh, the Little-Blue-Fox, was wandering near a pueblo, and chanced to come to the threshing-floors, where a great many crows were hopping. Just then the Coyote passed, very hungry; and while yet far off, said: "Ai! how the stomach cries! I will just eat Little-Blue-Fox." And coming, he said: "Now, Little-Blue-Fox, you have troubled me enough! You are the cause of my being chased by the dogs and people, and now I will pay you. I am going to eat you up this very now!"

"No, Coyote-friend," answered the Little-Blue-Fox,

"*don't* eat me up! I am here guarding these chickens, for there is a wedding in yonder house, which is my master's, and these chickens are for the wedding-dinner. Soon they will come for the chickens, and will invite me to the dinner — and you can come also."

"Well," said the Coyote, "if *that* is so, I will not eat you, but will help you watch the chickens." So he lay down beside him.

At this, Little-Blue-Fox was troubled, thinking how to get away; and at last he said: "Friend Too-whây-deh, I make strange that they have not before now come for the chickens. Perhaps they have forgotten. The best way is for me to go to the house and see what the servants are doing."

"It is well," said the Coyote. "Go, then, and I will guard the chickens for you."

So the Little-Blue-Fox started toward the house; but getting behind a small hill, he ran away with fast feet. When it was a good while, and he did not come back, the Coyote thought: "While he is gone, I will give myself some of the chickens." Crawling up on his belly to the threshing-floor, he gave a great leap. But the chickens were only crows, and they flew away. Then he began to say evil of the Little-Blue-Fox for giving him a trick, and started on the trail, vowing: "I will eat him up wherever I catch him."

After many miles he overtook the Little-Blue-Fox, and with a bad face said: "Here! Now I am going to eat you up!"

The other made as if greatly excited, and answered: "No, friend Coyote! Do you not hear that *tombé?*" [1]

[1] The sacred drum used in the pueblo dances.

The Coyote listened, and heard a drum in the pueblo.

"Well," said the Little-Blue-Fox, "I am called for that dance, and very soon they will come for me. Won't you go, too?"

"If that is so, I will not eat you, but we will go to the dance."

And the Coyote sat down and began to comb his hair and to make himself pretty with face-paint.

When no one came, the Little-Blue-Fox said: "Friend Coyote, I make strange that the *alguazil* does not come. It is best for me to go up on this hill, whence I can see into the village. You wait here."

"He will not dare to give me another trick," thought the Coyote. So he replied: "It is well. But do not forget to call me."

So the Little-Blue-Fox went up the hill; and as soon as he was out of sight, he began to run for his life.

Very long the Coyote waited; and at last, being tired, went up on the hill — but there was no one there. Then he was very angry, and said; "I will follow him, and eat him surely! *Nothing* shall save him!" And finding the trail, he began to follow as fast as a bird.

Just as the Little-Blue-Fox came to some high cliffs, he looked back and saw the Coyote coming over a hill. So he stood up on his hind feet and put his fore paws up against the cliff, and made many groans, and was as if much excited. In a moment came the Coyote, very angry, crying: "Now you shall not escape me! I am going to eat you up now — now!"

"Oh, no, friend Too-whây-deh!" said the other; "for I saw this cliff falling down, and ran to hold it up. If I

let go, it will fall and kill us both. But come, help me to hold it."

Then the Coyote stood up and pushed against the cliff with his fore paws, very hard; and there they stood side by side.

Time passing so, the Little-Blue-Fox said: —

"Friend Too-whây-deh, it is long that I am holding up the cliff, and I am very tired and thirsty. You are fresher. So you hold up the cliff while I go and hunt water for us both; for soon you too will be thirsty. There is a lake somewhere on the other side of this mountain; I will find it and get a drink, and then come back and hold up the cliff while you go."

The Coyote agreed, and the Little-Blue-Fox ran away over the mountain till he came to the lake, just as the moon was rising.

But soon the Coyote was very tired and thirsty, for he held up the cliff with all his might. At last he said: "Ai! how hard it is! I am so thirsty that I will go to the lake, even if I die!"

So he began to let go of the cliff, slowly, slowly — until he held it only with his finger-nails; and then he made a great jump away backward, and ran as hard as he could to a hill. But when he looked around and saw that the cliff did not fall, he was very angry, and swore to eat Too-whây-shur-wée-deh the very minute he should catch him.

Running on the trail, he came to the lake; and there the Little-Blue-Fox was lying on the bank, whining as if greatly excited. "Now I *will* eat you up, this minute!" cried the Coyote.

But the other said: "No, friend Too-whây-deh!

Don't eat *me* up! I am waiting for some one who can swim as well as you can. I just bought a big cheese from a shepherd to share with you; but when I went to drink, it slipped out of my hands into the water. Come here, and I will show you." He took the Coyote to the edge of the high bank, and pointed to the moon in the water.

"M—m!" said the Coyote, who was fainting with hunger. "But how shall I get it? It is very deep in the water, and I shall float up before I can dive to it."

"That is true, friend," said the other. "There is but one way. We must tie some stones to your neck, to make you heavy so you can go down to it."

So they hunted about until they found a buckskin thong and some large stones; and the Little-Blue-Fox tied the stones to the Coyote's neck, the Coyote holding his chin up, to help.

"Now, friend Too-whây-deh, come here to the edge of the bank and stand ready. I will take you by the back and count *weem, wée-si, p'áh-chu!* And when I say *three*, you must jump and I will push — for now you are very heavy."

So he took the Coyote by the back of the neck, swaying him back and forth as he counted. And at "P'ah-chu!" he pushed hard, and the Coyote jumped, and went into the deep water, and — never came out again!

THE STORMING OF THE SKY-CITY

[1599]

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS

SOME of the most characteristic heroisms and hardships of the pioneers in our domain cluster about the wondrous rock of Acoma, the strange sky-city of the Quéres Pueblos. All the Pueblo cities were built in positions which Nature herself had fortified, — a necessity of the times, since they were surrounded by outnumbering hordes of the deadliest warriors in history; but Acoma was most secure of all. In the midst of a long valley, four miles wide, itself lined by almost insurmountable precipices, towers a lofty rock, whose top is about seventy acres in area, and whose walls, three hundred and fifty-seven feet high, are not merely perpendicular, but in most places even overhanging. Upon its summit was perched — and is to-day — the dizzy city of the Quéres. The few paths to the top — whereon a misstep will roll the victim to horrible death, hundreds of feet below — are by wild, precipitous clefts, at the head of which one determined man, with no other weapons than stones, could almost hold at bay an army.

This strange aerial town was first heard of by Europeans in 1539, when Fray Marcos, the discoverer of New Mexico, was told by the people of Cibola of the great rock fortress of Hákuque, — their name for Acoma, which the natives themselves call Aṅko. In the following year Coronado visited it with his little army,

and has left us an accurate account of its wonders. These first Europeans were well received there; and the superstitious natives, who had never seen a beard or a white face before, took the strangers for gods. But it was more than half a century later yet before the Spaniards sought a foothold there.

When Oñate entered New Mexico in 1598, he met no immediate resistance whatever; for his force of four hundred people, including two hundred men-at-arms, was large enough to awe the Indians. They were naturally hostile to these invaders of their domain; but finding themselves well treated by the strangers, and fearful of open war against these men with hard clothes, who killed from afar with their thunder-sticks, the Pueblos awaited results. The Quéres, Tigua, and Jemez branches formally submitted to Spanish rule, and took the oath of allegiance to the Crown by their representative men gathered at the pueblo of Guipuy (now Santo Domingo); as also did the Tanos, Picuries, Tehuas, and Taos, at a similar conference at the pueblo of San Juan, in September, 1598. At this ready submission Oñate was greatly encouraged; and he decided to visit all the principal pueblos in person, to make them securer subjects of his sovereign. He had founded already the first town in New Mexico and the second in the United States, — San Gabriel de los Españoles, where Chamita stands to-day. Before starting on this perilous journey, he dispatched Juan de Zaldivar, his *maestro de campo*,[1] with fifty men to explore the vast, unknown plains to the east, and then to follow him.

Oñate and a small force left the lonely little Spanish

[1] Equivalent to our colonel.

colony, — more than a thousand miles from any other town of civilized men, — October 6, 1598. First he marched to the pueblos in the great plains of the Salt Lakes, east of the Manzano mountains, — a thirsty journey of more than two hundred miles. Then returning to the pueblo of Puaray (opposite the present Bernalillo), he turned westward. On the 27th of the same month he camped at the foot of the lofty cliffs of Acoma. The *principales* (chief men) of the town came down from the rock, and took the solemn pledge of allegiance to the Spanish Crown. They were thoroughly warned of the deep importance and meaning of this step, and that if they violated their oath they would be regarded and treated as rebels against His Majesty; but they fully pledged themselves to be faithful vassals. They were very friendly, and repeatedly invited the Spanish commander and his men to visit their sky-city. In truth, they had had spies at the conferences in Santo Domingo and San Juan, and had decided that the most dangerous man among the invaders was Oñate himself. If *he* could be slain, they thought the rest of the pale strangers might be easily routed.

But Oñate knew nothing of their intended treachery; and on the following day he and his handful of men — leaving only a guard with the horses — climbed one of the breathless stone "ladders," and stood in Acoma. The officious Indians piloted them hither and yon, showing them the strange terraced houses of many stories in height, the great reservoirs in the eternal rock, and the dizzy brink which everywhere surrounded the eyrie of a town. At last they brought the Spaniards to where a huge ladder, projecting far aloft through a trapdoor in

the roof of a large house, indicated the *estufa*, or sacred council-chamber. The visitors mounted to the roof by a smaller ladder, and the Indians tried to have Oñate descend through the trapdoor. But the Spanish governor, noting that all was dark in the room below, and suddenly becoming suspicious, declined to enter; and as his soldiers were all about, the Indians did not insist. After a short visit in the pueblo the Spaniards descended the rock to their camp, and thence marched away on their long and dangerous journey to Moqui and Zuñi. That swift flash of prudence in Oñate's mind saved the history of New Mexico; for in that dark *estufa* was lying a band of armed warriors. Had he entered the room, he would have been slain at once; and his death was to be the signal for a general onslaught upon the Spaniards, all of whom must have perished in the unequal fight.

Returning from his march of exploration through the trackless and deadly plains, Juan de Zaldivar left San Gabriel on the 18th of November, to follow his commander-in-chief. He had but thirty men. Reaching the foot of the City in the Sky on the 4th of December, he was very kindly received by the Acomas, who invited him up into their town. Juan was a good soldier, as well as a gallant one, and well used to the tricks of Indian warfare; but for the first time in his life — and the last — he now let himself be deceived. Leaving half his little force at the foot of the cliff to guard the camp and horses, he himself went up with sixteen men. The town was so full of wonders, the people so cordial, that the visitors soon forgot whatever suspicions they may have had; and by degrees they scattered hither and yon to see the strange sights. The natives had been waiting

only for this; and when the war-chief gave the wild whoop, men, women, and children seized rocks and clubs, bows and flint-knives, and fell furiously upon the scattered Spaniards. It was a ghastly and an unequal fight the winter sun looked down upon that bitter afternoon in the cliff-city. Here and there, with back against the wall of one of those strange houses, stood a gray-faced, tattered, bleeding soldier, swinging his clumsy flintlock club-like, or hacking with desperate but unavailing sword at the dark, ravenous mob that hemmed him, while stones rained upon his bent visor, and clubs and cruel flints sought him from every side. There was no coward blood among that doomed band. They sold their lives dearly; in front of every one lay a sprawling heap of dead. But one by one the howling wave of barbarians drowned each grim, silent fighter, and swept off to swell the murderous flood about the next. Zaldivar himself was one of the first victims; and two other officers, six soldiers, and two servants fell in that uneven combat. The five survivors — Juan Tabaro, who was *alguacil-mayor*, with four soldiers — got at last together, and with superhuman strength fought their way to the edge of the cliff, bleeding from many wounds. But their savage foes still pressed them; and being too faint to carve their way to one of the "ladders," in the wildness of desperation the five sprang over the beetling cliff.

Never but once was recorded so frightful a leap as that of Tabaro and his four companions. Even if we presume that they had been so fortunate as to reach the very lowest point of the rock, it could not have been less than one hundred and fifty feet! And yet only one of

the five was killed by this inconceivable fall; the remaining four, cared for by their terrified companions in the camp, all finally recovered. It would be incredible, were it not established by absolute historical proof. It is probable that they fell upon one of the mounds of white sand which the winds had drifted against the foot of the cliffs in places.

Fortunately, the victorious savages did not attack the little camp. The survivors still had their horses, of which unknown brutes the Indians had a great fear. For several days the fourteen soldiers and their four half-dead companions camped under the overhanging cliff, where they were safe from missiles from above, hourly expecting an onslaught from the savages. They felt sure that this massacre of their comrades was but the prelude to a general uprising of the twenty-five or thirty thousand Pueblos; and regardless of the danger to themselves, they decided at last to break up into little bands, and separate, — some to follow their commander on his lonely march to Moqui, and warn him of his danger; and others to hasten over the hundreds of arid miles to San Gabriel and the defense of its women and babes, and to the missionaries who had scattered among the savages. This plan of self-devotion was successfully carried out. The little bands of three and four apiece bore the news to their countrymen; and by the end of the year 1598 all the surviving Spaniards in New Mexico were safely gathered in the hamlet of San Gabriel. The little town was built pueblo-fashion, in the shape of a hollow square. In the plaza within were planted the rude *pedreros* — small howitzers which fired a ball of stone — to command the gates; and upon the

roofs of the three-story adobe houses the brave women watched by day, and the men with their heavy flintlocks all through the winter nights, to guard against the expected attack. But the Pueblos rested on their arms. They were waiting to see what Oñate would do with Acoma, before they took final measures against the strangers.

It was a most serious dilemma in which Oñate now found himself. One need not have known half so much about the Indian character as did this gray, quiet Spaniard, to understand that he must signally punish the rebels for the massacre of his men, or abandon his colony and New Mexico altogether. If such an outrage went unpunished, the emboldened Pueblos would destroy the last Spaniard. On the other hand, how could he hope to conquer that impregnable fortress of rock? He had less than two hundred men; and only a small part of these could be spared for the campaign, lest the other Pueblos in their absence should rise and annihilate San Gabriel and its people. In Acoma there were full three hundred warriors, reinforced by at least a hundred Navajo braves.

But there was no alternative. The more he reflected and counseled with his officers, the more apparent it became that the only salvation was to capture the Quéres Gibraltar; and the plan was decided upon. Oñate naturally desired to lead in person this forlornest of forlorn hopes; but there was one who had even a better claim to the desperate honor than the captain-general, — and that one was the forgotten hero Vicente de Zaldivar, brother of the murdered Juan. He was *sargento-mayor* of the little army; and when he came to

Oñate and begged to be given the command of the expedition against Acoma, there was no saying him nay.

On the 12th of January, 1599, Vicente de Zaldivar left San Gabriel at the head of seventy men. Only a few of them had even the clumsy flintlocks of the day; the majority were not *arquebusiers* but *piquiers*, armed only with swords and lances, and clad in jackets of quilted cotton or battered mail. One small *pedrero*, lashed upon the back of a horse, was the only "artillery."

Silently and sternly the little force made its arduous march. All knew that impregnable rock, and few cherished an expectation of returning from so desperate a mission; but there was no thought of turning back. On the afternoon of the eleventh day the tired soldiers passed the last intervening mesa, and came in sight of Acoma. The Indians, warned by their runners, were ready to receive them. The whole population, with the Navajo allies, were under arms, on the housetops and the commanding cliffs. Naked savages, painted black, leaped from crag to crag, screeching defiance and heaping insults upon the Spaniards. The medicine-men, hideously disguised, stood on projecting pinnacles, beating their drums and scattering curses and incantations to the winds; and all the populace joined in derisive howls and taunts.

Zaldivar halted his little band as close to the foot of the cliff as he could without danger. The indispensable notary stepped from the ranks, and at the blast of the trumpet proceeded to read at the top of his lungs the formal summons in the name of the King of Spain to surrender. Thrice he shouted through the summons; but each time his voice was drowned by the howls and

shrieks of the enraged savages, and a hail of stones and arrows fell dangerously near. Zaldivar had desired to secure the surrender of the pueblo, demand the delivery to him of the ringleaders in the massacre, and take them back with him to San Gabriel for official trial and punishment; without harm to the other people of Acoma; but the savages, secure in their grim fortress, mocked the merciful appeal. It was clear that Acoma must be stormed. The Spaniards camped on the bare sands and passed the night — made hideous by the sounds of a monster war-dance in the town — in gloomy plans for the morrow.

At daybreak, on the morning of January 22, Zaldivar gave the signal for the attack; and the main body of the Spaniards began firing their few arquebuses, and making a desperate assault at the north end of the great rock, there absolutely impregnable. The Indians, crowded along the cliffs above, poured down a rain of missiles; and many of the Spaniards were wounded. Meanwhile twelve picked men, who had hidden during the night under the overhanging cliff which protected them alike from the fire and the observation of the Indians, were crawling stealthily around under the precipice, dragging the *pedrero* by ropes. Most of these twelve were arquebusiers; and besides the weight of the ridiculous little cannon, they had their ponderous flintlocks and their clumsy armor, — poor helps for scaling heights which the unencumbered athlete finds difficult. Pursuing their toilsome way unobserved, pulling one another and then the *pedrero* up the ledges, they reached at last the top of a great outlying pinnacle of rock, separated from the main cliff of Acoma by a narrow but awful chasm. Late in

the afternoon they had their howitzer trained upon the town; and the loud report, as its cobble-stone ball flew into Acoma, signaled the main body at the north end of the mesa that the first vantage-ground had been safely gained, and, at the same time warned the savages of danger from a new quarter.

That night little squads of Spaniards climbed the great precipices which wall the trough-like valley on east and west, cut down small pines, and with infinite labor dragged the logs down the cliffs, across the valley, and up the butte on which the twelve were stationed. About a score of men were left to guard the horses at the north end of the mesa; and the rest of the force joined the twelve, hiding behind the crags of their rock-tower. Across the chasm the Indians were lying in crevices, or behind rocks, awaiting the attack.

At daybreak of the 23d, a squad of picked men at a given signal rushed from their hiding-places with a log on their shoulders, and by a lucky cast lodged its farther end on the opposite brink of the abyss. Out dashed the Spaniards at their heels, and began balancing across that dizzy "bridge" in the face of a volley of stones and arrows. A very few had crossed, when one in his excitement caught the rope and pulled the log across after him.

It was a fearful moment. There were less than a dozen Spaniards thus left standing alone on the brink of Acoma, cut off from their companions by a gulf hundreds of feet deep, and surrounded by swarming savages. The Indians, sallying from their refuge, fell instantly upon them on every hand. As long as the Spanish soldier could keep the Indians at a distance, even his

clumsy firearms and inefficient armor gave an advantage; but at such close quarters these very things were a fatal impediment by their weight and clumsiness. Now it seemed as if the previous Acoma massacre were to be repeated, and the cut-off Spaniards to be hacked to pieces; but at this very crisis a deed of surpassing personal valor saved them and the cause of Spain in New Mexico. A slender, bright-faced young officer, a college boy who was a special friend and favorite of Oñate, sprang from the crowd of dismayed Spaniards on the farther bank, who dared not fire into that indiscriminate jostle of friend and foe, and came running like a deer toward the chasm. As he reached its brink his lithe body gathered itself, sprang into the air like a bird, and cleared the gulf! Seizing the log, he thrust it back with desperate strength until his companions could grasp it from the farther brink; and over the restored bridge the Spanish soldiers poured to retrieve the day.

Then began one of the most fearful hand-to-hand struggles in all American history. Outnumbered nearly ten to one, lost in a howling mob of savages who fought with the frenzy of despair, gashed with raw-edged knives, dazed with crushing clubs, pierced with bristling arrows, spent and faint and bleeding, Zaldivar and his hero-handful fought their way inch by inch, step by step, clubbing their heavy guns, hewing with their short swords, parrying deadly blows, pulling the barbed arrows from their quivering flesh. On, on, on they pressed, shouting the gallant war-cry of Santiago, driving the stubborn foe before them by still more stubborn valor, until at last the Indians, fully convinced that these were no human foes, fled to the refuge of their

fort-like houses, and there was room for the reeling Spaniards to draw breath. Then thrice again the summons to surrender was duly read before the strange tenements, each near a thousand feet long, and looking like a flight of gigantic steps carved from one rock. Zaldivar even now wished to spare unnecessary bloodshed, and demanded only that the assassins of his brother and countrymen should be given up for punishment. All others who should surrender and become subjects of "Our Lord the King" should be well treated. But the dogged Indians, like wounded wolves in their den, stuck in their barricaded houses, and refused all terms of peace.

The rock was captured, but the town remained. A pueblo is a fortress in itself; and now Zaldivar had to storm Acoma house by house and room by room. The little *pedrero* was dragged in front of the first row of houses, and soon began to deliver its slow fire. As the adobe walls crumbled under the steady battering of the stone cannon-balls, they only formed great barricades of clay, which even our modern artillery would not pierce; and each had to be carried separately at the point of the sword. Some of the fallen houses caught fire from their own *fogones;*[1] and soon a stifling smoke hung over the town, from which issued the shrieks of women and babes and the defiant yells of the warriors. The humane Zaldivar made every effort to save the women and children, at great risk of self; but numbers perished beneath the falling walls of their own houses.

This fearful storming lasted until noon of January 24. Now and then bands of warriors made sorties, and tried

[1] Fireplaces.

to cut their way through the Spanish line. Many sprang in desperation over the cliff, and were dashed to pieces at its foot; and two Indians who made that incredible leap survived it as miraculously as had the four Spaniards in the earlier massacre, and made their escape.

At last, at noon of the third day, the old men came forth to sue for mercy, which was at once granted. The moment they surrendered, their rebellion was forgotten and their treachery forgiven. There was no need of further punishment. The ringleaders in the murder of Zaldivar's brother were all dead, and so were nearly all the Navajo allies. It was the most bloody struggle New Mexico ever saw. In this three days' fight the Indians lost five hundred slain and many wounded; and of the surviving Spaniards not one but bore to his grave many a ghastly scar as mementos of Acoma. The town was so nearly destroyed that it had all to be rebuilt; and the infinite labor with which the patient people had brought up that cliff on their backs all the stones and timber and clay to build a many-storied town for nearly a thousand souls was all to be repeated. Their crops, too, and all other supplies, stored in dark little rooms of the terraced houses, had been destroyed, and they were in sore want. Truly a bitter punishment had been sent them by "those above" for their treachery to Juan de Zaldivar.

When his men had sufficiently recovered from their wounds, Vicente de Zaldivar, the leader of probably the most wonderful capture in history, marched victorious back to San Gabriel de los Españoles, taking with him eighty young Acoma girls, whom he sent to be educated by the nuns in Old Mexico. What a shout must have gone up from the gray walls of the little colony when its

anxious watchers saw at last the wan and unexpected tatters of its little army pricking slowly homeward across the snows on jaded steeds!

The rest of the Pueblos, who had been lying demure as cats, with claws sheathed, but every lithe muscle ready to spring, were fairly paralyzed with awe. They had looked to see the Spaniards defeated, if not crushed, at Acoma; and then a swift rising of all the tribes would have made short work of the remaining invaders. But now the impossible had happened! Aṅko, the proud sky-city of the Quéres; Aṅko, the cliff-girt and impregnable, — had fallen before the pale strangers! Its brave warriors had come to naught, its strong houses were a chaos of smoking ruins, its wealth was gone, its people nearly wiped from off the earth! What use to struggle against "such men of power," — these strange wizards who must be precious to "those above," else they never could have such superhuman prowess? The strong sinews relaxed, and the great cat began to purr as though she had never dreamed of mousing. There was no more thought of a rebellion against the Spaniards; and the Indians even went out of their way to court the favor of these awesome strangers. They brought Oñate the news of the fall of Acoma several days before Zaldivar and his heroes got back to the little colony, and even were mean enough to deliver to him two Quéres refugees from that dread field who had sought shelter among them. Thenceforth Governor Oñate had no more trouble with the Pueblos.

But Acoma itself seemed to take the lesson to heart less than any of them. Too crushed and broken to think of further war with its invincible foes, it still remained

bitterly hostile to the Spaniards for full thirty years, until it was again conquered by a heroism as splendid as Zaldivar's, though in a far different way.

In 1629, Fray Juan Ramirez, "the Apostle of Acoma," left Santa Fé alone to found a mission in that lofty home of fierce barbarians. An escort of soldiers was offered him, but he declined it, and started unaccompanied and on foot, with no other weapon than his crucifix. Tramping his footsore and dangerous way, he came after many days to the foot of the great "island" of rock, and began the ascent. As soon as the savages saw a stranger of the hated people, they rallied to the brink of the cliff and poured down a great flight of arrows, some of which pierced his robes. Just then a little girl of Acoma, who was standing on the edge of the cliff, grew frightened at the wild actions of her people, and losing her balance tumbled over the precipice. By a strange providence she fell but a few yards, and landed on a sandy ledge near the *fray*, but out of sight of her people, who presumed that she had fallen the whole height of the cliff. Fray Juan climbed to her, and carried her unhurt to the top of the rock; and seeing this apparent miracle, the savages were disarmed, and received him as a good wizard. The good man dwelt alone there in Acoma for more than twenty years, loved by the natives as a father, and teaching his swarthy converts so successfully that in time many knew their catechism, and could read and write in Spanish. Besides, under his direction they built a large church with enormous labor. When he died, in 1664, the Acomas from being the fiercest Indians had become the gentlest in New Mexico, and were among the farthest advanced in civilization.

But a few years after his death came the uprising of all the Pueblos; and in the long and disastrous wars which followed the church was destroyed, and the fruits of the brave *fray's* work largely disappeared. In that rebellion Fray Lucas Maldonado, who was then the missionary to Acoma, was butchered by his flock on the 10th or 11th of August, 1680. In November, 1692, Acoma voluntarily surrendered to the reconqueror of New Mexico, Diego de Vargas. Within a few years, however, it rebelled again; and in August, 1696, Vargas marched against it, but was unable to storm the rock. But by degrees the Pueblos grew to lasting peace with the humane conquerors, and to merit the kindness which was steadily proffered them. The mission at Acoma was reëstablished about the year 1700; and there stands today a huge church which is one of the most interesting in the world, by reason of the infinite labor and patience which built it. The last attempt at a Pueblo uprising was in 1828; but Acoma was not implicated in it at all.

The strange stone stairway, by which Fray Juan Ramirez climbed first to his dangerous parish in the teeth of a storm of arrows, is used by the people of Acoma to this day, and is still called by them *el camino del padre* (the path of the father).

II
WARS WITH THE RED MEN

HISTORICAL NOTE

"As a rule, the settlers [of New England] treated the natives with justice and kindness. The learned John Eliot translated the Bible into their language, and converted many by his preaching. In 1674, there were four thousand Indians in New England who professed to be Christians. Schools were introduced among them, and many learned to read and write. The English always paid for the land which they occupied. But the Indians hated them none the less for that. They felt that the white men were there as masters; they dreaded them, and keenly watched for a chance to destroy them." . . .

[By 1670, the red men had acquired a good many firearms, and became expert in the use of them, so that they were not so unequal a match for the white men as formerly. About this time, there seems to have been some kind of an understanding on the part of three tribes that at the first opportunity the English should be attacked. The first attack was made by the Wampanoags under their sachem called Philip, a son of Massasoit; and the war has always been known as "King Philip's War." The struggle was not ended until] "there had been for three years a reign of terror in New England and terrible havoc had been wrought among the English, chiefly in Massachusetts and Plymouth. Of ninety towns, twelve had been utterly destroyed, while more than forty others had been the scene of fire and massacre. More than a thousand men had been killed, and a great many women and children.

"But while King Philip's War wrought such fearful damage to the English, it was for the Indians themselves utter destruction. Most of the warriors were slain, and to the survivors, as we have seen, the conquerors showed but scant mercy. The Puritan, who conned his Bible so earnestly, had taken his hint from the wars of the Jews, and swept his New English Canaan with a broom that was pitiless and searching. Henceforth the red man figures no more in the history of New England, except as an ally of the French in bloody raids upon the frontier. —" *John Fiske.*

THE MYSTERIOUS CHAMPION OF HADLEY

[1675]

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

[DURING King Philip's War the little town of Hadley was surprised and attacked. In the following extract from "Peveril of the Peak," Bridgenorth, one of the characters, tells the traditional story of the appearance of the mysterious leader.

The Editor.]

"THERE I remained for a time, during the wars which the colony maintained with Philip, a great Indian chief, or sachem, as they were called, who seemed a messenger sent from Satan to buffet them. His cruelty was great — his dissimulation profound; and the skill and promptitude with which he maintained a destructive and desultory warfare inflicted many dreadful calamities on the settlement. I was, by chance, at a small village[1] in the woods, more than thirty miles from Boston, and in its situation exceedingly lonely, and surrounded with thickets. Nevertheless, there was no idea of any danger from the Indians at that time, for men trusted to the protection of a considerable body of troops who had taken the field for protection of the frontiers, and who lay, or were supposed to lie, betwixt the hamlet and the enemy's country. But they had to do with a foe whom the Devil himself had inspired at once with cunning and cruelty. It was on a Sabbath morning, when we had

[1] Hadley.

assembled to take sweet counsel together in the Lord's house. Our temple was but constructed of wooden logs; but when shall the chant of trained hirelings, or the sounding of tin and brass tubes amid the aisles of a minster, arise so sweetly to Heaven as did the psalm in which we united at once our voices and our hearts! An excellent worthy, who now sleeps in the Lord, Nehemiah Solsgrace, long the companion of my pilgrimage, had just begun to wrestle in prayer, when a woman, with disordered locks and disheveled hair, entered our chapel in a distracted manner, screaming incessantly, 'The Indians! The Indians!'

"In that country no man dares separate himself from his means of defense, and whether in the city or in the field, in the ploughed land or the forest, men keep beside them their weapons, as did the Jews at the rebuilding of the Temple. So we sallied forth with our guns and pikes, and heard the whoop of these incarnate devils, already in possession of a part of the town, and exercising their cruelty on the few whom weighty causes or indisposition had withheld from public worship; and it was remarked as a judgment that, upon that bloody Sabbath, Adrian Hanson, a Dutchman, a man well enough disposed towards man, but whose mind was altogether given to worldly gain, was shot and scalped as he was summing his weekly gains in his warehouse. In fine, there was much damage done; and although our arrival and entrance into combat did in some sort put them back, yet being surprised and confused, and having no appointed leader of our band, the devilish enemy shot hard at us, and had some advantage. It was pitiful to hear the screams of women and children amid the report

of guns and the whistling of bullets, mixed with the ferocious yells of these savages, which they term their war-whoop. Several houses in the upper part of the village were soon on fire; and the roaring of the flames, and crackling of the great beams as they blazed, added to the horrible confusion, while the smoke which the wind drove against us gave farther advantage to the enemy, who fought, as it were, invisible, and under cover, whilst we fell fast by their unerring fire.

"In this state of confusion, and while we were about to adopt the desperate project of evacuating the village, and, placing the women and children in the center, of attempting a retreat to the nearest settlement, it pleased Heaven to send us unexpected assistance. A tall man of a reverend appearance, whom no one of us had ever seen before, suddenly was in the midst of us, as we hastily agitated the resolution of retreating. His garments were of the skin of the elk, and he wore sword and carried gun; I never saw anything more august than his features, overshadowed by locks of gray hair, which mingled with a long beard of the same color. 'Men and brethren,' he said, in a voice like that which turns back the flight, 'why sink your hearts? and why are you thus disquieted? Fear ye that the God we serve will give you up to yonder heathen dogs? Follow me, and you shall see this day that there is a captain in Israel!' He uttered a few brief but distinct orders, in the tone of one who was accustomed to command; and such was the influence of his appearance, his mien, his language, and his presence of mind, that he was implicitly obeyed by men who had never seen him until that moment. We were hastily divided, by his orders, into two bodies; one of which

maintained the defense of the village with more courage than ever, convinced that the Unknown was sent by God to our rescue. At his command they assumed the best and most sheltered positions for exchanging their deadly fire with the Indians; while, under cover of the smoke, the stranger sallied from the town, at the head of the other division of the New England men, and, fetching a circuit, attacked the red warriors in the rear. The surprise, as is usual amongst savages, had complete effect; for they doubted not that they were assailed in their turn, and placed betwixt two hostile parties by the return of a detachment from the provincial army. The heathen fled in confusion, abandoning the half-won village, and leaving behind them such a number of their warriors that the tribe hath never recovered its loss.

"Never shall I forget the figure of our venerable leader, when our men, and not they only but the women and children of the village, rescued from the tomahawk and scalping-knife, stood crowded around him, yet scarce venturing to approach his person, and more minded, perhaps, to worship him as a descended angel than to thank him as a fellow mortal. 'Not unto me be the glory,' he said: 'I am but an implement, frail as yourselves, in the hand of Him who is strong to deliver. Bring me a cup of water, that I may allay my parched throat, ere I essay the task of offering thanks where they are most due.' I was nearest to him as he spoke, and I gave into his hand the water he requested. At that moment we exchanged glances, and it seemed to me that I recognized a noble friend whom I had long since deemed in glory; but he gave me no time to speak, had speech been prudent. Sinking on his knees and signing us to obey

him, he poured forth a strong and energetic thanksgiving for the turning back of the battle, which, pronounced with a voice loud and clear as a war-trumpet, thrilled through the joints and marrow of the hearers. I have heard many an act of devotion in my life, had Heaven vouchsafed me grace to profit by them; but such a prayer as this, uttered amid the dead and the dying, with a rich tone of mingled triumph and adoration, was beyond them all: it was like the song of the inspired prophetess who dwelt beneath the palm tree between Ramah and Bethel. He was silent; and for a brief space we remained with our heads bent to the earth, no man daring to lift his head. At length we looked up, but our deliverer was no longer amongst us; nor was he ever again seen in the land which he had rescued."

Here Bridgenorth, who had told this singular story with an eloquence and vivacity of detail very contrary to the usual dryness of his conversation, paused for an instant, and then resumed — "Thou seest, young man, that men of valor and discretion are called forth to command in circumstances of national exigence, though their very existence is unknown in the land which they are predestined to deliver."

"But what thought the people of the mysterious stranger?" said Julian, who had listened with eagerness, for the story was of a kind interesting to the youthful and the brave.

"Many things," answered Bridgenorth, "and, as usual, little to the purpose. The prevailing opinion was, notwithstanding his own disclamation, that the stranger was really a supernatural being; others believed him an inspired champion, transported in the body from some

distant climate, to show us the way to safety; others, again, concluded that he was a recluse, who, either from motives of piety or other cogent reasons, had become a dweller in the wilderness, and shunned the face of man."

"And, if I may presume to ask," said Julian, "to which of these opinions were you disposed to adhere?"

"The last suited best with the transient though close view with which I had perused the stranger's features," replied Bridgenorth; "for although I dispute not that it may please Heaven, on high occasions, even to raise one from the dead in defense of his country, yet I doubted not then, as I doubt not now, that I looked on the living form of one who had indeed powerful reasons to conceal him in the cleft of the rock."

"Are these reasons a secret?" asked Julian Peveril.

"Not properly a secret," replied Bridgenorth; "for I fear not thy betraying what I might tell thee in private discourse; and besides, wert thou so base, the prey lies too distant for any hunters to whom thou couldst point out its traces. But the name of this worthy will sound harsh in thy ear, on account of one action of his life — being his accession to a great measure which made the extreme isles of the earth to tremble. Have you never heard of Richard Whalley?"

"Of the regicide?" exclaimed Peveril, starting.

"Call his act what thou wilt," said Bridgenorth; "he was not less the rescuer of that devoted village, that, with other leading spirits of the age, he sat in the judgment-seat when Charles Stuart was arraigned at the bar, and subscribed the sentence that went forth upon him."

"I have ever heard," said Julian, in an altered voice, and coloring deeply, "that you, Master Bridgenorth,

with the other Presbyterians, were totally averse to that detestable crime, and were ready to have made joint cause with the Cavaliers in preventing so horrible a parricide."

"If it were so," replied Bridgenorth, "we have been richly rewarded by his successor!"

"Rewarded!" exclaimed Julian. "Does the distinction of good and evil, and our obligation to do the one and forbear the other, depend on the reward which may attach to our actions?"

"God forbid!" answered Bridgenorth; "yet those who view the havoc which this house of Stuart have made in the Church and State — the tyranny which they exercise over men's persons and consciences — may well doubt whether it be lawful to use weapons in their defense. Yet you hear me not praise, or even vindicate, the death of the king, though so far deserved, as he was false to his oath as a prince and magistrate. I only tell you what you desired to know, that Richard Whalley, one of the late king's judges, was he of whom I have just been speaking. I knew his lofty brow, though time had made it balder and higher; his gray eye retained all its luster; and though the grizzled beard covered the lower part of his face, it prevented me not from recognizing him. The scent was hot after him for his blood; but by the assistance of those friends whom Heaven had raised up for his preservation, he was concealed carefully, and emerged only to do the will of Providence in the matter of that battle. Perhaps his voice may be heard in the field once more, should England need one of her noblest hearts."

"Now, God forbid!" said Julian.



THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR AT HADLEY

BY F. A. CHAPMAN

THE story of this illustration is told in the preceding extract. Hawthorne has taken the same subject, but has changed the place to Boston, and the time to the last days of James II on the throne of England. James had taken away the charters of the New England colonies and had sent for their governor the tyrannical Sir Edmund Andros. Rumors were abroad that the Roman Catholic Church was to be established in the colonies, and still wilder ones that all Protestant pastors were to be imprisoned, if not burned at the stake. Andros chose this moment to make a display of his power by a procession of his guard through the streets of Boston. Suddenly a mysterious "ancient man," wearing the garb of some fifty years before, raises his staff and bids the procession "Stand!" "There is no longer a Popish tyrant on the throne of England," he declares, "and by to-morrow noon, his name shall be a byword in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror."

Then says Hawthorne: "And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice which passed a sentence, too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after-times, for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject. I have heard that, whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King Street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting-house, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be, ere he comes again! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come, for he is the very type of New England's hereditary spirit; and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge, that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry."

THE CAPTIVITY OF MRS. MARY ROWLANDSON

[1676]

BY HERSELF

[THE home of Mrs. Rowlandson, in Lancaster, Massachusetts, was destroyed by Indians during King Philip's War, and a number of its inmates were slain. She herself was taken captive, but was finally given up for a ransom. The following is her own account of the first few days of her captivity.

The Editor.]

I HAD often said before this, that if the Indians should come, I should choose rather to be killed by them than taken alive, but when it came to the trial my mind changed; their glittering weapons so daunted my spirit that I chose rather to go along with those (as I may say) ravenous bears, than that moment to end my days. And that I may the better declare what happened to me during that grievous captivity, I shall particularly speak of the several removes we had up and down the wilderness.

THE FIRST REMOVE. — Now away we must go with those barbarous creatures, with our bodies wounded and bleeding, and our hearts no less than our bodies. About a mile we went that night, up upon a hill within sight of the town where we intended to lodge. There was hard by a vacant house, deserted by the English before, for fear of the Indians; I asked them whether I might not lodge in the house that night; to which they answered,

"What, will you love the Englishmen still?" This was the dolefulest night that ever my eyes saw. Oh, the roaring and singing and dancing and yelling of those black creatures in the night, which made the place a lively resemblance of hell. And miserable was the waste that was there made of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, calves, lambs, roasting pigs, and fowls (which they had plundered in the town), some roasting, some lying and burning, and some boiling, to feed our merciless enemies; who were joyful enough, though we were disconsolate. To add to the dolefulness of the former day, and the dismalness of the present night, my thoughts ran upon my losses and sad, bereaved condition. All was gone, my husband gone (at least separated from me, he being in the Bay; and, to add to my grief, the Indians told me they would kill him as he came homeward), my children gone, my relations and friends gone, our house and home, and all our comforts within door and without, all was gone except my life, and I knew not but the next moment that might go too.

There remained nothing to me but one poor, wounded babe, and it seemed at present worse than death, that it was in such a pitiful condition, bespeaking compassion, and I had no refreshing for it, nor suitable things to revive it. Little do many think what is the savageness and brutishness of this barbarous enemy, those even that seem to profess more than others among them, when the English have fallen into their hands.

The Second Remove. — But now [the next morning] I must turn my back upon the town, and travel with them into the vast and desolate wilderness, I know not whither. It is not my tongue or pen can express the

sorrows of my heart, and bitterness of my spirit, that I had at this departure; but God was with me in a wonderful manner, carrying me along and bearing up my spirit, that it did not quite fail. One of the Indians carried my poor wounded babe upon a horse: it went moaning all along, "I shall die, I shall die!" I went on foot after it with sorrow that cannot be expressed. At length I took it off the horse, and carried it in my arms, till my strength failed, and I fell down with it. Then they set me upon a horse with my wounded child in my lap, and there being no furniture on the horse's back, as we were going down a steep hill we both fell over the horse's head, at which they, like inhuman creatures, laughed, and rejoiced to see it, though I thought we should there have ended our days, overcome with so many difficulties. But the Lord renewed my strength still, and carried me along, that I might see more of his power, yea, so much that I could never have thought of had I not experienced it.

After this it quickly began to snow, and when night came on they stopped. And now down I must sit in the snow, by a little fire, and a few boughs behind me, with my sick child in my lap, and calling much for water, being now, through the wound, fallen into a violent fever; my own wound also growing so stiff that I could scarce sit down or rise up.

THE THIRD REMOVE. — The morning being come, they prepared to go on their way; one of the Indians got upon a horse, and they sat me up behind him, with my poor sick babe in my lap. A very wearisome and tedious day I had of it; what with my own wound, and my child being so exceedingly sick, and in a lamentable condi-

tion with her wound, it may easily be judged what a poor, feeble condition we were in, there being not the least crumb of refreshing that came within either of our mouths from Wednesday night to Saturday night, except only a little cold water. This day in the afternoon, about an hour by sun, we came to the place where they intended, namely, an Indian town called Wenimesset [New Braintree], northward of Quabaug [Brookfield]. This day there came to me one Robert Pepper, a man belonging to Roxbury, who was taken at Captain Beers's fight, and had been now a considerable time with the Indians, and up with them almost as far as Albany, to see King Philip, as he told me, and was now very lately come into these parts. Hearing, I say, that I was in this Indian town, he obtained leave to come and see me. He told me he himself was wounded in the leg at Captain Beers's fight, and was not able some time to go but as they carried him, and that he took oak leaves and laid to his wound, and by the blessing of God he was able to travel again. Then took I oak leaves and laid to my side, and with the blessing of God it cured me also. I sat much alone with my poor wounded child in my lap, which moaned night and day, having nothing to revive the body or cheer the spirits of her; but instead of that, one Indian would come and tell me one hour, "Your master will knock your child on the head," and then a second, and then a third, "Your master will quickly knock your child on the head."

This was the comfort I had from them; miserable comforters were they all. Thus nine days I sat upon my knees, my babe in my lap, till my flesh was raw again. My child being even ready to depart this sorrowful world,

they bade me carry it to another wigwam, I suppose because they would not be troubled with such spectacles; whither I went with a very heavy heart, and down I sat with the picture of death in my lap. About two hours in the night, my sweet babe, like a lamb, departed this life, on February 18, 1676, it being about six years and five months old. In the morning, when they understood that my child was dead, they sent me home to my master's wigwam. By my master in this writing must be understood Quannopin, who was a sagamore, and married King Philip's wife's sister; not that he first took me, but I was sold to him by a Narragansett Indian, who took me when I first came out of the garrison. I went to take up my dead child in my arms to carry it with me, but they bid me let it alone. There was no resisting, but go I must, and leave it. When I had been a while at my master's wigwam, I took the first opportunity I could get to look after my dead child. When I came I asked them what they had done with it. They told me it was on the hill. Then they went and showed me where it was, where I saw the ground was newly digged, and where they told me they had buried it. There I left that child in the wilderness, and must commit it and myself also in this wilderness condition to Him who is above all. God having taken away this dear child, I went to see my daughter Mary, who was at the same Indian town, at a wigwam not very far off, though we had little liberty or opportunity to see one another; she was about ten years of age, and taken from the door at first by a praying Indian, and afterwards sold for a gun. When I came in sight she would fall a-weeping, at which they were provoked, and would not let me come near her, but bid me

begone, which was a heart-cutting word to me. I could not sit still in this condition, but kept walking from one place to another; and as I was going along, my heart was even overwhelmed with the thoughts of my condition, and that I should have children, and a nation that I knew not ruled over them. Whereupon I earnestly entreated the Lord that he would consider my low estate, and show me a token for good, and if it were his blessed will, some sign and hope of some relief. And, indeed, quickly the Lord answered in some measure my poor prayer; for as I was going up and down mourning and lamenting my condition, my son (Joseph) came to me and asked how I did. I had not seen him before since the destruction of the town; and I knew not where he was, till I was informed by himself that he was among a smaller parcel of Indians, whose place was about six miles off. With tears in his eyes he asked me whether his sister Sarah was dead, and told me he had seen his sister Mary, and prayed me that I would not be troubled in reference to himself. The occasion of his coming to see me at this time was this: there was, as I said, about six miles from us, a small plantation of Indians, where it seems he had been during his captivity; and at this time there were some forces of the Indians gathered out of our company, and some also from them, among whom was my son's master, to go to assault and burn Medfield. In this time of his master's absence his dame brought him to see me.

Now the Indians began to talk about removing from this place, some one way and some another. There were now besides myself nine English captives in this place, all of them children except one woman. I got an oppor-

tunity to go and take my leave of them, they being to go one way and I another. They told me they did as they were able, and it was some comfort to me that the Lord stirred up children to look to him. The woman, namely, Goodwife Joslin, told me she should never see me again, and that she could not find it in her heart to run away by any means, for we were near thirty miles from any English town, and she with a child two years old; and bad rivers there were to go over, and we were feeble with our poor and coarse entertainment. I had my Bible with me. I pulled it out, and asked her whether she would read. We opened the Bible, and lighted on Psalm XXVII, in which psalm we especially took notice of that verse, "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait I say on the Lord."

THE FOURTH REMOVE. — And now I must part with the little company I had. Here I parted with my daughter Mary, whom I never saw again till I saw her in Dorchester, returned from captivity, and from four little cousins and neighbors, some of which I never saw afterwards; the Lord only knows the end of them. We traveled about half a day or a little more, and came to a desolate place in the wilderness, where there were no wigwams or inhabitants before. We came about the middle of the afternoon to this place, cold, wet, and snowy, and hungry and weary, and no refreshing for man, but the cold ground to sit on, and our poor Indian cheer.

THE FIFTH REMOVE. — The occasion, as I thought, of their removing at this time was the English army's being near and following them; for they went as if they had gone for their lives for some considerable way; and then they made a stop, and chose out some of their stoutest

men, and sent them back to hold the English army in play while the rest escaped; and then, like Jehu, they marched on furiously with their old and young; some carried their old, decrepit mothers; some carried one, and some another. Four of them carried a great Indian upon a bier; but, going through a thick wood with him, they were hindered, and could make no haste; whereupon they took him upon their backs, and carried him, one at a time, till we came to Bacquag River. Upon Friday, a little after noon, we came to this river. When all the company was come up and were gathered together I thought to count the number of them, but they were so many, and being somewhat in motion, it was beyond my skill. In this travel, because of my wound, I was somewhat favored in my load. I carried only my knitting-work and two quarts of parched meal. Being very faint, I asked my mistress to give me one spoonful of the meal, but she would not give me a taste. They quickly fell to cutting dry trees to make rafts to carry them over the river, and soon my turn came to go over. By the advantage of some brush which they had laid upon the raft to sit on, I did not wet my foot, while many of themselves, at the other end, were mid-leg deep, which cannot but be acknowledged as a favor of God to my weakened body, it being a very cold time. I was not before acquainted with such kind of doings or dangers. A certain number of us got over the river that night, but it was the night after the Sabbath before all the company was got over. On the Saturday they boiled an old horse's leg which they had got, and so we drank of the broth as soon as they thought it was ready, and when it was almost all gone they filled it up again.

The first week of my being among them I hardly eat anything; the second week I found my stomach grow very faint for want of something, and yet it was very hard to get down their filthy trash; but the third week, though I could think how formerly my stomach would turn against this or that, and I could starve and die before I could eat such things, yet they were pleasant and savory to my taste. I was at this time knitting a pair of cotton stockings for my mistress, and I had not yet wrought upon the Sabbath day. When the Sabbath came they bid me go to work. I told them it was Sabbath day, and desired them to let me rest, and told them I would do as much more work to-morrow; to which they answered me they would break my face. And here I cannot but take notice of the strange providence of God in preserving the heathen. They were many hundreds, old and young, some sick, and some lame; many had papooses at their backs; the greatest number at this time with us were squaws, and yet they traveled with all they had, bag and baggage, and they got over this river aforesaid; and on Monday they set their wigwams on fire, and away they went. On that very day came the English army after them to this river, and saw the smoke of their wigwams, and yet this river put a stop to them. God did not give them courage or activity to go over after us. We were not ready for so great a mercy as victory and deliverance; if we had been, God would have found out a way for the English to have passed this river as well as for the Indians, with their squaws and children, and all their luggage.

The Sixth Remove. — On Monday, as I said, they set their wigwams on fire and went away. It was a cold

morning, and before us there was a great brook with ice on it. Some waded through it up to the knees and higher, but others went till they came to a beaver-dam, and I among them, where, through the good providence of God, I did not wet my foot. I went along that day mourning and lamenting, leaving farther my own country, and traveling farther into the vast and howling wilderness, and I understood something of Lot's wife's temptation when she looked back. We came that day to a great swamp, by the side of which we took up our lodging that night. When we came to the brow of the hill that looked towards the swamp I thought we had been come to a great Indian town, though there were none but our own company; the Indians were as thick as the trees; it seemed as if there had been a thousand hatchets going at once.

THE SEVENTH REMOVE. — After a restless and hungry night there we had a wearisome time of it the next day. The swamp by which we lay was, as it were, a deep dungeon, and an exceeding high and steep hill before it. Before I got to the top of the hill I thought my heart and legs and all would have broken and failed me. What with faintness and soreness of body, it was a grievous day of travel to me. As we went along, I saw a place where English cattle had been. That was a comfort to me, such as it was. Quickly after that we came to an English path, which so took me that I thought I could there have freely lain down and died. That day, a little after noon, we came to Squaheag [Northfield], where the Indians quickly spread themselves over the deserted English fields, gleaning what they could find. Some picked up ears of wheat that were crickled down,

some found ears of Indian corn, some found groundnuts, and others sheaves of wheat that were frozen together in the shock, and went to threshing of them out. Myself got two ears of Indian corn, and, whilst I did but turn my back, one of them was stole from me, which much troubled me. There came an Indian to them at that time with a basket of horse-liver. I asked him to give me a piece. "What," says he, "can you eat horse-liver?" I told him I would try, if he would give me a piece, which he did; and I laid it on the coals to roast; but, before it was half ready, they got half of it away from me; so that I was forced to take the rest and eat it as it was, with the blood about my mouth, and yet a savory bit it was to me; for to the hungry soul every bitter thing was sweet. A solemn sight methought it was to see whole fields of wheat and Indian corn forsaken and spoiled, and the remainder of them to be food for our merciless enemies. That night we had a mess of wheat for our supper.

THE EIGHTH REMOVE. — On the morrow morning we must go over Connecticut River to meet with King Philip. Two canoes full they had carried over; the next turn myself was to go; but, as my foot was upon the canoe to step in, there was a sudden outcry among them, and I must step back; and, instead of going over the river, I must go four or five miles up the river farther northward. Some of the Indians ran one way, and some another. The cause of this rout was, as I thought, their espying some English scouts, who were thereabouts. In this travel up the river, about noon the company made a stop and sat down, some to eat, and others to rest them. As I sat amongst them, musing on

things past, my son Joseph unexpectedly came to me. We asked of each other's welfare, bemoaning our doleful condition, and the change that had come upon us. I gave him my Bible, and he lighted upon that comfortable Scripture, Psalm CXVIII, 17, 18, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord. The Lord hath chastened me sore, yet he hath not given me over to death." "Look here, mother," says he, "did you read this?"

We traveled on till night, and in the morning we must go over the river to Philip's crew. When I was in the canoe I could not but be amazed at the numerous crew of pagans that were on the bank on the other side. When I came ashore they gathered all about me, I sitting alone in the midst. I observed that they asked one another questions, and laughed, and rejoiced over their gains and victories. Then my heart began to fail, and I fell a-weeping; which was the first time, to my remembrance, that I wept before them. Then one of them asked me why I wept. I could hardly tell what to say; yet I answered, they would kill me. "No," said he, "none will hurt you." Then came one of them and gave me two spoonfuls of meal to comfort me, and another gave me half a pint of peas, which was worth more than many bushels at another time. Then I went to see King Philip. He bade me come in and sit down, and asked me whether I would smoke it — a usual compliment nowadays among the saints and sinners; but this no way suited me; for though I had formerly used tobacco, yet I had left it ever since I was first taken. It seems to be a bait the Devil lays to make men lose their precious time. I remember with shame how, formerly, when I

had taken two or three pipes, I was presently ready for another, such a bewitching thing it is; but I thank God he has now given me power over it. Surely there are many who may be better employed than to sit sucking a stinking tobacco-pipe.

Now the Indians gathered their forces to go against Northampton. Overnight one went about yelling and hooting to give notice of the design. Whereupon they went to boiling of ground-nuts and parching corn — as many as had it — for their provision; and in the morning away they went. During my abode in this place Philip spoke to me to make a shirt for his boy, which I did; for which he gave me a shilling. I offered the money to my mistress, but she bid me keep it, and with it I bought a piece of horseflesh. Afterwards he asked me to make a cap for his boy, for which he invited me to dinner. I went, and he gave me a pancake about as big as two fingers; it was made of parched wheat, beaten and fried in bear's grease, but I thought I never tasted pleasanter meat in my life. There was a squaw who spake to me to make a shirt for her sannup; for which she gave me a piece of beef. Another asked me to knit a pair of stockings, for which she gave me a quart of peas. I boiled my peas and beef together, and invited my master and mistress to dinner; but the proud gossip, because I served them both in one dish, would eat nothing, except one bit that he gave her upon the point of his knife. Hearing that my son was come to this place, I went to see him, and found him lying flat on the ground. I asked him how he could sleep so. He answered me that he was not asleep, but at prayer, and that he lay so that they might not observe what he was

doing. I pray God he may remember these things now he is returned in safety. At this place, the sun now getting higher, what with the beams and heat of the sun and smoke of the wigwams, I thought I should have been blinded. I could scarce discern one wigwam from another. There was one Mary Thurston, of Medfield, who, seeing how it was with me, lent me a hat to wear; but as soon as I was gone the squaw that owned that Mary Thurston came running after me and got it away again. Here was a squaw who gave me a spoonful of meal; I put it in my pocket to keep it safe, yet, notwithstanding somebody stole it, but put five Indian corns in the room of it; which corns were the greatest provision I had in my travel for one day.

The Indians, returning from Northampton, brought with them some horses and sheep and other things which they had taken. I desired them that they would carry me to Albany upon one of those horses, and sell me for powder; for so they had sometimes discoursed. I was utterly helpless of getting home on foot, the way that I came. I could hardly bear to think of the many weary steps I had taken to this place.

But, instead of either going to Albany or homeward, we must go five miles up the river, and then go over it. Here we abode awhile.

THE DEATH OF KING PHILIP

[1676]

BY GIDEON H. HOLLISTER

[THE wife and son of Philip were sold as slaves in the Bermudas. The story of their suicide as here told is apocryphal.

The Editor.]

PHILIP had returned early in the spring from his visit to the Mohawk and Canada Indians, having met with but faint success in soliciting aid from the tribes of the interior. Not discouraged at this disappointment, he had kept up the contest with astonishing vigor and activity, as the smoking villages of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and the dead bodies of their inhabitants bore testimony appalling in the last degree to the English. No aboriginal chief had ever gained, during his whole life, so many and such signal victories over the superior discipline and numbers of the white population of the colonies, as he had done. But his forces had been gradually diminished by the exertions of Moseley and Church, who had scoured the whole Indian country; his chiefs in whom he reposed most confidence had been, many of them, cut off; and, to crown all, his beautiful queen and the young prince had both recently fallen into the hands of his enemies. Many of the tribes who had allied themselves to his enterprise had deserted his falling fortunes, and gone over to the English. Indeed, it

could no longer be doubted what must be, ere long, the result of the struggle. But in the midst of all these calamities, whatever ideas he may have entertained of the fate of his plans, his deep-seated resolution never for a moment forsook him: he remained the same indomitable son of the woods as when he had first dug up the hatchet from beneath the shade where his father had buried it. No overtures of peace made him by the colonists received any favor from him: he spurned alike their pardons and their threats. He rejected all proposals on their part to enter into any engagement by treaty; and when asked to make peace, and embrace the religion of his enemies, he instantly killed the Indian who had made the proposition.

The English, on all former occasions of war with any one of the tribes, had either crushed them at once, or been able to bring about a reconciliation by negotiating with their chief. But this *systematic* prosecution of a war that had now lasted fourteen months with unabated fury, bespoke the existence of an enemy who united all the vindictiveness of the savage with the fruitful intellectual resources and unwavering strength of purpose of the European — a mind which, under more favorable circumstances, might have ruled empires, or commanded the mightiest armies.

They saw that Philip was the soul and arm of the war, and that nothing short of his death could put an end to its wasting and widespread devastation. A result that many would at first gladly have avoided, had now become an imperious necessity, that absorbed all other considerations in the one first law of nature — self-preservation.

Never was a charge so important committed to more skillful hands than those of the brave Captain Church.

Abandoned by many of his subjects, and bereft of others by the fortune of the war, Philip had retired to his hereditary seat, Pokanoket, the place where the first flames of battle had been kindled, and where the chief seems to have been resolved that its last sparks should be quenched.

Early on the evening of the 11th of August he repaired alone to the spring that sparkled beneath the poplar tree, and drank for the last time of its waters. From that he visited the grave above it, listened to the murmurs of the waves as they broke upon the beach in mournful dirges that seemed prophetic of the doom that treachery was preparing for him. The Indians are, perhaps, more watchful over the ashes of their dead than more civilized nations; and guard them with a tender solicitude that seems so much at variance with the cold, passive exterior of the warrior, when called upon either to witness or suffer the extremest tortures that the human frame can endure, that we should scarcely credit the existence of such a sentiment in them, were not the fact so indisputably established by the testimony of the best writers. From the grave of his father he went to the summit of Mount Hope, and looked far over the wide expanse of woods and waters, searching out with his keen eye the far-off blaze of the distant watch-fire that looked, as it gleamed faintly from the foliage, dim and indistinct as the light of the firefly that hovered over the winding margin of the bay.

Having satisfied himself that there was nothing to fear from the appearance of the English, he retired to his

lodge that had been erected in the swamp near Mount Hope, and spent several hours in consultation with his faithful old counselor, Anawan, before betaking himself to his rest.

Meanwhile, an Indian, named Alderman by the English, a brother of the warrior who had just before been killed by Philip, for advising him to make what he termed an inglorious peace with the enemy, deserted, sought out the camp of Captain Church, and discovered to him the hiding-place of his sachem.

The encampment of Church was not more than five miles distant, so that he was aware of the near proximity of the enemy before midnight.

He immediately set his army in motion, and arrived at Pokanoket at daybreak. Before he was discovered, he had placed a guard around the swamp where Philip was encamped, so that it was entirely surrounded, with the exception of a single outlet.

He then directed Captain Golding, who served under him, to scour the swamp, and fall upon the encampment of Philip. Golding rushed into the swamp with a strong body of forces under his command; but the crackling of the bushes betrayed his approach, and Philip, who now saw that his only chance was in a precipitate flight, sprang from his wigwam, and ran, nearly naked, with the hope of escaping through the line of English soldiers that lay in ambush around the borders of the swamp. Golding and his men gave instant chase; but they might, with equal chance of success, have attempted to follow the track of a bird of passage through the air. The sachem, who knew every inch of ground over which he passed, fled over fallen trunks of trees, and through

dense alders, until he was out of sight of his pursuers. He had already run nearly a hundred rods, and could see the open plain just before him, when he perceived an Englishman and an Indian, each with a musket raised to his shoulder, and brought to bear upon him. He darted aside, just as the Englishman snapped his gun, which missed fire.

The Indian was more successful; for before Philip could escape beyond the reach of his shot, the deadly contents of the rifle were lodged in his breast, and he fell lifeless on his face — the momentum imparted to his body by the speed with which he ran almost burying it in the mud and water. The fatal shot was fired by the traitor Alderman, who had spent the night in consummating his vindictive purposes.

Alderman immediately ran and told Church that he had killed Philip; the captain commanded him to keep it a profound secret, until, to use his own expression, "They had driven the swamp clean."

The Indians, finding that they were waylaid, faced suddenly about, and stood on the defensive for a moment; but the news of the death of Philip was soon spread among their ranks, and then they broke and fled. It was all to no purpose that the old sagamore, Anawan, shouted his accustomed war-cry, "I-oo-tash! I-oo-tash!" The spirit of the warriors was broken by the dreadful intelligence, and the voice of his subaltern only seemed to augment their flight.

When the battle was over, the English hurried to the place where the chief had fallen. Church ordered that the body should be taken out of the mud, and placed upon the upland. When this was done, it was found,

upon examining the body, that one of the two balls with which the rifle was charged had passed directly through his heart, and the other a little above it, so that either must have proved fatal. . . .

The war ended with the death of Philip. In accordance with a custom that dates from the times of the Hebrews, but which has happily fallen into disuse, the victors had now to dispose of their captives. This was done in part by distributing them among the conquerors and in part by sending them by shiploads to Spain and the West Indies. Hundreds of these freeborn men were thus transported to a climate which, accustomed as they were to the winds and snows of the rough coast of New England, they could ill endure, and to a servitude which corroded the spirit, as it enervated the strong limbs that had chased the deer and the otter over ice-covered lakes and broad-sweeping rivers. Many died ere they reached the port of their destination, and none arrived at old age. There was no Indian summer, no sweet southwest with its "Spirit Lake" in the dead level of the ocean horizon which circumscribed the islands of the west.

One bright September evening, a ship with all her canvas spread to catch the freshly springing breeze, swept briskly through the waters that dash against the coast of Rhode Island. She was a Spanish slaver, freighted with Indian captives. As she approached the wood-skirted shore of Pokanoket, an Indian woman — beautiful, but wild and haggard in her look — led a little boy to the rail of the ship, and looked wistfully toward the shore. It was the queen of the Wampanoags. The blue and violet wampum, the otter's fur, no longer

adorned her slender neck, nor hung gracefully from her shoulders. The long black hair, no longer decorated with flowers, floated negligently in the chill breeze that swelled the sail, and hurried the little billows against the shore that she loved. Though not a tear glistened in her eye, yet she looked the very embodiment of unutterable sorrow, as she gazed now at the coast, and now in the face of the boy. He, too, was sadly changed: he looked thin and wasted almost to a shadow. He had been robbed of the solitary feather that had been, from his birth till now, the mark of the royalty he was one day expected to put on; but the proud soul of Pometacom still flashed from his eye.

As the ship rode gayly on, the white flint rock that crowned the summit of Mount Hope rose huge and ghastly against the black clouds that lay beyond it.

"Where is the king of the Wampanoags?" asked the boy, fixing his eye upon the promontory. "Let his queen and his son go to seek the chief. Look — the clouds do not settle on the southwest."

The mother turned her eye in the direction indicated by his little hand; then grasped him firmly in her arms, and, mounting the rail of the ship, just as a flash of lightning lit up the summit of the rock, plunged silently into the waters.

The ship glided on; and long before the foam had ceased to whiten her wake, the queen and the son of Philip, secure from the bondage to which their proud spirits could never submit, were sleeping side by side in the embraces of the ocean.

THE CAPTURE OF DEERFIELD [1]

[1704]

BY FRANCIS PARKMAN

[THE following event took place during what was known as Queen Anne's War. Deerfield was a little village of some three hundred inhabitants, situated on what was then the northwestern frontier of Massachusetts. The attack upon it by French and Indians was planned by the governor of Canada and served no military purpose.

The Editor.]

As the afternoon waned, the sights and sounds of the little border hamlet were, no doubt, like those of any other rustic New England village at the end of a winter day, — an ox-sledge creaking on the frosty snow as it brought in the last load of firewood, boys in homespun snowballing each other in the village street, farmers feeding their horses and cattle in the barns, a matron drawing a pail of water with the help of one of those long well-sweeps still used in some remote districts, or a girl bringing a pail of milk from the cow-shed. In the houses, where one room served as kitchen, dining-room, and parlor, the housewife cooked the evening meal, children sat at their bowls of mush and milk, and the men of the family, their day's work over, gathered about the fire, while perhaps some village coquette sat in the corner with fingers busy at the spinning-wheel, and ears

[1] From *A Half-Century of Conflict.* Copyright (U.S.A.), 1892, by Little, Brown & Company.

intent on the stammered wooings of her rustic lover. Deerfield kept early hours, and it is likely that by nine o'clock all were in their beds. There was a patrol inside the palisade, but there was little discipline among these extemporized soldiers; the watchers grew careless as the frosty night went on; and it is said that towards morning they, like the villagers, betook themselves to their beds.

Rouville and his men, savage with hunger, lay shivering under the pines till about two hours before dawn; then, leaving their packs and their snowshoes behind, they moved cautiously towards their prey. There was a crust on the snow strong enough to bear their weight, though not to prevent a rustling noise as it crunched under the feet of so many men. It is said that from time to time Rouville commanded a halt, in order that the sentinels, if such there were, might mistake the distant sound for rising and falling gusts of wind. In any case, no alarm was given till they had mounted the palisade and dropped silently into the unconscious village. Then with one accord they screeched the war-whoop, and assailed the doors of the houses with axes and hatchets. The hideous din startled the minister, Williams, from his sleep. Half-wakened, he sprang out of bed, and saw dimly a crowd of savages bursting through the shattered door. He shouted to two soldiers who were lodged in the house; and then, with more valor than discretion, snatched a pistol that hung at the head of the bed, cocked it, and snapped it at the breast of the foremost Indian, who proved to be a Caughnawaga chief. It missed fire, or Williams would, no doubt, have been killed on the spot. Amid the screams of his terrified children, three of the party seized him and bound him

fast; for they came well provided with cords, since prisoners had a market value. Nevertheless, in the first fury of their attack they dragged to the door and murdered two of the children and a negro woman called Parthena, who was probably their nurse. In an upper room lodged a young man named Stoddard, who had time to snatch a cloak, throw himself out of the window, climb the palisade, and escape in the darkness. Half-naked as he was, he made his way over the snow to Hatfield, binding his bare feet with strips torn from the cloak.

They kept Williams shivering in his shirt for an hour while a frightful uproar of yells, shrieks, and gunshots sounded from without. At length they permitted him, his wife, and five remaining children to dress themselves. Meanwhile the Indians and their allies burst into most of the houses, killed such of the men as resisted, butchered some of the women and children, and seized and bound the rest. Some of the villagers escaped in the confusion, like Stoddard, and either fled half-dead with cold towards Hatfield, or sought refuge in the fortified house of Jonathan Wells.

The house of Stebbins, the minister's next neighbor, had not been attacked so soon as the rest, and the inmates had a little time for preparation. They consisted of Stebbins himself, with his wife and five children, David Hoyt, Joseph Catlin, Benjamin Church, a namesake of the old Indian fighter of Philip's War, and three other men, — probably refugees who had brought their wives and families within the palisaded inclosure for safety. Thus the house contained seven men, four or five women, and a considerable number of children.

Though the walls were bullet-proof, it was not built for defense. The men, however, were well supplied with guns, powder, and lead, and they seem to have found some means of barricading the windows. When the enemy tried to break in, they drove them back with loss. On this, the French and Indians gathered in great numbers before the house, showered bullets upon it, and tried to set it on fire. They were again repulsed, with the loss of several killed and wounded; among the former a Caughnawaga chief, and among the latter a French officer. Still the firing continued. If the assailants had made a resolute assault, the defenders must have been overpowered; but to risk lives in open attack was contrary to every maxim of forest warfare. The women in the house behaved with great courage, and moulded bullets, which the men shot at the enemy. Stebbins was killed outright, and Church was wounded, as was also the wife of David Hoyt. At length most of the French and Indians, disgusted with the obstinacy of the defense, turned their attention to other quarters; though some kept up their fire under cover of the meeting-house and another building within easy range of gunshot.

This building was the house of one Ensign John Sheldon. The Indians had had some difficulty in mastering it; for the door being of thick oak plank, studded with nails of wrought iron and well barred, they could not break it open. After a time, however, they hacked a hole in it, through which they fired and killed Mrs. Sheldon as she sat on the edge of a bed in a lower room. Her husband, a man of great resolution, seems to have been absent. Their son John, with Hannah his wife, jumped from an upper chamber window. The

young woman sprained her ankle in the fall, and lay helpless, but begged her husband to run to Hatfield for aid, which he did, while she remained a prisoner. The Indians soon got in at a back door, seized Marcy Sheldon, a little girl of two years, and dashed out her brains on the door-stone. Her two brothers and her sister Mary, a girl of sixteen, were captured. The house was used for a short time as a depot for prisoners, and here also was brought the French officer wounded in the attack on the Stebbins house. A family tradition relates that as he lay in great torment he begged for water, and that it was brought him by one of the prisoners, Mrs. John Catlin, whose husband, son, and infant grandson had been killed, and who, nevertheless, did all in her power to relieve the sufferings of the wounded man. Probably it was in recognition of this charity that when the other prisoners were led away, Mrs. Catlin was left behind. She died of grief a few weeks later.

The sun was scarcely an hour high when the miserable drove of captives was conducted across the river to the foot of a mountain or high hill. Williams and his family were soon compelled to follow, and his house was set on fire. As they led him off, he saw that other houses inside the palisade were burning, and that all were in the power of the enemy except his neighbor Stebbins', where the gallant defenders still kept their assailants at bay. Having collected all their prisoners, the main body of the French and Indians began to withdraw towards the pine forest, where they had left their packs and snowshoes, and to prepare for a retreat before the country should be roused, first murdering in cold blood Marah Carter, a little girl of five years, whom they prob-

ably thought unequal to the march. Several parties, however, still lingered in the village, firing on the Stebbins house, killing cattle, hogs, and sheep, and gathering such plunder as the place afforded.

Early in the attack, and while it was yet dark, the light of burning houses, reflected from the fields of snow, had been seen at Hatfield, Hadley, and Northampton. The alarm was sounded through the slumbering hamlets, and parties of men mounted on farm-horses, with saddles or without, hastened to the rescue, not doubting that the fires were kindled by Indians. When the sun was about two hours high, between thirty and forty of them were gathered at the fortified house of Jonathan Wells, at the southern end of the village. The houses of this neighborhood were still standing, and seem not to have been attacked; the stubborn defense of the Stebbins house having apparently prevented the enemy from pushing much beyond the palisaded inclosure. The house of Wells was full of refugee families. A few Deerfield men here joined the horsemen from the lower towns, as also did four or five of the yeoman soldiers who had escaped the fate of most of their comrades. The horsemen left their horses within Wells's fence; he himself took the lead, and the whole party rushed in together at the southern gate of the palisaded inclosure, drove out the plunderers, and retook a part of their plunder. The assailants of the Stebbins house, after firing at it for three hours, were put to flight, and those of its male occupants who were still alive joined their countrymen, while the women and children ran back for harborage to the house of Wells.

Wells and his men, now upwards of fifty, drove the

flying enemy more than a mile across the river meadows, and ran in headlong pursuit over the crusted snow, killing a considerable number. In the eagerness of the chase many threw off their overcoats, and even their jackets. Wells saw the danger, and vainly called on them to stop. Their blood was up, and most of them were young and inexperienced.

Meanwhile the firing at the village had been heard by Rouville's main body, who had already begun their retreat northward. They turned back to support their comrades, and hid themselves under the bank of the river till the pursuers drew near, when they gave them a close volley and rushed upon them with the war-whoop. Some of the English were shot down, and the rest driven back. There was no panic. "We retreated," says Wells, "facing about and firing." When they reached the palisade they made a final stand, covering by their fire such of their comrades as had fallen within range of musket-shot, and saving them from the scalping-knife. The French did not try to dislodge them. Nine of them were killed, several wounded, and one captured.

The number of English carried off prisoners was one hundred and eleven, and the number killed was according to one list forty-seven, and according to another fifty-three, the latter including some who were smothered in the cellars of their burning houses. The names, and in most cases the ages, of both captives and slain are preserved. Those who escaped with life and freedom were, by the best account, one hundred and thirty-seven. An official tabular statement, drawn up on the spot, sets the number of houses burned at seventeen. The house of the town clerk, Thomas French, escaped,

and the town records, with other papers in his charge, were saved. The meeting-house also was left standing. The house of Sheldon was hastily set on fire by the French and Indians when their rear was driven out of the village by Wells and his men; but the fire was extinguished, and "the old Indian House," as it was called, stood till the year 1849. Its door, deeply scarred with hatchets, and with a hole cut near the middle, is still preserved in the Memorial Hall at Deerfield.

Vaudreuil wrote to the minister, Pontchartrain, that the French lost two or three killed, and twenty or twenty-one wounded, Rouville himself being among the latter. This cannot include the Indians, since there is proof that the enemy left behind a considerable number of their dead. Wherever resistance was possible, it had been of the most prompt and determined character.

Long before noon the French and Indians were on their northward march with their train of captives. More armed men came up from the settlements below, and by midnight about eighty were gathered at the ruined village. Couriers had been sent to rouse the country, and before evening of March 1, the force at Deerfield was increased to two hundred and fifty; but a thaw and a warm rain had set in, and as few of the men had snowshoes, pursuit was out of the question. Even could the agile savages and their allies have been overtaken, the probable consequence would have been the murdering of the captives to prevent their escape.

[About half of the captives were finally, after terrible sufferings, ransomed or exchanged and succeeded in returning to their homes. Seventeen of the weaker ones were killed by their captors on the journey.]

THE FIGHT AT LOVEWELL'S POND[1]

[1725]

BY SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE

In April, 1725, John Lovewell, a hardy and experienced ranger of Dunstable, whose exploits had already noised his fame abroad, marched with forty-six men for the Indian village at Pigwacket, now Fryeburg, Maine. At Ossipee he built a small fort, designed as a refuge in case of disaster. This precaution undoubtedly saved the lives of some of his men. He was now within two short marches of the enemy's village. The scouts having found Indian tracks in the neighborhood, Lovewell resumed his route, leaving one of his men who had fallen sick, his surgeon, and eight men, to guard the fort. His command was now reduced to thirty-four officers and men.

The rangers reached the shores of the beautiful lake which bears Lovewell's name, and bivouacked for the night.

The night passed without an alarm; but the sentinels, who watched the encampment reported hearing strange noises in the woods. Lovewell scented the presence of his enemy.

In fact, on the morning of the 8th of May, while his band were on their knees, seeking Divine favor in the approaching conflict, the report of a gun brought every

[1] From *The Heart of the White Mountains*. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1881, by Harper and Brothers; copyright, 1909, by Alice Gardner Drake.

man to his feet. Upon reconnoitering, a solitary Indian was discovered on a point of land about a mile from the camp.

The leader immediately called his men about him, and told them that they must now quickly decide whether to fight or retreat. The men, with one accord, replied that they had not come so far in search of the enemy to beat a shameful retreat the moment he was found. Seeing his band possessed with this spirit, Lovewell then prepared for battle. The rangers threw off their knapsacks and blankets, looked to their primings, and loosened their knives and axes. The order was then given, and they moved cautiously out of their camp. Believing the enemy was in his front, Lovewell neglected to place a guard over his baggage.

Instead of plunging into the woods, the Indian who had alarmed the camp stood where he was first seen until the scouts fired upon him, when he returned the fire, wounding Lovewell and one other. Ensign Wyman then leveled his musket and shot him dead. The day began thus unfortunately for the English. Lovewell was mortally wounded in the abdomen, but continued to give his orders.

After clearing the woods in their front without finding any more Indians, the rangers fell back toward the spot where they had deposited their packs. This was a sandy plain, thinly covered with pines, at the northeast end of the lake.

During their absence, the Indians, led by the old chief, Paugus, whose name was a terror throughout the length and breadth of the English frontiers, stumbled upon the deserted encampment. Paugus counted the

packs, and finding his warriors outnumbered the rangers, the wily chief placed them in ambush; he divined that the English would return from their unsuccessful scout sooner or later, and he prepared to repeat the tactics used with such fatal effect at Bloody Brook, and at the defeat of Wadsworth. This consisted in arranging his savages in a semicircle, the two wings of which, enveloping the rangers, would expose them to a murderous cross-fire at short musket-range.

Without suspecting their danger, Lovewell's men fell into the fatal snare which the crafty Paugus had thus spread for them. Hardly had they entered it when the grove blazed with a deadly volley, and resounded with the yells of the Indians. As if confident of their prey, they even left their coverts, and flung themselves upon the English with a fury nothing could withstand.

In this onset Lovewell who, notwithstanding his wound, bravely encouraged his men with voice and example, received a second wound, and fell. Two of his lieutenants were killed at his side; but with desperate valor the rangers charged up to the muzzles of the enemy's guns, killing nine, and sweeping the others before them. This gallant charge cost them eight killed, besides their captain; two more were badly wounded.

Twenty-three men had now to maintain the conflict with the whole Sokosis tribe. Their situation was, indeed, desperate. Relief was impossible; for they were fifty miles from the nearest English settlements. Their packs and provisions were in the enemy's hands, and the woods swarmed with foes. To conquer or die was the only alternative. These devoted Englishmen despaired of conquering, but they prepared to die bravely.

Ensign Wyman, upon whom the command devolved after the death of Lovewell, was his worthy successor. Seeing the enemy stealing upon his flanks as if to surround him, he ordered his men to fall back to the shore of the lake, where their right was protected by a brook, and their left by a rocky point extending into the lake. A few large pines stood on the beach between.

This maneuver was executed under a hot fire, which still further thinned the ranks of the English. The Indians closed in upon them, filling the air with demoniac yells whenever a victim fell. Assailing the whites with taunts, and shaking ropes in their faces, they cried out to them to yield. But to the repeated demands to surrender, the rangers replied only with bullets. They thought of the fort and its ten defenders, and hoped, or rather prayed, for night. This hope, forlorn as it seemed, encouraged them to fight on, and they delivered their fire with fatal precision whenever an Indian showed himself. The English were in a trap, but the Indians dared not approach within reach of the lion's claws.

While this long combat was proceeding, one of the English went to the lake to wash his gun, and, on emerging at the shore, descried an Indian in the act of cleansing his own. This Indian was Paugus.

The ranger went to work like a man who comprehends that his life depends upon a second. The chief followed him in every movement. Both charged their guns at the same instant. The Englishman threw his ramrod on the sand; the Indian dropped his.

"Me kill you," said Paugus, priming his weapon from his powder-horn.

"The chief lies," retorted the undaunted ranger,

striking the breech of his firelock upon the ground with such force that it primed itself. An instant later Paugus fell, shot through the heart.

"I said I should kill you," muttered the victor, spurning the dead body of his enemy, and plunging into the thickest of the fight.

Darkness closed the conflict, which had continued without cessation since ten in the morning. Little by little the shouts of the enemy grew feebler, and finally ceased. The English stood to their arms until midnight, when, convinced that the savages had abandoned the sanguinary field of battle, they began their retreat toward the fort. Only nine were unhurt. Eleven were badly wounded, but were resolved to march with their comrades, though they died by the way. Three more were alive, but had received their death-wounds. One of these was Lieutenant Robbins, of Chelmsford. Knowing that he must be left behind, he begged his comrades to load his gun, in order that he might sell his life as dearly as possible when the savages returned to wreak their vengeance upon the wounded.

I have said that twenty-three men continued the fight after the bloody repulse in which Lovewell was killed. There were only twenty-two. The other, whose name the reader will excuse me from mentioning, fled from the field and gained the fort, where he spread the report that Lovewell was cut to pieces, himself being the sole survivor. This intelligence, striking terror, decided the little garrison to abandon the fort, which was immediately done, and in haste.

This was the crowning misfortune of the expedition. The rangers now became a band of panic-stricken

fugitives. After incredible hardship, less than twenty starving, emaciated, and footsore men, half of them badly wounded, straggled into the nearest English settlement.

The loss of the Indiáns could only be guessed; but the battle led to the immediate abandonment of their village, from which so many war parties had formerly harassed the English. Paugus, the savage wolf, the implacable foe of the whites, was dead. His tribe forsook the graves of their fathers, nor rested till they had put many long leagues between them and their pursuers.

III
THE LOUISIANA TERRITORY

HISTORICAL NOTE

By treaties made at the close of the French and Indian and the Revolutionary Wars, Florida, and the Louisiana Territory, that is, the country west of the Mississippi and also both shores at its mouth, were given to Spain. In 1800 a secret treaty was made between Spain and France by which all this area except Florida was "retroceded" to France. America was deeply interested, for no one knew to what length French ambition might go. Moreover, American commerce might easily be prohibited from passing out through the mouth of the Mississippi. President Jefferson sent Robert R. Livingston and James Monroe to France with authority from Congress to offer Napoleon $2,000,000 in cash for the island of New Orleans. Napoleon surprised them by offering to sell the whole Louisiana Territory, and in behalf of the American people they purchased it for the sum of $15,000,000.

"By making this purchase, Jefferson more than doubled the area of the United States. Before 1803, that area was 827,844 square miles; Jefferson's purchase added over 900,000 square miles, out of which have since been formed the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming, Montana, and the two Dakotas, with a great part of the States of Minnesota and Colorado, and also the Indian Territory, including Oklahoma.

"West of the Louisiana Territory and north of the Spanish possessions was a magnificent and fertile country where white men had never set foot. To what nation Oregon belonged was doubtful. Its great river had been discovered, in 1792, by Captain Robert Gray, of Boston, in the good ship Columbia, whose name he gave to the river. The illustrious British sailors, Cook, Meares, and Vancouver, had explored parts of the coast. In 1804, President Jefferson sent an overland expedition under Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. These explorers ascended the Missouri River to its sources, then found the valley of the Columbia, and explored it down to the Pacific Ocean, thus strengthening our claim to the possession of Oregon." — *John Fiske.*

NAPOLEON PLANS TO SELL LOUISIANA

[1803]

BY A. E. WINSHIP AND ROBERT W. WALLACE

"KNOW merely, Lucien, that I have decided to sell Louisiana to the Americans."

This was the startling announcement made by the First Consul of France to his younger brother, while disporting himself in his bath scented with Cologne water.

The graphic story is narrated by Lucien Bonaparte in his *Mémoires*, published in Paris in 1882.

The evening before the incident of the bath, Joseph Bonaparte visited his brother Lucien with a piece of news that kept them from the theater for a night.

"The General wishes to alienate Louisiana," said Joseph.

"Bah!" said Lucien. "Who will buy it from him?"

"The Americans."

"The idea! If he could wish it, the Chambers would not consent to it."

"And therefore," responded Joseph, "he expects to do without their consent. That is what he replied to me."

"What? He really said that to you? That is a little too much! But no, it is impossible. It is a bit of brag at your expense."

"No, no," insisted Joseph; "he spoke very seriously; and, what is more, he added to me that this sale would furnish him the first funds for war."

The brothers parted for the night with the under-

standing that they would visit Napoleon early the next morning, when they hoped to dissuade him from alienating the colony.

The morning found them both at the Tuileries, just as Napoleon had entered his bath. He invited them in. The conversation reverted at once to Louisiana, the brothers endeavoring to dissuade him — Lucien quietly, Joseph more warmly — from alienating the territory, and both urging the point that "the Chambers will not give their consent to it."

"Gentlemen," said Napoleon from his perfumed bath, "think what you please about it, but give up this affair as lost, both of you; you, Lucien, on account of the sale in itself; you, Joseph, because I shall get along without the consent of any one whomsoever; do you understand?"

At this, Joseph lost his temper, and, approaching the bathtub, replied in an angry tone: —

"You will do well, my dear brother, not to expose your plans to parliamentary discussion; for I declare to you that I am the first one to place himself, if it is necessary, at the head of the opposition which cannot fail to be made to you."

This vehement resolution was met by "more than Olympian bursts of laughter" from Napoleon, which angered Joseph still more, and led him to exclaim: —

"Laugh, laugh, laugh, then! None the less, I will do what I say; and, although I do not like to mount the Tribune, this time they shall see me there."

Upon this Napoleon lifted himself halfway out of his bath, and said in a tone energetically serious and solemn: —

"You will have no need to stand forth as orator of the opposition, for I repeat to you that this discussion will not take place, for the reason that the plan which is not fortunate enough to obtain your approbation, conceived by me, negotiated by me, will be ratified and executed by me all alone; do you understand? By me, who snap my fingers at your opposition."

By this time Joseph was close to the bathtub, his face red with anger, and heated words about to pass his lips, when Napoleon suddenly sank himself into the water, of which the tub was full, and a wave splashed Joseph from head to foot.

"He had received," says Lucien, "all over him, the most copious ablution."

But the perfumed flood calmed Joseph's anger, and he contented himself with letting the valet sponge and dry his clothes, the brothers meanwhile regretting greatly that the valet "had remained a witness of this serious folly between such actors."

THE "BARGAIN" PURCHASE OF THE LOUISIANA TERRITORY

[1803]

BY JAMES PARTON

BONAPARTE'S plan was to invade England, — a thing of immense difficulty and vast expense. He wanted money, and dared not press the French people further at the beginning of a war. On Easter Sunday, April 10, in the afternoon, after having taken conspicuous part in the revived ceremonies of the occasion (Mr. Monroe being still many leagues from Paris, but expected hourly), the First Consul opened a conversation with two of his ministers upon Louisiana. One of these ministers, who reports the scene, was that old friend of Jefferson's, Barbé-Marbois, for whom, twenty-six years before, he had compiled his "Notes on Virginia," — a gentleman ten years resident at Philadelphia, where he married the daughter of a Governor of Pennsylvania. The other minister had served in America under Rochambeau during the Revolutionary War.

"I know," said the First Consul, speaking with "passion and vehemence," — "I know the full value of Louisiana, and I have been desirous of repairing the fault of the French negotiator who abandoned it in 1763. A few lines of a treaty have restored it to me, and I have scarcely recovered it when I must expect to lose it. But if it escapes from me, it shall one day cost dearer to those who oblige me to strip myself of it than to those to

whom I wish to deliver it. The English have successively taken from France, Canada, Cape Breton, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and the richest portions of Asia. They shall not have the Mississippi, which they covet. I have not a moment to lose in putting it out of their reach: I think of ceding it to the United States. I can scarcely say that I cede it to them, for it is not yet in our possession. If, however, I leave the least time to our enemies, I shall only transmit an empty title to those republicans whose friendship I seek. They only ask of me one town in Louisiana: but I already consider the colony as entirely lost; and it appears to me that, in the hands of this growing power, it will be more useful to the policy and even to the commerce of France, than if I should attempt to keep it."

He paused to hear the opinion of the two ministers. Barbé-Marbois said, in a long discourse, "The province is as good as gone. Let the Americans have it." The other said at great length, "No: there is still a chance of our being able to keep it; it will be time to give up so precious a possession when we must." The three continued to converse on the subject till late at night, and the master broke up the conference without announcing his decision. The ministers remained at Saint-Cloud. At daybreak Barbé-Marbois received a summons to attend the First Consul in his cabinet. Dispatches had arrived from England, showing that the king and ministry were entirely resolved upon war, and were pushing preparations with extraordinary vigor. When M. Marbois had read these, Bonaparte resumed the subject of the evening's conversation: —

"Irresolution and deliberation," he said, "are no

longer in reason. I renounce Louisiana. It is not only New Orleans that I will cede: it is the whole colony, without any reservation. I renounce it with the greatest regret. To attempt obstinately to retain it would be folly. I direct you to negotiate this affair with the envoys of the United States. Do not even wait the arrival of Mr. Monroe: have an interview this very day with Mr. Livingston. But I require a great deal of money for this war, and I would not like to commence it with new contributions. If I should regulate my terms according to the value of those vast regions to the United States, the indemnity would have no limits. I will be moderate, in consideration of the necessity in which I am of making a sale; but keep this to yourself. I want fifty millions of francs, and for less than that sum I will not treat: I would rather make a desperate attempt to keep those fine countries. To-morrow you shall have your full powers."

The deed was done. The rest was merely the usual cheapening and chaffering that passes between buyer and seller when the commodity has no market-price. Mr. Monroe's arrival was well timed, for Mr. Livingston had lost all faith in the possibility of getting New Orleans by purchase, and was unprepared even to consider a proposition for buying the whole province. He evidently thought that the French ministers were all liars together; and he looked upon this sudden change of tone, after so many months of neglect or evasion, as a mere artifice for delay. "If Mr. Monroe agrees with me," said Livingston to Talleyrand, a day or two before Monroe's arrival, "we shall negotiate no further on the subject, but advise our Government to take possession. The times are

critical; and though I do not know what instructions Mr. Monroe may bring, I am perfectly satisfied they will require a precise and prompt notice. I am fearful, from the little progress I have made, that my Government will consider me a very indolent negotiator." Talleyrand laughed. "I will give you a certificate," said he, "that you are the most importunate one I have yet met with."

But Mr. Livingston soon discovered that all had really changed with regard to Louisiana. On the day after Monroe's arrival, while sitting at dinner with him and other guests, Livingston espied M. Barbé-Marbois strolling about in his garden. During the interview that followed, business made progress. Marbois took the liberty of telling a few diplomatic falsehoods to the American minister. Instead of the "fifty millions," which, in his "History of Louisiana," he says Napoleon demanded, he told Mr. Livingston that the sum required was one hundred millions. He represented the First Consul as saying, "Well, you have charge of the treasury: make the Americans give you one hundred millions, pay their own claims, and take the whole country." Mr. Livingston was aghast at the magnitude of the sum. After a long conversation, Marbois dropped to sixty millions; the United States to pay its own claimants, which would require twenty millions more. "It is in vain to ask such a thing," said Livingston: "it is so greatly beyond our means." He thought, too, that his Government would be perfectly satisfied with New Orleans and Florida, and "had no disposition to extend across the river."

Then it was that Mr. Monroe, fresh from Washington,

and knowing the full extent of the President's wishes, knowing his aversion to the mere proximity of the French, came upon the scene with decisive and most happy effect. In a few days all was arranged. M. Barbé-Marbois's offer was accepted. Twenty days after the Saint-Cloud conference, and eighteen days after Mr. Monroe's arrival, the convention was concluded which gave imperial magnitude and completeness to the United States, and supplied Napoleon with fifteen millions of dollars to squander upon a vain attempt to invade and ravage another country. M. Marbois related that, as soon as the three negotiators had signed the treaties, they all rose and shook hands. Mr. Livingston gave utterance to the joy and satisfaction of them all.

"We have lived long," said he, "but this is the noblest work of our whole lives. The treaty which we have just signed has not been obtained by art nor dictated by force, and is equally advantageous to the two contracting parties. It will change vast solitudes into flourishing districts. From this day the United States take their place among the powers of the first rank. The United States will reëstablish the maritime rights of all the world, which are now usurped by a single nation. The instruments which we have just signed will cause no tears to be shed: they prepare ages of happiness for innumerable generations of human creatures. The Mississippi and Missouri will see them succeed one another and multiply, truly worthy of the regard and care of Providence, in the bosom of equality, under just laws, freed from the errors of superstition and bad government."



TAKING POSSESSION OF LOUISIANA TERRITORY

BY THURE DE THULSTRUP

"On the 20th of December, 1803, Louisiana was turned over to the American commissioners, General Wilkinson and Governor Claiborne. The commissioners had come to New Orleans and encamped just outside the walls of the city three days before, and sent a messenger asking for a conference in which they might arrange for the transfer. On the 20th, the Americans marched into the city, led by the commissioners, and were received by Laussat. The French commander delivered to Claiborne the keys of the city. The French flag descended from the staff in the square, and was replaced by the American flag. There was no very great enthusiasm, because the people had nothing to do about making the change, and they did not know what it might mean for them."

EXPLORING THE LOUISIANA TERRITORY

BY JAMES PARTON

[IN 1804, the Government sent out a party under Meriwether Lewis and James Clarke to explore the new purchase from France. They were to cross the continent, trace the Missouri River to its source, and open negotiations with the various Indian tribes along their way.

The Editor.]

THE party consisted of two officers and forty-three men. They sailed up the Missouri in three boats. The largest was fifty-five feet long, drew three feet of water, had ten feet of deck in the stern, and a tenfoot forecastle. It was propelled by twenty-two oars, beside being provided with a large square-sail, and it had movable sides that could be raised so as to protect the crew from the fire of an enemy. The other two boats, one of six and one of seven oars, were open. Beside the boats, they had two horses, designed to be led along the banks for occasional use in exploring and hunting. Their stores consisted of a great quantity of ammunition, a supply of concentrated food of various kinds, and fourteen bales of Indian presents, such as richly-laced coats, flags, medals, knives, tomahawks, beads, mirrors, handkerchiefs, ribbons, and paints.

Starting up the Missouri on that bright May morning in 1804, the whole party seemed to have been possessed with a quiet, modest confidence in the success of the expedition. In such an affair as this, imaginary perils usually far transcend the real dangers. The private

soldiers, as we learn from the diary of a sergeant, expected to pass through a country "possessed by numerous powerful, and warlike nations of savages, of gigantic stature, fierce, treacherous, and cruel, and particularly hostile to white people." Rumor also had given out that the mountains that lay in their path were inaccessible to human effort. But they all seemed fully resolved to accomplish the purpose of the Government, and satisfy the high expectations of the people, unless prevented by absolute impossibilities. Sailing about twenty-five miles a day, never hasting, seldom resting, pausing now and then to hold talks with the Indians, or to secure supplies of game, they kept steadily on their way. In a month they were past the Kansas River. They celebrated the Fourth of July by firing a swivel at sunrise and sunset, drinking a glass of grog all round, and naming a creek on which they encamped "INDEPENDENCE." August 2, 1804, they held a grand council on some high land adjoining the river, which, in consequence, has borne the name ever since of Council Bluffs.

Soon they came to their first buffalo, and discovered the prairie dog; and, at last, November 2, six months after starting, they went into winter quarters among the Mandan Indians, sixteen hundred and ten miles above the mouth of the Missouri River. After a winter of no great hardship, during which they subsisted upon elk, buffalo, antelope, deer, porcupine, prairie dogs, and wild turkeys, they were ready, April 7, 1805, to resume the ascent of the river. The large boat, however, they sent back to St. Louis, with their diaries, bales of furs, horns of the antelope, and thirteen of their number;

while thirty-one men and one squaw formed the party for further exploration.

May 3, 1805, they passed a stream to which they gave the name "Two Thousand Mile River." Then they came to the region of the grizzly bear, an animal none of them had either seen or heard of, but in hunting which they had remarkable success. Having arrived at the Forks of the Missouri, they tried their skill at bestowing suitable names upon the various branches and neighboring streams. The north branch they called Jefferson, the south, Gallatin, the middle, Madison. One small river above the forks they named "Philosophy," and another below they called "Maria," after the President's youngest daughter. Another branch was called "Wisdom," another "Philanthropy." All of these names had but one object, which was to do honor to the President. August 11, they passed "Three Thousand Mile Island," and August 18, they left the Missouri; and after working their way across the mountains with exceeding difficulty, by a road which is still called "Lewis and Clarke's Pass," they bought twenty-seven horses and one mule of the Indians, which brought them in three weeks to the Columbia River. They buried their saddles upon its banks, entrusted their horses to the Indians, and having made canoes, they embarked, and floated down toward the ocean. In just a month they reached tide-water, and heard of ships. Eleven days more brought them to where huge waves came rolling in from the broad Pacific. November 15, 1805, one year and six months after leaving the Mississippi River, they saw the Pacific.

But now winter was upon them. They constructed huts, made salt, sent out hunting-parties, gained the

friendship of the Indians, and made themselves comfortable until the 23d of March, 1806, when they started on their return. The last entry of Captain Lewis's journal, written on the 23d of September, 1806, was as follows: —

"*Tuesday, 23d.* — Descended to the Mississippi and round to St. Louis, where we arrived at twelve o'clock; and, having fired a salute, went on shore, and received the heartiest welcome from the whole village."

They had been gone two years, four months, and ten days. Long before, they had been generally given up as lost, and this unexpected return was the great sensation of that year.

"Never," says Mr. Jefferson, "did a similar event excite more joy through the United States. The humblest of its citizens had taken a lively interest in the issue of this journey, and looked forward with impatience for the information it would furnish."

Captain Lewis's diary was published in London, in a costly, solid quarto, and in Philadelphia in two volumes octavo. The maps and charts, the observations and specimens, which were very numerous and most accurately taken, were deposited among the archives of the Government. Congress made a grant of land to all the members of the party, and the President appointed the two chiefs to important territorial governorships.

LEWIS AND CLARKE AT THE SOURCE OF THE MISSOURI

FROM THEIR JOURNAL

Monday, August 12 [*1805*]. This morning as soon as it was light Captain Lewis sent Drewyer to reconnoiter, if possible, the route of the Indians. In about an hour and a half he returned, after following the tracks of the horse which we had lost yesterday to the mountains, where they ascended and were no longer visible. Captain Lewis now decided on making the circuit along the foot of the mountains which formed the cove, expecting by that means to find a road across them, and accordingly sent Drewyer on one side and Shields on the other. In this way they crossed four small rivulets near each other, on which were some bowers or conical lodges of willow brush, which seemed to have been made recently. From the manner in which the ground in the neighborhood was torn up the Indians appeared to have been gathering roots; but Captain Lewis could not discover what particular plant they were searching for, nor could he find any fresh track till at the distance of four miles from his camp he met a large plain Indian road which came into the cove from the northeast, and wound along the foot of the mountain to the southwest, approaching obliquely the main stream he had left yesterday. Down this road he now went towards the southwest. At the distance of five miles it crossed a large run or creek, which is a principal branch of the main stream into

which it falls, just above the high cliffs or gates observed yesterday, and which they now saw below them.

Here they halted, and breakfasted on the last of the deer, keeping a small piece of pork in reserve against accident. They then continued through the low bottom along the main stream near the foot of the mountains on their right. For the first five miles the valley continues towards the southwest from two to three miles in width. Then the main stream, which had received two small branches from the left in the valley, turns abruptly to the west through a narrow bottom between the mountains. The road was still plain, and, as it led them directly on towards the mountain, the stream gradually became smaller till, after going two miles, it had so greatly diminished in width that one of the men in a fit of enthusiasm, with one foot on each side of the river, thanked God that he had lived to bestride the Missouri. As they went along, their hopes of soon seeing the waters of the Columbia arose almost to painful anxiety, when, after four miles from the last abrupt turn of the river they reached a small gap formed by the high mountains which recede on each side, leaving room for the Indian road. From the foot of one of the lowest of these mountains, which rises with a gentle ascent of about half a mile, issues the remotest water of the Missouri. They had now reached the hidden sources of that river, which had never yet been seen by civilized man; and, as they quenched their thirst at the chaste and icy fountain, as they sat down by the brink of that little rivulet, which yielded its distant and modest tribute to the parent ocean, they felt themselves rewarded for all their labors and all their difficulties. They left reluctantly this inter-

esting spot, and, pursuing the Indian road through the interval of the hills, arrived at the top of a ridge, from which they saw high mountains partially covered with snow still to the west of them. The ridge on which they stood formed the dividing line between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. They followed a descent much steeper than that on the eastern side, and at the distance of three quarters of a mile reached a handsome bold creek of cold, clear water running to the westward. They stopped to taste for the first time the waters of the Columbia; and after a few minutes followed the road across steep hills and low hollows till they reached a spring on the side of a mountain. Here they found a sufficient quantity of dry willow brush for fuel, and therefore halted for the night.

SA-CÁ-GA-WE-A

[1804]

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

[SA-CÁ-GA-WE-A was the Indian woman who acted as guide to the Lewis and Clarke expedition to the Pacific Ocean.

The Editor.]

SHO-SHÓ-NE SA-CÁ-GA-WE-A — captive and wife was she
On the grassy plains of Dakota in the land of the Minnetaree;
But she heard the west wind calling, and longed to follow the sun
Back to the shining mountains and the glens where her life begun.
So, when the valiant Captains, fain for the Asian sea,
Stayed their marvellous journey in the land of the Minnetaree
(The Red Men wondering, wary — Omaha, Mandan, Sioux —
Friendly now, now hostile, as they toiled the wilderness through),
Glad she turned from the grassy plains and led their way to the West,
Her course as true as the swan's that flew north to its reedy nest;
Her eye as keen as the eagle's when the young lambs feed below;
Her ear alert as the stag's at morn guarding the fawn and doe.

SA-CA-GA-WE-A

Straight was she as a hillside fir, lithe as the willow-tree,
And her foot as fleet as the antelope's when the hunter rides the lea;
In broidered tunic and moccasins, with braided raven hair,
And closely belted buffalo robe with her baby nestling there —
Girl of but sixteen summers, the homing bird of the quest,
Free of the tongues of the mountains, deep on her heart imprest, —
Sho-shó-ne Sa-cá-ga-we-a led the way to the West! —
To Missouri's broad savannas dark with bison and deer,
While the grizzly roamed the savage shore and cougar and wolf prowled near;
To the cataract's leap, and the meadows with lily and rose abloom;
The sunless trails of the forest, and the canyon's hush and gloom;
By the veins of gold and silver, and the mountains vast and grim —
Their snowy summits lost in clouds on the wide horizon's brim;
Through somber pass, by soaring peak, till the Asian wind blew free,
And lo! the roar of the Oregon and the splendor of the Sea!

Some day, in the lordly upland where the snow-fed streams divide —
Afoam for the far Atlantic, afoam for Pacific's tide —

There, by the valiant Captains whose glory will never dim
While the sun goes down to the Asian sea and the stars in ether swim,
She will stand in bronze as richly brown as the hue of her girlish cheek,
With broidered robe and braided hair and lips just curved to speak;
And the mountain winds will murmur as they linger along the crest,
"Sho-shó-ne Sa-cá-ga-we-a, who led the way to the West!"

IV
A PERIOD OF GROWTH AND EXPANSION

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE purchase of the Louisiana Territory had aroused much interest in the West, and as time passed, thousands of settlers made their way thither and also to the Southwest. The ideal farm was, of course, situated on a river, that produce might be carried by boat, the only easy way of transportation in the early days. The Mississippi was a great avenue of trade; and into it there came from the Ohio, the Missouri, the Tennessee, and the Cumberland, water craft of all sorts, from rafts to steamboats, and all on their way to New Orleans to dispose of their cargoes.

Very little of this great amount of trade with the West came to the Eastern States, for lack of water communication, and at length it was decided to dig a canal from the Hudson River to Lake Erie. This canal, which was completed in 1825, greatly stimulated the growth of the West and made New York the commercial center of the United States.

An invention that was destined to do even more than the canals and steamboats toward opening up the West was the steam engine. In 1830 there were twenty-three miles of railroad in the United States, in 1840 there were 2818, and during the next two decades the mileage was doubled every five years. The little group of colonies that had clung to the Atlantic Coast was fast becoming a mighty nation that would soon stretch from shore to shore.

THE OPENING OF THE ERIE CANAL

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER

AFTER eight years of persistent labor, "the big ditch," so constantly the subject of ridicule, was finished, and in June the gates at Black Rock were opened and the waters of Lake Erie for the first time were admitted into the western division. Later in the month the capstone of that splendid chain of locks at Lockport was laid with masonic ceremonies, but it was not till October that the canal from end to end was thrown open to the public.

The celebration of the opening began at Buffalo, where, on the twenty-sixth of the month, a procession of citizens and militia escorted the orator and the invited guests to a gayly decorated fleet lying in wait on the canal. On the Seneca Chief, which headed the line, were two painted kegs full of water from Lake Erie. Behind it were the Superior, the Commodore Perry, the Buffalo, and the Lion of the West, a veritable Noah's ark, containing a bear, two eagles, two fawns, two Indian boys, birds, and fish — all typical of the products of the West before the advent of the white man. When the address had been made the signal was given, and the Seneca Chief, drawn by four gray horses, started eastward on a most memorable journey. As the fleet moved slowly along the canal, saluted by music, musketry, and the cheers of the crowd on the bank, the news was carried to the metropolis by the reports of a continuous line of cannon placed along the canal to Albany and down the

Hudson to New York. When the last gun was fired at the Battery, the forts in the harbor returned the salute, and the news that New York had heard the tidings was sent back to Buffalo by a second cannonade. The progress of the little fleet was one continuous ovation, as town after town along the route vied with each other in manifestations of delight. From Albany an escort of gayly dressed steamboats accompanied the fleet down the river to New York, where the entire population, increased by thirty thousand strangers, turned out to receive it, and whence thousands, boarding every kind of craft, went down the bay to Sandy Hook. There Governor Clinton, lifting the kegs from the deck of the Seneca Chief, poured their contents into the sea, saying as he did so: "This solemnity at this place, on the first arrival of vessels from Lake Erie, is intended to indicate and commemorate the navigable communication which has been accomplished between our Mediterranean Seas and the Atlantic Ocean, in about eight years, to the extent of more than four hundred and twenty-five miles by the public spirit and energy of the people of the State of New York, and may the God of the heavens and the earth smile propitiously on this work and render it subservient to the best interests of the human race."

This ceremony over and a grand salute fired, the boats returned to the city, where a fine industrial parade, to which each trade society furnished a float with artisans at work, closed the day. At night there were balls, parties, dinners, and illuminations.

THE GUEST OF THE NATION

BY DANIEL WEBSTER

[In 1824–25 Lafayette was the guest of the United States. He visited every State and was welcomed wherever he went as the friend of the nation. Congress presented him with two hundred thousand dollars and twenty-four thousand acres of fertile land. June 17, 1825, on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, the cornerstone of the monument was laid. Daniel Webster was the orator of the day, and as he spoke the following words, Lafayette rose and remained standing until they were ended.

The Editor.]

Sir, we are assembled to commemorate the establishment of great public principles of liberty, and to do honor to the distinguished dead. The occasion is too severe for eulogy of the living. But, sir, your interesting relation to this country, the peculiar circumstances which surround you and surround us, call on me to express the happiness which we derive from your presence, and aid in this solemn commemoration.

Fortunate, fortunate man! with what measure of devotion will you not thank God for the circumstances of your extraordinary life! You are connected with both hemispheres and with two generations. Heaven saw fit to ordain that the electric spark of liberty should be conducted, through you, from the New World to the Old; and we, who are now here to perform this duty of patriotism, have all of us long ago received it in charge from our fathers to cherish your name and your virtues.

You will account it an instance of your good fortune, sir, that you crossed the seas to visit us at a time which enables you to be present at this solemnity. You now behold the field, the renown of which reached you in the heart of France, and caused a thrill in your ardent bosom. You see the lines of the little redoubt thrown up by the incredible diligence of Prescott; defended, to the last extremity, by his lion-hearted valor; and within which the cornerstone of our monument had now taken its position. You see where Warren fell, and where Parker, Gardner, McCleary, Moore, and other early patriots fell with him. Those who survived that day, and whose lives have been prolonged to the present hour, are now around you. Some of them you have known in the trying scenes of the war. Behold! they now stretch forth their feeble arms to embrace you. Behold! they raise their trembling voices to invoke the blessing of God on you and yours forever.

Sir, you have assisted us in laying the foundation of this structure. You have heard us rehearse, with our feeble commendation, the names of departed patriots. Monuments and eulogy belong to the dead. We give them this day to Warren and his associates. On other occasions they have been given to your more immediate companions in arms, to Washington, to Greene, to Gates, to Sullivan, and to Lincoln. We have become reluctant to grant these, our highest and last honors, further. We would gladly hold them yet back from the little remnant of that immortal band. *Serus in cœlum redeas.* Illustrious as are your merits, yet far, O, very far distant be the day, when any inscription shall bear your name, or any tongue pronounce its eulogy!

THE HIGHEST PEAK OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

BY JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT

[IN 1842, John Charles Frémont was sent by the Government to explore the Rocky Mountains. On this journey his great feat was the ascent of the highest peak of the range, afterwards called Frémont's Peak, 13,570 feet above sea-level.

The Editor.]

I DETERMINED to leave our animals here and make the rest of our way on foot. The peak appeared so near that there was no doubt of our returning before night; and a few men were left in charge of the mules, with our provisions and blankets. We took with us nothing but our arms and instruments, and, as the day had become warm, the greater part left their coats. Having made an early dinner, we started again. We were soon involved in the most ragged precipices, nearing the central chain very slowly, and rising but little. The first ridge had a succession of others; and when, with great fatigue and difficulty, we had climbed up five hundred feet, it was but to make an equal descent on the other side. All these intervening places were filled with small deep lakes, which met the eye in every direction, descending from one level to another, sometimes under bridges formed by huge fragments of granite, beneath which was heard the roar of the water. These constantly obstructed our path, forcing us to make long détours, frequently

obliged to retrace our steps, and frequently falling among the rocks. Maxwell was precipitated toward the face of a precipice, and saved himself from going over by throwing himself flat on the ground. We clambered on, always expecting with every ridge that we crossed to reach the foot of the peaks, and always disappointed, until about four o'clock, when, pretty well worn out, we reached the shore of a little lake in which there was a rocky island. We remained here a short time to rest, and continued on around the lake, which had in some places a beach of white sand, and in others was bound with rocks, over which the way was difficult and dangerous, as the water from innumerable springs made them very slippery.

By the time we had reached the farther side of the lake, we found ourselves all exceedingly fatigued, and, much to the satisfaction of the whole party, we encamped. The spot we had chosen was a broad, flat rock, in some measure protected from the winds by the surrounding crags, and the trunks of fallen pines afforded us bright fires. Near by was a foaming torrent which tumbled into the little lake about one hundred and fifty feet below us, and which, by way of distinction, we have called Island Lake. We had reached the upper limit of the piney region; as above this point no tree was to be seen, and patches of snow lay everywhere around us on the cold sides of the rocks. The flora of the region we had traversed since leaving our mules was extremely rich, and among the characteristic plants the scarlet flowers of the *Dodecatheon dentatum* everywhere met the eye in great abundance. A small green ravine, on the edge of which we were encamped, was filled with a pro-

fusion of alpine plants in brilliant bloom. From barometrical observations made during our three days' sojourn at this place, its elevation above the Gulf of Mexico is ten thousand feet. During the day we heard what was supposed to be the bleat of a young goat, which we searched for with hungry activity, and found to proceed from a small animal of a gray color, with short ears and no tail, — probably the Siberian squirrel. We saw a considerable number of them, and, with the exception of a small bird like a sparrow, it is the only inhabitant of this elevated part of the mountains. On our return we saw below this lake large flocks of the mountain goat. We had nothing to eat to-night. Lajeunesse with several others took their guns and sallied out in search of a goat, but returned unsuccessful. At sunset the barometer stood at 20.522; the attached thermometer, 50°. Here we had the misfortune to break our thermometer, having now only that attached to the barometer. I was taken ill shortly after we had encamped, and continued so until late in the night, with violent headache and vomiting. This was probably caused by the excessive fatigue I had undergone and want of food, and perhaps also in some measure by the rarity of the air. The night was cold, as a violent gale from the north had sprung up at sunset, which entirely blew away the heat of the fires. The cold and our granite beds had not been favorable to sleep, and we were glad to see the face of the sun in the morning. Not being delayed by any preparation for breakfast, we set out immediately.

On every side as we advanced was heard the roar of waters and of a torrent, which we followed up a short distance until it expended into a lake about one mile in

length. On the northern side of the lake was a bank of ice, or rather of snow covered with a crust of ice. Carson had been our guide into the mountains, and agreeably to his advice we left this little valley and took to the ridges again, which we found extremely broken and where we were again involved among precipices. Here were ice fields; among which we were all dispersed, seeking each the best path to ascend the peak. Mr. Preuss attempted to walk along the upper edge of one of these fields, which sloped away at an angle of about twenty degrees; but his feet slipped from under him and he went plunging down the plane. A few hundred feet below, at the bottom, were some fragments of sharp rock, on which he landed, and, though he turned a couple of somersaults, fortunately received no injury beyond a few bruises. Two of the men, Clement Lambert and Descoteaux, had been taken ill, and lay down on the rocks a short distance below; and at this point I was attacked with headache and giddiness, accompanied by vomiting, as on the day before. Finding myself unable to proceed, I sent the barometer over to Mr. Preuss, who was in a gap two or three hundred yards distant, desiring him to reach the peak, if possible, and take an observation there. He found himself unable to proceed farther in that direction, and took an observation where the barometer stood at 19.401; attached thermometer, 50° in the gap. Carson, who had gone over to him, succeeded in reaching one of the snowy summits of the main ridge, whence he saw the peak toward which all our efforts had been directed towering eight or ten hundred feet into the air above him. In the mean time, finding myself grow rather worse than better, and

doubtful how far my strength would carry me, I sent Basil Lajeunesse with four men back to the place where the mules had been left.

We were now better acquainted with the topography of the country; and I directed him to bring back with him, if it were in any way possible, four or five mules, with provisions and blankets. With me were Maxwell and Ayer; and, after we had remained nearly an hour on the rock, it became so unpleasantly cold, though the day was bright, that we set out on our return to the camp, at which we all arrived safely, straggling in one after the other. I continued ill during the afternoon, but became better toward sundown, when my recovery was completed by the appearance of Basil and four men, all mounted. The men who had gone with him had been too much fatigued to return, and were relieved by those in charge of the horses; but in his powers of endurance Basil resembled more a mountain goat than a man. They brought blankets and provisions, and we enjoyed well our dried meat and a cup of good coffee. We rolled ourselves up in our blankets, and, with our feet turned to a blazing fire, slept soundly until morning.

August 15. — It had been supposed that we had finished with the mountains; and the evening before it had been arranged that Carson should set out at daylight, and return to breakfast at the Camp of the Mules, taking with him all but four or five men, who were to stay with me and bring back the mules and instruments. Accordingly, at the break of day they set out. With Mr. Preuss and myself remained Basil Lajeunesse, Clement Lambert, Janisse, and Descoteaux. When we had secured strength for the day by a hearty breakfast, we

covered what remained, which was enough for one meal, with rocks, in order that it might be safe from any marauding bird, and, saddling our mules, turned our faces once more toward the peaks. This time we determined to proceed quietly and cautiously, deliberately resolved to accomplish our object, if it were within the compass of human means. We were of opinion that a long defile which lay to the left of yesterday's route would lead us to the foot of the main peak. Our mules had been refreshed by the fine grass in the little ravine at the island camp, and we intended to ride up the defile as far as possible, in order to husband our strength for the main ascent. Though this was a fine passage, still it was a defile of the most rugged mountains known, and we had many a rough and steep slippery place to cross before reaching the end. In this place the sun rarely shone. Snow lay along the border of the small stream which flowed through it, and occasional icy passages made the footing of the mules very insecure; and the rocks and ground were moist with the trickling waters in this spring of mighty rivers. We soon had the satisfaction to find ourselves riding along the huge wall which forms the central summits of the chain. There at last it rose by our side, a nearly perpendicular wall of granite, terminating two to three thousand feet above our heads in a serrated line of broken, jagged cones. We rode on until we came almost immediately below the main peak, which I denominated the Snow Peak, as it exhibited more snow to the eye than any of the neighboring summits. Here were three small lakes of a green color, each of perhaps a thousand yards in diameter, and apparently very deep. These lay in a kind of chasm; and,

according to the barometer, we had attained but a few hundred feet above the Island Lake. The barometer here stood at 20.450; attached thermometer, 70°.

We managed to get our mules up to a little bench about a hundred feet above the lakes, where there was a patch of good grass, and turned them loose to graze. During our rough ride to this place, they had exhibited a wonderful surefootedness. Parts of the defile were filled with angular, sharp fragments of rock, — three or four and eight or ten feet cube, — and among these they had worked their way, leaping from one narrow point to another, rarely making a false step, and giving us no occasion to dismount. Having divested ourselves of every unnecessary encumbrance, we commenced the ascent. This time, like experienced travelers, we did not press ourselves, but climbed leisurely, sitting down so soon as we found breath beginning to fail. At intervals we reached places where a number of springs gushed from the rocks, and about eighteen hundred feet above the lakes came to the snow line. From this point our progress was uninterrupted climbing. Hitherto I had worn a pair of thick moccasins, with soles of *parflêche;* but here I put on a light, thin pair which I had brought for the purpose, as now the use of our toes became necessary to a farther advance. I availed myself of a sort of comb of the mountain, which stood against the wall like a buttress, and which the wind and the solar radiation, joined to the steepness of the smooth rock, had kept almost entirely free from snow. Up this I made my way rapidly. Our cautious method of advancing in the outset had spared my strength; and, with the exception of a slight disposition

to headache, I felt no remains of yesterday's illness. In a few minutes we reached a point where the buttress was overhanging, and there was no other way of surmounting the difficulty than by passing around one side of it, which was the face of a vertical precipice of several hundred feet.

Putting hands and feet in the crevices between the blocks, I succeeded in getting over it, and, when I reached the top, found my companions in a small valley below. Descending to them, we continued climbing, and in a short time reached the crest. I sprang upon the summit, and another step would have precipitated me into an immense snow field five hundred feet below. To the edge of this field was a sheer icy precipice; and then, with a gradual fall, the field sloped off for about a mile, until it struck the foot of another lower ridge. I stood on a narrow crest, about three feet in width, with an inclination of about 20° N. 51 E. As soon as I had gratified the first feelings of curiosity, I descended, and each man ascended in his turn; for I would allow only one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which it seemed a breath would hurl into the abyss below. We mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and, fixing a ramrod in a crevice, unfurled the national flag to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before.

THE FIRST TELEGRAM

BY R. M. DEVENS

THE announcement of the invention [the telegraph] and its astonishing capacity, was for a long time the most prominent theme of public and private discussion, admiration being largely mingled with blank incredulity and not a little ridicule. Even in Congress, in the application of Professor Morse for government aid, to enable him to demonstrate the value of his invention by constructing a line between Washington and Baltimore, in 1838, there were not wanting learned legislators who treated the idea as a mere chimera. It was the same Congress of which Espy, the "Storm King," was asking assistance, to test his favorite theory, then so prominently discussed.

Both Morse and Espy, says a writer of that time and the event, became the butt of ridicule, the target of merciless arrows of wit. They were voted downright bores, and the idea of giving them money was pronounced farcical. They were considered monomaniacs, and as such were laughed at, punned upon, and made the standing staple for jokes. One morning, however, a gentleman rose from his seat in the House, — quite to the astonishment of everybody, for he had never been known to speak before, unless it was to vote or to address the Speaker, — and said, "I hold in my hand a resolution, which I respectfully offer for the consideration of the House." In a moment a page was at his desk, and

the resolution was transferred to the Speaker and by him delivered to the Clerk, who read as follows: "Resolved, That the Committee of Ways and Means be instructed to inquire into the expediency of appropriating thirty thousand dollars, to enable Professor Morse to establish a line of telegraph between Washington and Baltimore." The gentleman who offered it was Mr. Ferris, one of the New York Representatives, a man of wealth and learning, but modest, retiring, and diffident.

This being merely a resolution of inquiry, it passed without opposition, and, out of regard to the mover, without comment. In time, it came before the committee, all the members of which had, by their public services and brilliant talents, acquired a national reputation. The clerk of the committee read the resolution. The chairman, Mr. Fillmore, in a clear, distinct voice, said, "Gentlemen, what disposition shall be made of it?" There was a dead pause around the table. No one seemed inclined to take the initiative. It was expected that, inasmuch as the mover of the resolution in the House was a Democrat, the Democratic side of the committee would stand godfather to it there. But not a bit of it. They felt that the whole thing was preposterous and deserving of no countenance. At length, one on the other side broke the ominous silence by moving that the committee instruct the chairman to report a bill to the House, appropriating thirty thousand dollars for the purpose named in the resolution.

This movement [motion] "brought them all up standing!" No speeches were made. The question was called for. The yeas and nays were taken alphabetically,

and, as four had voted on the affirmative side, and four on the negative, it fell to the lot of Governor Wallace, of Indiana, whose name came last on the list, to decide the question. He, however, had paid no attention to the matter, and, like the majority of people, considered it a great humbug. He had not the faintest idea of the importance to his country of the vote he was to cast. But as fortune would have it, the thought came to mind that Mr. Morse was even then experimenting in the Capitol with the "new-fangled invention," having stretched a wire from the basement story to the anteroom of the Senate Chamber. It was therefore in Governor Wallace's power to satisfy himself at once in regard to the question of feasibility, and he determined to try it. He asked leave to consider his vote. This was granted. He immediately went to the antechamber, which was found crowded with Representatives and strangers. Governor Wallace requested permission to put a question to the "madman" (Morse) at the other end of the wire. It was granted immediately. He wrote the question and handed it to the telegrapher. The crowd cried, "Read! Read!" In a very short time the answer was received. When written out by the operator, the same cry of "Read it! Read it!" went up from the crowd.

To his utter astonishment, Governor Wallace found that the madman at that end of the wire had more wit and force than the Congressman at the other — the laugh was turned completely upon the committeeman. But, as Western men are rarely satisfied with one fall, — not less than two failures out of three attempts forcing from them any acknowledgment of defeat, — the

governor put a second question, and there came a second answer. If the first raised a laugh at his expense, the second converted that laugh into a roar and a shout. He was more than satisfied. Picking up his hat, he bowed himself out of the crowd, the good-natured shout following him as he passed along the passages and halls of the Capitol.

As a matter of course, Governor Wallace voted in the affirmative of the motion then pending before the committee, and it prevailed. The chairman reported the bill, the House and Senate concurred in its passage, and thus was Professor Morse successful in this his last struggle to demonstrate the practicability of — as it has proved — the most amazing invention of the age, the electro-magnetic telegraph. If the committee had ignored the proposition, there is no telling what would have been the result. That the experiment would have been finally made, no one can entertain a doubt. But when or by whom is the question. It was not within the range of ordinary individual fortune to make it, and, if it was, none but Professor Morse would have hazarded it.

It appears, however, that Professor Morse came to the last stage of discouragement, in the prosecution of his appeal to Congress, before light finally broke in upon him. On the very last day of the session, the bill relating to his case was the one hundred and twentieth on the Senate docket, to be acted upon in course. Concerning this scene, a writer in "Harper's Monthly" states, that during the day, Professor Morse watched the course of legislation from the gallery with nervous trepidation and the deepest anxiety. At length, worn out by the inter-

minable discussion of some Senator who seemed to be speaking against time, and overcome by his prolonged watching, he left the gallery at a late hour and went to his lodgings, under the belief that it was not possible his bill could be reached, and that he must again turn his attention to those labors of the brush and easel by means of which he might be enabled to prosecute appeals to Congress at a future time. He accordingly made his preparations to return to New York on the following morning, and retiring to rest, sank into a profound slumber, from which he did not awake until a late hour on the following morning. But a short time after, while seated at the breakfast-table, the servant announced that a lady desired to see him. Upon entering the parlor, he found Miss Annie Ellsworth, the daughter of the Commissioner of Patents, whose face was all aglow with pleasure.

"I have come to congratulate you," she remarked, as he entered the room and approached to shake hands with her.

"To congratulate me!" replied Mr. Morse, "and for what?"

"Why, upon the passage of your bill, to be sure," she replied.

"You must surely be mistaken; for I left at a late hour, and its fate seemed inevitable."

"Indeed I am not mistaken," she rejoined; "father remained until the close of the session, and your bill was the very last that was acted on, and I begged permission to carry to you the news. I am *so* happy that I am the first to tell you so."

The feelings of Professor Morse may be better imag-

ined than described. He grasped his young companion warmly by the hand, and thanked her over and over again for the joyful intelligence, saying —

"As a reward for being the first bearer of this news, you shall send over the telegraph the first message it conveys."

"I will hold you to that promise," replied she; "remember!"

"Remember!" responded Professor Morse; and they parted.

The plans of Mr. Morse were now altogether changed. His journey homeward was abandoned, and he set to work to carry out the project of establishing the line of electro-telegraph, between Washington and Baltimore, authorized by the bill. His first idea was to convey the wires, inclosed in a leaden tube, beneath the ground. He had already arranged a plan by which the wires, insulated by a covering of cotton saturated in gum shellac, were to be inserted into leaden pipes in the process of casting. But after the expenditure of several thousand dollars, and much delay, this plan was given up, and the one now in use, of extending them on poles, adopted.

By the month of May, 1844, the whole line was laid, and magnets and recording instruments were attached to the ends of the wires at Mount Clare Depot, Baltimore, and at the Supreme Court Chamber, in the Capitol at Washington. When the circuit was complete and the signal at the one end of the line was responded to by the operator at the other, Mr. Morse sent a messenger to Miss Ellsworth to inform her that the telegraph awaited her message. She speedily responded to

this, and sent for transmission the following, which was the first formal dispatch ever sent through a telegraphic wire connecting remote places with each other: —

"WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!"

The original of the message is now in the archives of the Historical Society at Hartford, Connecticut. The practicability and utility of the invention were now clearly and firmly established.

A LITTLE SCOTCH PIONEER IN WISCONSIN

[The first half of the nineteenth century]

BY JOHN MUIR

[THE thought of striking out into the wilderness to make a home has a certain fascination, but whoever attempts it must look forward to years of hard labor before he can see much fruit of his toil. The following account of the first years on a new farm has been chosen as presenting a typical picture of pioneer life in its struggle to transform forests and prairies into the fertile farms that have been the chief source of the nation's wealth.

The Editor.]

I WAS put to the plough at the age of twelve, when my head reached but little above the handles, and for many years I had to do the greater part of the ploughing. It was hard work for so small a boy; nevertheless, as good ploughing was exacted from me as if I were a man, and very soon I had to become a good ploughman, or rather ploughboy. None could draw a straighter furrow. For the first few years the work was particularly hard on account of the tree-stumps that had to be dodged. Later the stumps were all dug and chopped out to make way for the McCormick reaper, and because I proved to be the best chopper and stump-digger I had nearly all of it to myself. It was dull, hard work leaning over on my knees all day, chopping out those tough oak and hickory stumps, deep down below the crowns of the big roots. Some, though fortunately not many, were two feet or more in diameter.

And as I was the eldest boy, the greater part of all the other hard work of the farm quite naturally fell on me. I had to split rails for long lines of zigzag fences. The trees that were tall enough and straight enough to afford one or two logs ten feet long were used for rails, the others, too knotty or cross-grained, were disposed of in log and cordwood fences. Making rails was hard work and required no little skill. I used to cut and split a hundred a day from our short, knotty oak timber, swinging the axe and heavy mallet, often with sore hands, from early morning to night. Father was not successful as a rail-splitter. After trying the work with me a day or two, he in despair left it all to me. I rather liked it, for I was proud of my skill, and tried to believe that I was as tough as the timber I mauled, though this and other heavy jobs stopped my growth, and earned for me the title "Runt of the family."

In those early days, long before the great labor-saving machines came to our help, almost everything connected with wheat-raising abounded in trying work, — cradling in the long, sweaty dog-days, raking and binding, stacking, thrashing, — and it often seemed to me that our fierce, over-industrious way of getting the grain from the ground was too closely connected with grave-digging. The staff of life, naturally beautiful, oftentimes suggested the grave-digger's spade. Men and boys, and in those days even women and girls, were cut down while cutting the wheat. The fat folk grew lean and the lean leaner, while the rosy cheeks brought from Scotland and other cool countries across the sea faded to yellow like the wheat. We were all made slaves through the vice of over-industry. The same was in

great part true in making hay to keep the cattle and horses through the long winters. We were called in the morning at four o'clock and seldom got to bed before nine, making a broiling, seething day seventeen hours long loaded with heavy work, while I was only a small stunted boy; and a few years later my brothers David and Daniel and my older sisters had to endure about as much as I did. In the harvest dog-days and dog-nights and dog-mornings, when we arose from our clammy beds, our cotton shirts clung to our backs as wet with sweat as the bathing-suits of swimmers, and remained so all the long, sweltering days. In mowing and cradling, the most exhausting of all the farm work, I made matters worse by foolish ambition in keeping ahead of the hired men. Never a warning word was spoken of the dangers of overwork. On the contrary, even when sick we were held to our tasks as long as we could stand. Once in harvest-time I had the mumps and was unable to swallow any food except milk, but this was not allowed to make any difference, while I staggered with weakness and sometimes fell headlong among the sheaves. Only once was I allowed to leave the harvest-field — when I was stricken down with pneumonia. I lay gasping for weeks, but the Scotch are hard to kill and I pulled through. No physician was called, for father was an enthusiast, and always said and believed that God and hard work were by far the best doctors.

None of our neighbors were so excessively industrious as father; though nearly all of the Scotch, English, and Irish worked too hard, trying to make good homes and to lay up money enough for comfortable independence. Excepting small garden-patches, few of them had owned

land in the old country. Here their craving land-hunger was satisfied, and they were naturally proud of their farms and tried to keep them as neat and clean and well-tilled as gardens. To accomplish this without the means for hiring help was impossible. Flowers were planted about the neatly kept log or frame houses; barnyards, granaries, etc., were kept in about as neat order as the homes, and the fences and corn-rows were rigidly straight. But every uncut weed distressed them; so also did every ungathered ear of grain, and all that was lost by birds and gophers; and this over-carefulness bred endless work and worry.

As for money, for many a year there was precious little of it in the country for anybody. Eggs sold at six cents a dozen in trade, and five-cent calico was exchanged at twenty-five cents a yard. Wheat brought fifty cents a bushel in trade. To get cash for it before the Portage Railway was built, it had to be hauled to Milwaukee, a hundred miles away. On the other hand, food was abundant, — eggs, chickens, pigs, cattle, wheat, corn, potatoes, garden vegetables of the best, and wonderful melons as luxuries. No other wild country I have ever known extended a kinder welcome to poor immigrants. On the arrival in the spring, a log house could be built, a few acres ploughed, the virgin sod planted with corn, potatoes, etc., and enough raised to keep a family comfortably the very first year; and wild hay for cows and oxen grew in abundance on the numerous meadows. The American settlers were wisely content with smaller fields and less of everything, kept indoors during excessively hot or cold weather, rested when tired, went off fishing and hunting at the most favorable times and

seasons of the day and year, gathered nuts and berries, and in general tranquilly accepted all the good things the fertile wilderness offered.

After eight years of this dreary work of clearing the Fountain Lake farm, fencing it and getting it in perfect order, building a frame house and the necessary outbuildings for the cattle and horses, — after all this had been victoriously accomplished, and we had made out to escape with life, — father bought a half-section of wild land about four or five miles to the eastward and began all over again to clear and fence and break up other fields for a new farm, doubling all the stunting, heartbreaking, chopping, grubbing, stump-digging, rail-splitting, fence-building, barn-building, house-building, and so forth.

By this time I had learned to run the breaking plough. Most of these ploughs were very large, turning furrows from eighteen inches to two feet wide, and were drawn by four or five yoke of oxen. They were used only for the first ploughing, in breaking up the wild sod woven into a tough mass, chiefly by the cordlike roots of perennial grasses, reinforced by the taproots of oak and hickory bushes, called "grubs," some of which were more than a century old and four or five inches in diameter. In the hardest ploughing on the most difficult ground, the grubs were said to be as thick as the hair on a dog's back. If in good trim, the plough cut through and turned over these grubs as if the century-old wood were soft like the flesh of carrots and turnips; but if not in good trim, the grubs promptly tossed the plough out of the ground. A stout Highland Scot, our neighbor, whose plough was in bad order and who did not know how to

trim it, was vainly trying to keep it in the ground by main strength, while his son, who was driving and merrily whipping up the cattle, would cry encouragingly, "Haud her in, fayther! Haud her in!" "But hoo i' the deil can I haud her in when she'll no *stop* in?" his perspiring father would reply, gasping for breath between each word. On the contrary, with the share and coulter sharp and nicely adjusted, the plough, instead of shying at every grub and jumping out, ran straight ahead without need of steering or holding, and gripped the ground so firmly that it could hardly be thrown out at the end of the furrow.

Our breaker turned a furrow two feet wide, and on our best land, where the sod was toughest, held so firm a grip that at the end of the field my brother, who was driving the oxen, had to come to my assistance in throwing it over on its side to be drawn around the end of the landing; and it was all I could do to set it up again. But I learned to keep that plough in such trim that after I got started on a new furrow I used to ride on the crossbar between the handles with my feet resting comfortably on the beam, without having to steady or steer it in any way on the whole length of the field, unless we had to go round a stump, for it sawed through the biggest grubs without flinching.

The growth of these grubs was interesting to me. When an acorn or hickory-nut had sent up its first season's sprout, a few inches long, it was burned off in the autumn grass fires; but the root continued to hold on to life, formed a callus over the wound and sent up one or more shoots the next spring. Next autumn these new shoots were burned off, but the root and calloused

head, about level with the surface of the ground, continued to grow and send up more shoots; and so on, almost every year until very old, probably far more than a century, while the tops, which would naturally have become tall broad-headed trees, were only mere sprouts seldom more than two years old. Thus the ground was kept open like a prairie, with only five or six trees to the acre, which had escaped the fire by having the good fortune to grow on a bare spot at the door of a fox or badger den, or between straggling grass-tufts wide apart on the poorest sandy soil.

The uniformly rich soil of the Illinois and Wisconsin prairies produced so close and tall a growth of grasses for fires that no tree could live on it. Had there been no fires, these fine prairies, so marked a feature of the country, would have been covered with the heaviest forests. As soon as the oak openings in our neighborhood were settled, and the farmers had prevented running grass-fires, the grubs grew up into trees and formed tall thickets so dense that it was difficult to walk through them, and every trace of the sunny "openings" vanished.

We called our second farm Hickory Hill, from its many fine hickory trees and the long gentle slope leading up to it. Compared with Fountain Lake farm it lay high and dry. The land was better, but it had no living water, no spring or stream or meadow or lake. A well ninety feet deep had to be dug, all except the first ten feet or so in fine-grained sandstone. When the sandstone was struck, my father, on the advice of a man who had worked in mines, tried to blast the rock; but from lack of skill the blasting went on very slowly, and father decided to have me do all the work with mason's chisels, a long,

hard job, with a good deal of danger in it. I had to sit cramped in a space about three feet in diameter, and wearily chip, chip, with heavy hammer and chisels from early morning until dark, day after day, for weeks and months. In the morning, father and David lowered me in a wooden bucket by a windlass, hauled up what chips were left from the night before, then went away to the farm work and left me until noon, when they hoisted me out for dinner. After dinner I was promptly lowered again, the forenoon's accumulation of chips hoisted out of the way, and I was left until night.

One morning, after the dreary bore was about eighty feet deep, my life was all but lost in deadly choke-damp, — carbonic acid gas that had settled at the bottom during the night. Instead of clearing away the chips as usual when I was lowered to the bottom, I swayed back and forth and began to sink under the poison. Father, alarmed that I did not make any noise, shouted, "What's keeping you so still?" to which he got no reply. Just as I was settling down against the side of the wall, I happened to catch a glimpse of a branch of a bur-oak tree which leaned out over the mouth of the shaft. This suddenly awakened me, and to father's excited shouting I feebly murmured, "Take me out." But when he began to hoist he found I was not in the bucket and in wild alarm shouted, "Get in! Get in the bucket and hold on! Hold on!" Somehow I managed to get into the bucket, and that is all I remembered until I was dragged out, violently gasping for breath.

One of our near neighbors, a stone mason and miner by the name of William Duncan, came to see me, and after hearing the particulars of the accident he solemnly

said: "Weel, Johnnie, it's God's mercy that you're alive. Many a companion of mine have I seen dead with choke-damp, but none that I ever saw or heard of was so near to death in it as you were and escaped without help." Mr. Duncan taught father to throw water down the shaft to absorb the gas, and also to drop a bundle of brush or hay attached to a light rope, dropping it again and again to carry down pure air and stir up the poison. When, after a day or two, I had recovered from the shock, father lowered me again to my work, after taking the precaution to test the air with a candle and stir it up well with a brush-and-hay bundle. The weary hammer-and-chisel-chipping went on as before, only more slowly, until ninety feet down, when at last I struck a fine, hearty gush of water. Constant dropping wears away stone. So does constant chipping, while at the same time wearing away the chipper.

V

STORIES OF THE WESTERN INDIANS

HISTORICAL NOTE

MOST of the "Indian outbreaks" of the last half-century have been caused by the governmental command to "Move on." During the presidency of Jackson, the Indians were bidden to remove to the country west of the Mississippi. Some made no resistance, but others opposed bitterly, and the Black Hawk War in Illinois and Wisconsin as well as the war in Florida were the result. As the number of white inhabitants increased, they called for more arable land. Then, too, silver and gold were discovered. To make desirable regions available for the whites, the Government forced the Indians, not once, but again and again, to leave their homes and depart to some less valuable part of the country.

There is as much variety in Indian tribes and in individual Indians as in white folk. Some are fierce and warlike, others are inclined to be friendly. Some are industrious and eager to learn, while others are lazy and willingly ignorant. As a race, the Indians are rapidly disappearing. Within the last seventy years of the nineteenth century, the Pawnees, for instance, decreased from twelve thousand to fewer than seven hundred. The native California Indians have almost entirely died out. Twenty tribes on the Oregon coast have dwindled to four hundred and thirty-seven persons.

A CHOCTAW HOLIDAY

[About 1850]

GEORGE CATLIN

WHILST I was staying at the Choctaw Agency in the midst of their nation, it seemed to be a sort of season of amusements, a kind of holiday; when the whole tribe almost were assembled around the establishment, and from day to day we were entertained with some games or feats that were exceedingly amusing: horse-racing, dancing, wrestling, foot-racing, and ball-playing, were amongst the most exciting; and of all the catalogue, the most beautiful was decidedly that of ball-playing. This wonderful game, which is the favorite one amongst all the tribes, and with these Southern tribes played exactly the same, can never be appreciated by whose who are not happy enough to see it.

It is no uncommon occurrence for six or eight hundred or a thousand of these young men to engage in a game of ball, with five or six times that number of spectators, of men, women, and children, surrounding the ground and looking on. And I pronounce such a scene, with its hundreds of Nature's most beautiful models denuded, and painted of various colors, running and leaping into the air, in all the most extravagant and varied forms, in the desperate struggles for the ball, a school for the painter or sculptor, equal to any of those that ever inspired the hand of the artist in the Olympian games or the Roman forum.

I have made it a uniform rule whilst in the Indian country, to attend every ball-play I could hear of, if I could do it by riding a distance of twenty or thirty miles; and my usual custom has been on such occasions to straddle the back of my horse, and look on to the best advantage. In this way I have sat, and oftentimes reclined, and almost dropped from my horse's back, with irresistible laughter at the succession of droll tricks and kicks and scuffles which ensue, in the almost superhuman struggle for the ball. These plays generally commence at nine o'clock, or near it, in the morning; and I have more than once balanced myself on my pony from that time till near sundown, without more than one minute of intermission at a time, before the game has been decided.

While at the Choctaw Agency, it was announced that there was to be a great play on a certain day, within a few miles, on which occasion I attended, and made three sketches; and also the following entry in my notebook, which I literally copy out: —

"Monday afternoon, at three o'clock, I rode out with Lieutenants S. and M. to a very pretty prairie, about six miles distant, to the ball playground of the Choctaws, where we found several thousand Indians encamped. There were two points of timber about half a mile apart, in which the two parties for the play, with their respective families and friends, were encamped; and lying between them, the prairie on which the game was to be played. My companions and myself, although we had been apprized that to see the whole of a ball-play, we must remain on the ground all the night previous, had brought nothing to sleep upon, resolving to keep our

eyes open, and see what transpired during the night. During the afternoon, we loitered about amongst the different tents and shantics of the two encampments, and afterwards, at sundown, witnessed the ceremony of measuring out the ground, and erecting the 'byes' or goals which were to guide the play. Each party had their goal made with two upright posts, set firm in the ground, with a pole across at the top. These goals were about forty or fifty rods apart; and at a point just halfway between was another small stake, driven down, where the ball was to be thrown up at the firing of a gun, to be struggled for by the players. All this preparation was made by some old men, who were it seems selected to be the judges of the play, who drew a line from one bye to the other; to which directly came from the woods, on both sides, a great concourse of women and old men, boys and girls, and dogs and horses, where bets were to be made on the play. The betting was all done across this line, and seemed to be chiefly left to the women who seemed to have marshaled out a little of everything that their houses and their fields possessed. Goods and chattels — knives — dresses — blankets — pots and kettles — dogs and horses and guns; and all were placed in the possession of *stakeholders,* who sat by them, and watched them on the ground all night preparatory to the play.

"The sticks with which this tribe play are bent into an oblong hoop at the end, with a sort of slight web of small thongs tied across, to prevent the ball from passing through. The players hold one in each hand, and by leaping into the air they catch the ball between the two nettings and throw it, without being allowed to strike it, or catch it in their hands.

"In every ball-play of these people, it is a rule of the play, that no man shall wear moccasins on his feet, or any other dress than his breech-cloth around his waist, with a beautiful bead belt, and a '*tail*,' made of white horsehair or quills, and a '*mane*' on the neck, of horsehair dyed of various colors.

"This game had been arranged and 'made up' three or four months before the parties met to play it, and in the following manner: — The two champions who led the two parties, and had the alternate choosing of the players through the whole tribe, sent runners, with the ball-sticks most fantastically ornamented with ribbons and red paint to be touched by each one of the chosen players; who thereby agreed to be on the spot at the appointed time and ready for the play. The ground having been all prepared, and preliminaries of the game all settled, and the bettings all made, and goods all 'staked,' night came on without the appearance of any players on the ground. But soon after dark, a procession of lighted flambeaux was seen coming from each encampment to the ground, where the players assembled around their respective byes; and at the beat of the drums and chants of the women, each party of players commenced the 'ball-play dance.' Each party danced for a quarter of an hour around their respective byes, in their ball-play dress; rattling their ball-sticks together in the most violent manner, and all singing as loud as they could raise their voices; whilst the women of each party, who had their goods at stake, formed into two rows on the line between the two parties of players, and danced also in a uniform step, and all their voices joined in chants to the Great Spirit; in which they were

soliciting his favor in deciding the game to their advantage; and also encouraging the players to exert every power they possessed, in the struggle that was to ensue. In the mean time, four old medicine men, who were to have the starting of the ball, and who were to be judges of the play, were seated at the point where the ball was to be started; and busily smoking to the Great Spirit for their success in judging rightly and impartially, between the parties in so important an affair.

"This dance was one of the most picturesque scenes imaginable, and was repeated at intervals of every half hour during the night, and exactly in the same manner; so that the players were certainly awake all the night and arrayed in their appropriate dress, prepared for the play, which was to commence at nine o'clock the next morning. In the morning, at the hour, the two parties and all their friends were drawn out and over the ground; when at length the game commenced, by the judges throwing up the ball at the firing of a gun; when an instant struggle ensued between the players, who were some six or seven hundred in numbers, and were mutually endeavoring to catch the ball in their sticks, and throw it home and between their respective stakes; which, whenever successfully done, counts one for game. In this game all the players were dressed alike, that is, *divested* of all dress, except the girdle and the tail, which I have before described; and in these desperate struggles for the ball, when it is *up* (where hundreds are running together and leaping, actually over each others' heads, and darting between their adversaries' legs, tripping and throwing, and foiling each other in every possible manner, and every voice raised to the highest key, in

shrill yelps and barks), there are rapid successions of feats, and of incidents, that astonish and amuse far beyond the conception of any one who has not had the singular good luck to witness them. In these struggles, every mode is used that can be devised to oppose the progress of the foremost, who is likely to get the ball; and these obstructions often meet desperate individual resistance, which terminates in violent scuffle, and sometimes in fisticuffs; when their sticks are dropped, and the parties are unmolested, whilst they are settling it between themselves; unless it be a general *stampedo*, to which they are subject who are down, if the ball happens to pass in their direction. Every weapon, by a rule of all ball-plays is laid by in their respective encampments, and no man allowed to go for one; so that the sudden broils that take place on the ground are presumed to be as suddenly settled without any probability of much personal injury; and no one is allowed to interfere in any way with the contentious individuals.

"There are times, when the ball gets to the ground, and such a confused mass rushing together around it, and knocking their sticks together, without the possibility of any one getting or seeing it, for the dust that they raise, that the spectator loses his strength, and everything else but his senses; when the condensed mass of ball-sticks, and shins, and bloody noses, is carried around the different parts of the ground, for a quarter of an hour at a time, without any one of the mass being able to see the ball; and which they are often thus scuffling for, several minutes after it has been thrown off, and played over another part of the ground.

"For each time that the ball was passed between the

stakes of either party, one was counted for their game, and a halt of about one minute; when it was again started by the judges of the play, and a similar struggle ensued; and so on until the successful party arrived to one hundred, which was the limit of the game, and accomplished at an hour's sun, when they took the stakes; and then by a previous agreement, produced a number of jugs of whiskey, which gave all a wholesome drink, and sent them all off merry and in good humor, but not drunk.

"After this exciting day, the concourse was assembled in the vicinity of the agency house, where we had a great variety of dances and other amusements; the most of which I have described on former occasions. One, however, was new to me, and I must say a few words of it; this was the Eagle Dance, a very pretty scene, which is got up by their young men in honor of that bird, for which they seem to have a religious regard. This picturesque dance was given by twelve or sixteen men, whose bodies were chiefly naked and painted white with white clay, and each one holding in his hand the tail of the eagle, while his head was also decorated with an eagle's quill. Spears were stuck in the ground, around which the dance was performed by four men at a time, who had, simultaneously at the beat of the drum, jumped up from the ground, where they had all sat in rows of four, one row immediately behind the other, and ready to take the place of the first four when they left the ground fatigued, which they did by hopping or jumping around behind the rest, and taking their seats, ready to come up again in their turn, after each of the other sets had been through the same forms.

"In this dance, the steps, or rather jumps, were different from anything I had ever witnessed before, as the dancers were squat down, with their bodies almost to the ground, in a severe and most difficult posture."

I have already, in a former letter, while speaking of the ancient custom of flattening the head, given a curious tradition of this interesting tribe, accounting for their having come from the West, and I here insert another or two, which I had, as well as the former one, from the lips of Peter Pinchlin, a very intelligent and influential man in the tribe.

The Deluge. "Our people have always had a tradition of the Deluge, which happened in this way; — there was total darkness for a great time over the whole of the earth; the Choctaw doctors or mystery men looked out for daylight for a long time, until at last they despaired of ever seeing it, and the whole nation were very unhappy. At last a light was discovered in the North, and there was great rejoicing, until it was found to be great mountains of water rolling on, which destroyed them all, except a few families who had expected it and built a great raft, on which they were saved."

Future State. "Our people all believe that the spirit lives in a future state — that it has a great distance to travel after death towards the West — that it has to cross a dreadful deep and rapid stream, which is hemmed in on both sides by high and rugged hills — over this stream from hill to hill, there lies a long and slippery pine log, with the bark peeled off, over which the dead have to pass to the delightful hunting-grounds. On the other side of the stream there are six persons of the good hunting-grounds, with rocks in their hands, which they

throw at them all when they are on the middle of the log. The good walk on safely to the good hunting-grounds, where there is one continual day — where the trees are always green — where the sky has no clouds — where there are continual fine and cooling breezes — where there is one continual scene of feasting, dancing, and rejoicing — where there is no pain or trouble, and people never grow old, but for ever live young and enjoy the youthful pleasures.

"The wicked see the stones coming, and try to dodge, by which they fall from the log, and go down thousands of feet to the water, which is dashing over the rocks, and is smelling of dead fish, and animals, where they are carried around and brought continually back to the same place in whirlpools — where the trees are all dead, and the waters are full of toads and lizards, and snakes — where the dead are always hungry, and have nothing to eat — are always sick, and never die — where the sun never shines, and where the wicked are continually climbing up by thousands on the sides of a high rock from which they can overlook the beautiful country of the good hunting-grounds, the place of the happy, but never can reach it."

WHAT THE INDIANS THOUGHT OF THE WHITE MEN

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL

KNOWLEDGE of the white man came to the different tribes of the west at different times, but a century ago most of them knew little of him, and there are many tribes which have had a real intercourse with the whites for a still shorter time. Long before this the Spaniards in the southwest and on the Pacific Coast had made their presence felt, but the Indians usually do not consider that Spaniards are of the same race with the people of European origin who came to them from the east, and often they have a special name for them.

Even after the Indians had learned of the existence of the white people, they did not at once come into contact with them. It was often quite a long time before they even began to trade with them, and when they did so, it was in a very small way. The first articles traded for were arms, beads, blankets, and the gaudy finery that the savage loves. Horses — which transformed the Indian from a mild and peaceful seeker after food to a warrior and a raider — were by many tribes first obtained not directly from the whites, but by barter from those of their own race.

Most tribes still preserve traditions of the time when they first met the white men, as well as of the time when they first saw horses; but in many cases this was so long ago that all details of the occurrence have been lost. It

is certain that the Spaniards and their horses had worked their way up the Pacific Slope into Oregon and Washington long before there was any considerable influx of white trappers into the plains country and the Rocky Mountains; and that of the western tribes, those which in miles were farthest from Mexico were the last to learn of the whites and their wonderful powers. One of these peoples was the Blackfeet, of whom I have been told by men still living in the tribe that fifty years ago no Blackfoot could count up to ten, and that a little earlier the number of horses in all three tribes of that confederation was very small. Then they had but few guns, and many of them even used still the stone arrowheads and hatchets and the bone knives of their primitive ancestors.

A people whose intercourse with the whites has been so short and, until recent times, so limited, ought to retain some detailed account of their earliest meeting with civilized men, and such a tradition has come to me from John Monroe, a half-breed Piegan, now nearly seventy years old. It tells of the first time the Blackfeet saw white people — a party of traders from the east, either Frenchmen from Montreal, or one of the very earliest parties of Hudson Bay men which ascended the Saskatchewan River. John Monroe first heard the narrative when a boy from a Blood Indian named Sútane, who was then an old man, and Sútane's grandfather was one of the party who met the white people. The occurrence probably took place during the latter half of the eighteenth century.

When this people lived in the north, a party of the Blackfeet started out to war. They traveled on, always going southward, until they came to a big water. While

passing through a belt of timber on the north bank of this river, they came upon what they took for strange beaver work, where these animals had been cutting down the trees. But on looking closely at the cuttings, they saw that the chips were so large that it must have been an animal much bigger than a beaver that could open its mouth wide enough to cut such chips. They did not understand what this could be, for none of them had ever seen anything like it before. Each man expressed his mind about this, and at last they concluded that some great under-water animal must have done it. At one place they saw that the trunk of a tree was missing, and found the trail over the ground where it had been dragged away from the stump. They followed this trail, so as to see where the animals had taken the log, and what they had done with it, and as they went on, they found many other small trails like this one, all leading into one larger main trail. They then saw the foot-prints of persons, but they were prints of a foot shaped differently from theirs. There was a deep mark at the heel; the tracks were not flat like those made by people.

They followed the trail, which kept getting larger and wider as it went. Every little while, another trail joined it. When they came to where they could look through the timber, they saw before them a little open spot on the bank of the river. They looked through the under-brush, and saw what they at first thought were bears, and afterward took to be persons, lifting logs and put-ting them up in a large pile. They crept closer, to where they could see better, and then concluded that these were not people. They were very woolly on the face. Long masses of hair hung down from their chins. They

were not clothed — wore no robes. The Blackfeet said: "Why, they have nothing on! They are naked!" Some of them said, "Those are *Sûye tuppi*" (water people). They stole around to another point of the timber, still nearer, where they could see better. There they came close to one of these people alone. He was gathering sticks and putting them in a pile. They saw that the skin of his hands and face was white. This one had no hair on his face. So they said: "Well, this must be a she water animal. The he ones have hair on the face, and the she ones do not."

The oldest man of the party then said: "We had better go away. Maybe they will smell us or feel us here, and perhaps they will kill us, or do something fearful. Let us go." So they went away.

When they got back to their camp, they told what they had seen; that to the south they had found animals that were very much like people — water animals. They said that these animals were naked. That some of them had red bodies,[1] and some were black all over, except a red mark around the bodies and a fine red tail.[2] Moreover, these people wore no robes or leggings and no breech-clouts.

This description caused a great excitement in the camp. Some thought that the strange beings were water animals, and others that they were a new people. All the men of the camp started south to see what this could be. Before they left the camp, the head man told them to be very careful in dealing with the animals, not to interfere with them nor to get in their way, and not to try to hurt them nor to anger them.

[1] Wore red shirts. [2] The red sash worn by the old Hudson's Bay men.

The party started, and when they reached the opening, the animals were still there at work. After they had watched them for some time the head man of the party said to the others: "All you stay here, and I will go down to them alone. If they do nothing to me you wait here, but if they attack or hurt me, you rush on them, and we will fight hard, and try not to let them capture any of us." The man started, and when he came close to the corner of the houses he stood still. One of the men, who was working near by, walked up to him, looked him straight in the face, and stretched out his arm. The Indian looked at him, and did not know what he wanted. Some more of the men came up to him, and the Indian saw that all of them were persons like himself, except that they were of a different color and had a different voice. The hair on their faces was fair.

When the other Indians saw that no harm had been done to their leader, some of them went down to him, one by one, and by twos and threes, but most of the party remained hidden in the timber. They were still afraid of these strange new beings.

The whites spoke to them, and asked them to come into the house, making motions to them, but the Indians did not understand what was meant by these signs. The whites would walk away, and then come back and take hold of the Indians' robes and pull them. At last some of the Blackfeet followed the white men into the house. Those who had gone in came back and told the others strange stories of the wonderful things they had seen in this house. As they gained confidence, many others went in, while still others would not go in, nor would they go close to the new people.

The whites showed them a long and curious-looking piece of wood. They did not know of what kind of stone one part of it was made. It was hard and black. The white man took down from the wall a white cow's horn and poured out some black sand into his hand, and poured it down into a hole in this long stick. Then he took a little bunch of grass and pushed this into the hole with another stick, then measured with his fingers the length of the stick left out of the hole. Then he took a round thing out of a bag and put it into the hole, and put down some more fine grass. Then he poured out some more of the black sand into the side of the stick. The Indians stood around, taking great interest in the way the man was handling this stick. The white man now began to make all kinds of signs to the Indians, which they did not understand. Sometimes he would make a big sound with his mouth, and then point to the stick. He would put the stick to his shoulder, holding it out in front of him, and make a great many motions. Then he gave it to one of the Indians. He showed him the under parts, and put his finger there. The Indian touched the under part and the stick went off in the air and made a thundering sound, a terrible crash. The Indian staggered back, and the others were very much scared. Some dropped to the ground, while all the whites laughed and shook their heads at them. All laughed, and made many signs to the Blackfeet, none of which they understood. The white man took down the horn of black sand, and again did these things to the stick, but this time the Indians all stood back. They were afraid. When he had finished the motions, the white man invited them out of doors. Then he sat down, and took

aim at a log lying on the ground. The same great thunder sounded. He walked up to the log, showed the bullet hole, and pushed a little stick into it; then he loaded the gun again.

By this time the Indians were beginning to understand the power of the stick. After the white men had loaded it, he handed the gun to the Indian, took him close to the log, showed him how to aim the gun and how to pull the trigger. The Indian fired and hit the log.

The white men showed these Blackfeet their knives, whittling sticks with them, and showing them how well they could cut. The Indians were very much delighted with the power of these knives. Then they saw a big woolly white man standing out in front of the house, and he with his axe would cut a big log in two in only a short time. All these things were very strange to them. The white men looked closely at the Blackfeet war dresses and arms and wanted them, and gave their visitors some knives and copper cups for their dresses and the skins that they wore. The visitors stayed with the white men some days, camping near by. They kept wondering at these people, at how they looked, the things which they had, and what they did. The white men kept making signs to them, but they understood nothing of it all.

After a time the Blackfeet returned to their camp. Afterward, many others visited the whites, and this was the beginning of a friendly intercourse between the two peoples. After a time they came to understand each other a little, and trade relations were opened. The Indians learned that they could get the white man's things in exchange for the skins of small animals, and

they began to trade and to get guns. It was when they got these arms that they first began to take courage, and to go out of the timber on to the prairie toward the mountains.

THE INDIAN STORY OF THE CUSTER TRAGEDY

[1877]

BY JAMES McLAUGHLIN

In the first place Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull was there — which is more than can be said for some of the other ladies and gentlemen who have told of the events of that dreadful day when Custer led his gallant fellows into the jaws of death and worse. She was not then carried on the rolls of the Indian Department as Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull. A more imaginative sponsor than the Indian Agent had given her the more euphonious and, let us hope, more correctly descriptive appellation of Pte-San-Waste-Win. Twenty-eight years ago, when she first came to the agency at Standing Rock, when Spotted Horn Bull, who was killed with Sitting Bull, was still in the land of the living Dakotas, she was a strikingly good-looking Indian woman, and much esteemed by her neighbors for her intelligence and capacity. She had also the gift of eloquence, rare in an Indian woman, and a fluency in lanugage and readiness of gesture which placed her high in the esteem of her story-loving tribesmen.

And many a big man among the Sioux had been content to hold his peace when Pte-San-Waste-Win raised her voice. Not that the voice was raucous or that Beautiful White Cow (the English rendition of her name) was a scold. I have heard a story that she on one

occasion man-handled a big chief of the Sioux Nation who she learned had maligned her, and that the man-handling followed his remark: "Woman, be silent; you have the mouth of a white man." And knowing Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull as I do, I have never doubted the verity of the incident so far as her attack was concerned.

She is now a sturdy, upstanding woman of sixty to sixty-five years of age, born of the Hunkpapa Sioux, a band that has provided the nation with many of its noted men. She was handsome, according to the Indian canons of taste, in her youth, and indeed I am not sure that the Indian taste in these matters might not well be accepted by some more advanced peoples. She was married in early youth to Spotted Horn Bull, a chief of his band and a man of prominence as a warrior and adviser, but no orator. She appears to have brought to the family the attributes in which her husband was lacking, for she sat in council of her tribe — and I know of no other Indian woman of her nation who was so signally honored. Her voice was always listened to, for, in addition to her gift of eloquence, she was a clear thinker, and could make effective the ideas of her silent husband. Since she became a widow, and the Sioux no longer hold councils, her neighbors seek her advice in business matters. She has steadfastly refused to accept Christianity, though she has listened to all the arguments that have been made to her. She elects to cling to the beliefs of her fathers — a fact that does not at all detract from the esteem in which the missionaries hold her.

A few months ago I met Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull by

appointment at my son Harry's trading store, located at Oak Creek, on the Standing Rock Reservation. She had come in fifteen miles from her home on the Missouri River, near the mouth of Oak Creek, for the meeting. I was accompanied by a friend, and she greeted us with the effusive welcome of her people — as different as possible in its warmth and volubility from the greeting one not acquainted intimately with the Sioux might expect. She was a striking figure as she stood up to greet us.

This historian and poetess of the Sioux wore the ordinary costume of a woman of her people, but her gingham dress was of the Campbell plaid, her shawl-blanket of native make, her moccasins, neat, her jetty hair falling in two braids on each side of a smiling and expressive countenance. She looked a much younger woman than she really was — and by way of demonstrating that she still felt young, she danced a few steps, laughingly declaring that she had met and danced with many prominent people. It was after a substantial supper, to which Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull did full justice, that we sat down in my son's little parlor and listened to her story of the affair on the Little Big Horn.

I have always deplored the fact that English writers have never been able to render in their native elegance and appositeness the similes used by Indian orators and story-tellers. I now deplore the lack of that same capacity in myself. Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull exhausted the stores of her flowery vocabulary in the relation we listened to. She talked with great fluency, her voice pitched to a sort of breathless stage of excited feeling. I remember hearing a young woman declaim the Chorus

in "Henry V," put on by an American actor-manager a few years ago; the Sioux story-teller reminded me of the actress. She illustrated her every sentence in pantomime, and when she feared that she had not pictured the scene her memory brought up, she seized a pencil and paper and drew a sketch of the valley of the Little Big Horn, showing the location of the Indian village on the west bank, the distribution of the bands of the Sioux, the points of attack by Custer and Reno, and the fatal hill, now marked by a monument, where Custer fell. This sketch she used constantly to explain her meaning, and she was perfectly frank about the occurrences of June 25, 1876, except on one point. She ignored all questions as to the whereabouts of Sitting Bull during the fight. Skillfully avoiding the interrogation, or totally ignoring it, she made many excursions into Sioux history of that time; but Sitting Bull, her kinsman, who skulked in the hills while his people were carrying out the annihilation of the troops, she would not speak of. Once, exasperated by the questions of the third party to the hearing, she asked if he was a lawyer, and, being assured that he was not, she shook hands with him very solemnly and continued her relation. And this is the tale she told: —

"My brother, White Eyebrows, had been to a dance. All through the night he had been making glad the hearts of the maidens, for my brother was good to look upon and the women of the Hunkpapa know a good man. All the night he had danced with the other young people. It was not a war dance, but just a merrymaking of the younger people. A few days previous, our men had fought with the Crows and Shoshones [General

Crook's allies] and the enemies of my people had fallen as leaves when they turn yellow. We were not harmed, and there was no mourning in the village of the Sioux on the plateau beside the Greasy Grass, the river that the white men call the Little Big Horn. When my brother came to my tepee from the dance, I still slept. Late the night before I and the other women of the Hunkpapa had labored to make ready for the march that we were to take up that morning. Where we were going, I know not. Where the men of the Sioux go, there go the women; it is their duty and their pleasure. Our people were roaming through the country that had been given them before the coming of the whites. The country was good; there was rich grass for the ponies, and sweet water; the fields glowed with prairie flowers of yellow and red and blue; there were buffaloes in the valleys and Indian turnips on the hills for the digging. We were rich in provisions, and no man had a right to put out his hand and tell us that we should not roam. The village by the Greasy Grass was but the stopping-place for a day or two, and we had no thought of a fight with the white man. The Crows and Shoshones we had no fears of, for the lodges of the Sioux were many and their men brave as the lion of the mountains. But we were to move out to the northwest, and I had made many bundles of my store. Thus it was that I lay sleeping when my brother came to the tepee in the dawn and asked for food.

"I unpacked some of the bundles and prepared his breakfast, buffalo meat stewed with turnips, and set it before him; and as he ate, the people of the village awakened and the sun rose higher. I have said that our lodges

were many, but how many people there were, I know not. [There were about ten thousand Indians, including women and children, in the village.] But the women were all at work, and the ponies were being rounded up and preparations for leaving went on, that we might be away before the heat of the day became great, as it sometimes is in the country of my people and in the valleys near the big hills.

"The village was made along the Greasy Grass and between that river and the Big Horn, which flows north to the Yellowstone. The Blackfeet, who were not many, had the place at the south end of the village; next to the Blackfeet and closer to the river were my people, the Hunkpapa; down the river and next to the Hunkpapa were the Minniconjou; and below them the Sans Arc. Behind the Hunkpapa, away from the river, where the Ogallala and the Brule; and below the Minniconjou to the north were the Cheyennes. Up the river from the village of the Blackfeet there was thick timber, and through this we could not see.

"I have seen my people prepare for battle many times, and this I know: that the Sioux that morning had no thought of fighting. We expected no attack, and our young men did not watch for the coming of Long Hair [Custer] and his soldiers.

"Most of the women were occupied in packing their stores preparatory to breaking camp, and some of them were working along the bank of the river. On the east side of the river an old man had shot a buffalo that morning, and near where the buffalo lay dead some women and children were digging Indian turnips. These people first saw the soldiers, who then were far to the

east. They were on the little hills between the Greasy Grass and the Rosebud Rivers. They were six to eight miles distant when first seen, and some of the younger people hurried in from the place where the buffalo was killed to notify the camp. We could see the flashing of their sabers and saw that there were very many soldiers in the party. My people went on with their work, making ready to move across the Big Horn, but the tepees were not yet down. The men of the Sioux were much excited, and they watched the coming of Long Hair and hurried the women. The village was not made for a fight and they would move on. We had seen the soldiers marching along the high ridge on the east side of the river and were watching them, but had not seen these others approaching."

Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull halted in her story, and thought for a few moments. Then she struck her hands sharply together to imitate the rattling of carbine fire and continued: —

"Like that the soldiers were upon us. Through the tepee poles their bullets rattled. The sun was several hours high and the tepees were empty. Bullets coming from a strip of timber on the west bank of the Greasy Grass passed through the tepees of the Blackfeet and Hunkpapa. The broken character of the country across the river, together with the fringe of trees on the west side, where our camp was situated, had hidden the advance of a great number of soldiers, which we had not seen until they were close upon us and shooting into our end of the village, where, from seeing the direction taken by the soldiers we were watching, we felt comparatively secure.

"The women and children cried, fearing they would be killed, but the mėn, the Hunkpapa and Blackfeet, the Ogalala and Minniconjou, mounted their horses and raced to the Blackfeet tepees. We could still see the soldiers of Long Hair marching along in the distance, and our men, taken by surprise, and from a point whence they had not expected to be attacked, went singing the song of battle into the fight behind the Blackfeet village. And we women wailed over the children, for we believed that the Great Father had sent all his men for the destruction of the Sioux. Some of the women put loads on the travois and would have left, but that their husbands and sons were in the fight. Others tore their hair and wept for the fate that they thought was to be the portion of the Sioux, through the anger of the Great Father, but the men were not afraid, and they had many guns and cartridges. Like the fire that, driven by a great wind, sweeps through the heavy grass-land where the buffalo range, the men of the Hunkpapa, the Blackfeet, the Ogallala, and the Minniconjou rushed through the village and into the trees, where the soldiers of the white chief had stopped to fire. The soldiers [Reno's] had been sent by Long Hair to surprise the village of my people. Silently had they moved off around the hills, and keeping out of sight of the young men of our people, had crept in, south of what men now call Reno Hill; they had crossed the Greasy Grass and climbed the bench from the bank. The way from the river to the plateau upon which our tepees stood was level, but the soldiers were on foot when they came in sight of the Blackfeet. Then it was that they fired and warned us of their approach."

Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull stopped an instant, and then said: —

"If the soldiers had not fired until all of them were ready for the attack; if they had brought their horses and rode into the camp of the Sioux, the power of the Dakota nation might have been broken, and our young men killed in the surprise, for they were watching Long Hair only and had no thought of an attack anywhere while they could see his soldiers traveling along parallel with the river on the opposite side, and more than a rifle-shot back from the river. Long Hair had planned cunningly that Reno should attack in the rear while he rode down and gave battle from the front of the village looking on the river. But the Great Spirit was watching over his red children. He allowed the white chief [Reno] to strike too soon, and the braves of the Sioux ran over his soldiers and beat them down as corn before the hail. They fought a few minutes, and the men of the Hunk-papa, the Blackfeet, Ogallala, and the Minniconjou bore them down and slew many of them — all who did not get across the river were killed. And Long Hair was still three miles away when nearly all of the blue coats that came to kill the Sioux, at our end of the village, were dead; only those escaped who were mounted on horses and got across the river. Those who crossed the river got on a high hill to the east, where our young men did not attack them further until after Custer and his men were killed. Twoscore of the bluecoats lay dead on the field, and our people took their guns and many cartridges, and the mourning was in the houses afar off where the women of the white braves waited to hear of the victory they expected their young men to win.

"The shadow of the sun had not moved the width of a tepee pole's length from the beginning to the ending of the first fight; and while it was going on, the old man who had shot the buffalo east of the river, and some of the women and children who had been digging Indian turnips, and were cut off by the approach of Reno's men, came to the camp. They had seen the soldiers of Long Hair, and had heard the firing of Reno's men, and had secreted themselves in the timber along the river until the guns no longer spoke.

"Down the Greasy Grass River, three or four miles from where Reno's men had crossed the river, and over across from the camps of the Cheyennes and the Sans Arc, there is an easy crossing of the Greasy Grass. The crossing is near a butte, and around the butte there runs a deep ravine. From Long Hair's movements the Sioux warriors knew that he had planned to strike the camp of my people from the lower end as Reno struck it from the upper end. Even the women, who knew nothing of warfare, saw that Reno had struck too early, and the warriors who were generals in planning, even as Long Hair was, knew that the white chief would attempt to carry out his plan of the attack, believing that Reno had beaten our young men. There was wild disorder in our camp, the old women and children shrieked and got in the way of the warriors, and the women were ordered back out of the village, so that they might not be in the way of our soldiers. And our men went singing down the river, confident that the enemy would be defeated, even as we believed that all of Reno's men had been killed. And I wept with the women for the brave dead and exulted that our braves should gain a great

victory over the whites led by Long Hair, who was the greatest of their chiefs, and whose soldiers could then be plainly seen across the river. From a hill behind the camp, at first, and then from the bank of the river, I watched the men of our people plan to overthrow the soldiers of the Great Father; and before a shot was fired, I knew that no man who rode with Long Hair would go back to tell the tale of the fight that would begin when the soldiers approached the river at the lower end of the village."

The story-teller paused and was then asked the question: "Where was Sitting Bull during the fight?" She went on as though she had not heard the question.

"From across the river I could hear the music of the bugle and could see the column of soldiers turn to the left, to march down to the river to where the attack was to be made. All I could see was the warriors of my people. They rushed like the wind through the village, going down the ravine as the women went out to the grazing-ground to round up the ponies. It was done very quickly. There had been no council the night before — there was no need for one; nor had there been a scalp-dance: nothing but the merrymaking of the young men and the maidens. When we did not know there was to be a fight, we could not be prepared for it. And our camp was not pitched anticipating a battle. The warriors would not have picked out such a place for a fight with white men, open to attack from both ends and from the west side. No; what was done that day was done while the sun stood still and the white men were delivered into the hands of the Sioux. But no plan was necessary.

"Our chiefs and the young men rode quickly down to the end of the village, opposite to the hill upon which there now stands the great stone put up by the whites where Long Hair fell. Between that hill and the soldiers was a ravine which started from the river opposite the camp of the Sans Arc, and ran all the way across the butte. To get to the butte Long Hair must cross the ravine; but from where he was marching with his soldiers, he could not see into the ravine nor down to the banks of the river. The warriors of my people, of all the bands, the Sans Arc, the Cheyenne, the Brule, the Minniconjou, the Ogallala, the Blackfeet, all had joined with the Hunkpapa on our side of the Greasy Grass and opposite the opening into the ravine. Soon I saw a number of Cheyennes ride into the river, then some young men of my band, then others, until there were hundreds of warriors in the river and running up into the ravine. When some hundreds had passed the river and gone into the ravine, the others who were left, still a very great number, moved back from the river and waited for the attack. And I knew that the fighting men of the Sioux, many hundreds in number, were hidden in the ravine behind the hill upon which Long Hair was marching, and he would be attacked from both sides. And my heart was sad for the soldiers of Long Hair, though they sought the lives of our men; but I was a woman of the Sioux, and my husband, my uncles, and cousins, and brothers, all taking part in the battle, were men who could fight and plan, and I was satisfied.

"Pizi [Gall] and many of his young men had recrossed the Greasy Grass River after the white men had been

driven off or killed in the earlier engagement at the upper end of the village, where he with some of our warriors had been shooting at the soldiers, who were chased to the hill, and the soldiers had been shooting at them, but could not hit the Sioux. When Pizi [Gall] recrossed the river many women followed his party, and we heard him tell his men to frighten the horses of the soldiers, which were held in small bunches. With shoutings that we could hear across the river, the young men stampeded the horses and the women captured them and brought them to the village. The Indians fought the soldiers with bullets taken from the first party that attacked their village, and many rode the horses captured from the white men, who had fled to the hill. To the northwest a great many women and children were driving in the ponies of the Sioux, but I remained with many other women along the bank of Greasy Grass River. I saw Crazy Horse lead the Cheyennes into the water and up the ravine; Crow King and the Hunkpapa went after them; and then Gall, who had led his young men and killed the soldiers he had been fighting farther up the river, rode along the beach by the river to where Long Hair had stopped with his men.

"I cannot remember the time. When men fight and the air is filled with bullets, when the screaming of horses that are shot drowns the war-whoop of the warriors, a woman whose husband and brothers are in the battle does not think of the time. But the sun was no longer overhead when the war-whoop of the Sioux sounded from the river-bottom and the ravine surrounding the hill at the end of the ridge where Long Hair had taken his last stand. The river was in sight

from the butte, and while the whoop still rung in our ears and the women were shrieking, two Cheyennes tried to cross the river and one of them was shot and killed by Long Hair's men. Then the men of the Sioux Nation, led by Crow King, Hump, Crazy Horse, and many great chiefs, rose up on all sides of the hill, and the last we could see from our side of the river was a great number of gray horses. The smoke of the shooting and the dust of the horses shut out the hill, and the soldiers fired many shots, but the Sioux shot straight and the soldiers fell dead. The women crossed the river after the men of our village, and when we came to the hill there were no soldiers living and Long Hair lay dead among the rest. There were more than two hundred dead soldiers on the hill, and the boys of the village shot many who were already dead, for the blood of the people was hot and their hearts bad, and they took no prisoners that day."

The woman sat playing with the edge of her blanket. Of the dreadful things that took place on the hill after the command of the unfortunate Custer had been annihilated, she would, of course, say nothing. The women of her nation finished the work of the warriors on that awful field.

I asked her if there was any more fighting.

"Not much. The men on the hill [Reno's] were safe to stay there until they wanted water. Gall kept his men along the river. Some of the soldiers were shot as they tried to reach the water. There was some fighting, too, but none of our young men were killed.

"That night the Sioux, men, women, and children, lighted many fires and danced; their hearts were glad,

for the Great Spirit had given them a great victory. All along the valley of the Greasy Grass, fires were lighted, and the women laughed as they labored hard to bring in the fuel; for in the darkness they could see the gleam of the flames on the arms of the soldiers fastened in a trap on Reno Hill. The people had taken many guns, cartridges, horses, and much clothing from the soldiers, and they rejoiced, while the fires lit up the field on the hill across the river, where the naked bodies of the soldiers lay. We had much money, but did not know at the time what its real value was, and a lot of green-paper money was kept in my tepee for some time before being disposed of. All night the people danced and sang their songs of victory, and they were strong in their might and would have attacked the soldiers who lay through the night on what you call Reno Hill, but Gall and Crow King and Crazy Horse would waste no lives of the Sioux braves. They said: 'We will shoot at them occasionally, but not charge. They will fall into our hands when the thirst burns in their throats and makes them mad for drink.'

"This was the counsel of the chiefs, and the young men saw that it was good; so while many feasted, a few held the hill and the soldiers did not know it, for, of those who stole to the river to drink, none went back alive. There was fighting the next day, but the Sioux knew early in the day that many soldiers were coming up from the north, and preparations were made to leave for new hunting-grounds. And while our hearts were singing for the victory our braves had won, there were wailing women in the village, for they had their dead. Since the Sioux first fought the men who are our friends

now, they had not won so great a battle and at so little cost. Twenty-two dead were counted, and the price was not great; but what wife, or mother, or sister gives thought to victory when she finds her dead on the field? So it was that in the midst of the rejoicing, there was sorrowing among the women, who would not be comforted in knowing that their dead had gone to join the ghosts of the brave. The dead we took with us, laid on travois, and carried for many days, for among the white men were Crow and Shoshone scouts, who would desecrate our dead, and we would have no Sioux scalps dangling at their tepee-poles.

"So we went out from Greasy Grass River, and left Long Hair and his dead to their friends. The people scattered and the pursuit did not harm us. But I still remember the bitterness of the suffering of the Sioux that winter, after we had met and talked with Bear Coat [General Miles] on the Yellowstone, when we were on our way north into the land of the Red Coats, where we remained five winters, and were frequently very destitute, while we remained there.

"So it was that the Sioux defeated Long Hair and his soldiers in the valley of the Greasy Grass River, which my people remember with regret, but without shame. We are now living happily and in friendship with the whites, knowing that their hearts are good toward us. The great chiefs who led that fight are dead: Gall, Crow King, Crazy Horse, Big Road, and the other head men are dead and gone to the land of ghosts, but their deeds live, and we of the Sioux nation keep them in our memories, even as we keep in remembrance Long Hair and his men, whose bravery in battle makes the bravery

of their conquerors a thing that cannot be buried in the grave nor forgotten, because their ghosts are at peace."

And Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull put the corner of her shawl to her face and wiped away a tear, forced perhaps by the thought that the husband of her youth, whom she has not forgotten, — though she has had many offers from chief men of her people, — was with the ghosts of those others who fought with and against him on that June day, thirty-three years ago, in the valley of the Little Big Horn.

THE TEMECULA VALLEY, AN AMERICAN GRAND PRÉ[1]

[1869]

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON

MOST of the original Mexican grants included tracts of land on which Indians were living, sometimes large villages of them. In many of these grants, in accordance with the old Spanish law or custom, was incorporated a clause protecting the Indians. They were to be left undisturbed in their homes: the portion of the grant occupied by them did not belong to the grantee in any such sense as to entitle him to eject them. The land on which they were living, and the land they were cultivating at the time of the grant, belonged to them as long as they pleased to occupy it. In many of the grants the boundaries of the Indians' reserved portion of the property were carefully marked off; and the instances were rare in which Mexican grantees disturbed or in any way interfered with Indians living on their estates. There was no reason why they should. There was plenty of land and to spare, and it was simply a convenience and an advantage to have the skilled and docile Indian laborer on the ground.

But when the easy-going, generous, improvident Mexican needed or desired to sell his grant, and the sharp American was on hand to buy it, then was brought

[1] From *Glimpses of California and the Missions*. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1902, by Little, Brown and Company.

to light the helplessness of the Indians' position. What cared the sharp American for that sentimental clause, "without injury to the Indians"? Not a farthing. Why should he? His government, before him, had decided that all the lands belonging to the old missions, excepting the small portions technically held as church property, and therefore "out of commerce," were government lands. None of the Indians living on those lands at the time of the American possession were held to have any right — not even "color of right" — to them. That they and their ancestors had been cultivating them for three quarters of a century made no difference. Americans wishing to preëmpt claims on any of these so-called government lands did not regard the presence on them of Indian families or communities as any more of a barrier than the presence of so many coyotes or foxes. They would not hesitate to certify the land office that such lands were "unoccupied." Still less, then, need the purchaser of tracts covered by old Mexican grants hold himself bound to regard the poor cumberers of the ground, who, having no legal right whatever, had been all their years living on the tolerance of a silly, good-hearted Mexican proprietor. The American wanted every rod of his land, every drop of water on it; his schemes were boundless; his greed insatiable; he had no use for Indians. His plan did not embrace them, and could not enlarge itself to take them in. They must go. This is, in brief, the summing-up of the way in which has come about the present pitiable state of the California Mission Indians. . . . In some instances whole villages of them had been driven off at once by fraudulently procured and fraudulently enforced claims.

One of the most heartrending of these cases was that of the Temecula Indians.

The Temecula Valley lies in the northeast corner of San Diego County. It is watered by two streams and has a good soil. It was an appanage of the San Luis Rey Mission, and the two hundred Indians who were living there were the children and grandchildren of San Luis Rey neophytes. The greater part of the valley was under cultivation. They had cattle, horses, sheep. In 1865, a "special agent" of the United States Government held a grand Indian convention there. Eighteen villages were represented, and the numbers of inhabitants, stock, vineyards, orchards, were reported. The Indians were greatly elated at this evidence of the Government's good intentions toward them. They set up a tall liberty-pole, and bringing forth a United States flag, which they had kept carefully hidden away ever since the beginning of the Civil War, they flung it out to the winds in token of their loyalty. "It is astonishing," says one of the San Diego newspapers of the day, "that these Indians have behaved so well, considering the pernicious teachings they have had from the secessionists in our midst."

There was already anxiety in the minds of the Temecula Indians as to their title to their lands. All that was in existence to show that they had any was the protecting clause in an old Mexican grant. To be sure, the man was still alive who had assisted in marking off the boundaries of their part of this original Temecula grant; but his testimony could establish nothing beyond the letter of the clause as it stood. They earnestly implored the agent to lay the case before the Interior Department. Whether he did or not I do not know, but this is the

sequel: On April 15, 1869, an action was brought in the District Court, in San Francisco, by five men, against "Andrew Johnson, Thaddeus Stevens, Horace Greeley, and one thousand Indians, and other parties whose names are unknown." It was "a bill to quiet title," an "action to recover possession of certain real estate bounded thus and thus." It included the Temecula Valley. It was based on grants made by Governor Micheltorena in 1844. The defendants cited were to appear in court within twenty days.

The Indians appealed to the Catholic bishop to help them. He wrote to one of the judges an imploring letter, saying, "Can you not do something to save these poor Indians from being driven out?" But the scheme had been too skillfully plotted. There was no way — or, at any rate, no way was found — of protecting the Indians. The day came when a sheriff, bringing a posse of men and a warrant which could not be legally resisted, arrived to eject the Indian families from their houses and drive them out of the valley. The Indians' first impulse was as determined as it could have been if they had been white, to resist the outrage. But on being reasoned with by friends, who sadly and with shame explained to them that by thus resisting they would simply make it the duty of the sheriff to eject them by force, and, if necessary, shoot down any who opposed the executing of his warrant, they submitted. But they refused to lift hand to the moving. They sat down, men and women, on the ground, and looked on, some wailing and weeping, some dogged and silent, while the sheriff and his men took out of the neat little adobe houses their small stores of furniture, clothes, and food, and

piled them on wagons to be carried — where? — anywhere the exiles chose, so long as they did not chance to choose a piece of any white man's land.

A Mexican woman is now living in that Temecula Valley who told me the story of this moving. The facts I had learned before from records of one sort and another. But standing on the spot, looking at the ruins of the little adobe houses, and the walled graveyard full of graves, and hearing this woman tell how she kept her doors and windows shut, and could not bear to look out while the deed was being done, I realized how different a thing is history seen from history read.

It took three days to move them. Procession after procession, with cries and tears, walked slowly behind the wagons carrying their household goods. They took the tule roofs off the little houses, and carried them along. They could be used again. Some of these Indians, wishing to stay as near as possible to their old home, settled in a small valley, only three miles and a half away to the south. It was a dreary, hot little valley, bare, with low, rocky buttes cropping out on either side, and with scanty growths of bushes; there was not a drop of water in it. Here the exiles went to work again; built their huts of reeds and straw; set up a booth of boughs for the priest, when he came, to say mass in; and a rude wooden cross to consecrate their new graveyard on a stony hillside. They put their huts on barren knolls here and there, where nothing could grow. On the tillable land they planted wheat or barley or orchards, — some patches not ten feet square, the largest not over three or four acres. They hollowed out the base of one of the rocky buttes, sunk a well there, and found water.

I think none of us who saw the little refugee village will ever forget it. The whole place was a series of pictures; and knowing its history, we found in each low roof and paling the dignity of heroic achievement. Near many of the huts stood great round baskets woven of twigs, reaching half-way up to the eaves and looking like huge birds'-nests. These were their granaries, holding acorns and wheat. Women with red pottery jars on their heads and on their backs were creeping about, bent over, carrying loads of fagots that would have seemed heavy for a donkey; aged women sitting on the ground were diligently plaiting baskets, too busy or too old to give more than a passing look at us. A group of women was at work washing wool in great stone bowls, probably hundreds of years old. The interiors of some of the houses were exquisitely neat and orderly, with touching attempts at adornment, — pretty baskets and shelves hanging on the walls, and over the beds canopies of bright calico. On some of the beds the sheets and pillow-cases were trimmed with wide hand-wrought lace, made by the Indian women themselves. This is one of their arts which date back to the mission days. Some of the lace is beautiful and fine, and of patterns like the old church laces. It was pitiful to see the poor creatures in almost every one of the hovels bringing out a yard or two of their lace to sell; and there was hardly a house which had not the lace-maker's frame hanging on the wall, with an unfinished piece of lace stretched in it. The making of this lace requires much time and patience. It is done by first drawing out all the lengthwise threads of a piece of fine linen or cotton; then the threads which are left are sewed over and over into an endless variety of

intricate patterns. Sometimes the whole design is done in solid buttonhole stitch, or solid figures are filled in on an open network made of the threads. The baskets were finely woven, of good shapes, and excellent decorative patterns in brown and black on yellow or white.

Every face, except those of the very young, was sad beyond description. They were stamped indelibly by generations of suffering, immovable distrust also underlying the sorrow. It was hard to make them smile. To all our expressions of good-will and interest they seemed indifferent, and received in silence the money we paid them for baskets and lace.

The word "Temecula" is an Indian word, signifying "grief" or "mourning." It seems to have had a strangely prophetic fitness for the valley to which it was given.

ARABIA

I

EARLY HISTORY

HISTORICAL NOTE

LITTLE is known of the early history of Arabia, save that it was the home of many tribes, some with fixed abodes, but most of them wandering about as the mood seized them or some fancied advantage occurred to them. They had no permanent government, no laws, and no settled religion. Some worshiped the stars, some angels or heavenly spirits. When they came in contact with a nation, they usually borrowed some of its religious customs. They made images of their various deities and paid them great reverence. Persecuted Christians sometimes fled to Arabia, and by the end of the sixth century, a vague and inaccurate knowledge of Christianity had spread through much of the country.

In the early part of the seventh century, Mohammed began to teach, and before many years he had gained a large number of followers. "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet," was the main tenet of his preaching. The Arabs accepted his faith, and this brought about their union, not only in religion, but also in government.

After the death of Mohammed, his followers pressed on in their warfare, and by preaching and fighting they overran Syria and Persia and Central Asia. Their faith was adopted by the Turks; Egypt and northern Africa yielded to their arms. They conquered Spain so completely that in the greater part of the country the customs, dress, and language as well as religion became that of Arabia. Europe seemed about to fall into their hands, but in 732, exactly a century after the death of Mohammed, the Mohammedans were met at Tours by Charles Martel and were overcome. Had the invaders been the victors, no one can estimate the length of time that the civilization of Europe would have been retarded.

THE LEGEND OF THE ARABS

BY ALPHONSE MARIE LOUIS DE LAMARTINE

[TRADITION says that Nimrod, the fabulous King of Babylon, heard a prophecy that a child should be born who would become greater than himself and all the rest of mankind. To prevent this, he forbade marriage. Nevertheless, the father of Abraham took to himself a wife. When the child was born, his parents in order to save his life hid him in a cave outside the city, and thither the angels came and cared for him.

The Editor.]

ABRAHAM, nursed by the angels, grew in strength and intellect in his cavern. His first egression from it was by night. The firmament of Chaldea, filled with luminous creatures that floated in the ether, revealed to him God. Only he was not yet able to distinguish him from his works. A star resplendent beyond the others first arrested his dazzled eyes: "There is my God," exclaimed he to himself. Presently the star descended and disappeared in the horizon. "No," said he, "that cannot be the God whom I adore." So with several other constellations. Afterwards the moon arose: "There is my God," cried he. And it set. "No, it is not my God." In fine, the sun rose majestically in the East, at the border of the forest. "Here, truly, is my God," said he; "it is large and dazzling beyond all others." The sun accomplished his career, and went down in the horizon, leaving the mantle of night upon the earth. "That is not still the God I look for to adore," muttered pensively the infant destined for the adoration of the divinity invisible,

immovable, and eternal. He returned to his cavern to seek his God in his own soul.

Having left at length his cave and been presented to Nimrod as a young man born long before the interdiction of the marriages, Abraham began revealing to the Babylonians the immaterial God, exhorting them to worship in spirit and in truth, and to eject the idols from the temples. . . . The priests of Babylon led the profaner of the idols before Nimrod to have him punished. "Who, then, is your God?" demanded the king of the young prophet. — "My God," said Abraham, "is he who giveth life and death." — "It is I who give life and death," rejoined Nimrod. To prove it, he ordered into his presence, from the prisons of Babylon, two criminals condemned to death and who were awaiting execution. He cut off the head of one, he gave pardon to the other, and supposed his interlocutor confounded. But Abraham, at first perplexed how to refute this sophism in action, soon recovered himself and offered the king a challenge of omnipotence. "Very well," said he, "my God is he who makes the sun to rise in the east; do you make it rise in the west." Nimrod replied, as embarrassed tyrants do, by fire. He had the youthful prophet thrown into a burning pyre; "*but the fire became cold*," says the history. Abraham retired into the deserts of Mesopotamia with his family, his slaves, and his flocks.

There commence the Hebrews — the Arabs of the Bible and of Jerusalem, the sons of Isaac. Let us turn to those of the desert and of Mecca, the sons of Ishmael.

It was upon the future site of this city — a site then without inhabitants and without water — that Abraham, in deference to the jealousy of his wife, Sarah,

abandoned his slave Hagar and the child he had by her, Ishmael.

Scarce had the unfortunate Hagar exhausted the provisions of dates and water which Abraham had left her for herself and her son, than she felt the torments of thirst and ran desperately through the valleys and parched ravines of Safa, asking them in vain for a single drop of water or the oozing moisture of a rock to wet the lips of her infant. During this absence of his mother, Ishmael cried with impatience and thirst, and striking in his anger with his heel upon the sand, there issued thence a fountain of cool and pure water. Hagar hastened back to the wailings of her son. She saw the water, and fearing lest it should evaporate in the sun or disappear in the sand, she set to kneading the moistened earth in her hands, and shaped it into a basin to retain the treasure. This miraculous water, which flows still at the present day, is the source of the famous wells of Zem-zem of Mecca, which have the virtue of sanctifying the drinkers.

Some Arab shepherds of a wandering tribe were pasturing their camels on the sides of Mount Arafat, in the neighborhood. They saw some eagles fighting overhead the site where the prodigy had just taken place. Suspecting that the birds had smelt the moisture, they hastened thither. They found the spring, the young mother, and the child. "Who are you, and what is this child?" asked they of Hagar; "whence comes this water? We have never before seen it during these many years that we traversed these solitudes." Hagar related to them her abandonment; they took compassion on her. The child, for whom the earth seemed to have opened

like a mother's breast, appeared to them a being predestined for celestial benedictions. They announced this prodigy to their tribe, who came to dwell upon the spot. Ishmael grew up in the midst of this people; he married one of their daughters, named Amara.

Abraham made them two visits with the permission of Sarah. Sarah, still jealous, had exacted as condition that Abraham should not dismount from his horse at the lodgings of Hagar.

The first time Abraham visited Mecca he stopped at the door of Ishmael and called him by his name. Amara, the wife of Ishmael, came to the door. "Where is Ishmael?" inquired the patriarch without dismounting. "He is hunting," replied Amara. "Have you nothing to give me to eat? for I cannot come down." "I have nothing," said Amara; "this country is a desert." "Very well," rejoined Abraham, "say to your husband that you have seen a stranger, describe to him my figure and tell him that I recommend him to change the threshold of his door." Amara, on the return of Ishmael, acquitted herself of the message. Her husband, offended that she had refused his father hospitality, repudiated her and married a woman of another tribe, named Sayda.

Abraham returned some time after to visit his son. He was absent. A young, slim, and graceful woman came to the threshold of the door to make reply to the stranger. "Have you some nourishment to give me?" asked Abraham of his daughter-in-law, without making himself known or dismounting from his horse. "Yes," said she in an instant. And going into the house, she returned soon after, presenting to the traveler some cooked

venison, milk, and dates. Abraham tasted the edibles, then blessed them in saying: "May God multiply in this country these three species of nutriment."

After the repast, Sayda said to the old man: "Dismount from your horse that I may bathe your head and your beard." "I cannot," replied the patriarch; "I am under oath not to quit the saddle." And merely setting one foot upon a large stone beside the door, while the other leg continued astride on the saddle, he in this way stooped his head within reach of the young woman, who laved away the dust wherewith his eyes and beard were soiled.

"When your husband returns," said the patriarch on departing, "describe to him my figure and say to him from me that the threshold of his door is alike beautiful and solid, and that he take good care not to change it."

Ishmael, upon hearing this recital and these words, said to Sayda: "He whom you have seen is my father, and he orders me in this wise to keep you carefully forever." . . .

In a third visit to his son, Abraham built conjointly with him, at Mecca, a temple, or house of God, called *Kaaba*. This temple, which is still at this day the temple of Mecca, was a small and shapeless structure without window or door or roof, constructed of unhewn blocks of stone. Abraham did the mason-work, and his son Ishmael quarried the stones. They inserted in one of the walls the famous "black stone," which an angel was supposed to have conveyed direct from heaven to sanctify the house of the Deity. They instituted pilgrimages, rites, and processions around the edifice, which have made subsequently of Mecca the religious capital

of Arabia, and which Mohammed was obliged to retain, with a change of spirit, after his reform.

But be it as it may with these mythological traditions, Mecca became, through the processions of the Kaaba, the object of the pilgrimages and the center of the superstitions of all the Arabs who were not adorers of Jehovah. An idolatry . . . dethroned the pure worship of Abraham, and peopled the Kaaba with idols.

MOHAMMED

[About 570–632]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

MOHAMMED was born in Mecca in Arabia, and he became so famous when a man that the people who knew him as a boy came to believe in many wonderful things as having happened to him when he was small. It was said that the sheep bowed to him as he passed by, and that even the moon stooped from her place in the heavens to do him honor. While he was in the house of his nurse, so the legend says, her well never dried and her pastures were always fresh and green.

The little boy soon lost both father and mother, and was brought up in the house of his uncle. He must have been a most lovable boy, for every one seems to have been kind to him. This uncle held an office of great honor,—he was guardian of a certain black stone which, it was said, the angel Gabriel had given to Abraham. The stone was built into the outer wall of the Kaaba, a little square temple which the Arabians looked upon as especially holy. Most of them were worshipers of idols, and the Kaaba was the home of enough idols to provide a different one for every day in the year. Throngs of pilgrims journeyed to Mecca to kiss the stone and worship in the Kaaba; and the boy must have heard marvelous tales of the strange places from which they came. His uncle was a merchant and used to go with caravans to Syria and elsewhere to get goods. When Mohammed

was twelve years old, he begged earnestly to be allowed to go with him. The uncle said "No." Then the boy pleaded, "But, my uncle, who will take care of me when you are gone?" The tender-hearted man could not refuse any longer, and Mohammed went on his first journey.

After this, he always traveled with his uncle, and when the uncle went out to help his tribe fight another one, he became the uncle's armor-bearer. He learned about life in a caravan, and about buying and selling goods, and while he was hardly more than a boy, he was often employed by merchants to go on such trips as their agent. At length he was engaged by a wealthy widow named Kadijah to manage the large business which the death of her husband had left in her charge. She became more and more pleased with the young man, and after a while she sent a trusty slave to offer him her hand. He was surprised, but not at all unwilling. and soon there was a generous wedding feast with music and dancing. The house was open to all who chose to come, and a camel was killed that its flesh might be given to the poor.

Mohammed thought much about religious questions. He came to believe that his people were wrong in worshiping idols, and that there was only one true God. He used to go to a cavern a few miles from Mecca to pray and meditate. One month in every year he gave up entirely to this. After a while, he began to have strange dreams and visions. In one of these he thought the angel Gabriel held before him a silken cloth on which there was golden writing and bade him read it. "But I do not know how to read," replied Mohammed. "Read, in the name of the Most High," said the angel; and

suddenly the power to read the letters came to him, and he found the writings were commands of God. Then the angel declared, "Thou art the prophet of God."

Mohammed told Kadijah of his vision, and she believed that the angel had really come to him. After a little, he began to preach wherever people would listen. A few believed in him, but most people only laughed at his story. Still he kept on preaching, and after a while, although he had but few followers in Mecca, there were many in Medina who had come to believe that he was the prophet of God. He decided that it was best for him to go to them, and in the year 622 he and a few friends escaped from their enemies in Mecca and went to Medina. This is called the Hegira, or flight. To this day Mohammedans do not count the years from the birth of Christ, but from the Hegira.

As soon as the prophet was in Medina, his followers began to build a mosque, or place for prayer, in which he might preach. They made the walls of earth and brick. The pillars were the trunks of palm trees, and the roof was formed of their branches with a thatch of leaves. He decided that his disciples should be called to prayer five times a day, and after all these centuries the call, or muezzin, is still heard in the East from some minaret of each mosque, — "God is great. There is no God but God. Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayers. Come to prayers." At dawn the crier adds, "Prayer is better than sleep." Every true Mussulman, as followers of Mohammed are called, is bound to obey this rule of prayer, and as he prays, he must turn his face toward Mecca. He is also commanded to make at least one pilgrimage to Mecca before he dies, and to kiss the

sacred "Black Stone." It is still in the wall of the Kaaba, but the Kaaba itself is now within a mosque so large that it will hold 35,000 persons.

It is probable that Mohammed never learned to read or write, but his followers jotted down his words on bits of palm leaves or skins or even the shoulder-blades of animals, and many of them they learned by heart. After the death of the prophet, the califs, as his successors were called, collected these sayings and arranged them in a book called the Koran, which is the sacred volume of the Mussulmans.

For a long while, Mohammed preached peace and gentleness and charity, and he won many followers. Then he came to believe that if people would not obey his teachings, it was right to make war upon them. He marched against Mecca with a large army of his disciples, and soon captured it. After a time, either by preaching or by fighting, the Mohammedans, or Mussulmans, became the rulers of all Arabia. After the death of their prophet, they continued their conquests. They overcame Syria, Persia, Egypt, northern Africa, and Spain. A little later they swarmed over the Pyrenees Mountains, and pushed on as far north as Tours. In 732, just one hundred years after the death of Mohammed, the Mohammedans and the Franks met in battle on the plain of Tours, and after a terrible combat the Mohammedans were so completely overwhelmed that they retreated toward Spain and never again tried to conquer the land of the Franks.



A READING FROM THE KORAN

BY WILHELM KARL GENTZ

(*Germany.* 1822–1890)

GOOD Moslems believe that in the beginning a tablet rested beside the throne of God, and that upon this tablet the Koran was written by rays of light. Portions of its teachings were, according to Mohammedan faith, revealed to Mohammed from time to time. The utmost reverence is always shown to any copy of the book, and no one may even touch it without ceremonial purification.

In the teachings of the Koran there is little that is original. It demands belief in one God and in Mohammed as his prophet. Charity and kindness to others are enjoined. The good Mohammedan must drink no spirituous liquor, he must pray five times a day, with his face turned toward Mecca, and at some time in his life he must, if possible, make a pilgrimage to the holy city. The language of the Koran is regarded as the purest Arabic.

The picture represents one of the Mohammedan priests explaining the sacred book to the little audience who have come together to listen to him in the shade of the old stone portico. All wear the flowing robes of the East, but have, as is the custom, removed their shoes on entering the building. The palm at the right hand makes a graceful frame for the scene; pigeons, but little disturbed by the coming of people, are fluttering about the shelf of rock. Beside the expounder lies a cat, who, in perfect confidence in these friendly folk, does not trouble herself even to keep a watchful eye upon them. She is introduced in memory of the time when Mohammed cut off the loose sleeve of his robe rather than disturb a cat who had chosen it as the place for her siesta.

THE "SQUARE HOUSE," OR KABAH

BY HADJI KHAN AND WILFRID SPARROY

THE "Square House," or Kabah, stands almost in the center of the Harem,[1] rather nearer to the west than to the east. The ground whereon it lies is accounted holy, since it was here that Adam, after his expulsion from the Garden of Eden, first worshiped his Creator, a tent being sent down from heaven for the purpose. This act of grace on the part of the heavenly hosts was the compassionate result of a conference over which the archangel Gabriel had presided. There was substituted for the tent by Adam's son Seth a structure of clay and stone which was rebuilt at a later period, under the superintendence of Abraham and Ishmael his son. So much for the legendary history of the house. The task of restoring the sacred edifice, in the time of Ignorance, fell to the lot of the four chief tribes of Arabia. It was rebuilt by the Kuraish, a few years after Mohammed's birth, and was destroyed by the torrents thirty-five years after its completion. Then ensued a tribal war, each of the clans claiming for itself a complete side of the house which should face its tents, till the cause of strife was settled by an agreement among the contending tribes to accept the arbitration of Abu-Amid, the chief of the Kuraish. The decision of Abu-Amid was that the tribes should abide by the determination of the man who, on the following Friday afternoon, should be the

[1] "Harem" here means courtyard of the mosque.

first to leave the mosque. So haphazard an arrangement was bound to appeal to the sportsmanlike instinct of a race that has ever been wont to test the wisdom of its actions by the arbitrament of chance. The warriors sheathed their swords, and when the fateful day arrived not a single murmur was raised against the man who, being the first to reach the open air, set about planning the building as it now appears. This man, it is said, was Mohammed. The Kabah, which was certainly reconstructed in the year 1627, — the successive Sherifs and Sultans adding to its interior decorations, — is said to have been destroyed and restored twelve times since the death of the Prophet.

In shape the Kabah is an almost solid square, having from outside a length of fourteen yards, and being eleven yards broad and sixteen yards high. From afar it has the look of an immense block of dark-colored granite. The double roof is supported from within by pillars of aloe-wood. The gateway, which fills a considerable portion of the eastern wall, is raised about six feet from the ground, and measures in height some four yards, as far as I could gauge. The door itself is made of aloe-wood, and is covered over with plates of solid silver, and studded with heavy silver nails. The precious metal was presented to the house, in 959 of the Hegira, by the generous Sultan Solyman. Inlaid in the eastern end of the southern wall of the Kabah is the famous "Black Stone," which might be said to be the center of the pilgrims' circling aspirations, and the pivot of their circumambulations round the sacred precincts. Another stone, marking the sepulcher of Ishmael, lies at the base of the northern wall, and from the roof above there pro-

jects a horizontal semicircular rainspout which, including the end fixed in the wall, is five yards long, measures twenty-four inches in width, and is made of massive gold. The water flows from the lip of the split pipe to the floor of the harem below. The tomb of Abraham, the legendary builder of the temple, is situated close by, to the east, not far from the Gate of Beni Shaibeh.

The Prophet's faithful followers, when they say their prayers, must turn their faces in the direction of the Kabah, no matter where they may be. This ascertaining of the exact position of the House of God, which is the center of the Holy City, is called "taking the Kiblah" or Outlook. Thus the Mohammedans of Syria, and those beyond it to the north, having fixed the Kiblah, are face to face with the northern wall, sacred to the Stone of Ishmael and the gold rainspout: their prayers are therefore sure to be heard. Those of Persia, Turkestan, northern India, Sind, and a part of China, look in the direction of the northeastern angle, called the Rokné-Araghi, which is an equally blessed outlook, since the door of the house is on the eastern side and rather more to the north than the south thereof. The faces of the Muslims of Aden, of southern India, of Madagascar, and of Australia, are turned to the eastern wall, or the southeastern corner of it, while those of the faithful of Constantinople, as well as those of the Mohammedans of some parts of Russia, are opposite to the western wall of the sacred building. The Boers believe themselves to be the "chosen people." It is a pity they are not Mohammedans. For, if they were, they would be considered now the chosen people of Islam for the simple reason that they would face the southern wall of the Kabah,

wherein is laid the Black Stone of immemorial sanctity. But the prayers the most acceptable to God, when all is said and done, are the prayers raised from any quarter within the harem of the House of Allah on earth.

The interior of the Kabah is far more impressive than the exterior. The silver threshold is reached by means of a staircase running on wheels. There the pilgrim must prostrate himself, asking God to grant him his heart's desire. He must be careful to maintain the correct demeanor, closing his eyes and lifting up his hands, inasmuch as the angels, who are believed to keep watch over the entrance, are quick to resent the slightest breach in the prescribed ceremony. The guide who accompanied me assured me of the fact. He was good enough to see that I had forgotten neither my rosary of ninety-nine beads corresponding with the wondrous names of God used in prayer, nor yet the lamp of clay (called *mohre*) whereon are stamped the selfsame names, together with those of the twelve Imans and the Prophet. It was on the clay that I bowed my head in contrition when I fell on my knees. My guide, who had also prostrated himself, expressed the conviction, on rising, that the angels were on his side. I was also about to declare myself to be on the side of the angels when a couple of sturdy pilgrims, in their impatience to behold the Light of their eyes, wedged me tight between their bulky forms and then hustled me to the ground, adding insult to injury by being obviously unconscious of the presence of my humble body. They were "absent-minded beggars" with a vengeance. . . . When I had crossed the doorsill I was overcome by a sense of my own unworthiness, so that I pardoned the men who had offended me. I raised

my eyes. The ceiling was flat, and supported on three columns of aloe-wood, and from it hung vases of great beauty on delicate gold chains. The walls were covered with red velvet, save where in white squares were written in Arabic characters the words "Allah-Jal-Jelalah!" (Praise to God the Almighty!) The velvet is said to have been a gift from Sultan Abdul Aziz. In the corner formed by the northern and eastern walls there is a door leading to the roof. This door, which is called the Door of Repentance, is closed to the public; but a prayer said on the hither side of the threshold meets with a gracious response, and the pilgrim is clean-washed of his sins if he but touch the wood with his hand. The floor is now flagged with marble — the work of some twenty years ago.

II

STORIES OF THE CALIPHS OF BAGDAD

HISTORICAL NOTE

MOHAMMED was succeeded by a line of caliphs, who, theoretically at least, were at the head of both religion and state. The greatest of these caliphs was Haroun al Rashid, who ruled from 786 to 809, the hero of the "Arabian Nights." Arabia was now in its most glorious days. Its caliph loved science and literature, and he had the works of numerous Greek and Latin authors translated into Arabic. Poetry flourished, and the court of the caliph was the home of education as well as of luxury. He had diplomatic relations with Charlemagne, and historians delight in describing the splendors of the embassy which he sent to that monarch and the superb presents which they carried. Among them was a magnificent tent, a water-clock, and an elephant. Of more value than these, however, were the keys of the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem, for this gift carried with it freedom for European pilgrims to visit the sacred place. From the eighth to the thirteenth centuries the Arabs ruled nearly all the lands that had accepted Mohammedanism. One by one these countries were lost to their control, and in the sixteenth century the caliphate passed for a time into the hands of the Ottoman Turks.

AL MANSUR, BUILDER OF BAGDAD, AND THE POET

[Eighth century A.D.]

ADAPTED FROM THE ARABIC BY CLAUDE FIELD

Al Mansur, the third caliph of the House of Abbas, succeeded his brother Es-Saffâh ("the blood-shedder") A.D. 754. He was a prince of great prudence, integrity, and discretion; but these good qualities were sullied by his extraordinary covetousness and occasional cruelty. He patronized poets and learned men, and was endowed with a remarkable memory. It is said that he could remember a poem after having only once heard it. He also had a slave who could commit to memory anything that he had heard twice, and a slave-girl who could do the same with what she had heard three times.

One day there came to him a poet bringing a congratulatory ode, and Al Mansur said to him: "If it appears that anybody knows it by heart, or that any one composed it, — that is to say, that it was brought here by some other person before thee, — we will give thee no recompense for it; but if no one knows it, we will give thee the weight in money of that upon which it is written."

So the poet repeated his poem, and the caliph at once committed it to memory, although it contained a thousand lines. Then he said to the poet: "Listen to it from me," and he recited it perfectly. Then he added: "And this slave, too, knows it by heart." This was the case, as he had heard it twice, once from the poet and once

from the caliph. Then the caliph said: "And this slave-girl, who is concealed by the curtain, she also recollects it." So she repeated every letter of it, and the poet went away unrewarded.

Another poet, El Asmaïy, was among the intimate friends and table companions of the caliph. He composed some very difficult verses, and scratched them upon a fragment of a marble pillar, which he wrapped in a cloak and placed on the back of a camel. Then he disguised himself like a foreign Arab, and fastened on a face-cloth, so that nothing was visible but his eyes, and came to the caliph and said: "Verily I have lauded the Commander of the Faithful in a 'Kasidah'" (ode).

Then said Al Mansur: "O brother of the Arabs! if the poem has been brought by any one beside thee, we will give thee no recompense for it; otherwise we will bestow on thee the weight in money of that upon which it is written." So El Asmaïy recited the "Kasidah," which, as it was extraordinarily intricate and difficult, the caliph could not commit to memory. He looked toward the slave and the girl, but they had neither of them learnt it. So he cried: "O brother of the Arabs! Bring hither that whereon it is written, that we may give thee its weight."

Then said the seeming Arab: "O my Lord! of a truth I could find no paper to write it upon; but I had amongst the things left me at my father's death a piece of a marble column which had been thrown aside as useless, so I scratched the 'Kasidah' upon that."

Then the caliph had no help for it but to give him its weight in gold, and this nearly exhausted his treasury. The poet took it and departed.

AL MANSUR REBUKED

[Eighth century A.D.]

ADAPTED FROM THE ARABIC BY CLAUDE FIELD

TERRIBLE as was the wrath of Al Mansur when roused, there were not wanting on occasion those among his subjects who had the courage to rebuke him. Once the caliph was addressing an audience at Damascus, and said: "O ye people! it is incumbent on you to give praise to the Most High that He has sent me to reign over you. For verily since I began to reign over you, He has taken away the plague which had come amongst you." But a certain Arab cried out to him: "Of a truth Allah is too merciful to give us both thee and the plague at one time!" On another occasion the theologian Malik Ibn Anas relates the following: "One day the caliph Mansur sent for me and my friend Ibn Taous, against whom he was known to entertain a grudge. When we entered the presence-chamber, we beheld the executioner with his sword drawn and the leather carpet spread, on which it was customary to behead criminals. The caliph signed to us to seat ourselves, and when we had done so he remained a long time with his head bent in meditation. He then raised it, and turning to Ibn Taous, said: 'Recite me a saying of the Prophet, on whom be peace.' Ibn Taous replied: 'The Prophet of God has said, "The worst punished criminals in the Day of Judgment will be those to whom God has entrusted authority and who have abused it."' The caliph

was silent, and there was a pause. I trembled, and drew my garments close round me, lest any of the blood of Ibn Taous, whom I expected to see instantly executed, should spirt upon them. Then the caliph said to Ibn Taous: 'Hand me that ink-pot.' But he never stirred. 'Why don't you hand it?' asked the caliph. 'Because,' he said, 'I fear you may write some wrong order, and I do not wish to share the responsibility.' 'Get up and go,' the caliph growled. 'Precisely what we were desiring,' answered Ibn Taous, of whose courage and coolness I from that day formed a high opinion."

AL MAHDI AND THE TWO WISHES

[Eighth century A.D.]

ADAPTED FROM THE ARABIC BY CLAUDE FIELD

Al Mahdi, the third caliph of the Abbasside Dynasty, succeeded his father, Abu Jafar al Mansur, A.D. 774. He was as prodigal as his father was avaricious, and rapidly squandered his vast inheritance. Al Mansur had appointed as his instructor, before he succeeded to the throne, Sharki Ibn Kotami, who was learned in all the lore and traditions of the Arabs. One evening Al Mahdi asked his preceptor to divert him with some amusing anecdote.

"I obey, Prince. May God protect you," answered Sharki. "They relate that a certain King of Hirah had two courtiers whom he loved equally with himself. They never quitted his society night or day, in the palace or on a journey. He took no decision without consulting them, and his wishes coincided with theirs. Thus they lived together a long time; but one evening the king, having drunk to excess, drew his sword from the sheath, and, rushing upon his two friends, killed them; then he fell into a drunken slumber.

"The next morning, when told of what he had done, he cast himself upon the earth, biting it in his fury, weeping for his friends, and bewailing the loss of them. He fasted for some days, and swore that for the rest of his life he would abstain from the beverage which had deprived him of reason. Then he had them buried, and

erected a shrine over their remains, to which he gave the title, 'El-Ghareiain' (The Two Effigies). He commanded, in addition, that no persons should pass this monument without prostrating themselves.

"Now, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, every custom set up by a King of Hirah could not be changed, but became a hard-and-fast tradition, handed on from generation to generation. The command, therefore, of the king was rigidly obeyed: his subjects, of low and high degree, never passed before the double tomb without prostrating themselves. This usage gradually acquired the binding force of a religious rite. The king had ordered that any one who refused to conform to it should be punished with death after expressing two wishes, which would be granted, no matter what they were.

"One day a fuller passed, bearing on his back a bundle of clothes and a mallet. The guardians of the mausoleum ordered him to kneel down. He refused. They threatened him with death. He persisted in his refusal. They brought him before the king, whom they informed of the matter. 'Why did you refuse to bow down?' asked the king. 'I did bow down,' answered the man; 'they are lying.' 'No, you are the liar!' said the king. 'Express two wishes; they shall be granted, and then you will die.' 'Nothing, then, can save me from death after those men have accused me?' asked the fuller. 'Nothing.' 'Very well,' replied the fuller, 'here is my wish: I wish to strike the king on the head with this mallet.' 'Fool!' answered the king, 'it were better worth your while to let me enrich those whom you leave behind you.' 'No,' said the fuller; 'I only wish to strike the king on the back of his head.'

"The king then addressed his ministers: 'What do you think,' he said to them, 'of the wish of this madman?' 'Your Majesty,' they answered, 'you yourself have instituted this law: Your Majesty knows better than any one else that the violation of law is a shame, a calamity, a crime which involves damnation. Besides, after having violated one law, you will violate a second, then a third; your successors will do the same, and all our laws will be profaned.' The king replied: 'Get this man to ask anything he likes; provided he lets me off, I am ready to grant all his requests, even to the half of my kingdom.'

"They laid these proposals before the fuller, but in vain; he declared that he had no other wish but to strike the king. The latter, seeing that the man was thoroughly resolved, convoked a public assembly. The fuller was introduced. He took his mallet and struck the king on the back of his head so violent a blow that he fell from his throne and lay stretched on the ground unconscious. Subsequently he lay ill with fever for six months, and was so severely injured that he could only drink a drop at a time. At last he got well, recovered the use of his tongue, and could eat and drink. He asked for news of the fuller. On being told that he was in prison, he summoned him and said: 'There is still a wish remaining to you: express it, so that I may order your death according to law.' 'Since it is absolutely necessary that I must die,' replied the fuller, 'I wish to strike you another blow on the head.' At these words the king was seized with dismay and exclaimed that it was all over with him. At last he said to the fuller: 'Wretch! renounce a claim which is profitless to you. What advantage have

you reaped from your first wish? Ask for something else, and whatever it is, I will grant it.' 'No,' said the man, 'I only demand my right — the right to strike you once more.'

"The king again consulted his ministers, who answered that the best thing for him was to resign himself to death, in obedience to the law. 'But,' said the king, 'if he strikes me again, I shall never be able to drink any more; I know what I have already suffered.' 'We cannot help that, Your Majesty,' answered the ministers.

"Finding himself in this extremity, the king said to the fuller: 'Answer, fellow! that day when you were brought hither by the guardians of the mausoleum, did not I hear you declare that you had prostrated yourself and that they had slandered you?' 'Yes, I did say so,' answered the fuller, 'but you would not believe me.' The king jumped from his seat, embraced the fuller, and exclaimed: 'I swear that you are more truthful than these rascals, and that they have lied at your expense. I give you their place, and authorize you to inflict upon them the punishment they have deserved.'"

Al Mahdi laughed heartily on hearing this story, complimented the narrator, and rewarded him generously.

HAROUN AL RASHID AND THE MUSICIAN

[Eighth century A.D.]

ADAPTED FROM THE ARABIC BY CLAUDE FIELD

IBRAHIM MOUSELI relates the following story: "Rashid one day summoned all his musicians. I and Meskin of Medina were among the performers. Rashid had partaken freely of wine, and wished to hear performed an air which had suddenly occurred to his mind. The officer stationed before the curtain which concealed the caliph told Ibn Jami to sing this piece. The latter obeyed, but did not succeed in pleasing the caliph. Each of the singers present attempted it, but were no more successful than Ibn Jami. Then the officer, addressing Meskin, said: 'The Commander of the Faithful orders you to sing this air if you can do it properly.'

"Meskin commenced at once to sing, to the great surprise of the audience, who could not understand how a musician like him had the courage to attempt before us an air which none of us had been able to render to the satisfaction of the caliph. As soon as he had finished, I heard Rashid raise his voice and ask to hear it a second time. Meskin recommenced with a skill and spirit which won him everybody's applause. The caliph congratulated and praised him to the skies; then he had the curtain behind which he had been sitting drawn aside.

"'Prince of the Believers,' then said Meskin to him, 'a strange story attaches to this piece'; and at the invitation of the caliph he narrated it in these words: 'I was

formerly a slave of a member of the family of Zobeir, and carried on the trade of a tailor. My master claimed from me a tax of two dirhems daily, after paying which I was free to do what I liked. I was passionately fond of singing. One day a descendant of Ali, for whom I had just completed a tunic, paid me two dirhems for it, kept me to eat with him, and made me drink generously. As I left him I met a Negress carrying her pitcher on her shoulder, and singing the song you have just heard. I was so delighted at it that, forgetting everything else, I said to her: "By the Prophet, I adjure thee to teach me that air." "By the Prophet," she answered, "I will not teach it unless you pay me two dirhems."

"'Then, Prince of Believers, I took out the two dirhems, with which I had intended to pay my daily tax, and gave them to the Negress. She, setting her pitcher down, sat on the ground and, keeping time with her fingers on the pitcher, sang the piece, and repeated it till it was well impressed on my memory.

"'I then proceeded to my master. As soon as he saw me he demanded his two dirhems, and I related my adventure to him. "Scoundrel!" he said. "Have I not warned you that I will take no excuse, even if a farthing is missing?" Saying this, he laid me on the ground and, with the utmost vigor of his arm, gave me fifty strokes of a rod, and, as an additional disgrace, caused my head and chin to be shaved. Verily, O Prince, I passed a melancholy night. The severe punishment I had undergone made me forget the piece I had learnt, and this was the saddest of all. In the morning, wrapping my head in a cloak, I hid my large tailor's scissors in my sleeve, and directed my steps to the spot where I had met the Ne-

gress. I waited there in perplexity, not knowing her name nor her abode. All at once I saw her coming; the sight of her dispersed all my cares. I approached her, and she said to me: "By the Lord of the Kaaba, you have forgotten the song!" "Yes, I have," I answered. I told her how my head and chin had been shaved, and offered her a reward if she would sing her song again. "By the prophet," she answered, "I will not for less than two dirhems."

"'I took out my scissors and ran and pawned them for two dirhems, which I gave her. She put down her pitcher, and began to sing as she had done the evening before; but as soon as she began, I said: "Give me back the two dirhems; I don't need your song." "By Allah," she said, "you shall not see them again; don't think it." Then she added: "I am certain that the four dirhems you have spent will be worth to you four thousand dinars from the hand of the caliph." Then she resumed her song, accompanying herself, as before, on her pitcher, and did not cease repeating it till I had got it by heart.

"'We separated. I returned to my master, but in a state of great apprehension. When he saw me he demanded his daily due, while I stammered out excuses. "Beast!" he shouted, "was not yesterday's lesson enough for you?" "I wish to speak to you frankly and without falsehood," I answered. "Yesterday's and to-day's dirhems went in payment for a song"; and I began to sing it to him. "What!" he exclaimed, "you have known an air like that for two days and told me nothing of it? May my wife be divorced if it is not true that I would have let you go yesterday if you had sung it to me! Your head and chin have been shaved, — I cannot

help that, — but I let you off your tax till your hair grows again.'"

"Hearing this recital, Rashid laughed heartily, and said to the musician: 'I don't know which is better, your song or your story; I will see in my turn that the forecast of the Negress is verified.' So Meskin went out from the caliph's presence richer by four thousand dinars."

THE CALIPH AND THE POET OF THE BARMEKS

[Eighth century A.D.]

BY E. H. PALMER

AFTER the fall of the Barmek family, Haroun forbade the poets to write elegies upon them, imposing severe penalties upon any one who should act contrary to this regulation. It so happened that some of the night watch were passing by one of the ruined palaces which had formerly belonged to the unfortunate family, when they came upon a man with a strip of paper in his hand containing an elegy upon the Barmeks, which he was reciting, weeping as he did so. The watch arrested him, and took him before Alraschid, to whom he at once acknowledged the fact. "Did you not know of my prohibition?" said the caliph. "I'll make an example of you; I'll —" "If Your Majesty will hear my story first," said the prisoner, "you may do what you please." "Go on," said Haroun. "Formerly," commenced the poet, "I was one of the least of Yahya 'bn Khalid's clerks. One day the vizier said to me, 'I wish you to entertain me at your house some time or other.' I replied, 'O my lord! I am not deserving of such an honor, and my house is quite unfit for you.' And as he would take no denial, I asked for a year's delay, that I might make fitting preparations; but he would not allow me more than a few months. So I set about my preparations, and as soon as they were completed to the best of my ability, I informed the

minister that I was ready to receive him. The next day he came to me with his two sons, Jaafer and El Fadhl, and a few of his private suite. Then he stopped his horse at my door and alighted. 'Now, then,' said he, 'I am hungry. Make haste and get me something to eat.' And his son El Fadhl whispered, 'He likes roast fowl; bring whatever you have got as soon as possible.' So I went in and got the dinner ready. When the vizier had finished eating, he got up and walked about the place, and then said suddenly, 'Now, then, sir, show me all over your house.' I answered, 'This *is* my house, my lord; I have no other.' 'Oh, yes, you have,' said he; 'you have another.' I assured him that it was the only one I possessed, whereupon he called for some masons, and when they appeared, he commanded them to break open a door in the wall. In this I remonstrated, and said, 'O my lord, how can I break into my neighbor's house, when God has commanded us to respect our neighbors' rights?' 'Never mind,' said he; and when the door was made, we all went through it, and came into a beautiful garden well planted with fruit and flowers, with fountains bubbling up, and summer-houses, and dwellings, and everything that could delight the eye. The house itself was beautifully furnished, and filled with servants and slave girls — everything on a most magnificent scale. 'This house,' said the vizier, 'and all belonging to it is yours.' Then I kissed his hands, and prayed for blessings on him, and he turned to his son Jaafer and said, 'How is he to keep up this establishment, my boy?' and Jaafer said, 'I will give him such and such an estate, and make out the conveyance of it to him immediately.' Then Yahya turned to El Fadhl and said, 'What is he

to do, my boy, for ready money until he receives the revenues of his estate?' 'Oh,' said El Fahdl, 'I will give him ten thousand dinars, and bring them to him myself.' 'Well, make haste, then,' said their father, 'both of you.' They were as good as their word, and I entered into possession of the house and the estate, and received the ready cash, and have made a large fortune with it over and above what they gave me, and I enjoy it now; and, God knows, O Prince of the Faithful, I have never lost an opportunity of showing my gratitude to them, although I can never repay the obligations I owe them; and if you like to kill me for that, you can; so do as you like!"

Al Rashid was touched at the man's story, and had the common humanity to let him go; he also from that day removed his prohibition, and allowed the poets to write elegies on the beloved but unfortunate family.

THE DIVISION OF THE REWARD

[Eighth century. A.D.]

BY E. H. PALMER

HAROUN AL RASHID suffered much from sleeplessness, and, to divert himself, would either walk *incognito* through the streets of Bagdad, accompanied by his trusty companions, Jaafer and Mesrur, or he would recline and listen to amusing stories or sentimental poetry. This furnishes really the motive for a great part of the tales of the "Arabian Nights," many of the histories there related being told to soothe the caliph in his restless moods.

During one of these fits, he said to Jaafer, "I am sleepless to-night, and my heart is contracted, and I know not what to do." On this, Mesrur, who was standing by, burst out laughing, and Haroun sharply asked, "Dost thou laugh at me, or art thou mad?" "No, by Allah! O Commander of the Faithful!" said the attendant; "by thy relationship to the Chief of the Apostles, I could not help it. It was the sudden recollection of a man, named Ibn el Karibee, whom I saw yesterday amusing a crowd on the banks of the Tigris, which made me laugh, for which I humbly beg Your Majesty's pardon." "Bring him here at once," said Al Rashid; and Mesrur, having found the wag, brought him to the palace; but, before admitting him, bargained with him that he should give him two thirds of whatever he might receive from the caliph. To this Ibn el Karibee agreed after much wran-

gling, and the two were ushered into the imperial presence.

After the usual ceremonious greeting, the caliph said, "If you do not make me laugh, I will beat you three times with this leathern bag," pointing to one which lay beside him. The fellow, who was not without experience of correction from more formidable-looking instruments, — having, indeed, more than once brought himself into personal communication with the bastinado, — thought but little of three blows with a leathern bag, and put forth all his strength to divert the sovereign, uttering drolleries enough to make a melancholy madman laugh; but not a muscle of the caliph's face was seen to move. "Now," said the Commander of the Faithful, "you have deserved the beating"; and taking up the leathern bag, struck the jester one blow therewith, eliciting a howl, for the bag was filled with large pebbles, and caused no trifling pain. Begging for a moment's respite, he told Haroun of the bargain between himself and Mesrur, and begged that the two remaining blows might be given to the attendant as his share, according to agreement. Mesrur was then called in, and on receiving the first installment cried out, "O Prince of the Faithful! the third is enough for me, give him the two thirds!" This restored the caliph's good temper, and, laughing heartily, he rewarded them both.

THE CALIPH AND "THE MAN WITH THE STEW"

[Eighth century A.D.]

BY E. H. PALMER

IBRAHIM EL MOSILI relates that he went out one day to take the air and get rid of the effects of a too heavy drinking-bout, when he perceived a smell of cooking that aroused his appetite. Having ordered his servant to find out from which house the odor proceeded, he presented himself at the door, and requested the girl who opened it to allow him to partake of the meal that was being prepared. The girl went to her mistress, and at once returned with permission for them to enter. She then tasted the contents of a pot that was upon the fire, and set a dish of it before the visitors. Ibrahim found it very savory, ate heartily, and was about to take his departure when the lady of the house sent word out to say that she regretted the absence of her husband, who would, she was sure, have been pleased to entertain them further, and to drink with them. As he was leaving, he passed a man riding upon an ass, who turned out to be the master himself. He, having learned from the girl what had happened, rode after Ibrahim and insisted on bringing him back to the house, where, taking him into the best apartment, he set before his guest an elegant dessert and some excellent wine, and the two kept up the carousal until the evening.

The next day Ibrahim was told that the caliph had over and over again sent for him during his absence, so he hurried to the palace, and by way of making his excuses told his adventures, and waxed eloquent upon the savory nature of the stew he had tasted. The caliph was amused and said, "Did he not ask you who you were?" "No," replied Ibrahim, "we had plenty else to do." Haroun wished to taste the dish for himself, and ordered Ibrahim to procure an invitation for them both without acquainting their host with their names and rank. This was easily arranged for the next night, Ibrahim telling the hospitable stranger that his friend was deeply in debt, and dared not show himself by day for fear of his creditors.

So the caliph and his companion mounted two asses and rode to the house, where they were cordially received and entertained. The caliph declared he had never tasted anything like the stew, was charmed with all he saw and heard, and asked his host about his circumstances. "My father," said he, "left me a large property, and I dissipated the greater part of it; but I retrenched in time, and, thank Allah, now I want for nothing." Presently the fumes of the wine and the songs of the singing-girls who were present so expanded the caliph's heart that he told Ibrahim to take their host aside and tell him who he was. So Ibrahim said, "Do you know who your guest is?" "No," said he. "Why, he is the Commander of the Faithful himself." The man, on hearing this, laughed till he rolled over on his back, and kept calling out, "O, what a wonderfully good thing! O you wag!" At this the caliph laughed immoderately, too, and the man called out to his wife, "What do you

think of our guests? They have got drunk, and repay my hospitality by making fun of me, and one of them declares he is the Prince of the Faithful"; then, offering a glass with mock humility to Al Rashid, he said, "Drink, Commander of the Faithful"; and Haroun laughed the more. "But," said Ibrahim, "it is really the Commander of the Faithful!" "Pray stop your drunken jokes," said the other; "you have only drunk a couple of glasses, and have turned this fellow into the Commander of the Faithful; in another half an hour you will make him out to be the Prophet himself!" When daylight began to appear, the party broke up. Ibrahim, failing to convince his host of the truth of his communication, told him to ask his neighbors in the morning after El Malik [the King], and after Ibrahim el Mosili, and, when asked his name, to reply that he was "the man with the stew." In the morning his neighbors said to him, "What a noisy party you had last night; who were your two guests?" When he had told them all, one of the neighbors said, "Tell me what they were like"; and on hearing the description, declared his conviction that it was really the caliph. So the man went off to the house of Ibrahim el Mosili, and sent word in that "the man with the stew" had called. Ibrahim at once admitted him, rode with him to the palace, and presented him to Al Rashid, who insisted on his repeating his sarcastic observations of the previous night, which he did, to Haroun's great delight. The caliph ordered an immense sum of money to be given to him, and bade him tell him the receipt for the celebrated stew. "No, Commander of the Faithful," said he; "if I were to give away a thing that has proved so valuable to me, I

should have no advantage left in it. I shall be happy to cook it for the Commander of the Faithful whenever he pleases." Haroun was content with the reply, and the lucky host was ever afterwards known as "the man with the stew."

THE POET AND THE JESTER

[Eighth century A.D.]

BY E. H. PALMER

ZOBEIDEH [wife of Haroun al Rashid] never ceased to urge upon her husband the claims of her son Emin to the entire succession, as belonging to the pure Hashemi race on both parents' side, and she was exceedingly jealous of Haroun's other son, Mamun, whom she hated not only as the child of a rival, but as having Persian blood in his veins, and more particularly because of the much more brilliant intellect which he displayed. This subject was the cause of many stormy scenes between the royal pair, several of which are related by the Arab historians on the authority of eyewitnesses. On one occasion, the story goes, the fond mother asserted that Emin was an excellent poet, and induced him to submit some of his verses to Abu Nawwas's [the court jester] criticism. When the latter pointed out some gross violation of the rules of prosody in one of the lines, the young prince flew into a passion, and caused Abu Nawwas to be imprisoned. Sometime after, Haroun al Rashid sent for the poet, was surprised to learn of his incarceration and the reason of it, and severely reproved his son. Emin asked to be allowed to read some other verses in the presence of his father as well as of Abu Nawwas, and the caliph acceded to his request. As soon as Abu Nawwas had heard the first few lines, he started up to leave the room. "Where are you going?" asked Haroun. "Back to prison!" was the reply.

III
STORIES OF MODERN ARABIA

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE world owes much to the Arabians or Saracens for preserving and increasing its knowledge of science and literature through the Dark Ages. They were students and investigators, and the results of their work they gave to others by establishing schools in their principal cities. Some of this culture was imbibed by the crusaders, and on their return was spread throughout Europe, where it was a potent factor in bringing to an end the ignorance and brutality of the Dark Ages.

Unfortunately for the caliphate, dissensions arose among the Moslems. Numerous lesser chiefs of Arabia, while willing to acknowledge the ruling caliph as head of their faith, refused to accept his sway in temporal matters. In the middle of the eighteenth century one Wahhabi arose, a religious reformer who did not object to holding temporal sway. His power increased, and early in the nineteenth century even Mecca came under the rule of his successors. Warfare with Egypt led to the downfall of the Wahhabi rule; but about the middle of the century they succeeded in again establishing their control. A wide strip of land along the coast, including Mecca, is in the hands of Turkey. Aden has since 1839 been held by Great Britain. The region of Nejd and the deserts in the southeast are under Arab control.

JUSTICE IN ARABIA

[Nineteenth century]

BY COLONEL L. DU COURET

AFTER the evening prayer, I took my way to the Tower, calling by the way on Seid-Ahmed, with whom in our late ramble I had arranged for an early meeting.

"Sidi," said I, addressing him, "I was going to avail myself this evening of your invitation to visit you whenever convenient to myself; but Seid-Abd' el-Rahman having sent word that he expects me after the evening prayer, I called to say that I must defer that pleasure until another time."

"It so happens," rejoined Seid-Ahmed, "that I, too, am going to the Tower; for to-night the Nagib sits there in judgment. Every second night after the last prayer, the Nagib dispenses justice to the Marebeys, and this is an evening for the session of a *messhouar*" [tribunal].

I proceeded with him to the Tower, where we found the Nagib seated upon his cushions at the door of the vestibule. There, surrounded by his chiefs and a crowd of retainers, he rendered important decisions while smoking his chicha.

The audience was a large one, for Seid-Abd' el-Rahman was very popular with his people, owing in great measure, to his accessibility to all. Mussulman, Sabian, or Jew, provided only he was of the country, enjoyed the privilege of access to him at all times to state his case,

on which the Nagib at once rendered justice by a decree based upon equity as well as common sense.

Seid-Ahmed took the place reserved for him among the members of the tribunal, while for myself, after the interchange of the usual compliments, the Nagib ordered a chibouque to be brought, which he lighted and presented to me with his own hands.

Curious to witness an example of the justice of the country, I took up the most convenient position for seeing and hearing, as the audience commenced.

There were women who complained of ill treatment on the part of their husbands; men who accused their wives of frailty; divisions of inheritance to adjust; thefts and frauds to punish; among all which cases there were two particularly remarkable for the judgments rendered upon them.

The first of these cases was one between a *katib* and a *fellah*, — that is, a writer and a peasant, — the wife of the latter having been taken away from him by the former, who maintained that he had a claim upon her. The woman declined to acknowledge either the one or the other of them as her husband, or, rather, she acknowledged them both — a view of the case which rendered it decidedly embarrassing.

Having heard both sides and reflected a moment, the Nagib said, addressing the claimants, "Leave this woman here, and return in half an hour"; on which the *katib* and *fellah* made their salutations and retired.

The second case was between a *fekai* and a *zibdai*, or, in other words, a fruiterer and a butter merchant — the latter very much besmeared with butter; the former clean.

The fruiterer said, "I had been to buy some butter from this man, and drew out my purse full of money to pay for the butter he had put in my *goulla*, when, tempted by the sight of the coins, he seized me by the wrist. I cried 'Thief!' but he would not let me go; and thus have we come before you — I squeezing my money in my hand, and he grasping my wrist with his. And now, by Mohammed, our great Prophet, I swear that this man lies in saying that I have stolen his money, for that money is truly mine."

The butter merchant said, "This man came to buy a *goulla* of butter from me, and when I had filled it he said, 'Hast thou change of an *abumathfa* [Spanish piaster]?' I searched my pocket, from which I drew out my hand full of money, which I placed upon the sill of my shop, from which he snatched it, and was going off with my butter and my money, when I seized him by the wrist and cried, 'Thief!' but in spite of my cries, he refused to return my property to me, and I have brought him hither in order that you may judge between us. And now, by Mohammed, our great Prophet, I swear that this man lies in saying that I have stolen his money, for that money is truly mine."

The Nagib caused the complainants to repeat their charges twice, but neither of them varied from his first statement. Then said he, after a moment's reflection, "Leave this money here and return in half an hour"; on which the fruiterer, who had all along kept his hold of the money, deposited it in a wooden bowl, brought by one of the guard — and both complainants, having made their salutations, retired.

When they were gone, the Nagib quitted his seat at

the door of the vestibule and went up into the fourth story of the tower, taking with him the woman and money in dispute. At the appointed moment he returned with them, and went calmly back to his seat. The parties interested were all present, and the *katib* and *fellah* were called up.

"Here," said the Nagib, addressing the *katib*, "take thy wife and lead her away, for she is thine truly."

Then, turning to his guards and pointing to the *fellah*, he said, "Give this man fifty blows of a *courbash* on the soles of his feet."

The *katib* walked off with his wife, and the guards gave the *fellah* fifty blows of a *courbash* on the soles of his feet.

Next came the fruiterer and the butter merchant in their turn.

"Here," said the Nagib to the fruiterer, "here is thy money; verily didst thou take it from thine own purse, and never did it belong to him by whom thou art accused."

Then, turning to his guards and pointing to the butter merchant, he said, "Give this man fifty blows of a *courbash* on the soles of his feet."

The fruiterer walked off with his money, and the guards gave the butter merchant fifty blows of a *courbash* on the soles of his feet.

When the court had risen, I asked the Nagib how he ascertained that the woman was the wife of the *katib*, and the money the property of the fruiterer.

"Nothing more simple," replied he. "You saw how I went up into the fourth story with the woman and the money. Well, when we arrived there, I ordered her sud-

denly to clean my inkhorn, when, like one accustomed to that work, she at once took it, drew out the cotton from it, washed it properly, replaced it on the stand, and filled it with fresh ink. Then said I to myself, 'If you were the wife of the *fellah*, you never could have cleaned an inkhorn like that; you must be the wife of the *katib*.'"

"Good!" said I, bowing in token of assent. "So much for the woman. And how about the money?"

"The money was quite another business," replied the Nagib, smiling with a self-satisfied expression, as he leered at me with a look full of artfulness and craft. "You must have remarked how buttery the butter merchant was and how greasy his hands were in particular. Well, I put the money into a vessel of hot water, and upon examining the water carefully I could not find that a single particle of grease had come to the surface. Then said I to myself, 'This money belongs to the fruiterer, and not to the butter merchant; for, had it belonged to the latter, it must have been greasy, and the grease would have shown on the surface of the water.'"

At this I bowed very low, indeed, and said: "In good faith I doubt whether the great King Solomon himself could have rendered a decision with more sagacity and wisdom."

Until then I had always looked upon the tales related to us in the "Arabian Nights" as mere fictions; but on witnessing the delivery of these two judgments, I felt convinced that some of them at least were founded on facts. Of course they are worked up into romances, but they have a basis of reality.

WIT FROM ARABIA

BY COLONEL L. DU COURET

I

ONE morning, Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi ascended into his pulpit to preach, and addressing his hearers said: —

"O believers, know ye what I am going to talk to you about?"

They replied that they did not.

"Well, then," rejoined he, "since you do not know, do you suppose that I am going to tell you?"

Another morning he again appeared in the pulpit and said: —

"O believers, know ye not what I am going to tell you?"

They replied that they did.

"If you know it, then," said he, "I need not tell it to you"; and he descended from the pulpit and went his way.

His auditors, puzzled what to do, at length agreed that, if he again made his appearance, some of them would say that they knew, others that they did not.

And again Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi mounted into the pulpit and said: —

"O Mussulmans, know ye what I am going to say to you?"

To which some replied, "We know"; others, "We know not."

"Good!" returned he. "Let those who know tell those who do not."

II

A *fellah* came in from the country one morning, bringing a gazelle to Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi, who received it very graciously, and invited the donor to dine with him.

A week afterwards, the same man again came to see him; but Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi, having forgotten him, asked him who he was.

"I am he who brought you the gazelle," replied the man: upon which Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi welcomed him as before.

Some days after this, certain strangers having come to claim his hospitality, he asked them who they were.

"We are the neighbors of him who brought you the gazelle," answered they; and he received them as his guests.

Shortly after, yet others presented themselves, who on being asked by him who they were, replied: "We are the neighbors of the neighbors of the man who brought you the gazelle."

And Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi, bidding them welcome, placed before them a cup of cold water only, saying, "Drink; it is the broth of the broth of the gazelle."

III

One evening, Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi borrowed a pot from one of his neighbors, and, having finished cooking with it, he put a stew-pan inside it and returned it to the owner.

The latter, seeing the stew-pan, asked Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi what it was.

"The pot has had a young one," replied the latter, and went his way.

Another time, he again borrowed the pot, took it home with him and did not return it.

Five days after, the owner of the pot, surprised at its not having been returned, went to Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi and asked him for it.

"Allah be merciful to you!" exclaimed the latter, "your pot is dead."

"What!" cried the other, "do pots die?"

"Come, now," retorted Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi, "you were ready enough to believe that pots can bring forth young ones; why, then, should they not die?"

IV

One day a beggar knocked at the door of Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi.

"What do you want here?" asked the latter.

"Come down," said the beggar-man.

Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi came down, and again asked him what he wanted.

"I seek for alms," said the beggar-man.

"Good!" exclaimed Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi. "Go upstairs."

The beggar-man went up, and then Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi said to him:—

"The blessing of Allah be upon you!"

"But why did you not say that while I was below, O Sidi?" asked the beggar-man.

"Why, yourself?" retorted Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi; "when I was upstairs, why did you ask me to come down?"



ARABIAN HORSEMEN IN BATTLE

BY ADOLF SCHREYER

(*German painter.* 1828.)

THE sky is deep blue and cloudy, the ground rocky and broken. Far away at the horizon on the left the smoke from the guns of the enemy may be seen. Galloping rapidly into the foreground of the picture come a troop of Arabs. A shell has just exploded, and the chief's horse, a magnificent dapple gray, springs forward in a moment's alarm. The white horse of the standard-bearer swerves to the right. This is the moment of the picture.

The famous horses of Arabia are distinguished by their broad foreheads, expressive eyes, and tapering muzzles. On a slender fare of barley, dates, and camel's milk, they will make a daily journey of sixty or eighty miles for many days in succession. They share the tent of their master and are his comrades and playmates. He treats them like petted children, and they respond with a rare docility and intelligence. An Arab will almost as soon sell his child as his beloved horse.

A PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA

BY SIR RICHARD F. BURTON

[In 1853, Captain Richard F. Burton determined to make the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina. He had an Eastern cast of countenance, and could speak Arabic and Persian with ease. He spent some time in familiarizing himself with Mohammedan ways — prayers, ablutions, and prostrations — and at Suez joined a company of pilgrims. How well he carried out his assumed character may be known from the fact that his attendant had no idea that he was not a fellow-Mohammedan.

The Editor.]

Having resolved to perform the Mecca pilgrimage, I spent a few months at Cairo, and on the 22d of May embarked in a small steamer at Suez with the *mahmil*, or litter, and its military escort, conveying the *kiswah*, or covering for the *kâbah*. On the 25th the man at the wheel informed us that we were about to pass the village of Rābikh, on the Arabian coast, and that the time had consequently arrived for changing our usual habiliments for the *ihrām*, or pilgrim-costume of two towels, and for taking the various interdictory vows involved in its assumption: such as not to tie knots in any portion of our dress, not to oil the body, and not to cut our nails or hair, nor to improve the tints of the latter with the coppery hue of henna. Transgression of these and other ceremonial exactments is expiated either by animal sacrifice, or gifts of fruit or cereals to the poor.

After a complete ablution and assuming the *ihrām*,

we performed two prayer-flections, and recited the meritorious sentences beginning with the words, "Labbaik Allah, huma labbaik!" "Here I am, O God, here I am! Here I am, O Unassociated One, here I am, for unto Thee belong praise, grace, and empire, O Unassociated One!"

This prayer was repeated so often, people not unfrequently rushing up to their friends and shrieking the sacred sentence into their ears, that at last it became a signal for merriment rather than an indication of piety.

On the 26th we reached Jeddah, where the utter sterility of Arabia, with its dunes and rocky hills, becomes apparent. The town, however, viewed from the sea, is not unpicturesque. Many European vessels were at anchor off the coast: and as we entered the port, innumerable small fishing-boats darting in all directions, their sails no longer white, but emerald green from the intense luster of the water, crowded around us on all sides, and reminded one by their dazzling colors and rapidity of motion of the shoals of porpoises so often seen on a voyage round the Cape.

On disembarking we were accosted by several *mutawwafs*, or circuit-men, so termed in Arabic, because, besides serving as religious guides in general, their special duty is to lead the pilgrim in his seven obligatory circuits around the Kābah. We encamped outside the town, and having visited the tomb of "our Mother Eve," mounted our camels for Mecca.

After a journey of twenty hours across the Desert, we passed the barriers which mark the outermost limit of the sacred city, and, ascending some giant steps, pitched

our tents on a plain, or rather plateau, surrounded by barren rock, some of which, distant but a few yards, mask from view the birthplace of the Prophet. It was midnight; a few drops of rain were falling, and lightning played around us. Day after day we had watched its brightness from the sea, and many a faithful *hāji* had pointed out to his companions those fires which were Heaven's witness to the sanctity of the spot. "Al ḥamdu Lillah!" Thanks be to God! we were now at length to gaze upon the *Kiblah*, to which every Mussulman has turned in prayer since the days of Muhammad, and which for long ages before the birth of Christianity was reverenced by the Patriarchs of the East. Soon after dawn arose from our midst the shout of "Labbaik! Labbaik!" and passing between the rocks, we found ourselves in the main street of Mecca, and approached the "Gateway of Salvation," one of the thirty-nine portals of the "Temple of Salvation."

On crossing the threshold we entered a vast unroofed quadrangle, a mighty amplification of the Palais Royal, having on each side of its four sides a broad colonnade, divided into three aisles by a multitude of slender columns, and rising to the height of about thirty feet. Surmounting each arch of the colonnade is a small dome: in all there are a hundred and twenty, and at different points arise seven minarets, dating from various epochs, and of somewhat varying altitudes and architecture. The numerous pigeons which have their home within the temple have been believed never to alight upon any portion of its roof, thus miraculously testifying to the holiness of the building. This marvel, however, of late years having been suspended, many discern another omen of

the approach of the long-predicted period when unbelievers shall desecrate the hallowed soil.

In the center of the square area rises the far-famed Kābah, the funereal shade of which contrasts vividly with the sunlit walls and precipices of the town. It is a cubical structure of massive stone, the upper two-thirds of which are mantled by a black cloth embroidered with silver, and the lower portion hung with white linen. At a distance of several yards it is surrounded by a balustrade provided with lamps, which are lighted in the evening, and the space thus inclosed is the circuit-ground along which, day and night, crowds of pilgrims, performing the circular ceremony of Tawāf, realize the idea of perpetual motion. We at once advanced to the black stone embedded in an angle of the Kābah, kissed it, and exclaimed, "Bismillah wa Allahu Akbar," — "In God's name, and God is greatest." Then we commenced the usual seven rounds, three at a walking pace, and four at a brisk trot. Next followed two prayer-flections at the tomb of Abraham, after which we drank of the water of Zamzam, said to be the same which quenched the thirst of Hagar's exhausted son.

Besides the Kābah, eight minor structures adorn the quadrangle, the well of Zamzam, the library, the clock-room, the triangular staircase, and four ornamental resting-places for the orthodox sects of Hanafí, Shāfí, Mālikī, and Hanbalí.

We terminated our morning duties by walking and running seven times along the streets of Safā and Marwā, so named from the flight of seven steps at each of its extremities.

After a few days spent in visiting various places of

interest, such as the slave-market and forts, and the houses of the Prophet and the Caliphs 'Ali and Abūbakr, we started on our six hours' journey to the mountain of 'Arifāt, an hour's sojourn at which, even in a state of insensibility, confers the rank of *ḥāji*. It is a mountain spur of about a hundred and fifty feet in height, presenting an artificial appearance from the wall encircling it and the terrace on its slope, from which the *iman* delivers a sermon before the departure of his congregation for Mecca. His auditors were, indeed, numerous, their tents being scattered over two or three miles of the country. A great number of their inmates were fellow-subjects of ours from India.[1] I surprised some of my Mecca friends by informing them that Queen Victoria numbers nearly twenty millions of Mohammedans among her subjects.

On the 5th of June, at sunset, commencing our return, we slept at the village of Muzdalifah, and there gathered and washed seven pebbles of the size of peas, to be flung at three piles of whitewashed masonry known as the Shaitans [Satans] of Munā. We acquitted ourselves satisfactorily of this duty on the festival of the 6th of June, the 10th day of the Arabian month Zu'lhijah. Each of us then sacrificed a sheep, had his hair and nails cut, exchanged the *iḳrām* for his best apparel, and embracing his friends, paid them the compliments of the season. The two following days the Great, the Middle, and the Little Satan were again pelted, and, bequeathing to the unfortunate inhabitants of Munā the unburied and odorous remains of nearly a hundred thousand animals, we returned, eighty thousand strong, to Mecca. A week

[1] Sir Richard posed as a native of Afghanistan.

later, having helped to insult the tumulus of stones which marks, according to popular belief, the burial-place of Abulaḥab, the unbeliever, who we learn from the Koran, has descended into hell with his wife, gatherer of sticks, I was not sorry to relinquish a shade temperature of 120° and wend my way to Jeddah *en route* for England, after delegating to my brethren the recital of a prayer in my behalf at the Tomb of the Prophet at Medina.

In penning these lines I am anxious to encourage other Englishmen, especially those from India, to perform the pilgrimage, without being deterred by exaggerated reports concerning the perils of the enterprise. It must, however, be understood that it is absolutely indispensable to be a Mussulman (at least externally), and to have an Arabic name. Neither the Koran nor the Sultan enjoins the killing of intrusive Jews or Christians; nevertheless, two years ago, an *incognito* Jew, who refused to repeat the creed, was crucified by the Mecca populace, and in the event of a pilgrim again declaring himself to be an unbeliever the authorities would be almost powerless to protect his life.

PALESTINE
I
IN OLD TESTAMENT TIMES

HISTORICAL NOTE

FIFTEEN or sixteen centuries before Christ, Palestine was commonly known as the land of Canaan, and the people were called Canaanites. Into this country the Hebrews, after their deliverance from bondage in Egypt, forced their way; and about 1050 B.C. the Hebrew kingdom was formed, under Saul, who was succeeded by David and Solomon. This unity endured for little more than a century. Then the kingdom was divided. The northern kingdom was overcome by Assyria in the eighth century before Christ; and the southern fell into the hands of Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon in the sixth. Palestine was then ruled in turn by Persia, Macedonia, Egypt, and Syria. Antiochus IV of Syria did his best to destroy the Jewish religion. This brought about a war for independence, which resulted in Judæa's gaining control of southern Palestine, from the Jordan to the sea.

THE JOURNEY TO THE PROMISED LAND

[Thirteenth century B.C.]

AND [Pharaoh] called for Moses and Aaron by night, and said: "Rise up, and get you forth from among my people, both ye and the children of Israel; and go, serve the Lord, as ye have said. Also take your flocks and your herds, as ye have said, and be gone; and bless me also." And the Egyptians were urgent upon the people, that they might send them out of the land in haste; for they said, "We be all dead men." And the people took their dough before it was leavened, their kneading troughs being bound up in their clothes upon their shoulders. And the children of Israel did according to the word of Moses; and they borrowed of the Egyptians jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment. And the Lord gave the people favour in the sight of the Egyptians, so that they lent unto them such things as they required. And they spoiled the Egyptians.

And the children of Israel journeyed from Rameses to Succoth, about six hundred thousand on foot that were men, beside children. And a mixed multitude went up also with them; and flocks, and herds, even very much cattle. And they baked unleavened cakes of the dough which they brought forth out of Egypt, for it was not leavened; because they were thrust out of Egypt, and could not tarry, neither had they prepared for themselves any victual.

Now the sojourning of the children of Israel, who dwelt in Egypt, was four hundred and thirty years. And

it came to pass at the end of the four hundred and thirty years, even the selfsame day it came to pass, that all the hosts of the Lord went out from the land of Egypt. It is a night to be much observed unto the Lord for bringing them out from the land of Egypt; this is that night of the Lord to be observed of all the children of Israel in their generations.

And it came to pass, when Pharaoh had let the people go, that God led them not through the way of the land of the Philistines, although that was near; for God said, "Lest peradventure the people repent when they see war, and they return to Egypt." But God led the people about, through the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea; and the children of Israel went up harnessed out of the land of Egypt. And Moses took the bones of Joseph with him; for he had straitly sworn the children of Israel, saying, "God will surely visit you; and ye shall carry up my bones away hence with you."

And they took their journey from Succoth, and encamped in Etham, in the edge of the wilderness. And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night. He took not away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people. And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying: "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they turn and encamp before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baal-zephon; before it shall ye encamp by the sea. For Pharaoh will say of the children of Israel, 'They are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in.' And I will harden Pharaoh's heart, that he shall follow after them; and I will

be honoured upon Pharaoh, and upon all his host; that the Egyptians may know that I am the Lord." And they did so.

And it was told the king of Egypt that the people fled; and the heart of Pharaoh and of his servants was turned against the people, and they said, "Why have we done this, that we have let Israel go from serving us?" And he made ready his chariot, and took his people with him. And he took six hundred chosen chariots, and all the chariots of Egypt, and captains over every one of them.

THE PASSAGE ACROSS THE RED SEA

And the Lord hardened the heart of Pharaoh king of Egypt, and he pursued after the children of Israel; and the children of Israel went out with an high hand. But the Egyptians pursued after them, all the horses and chariots of Pharaoh, and his horsemen, and his army, and overtook them encamping by the sea, beside Pi-hahiroth, before Baal-zephon. And when Pharaoh drew nigh, the children of Israel lifted up their eyes, and, behold, the Egyptians marched after them; and they were sore afraid; and the children of Israel cried out unto the Lord. And they said unto Moses: "Because there were no graves in Egypt, hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness? wherefore hast thou dealt thus with us, to carry us forth out of Egypt? Is not this the word that we did tell thee in Egypt, saying, 'Let us alone, that we may serve the Egyptians'? For it had been better for us to serve the Egyptians, than that we should die in the wilderness."

And Moses said unto the people: "Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will

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And Moses said unto the people: "Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will

shew to you to-day; for the Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see them again no more forever. The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace."

And the Lord said unto Moses: "Wherefore criest thou unto me? speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward. But lift thou up thy rod, and stretch out thine hand over the sea, and divide it; and the children of Israel shall go on dry ground through the midst of the sea. And I, behold, I will harden the hearts of the Egyptians, and they shall follow them; and I will get me honour upon Pharaoh, and upon all his host, upon his chariots, and upon his horsemen. And the Egyptians shall know that I am the Lord, when I have gotten me honour upon Pharaoh, upon his chariots, and upon his horsemen." And the angel of God, which went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them; and the pillar of the cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them. And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these; so that the one came not near the other all the night.

And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided. And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground; and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left. And the Egyptians pursued, and went in after them to the midst of the sea, even all Pharaoh's horses, his chariots, and his horsemen. And it came to pass, that

in the morning watch the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians, and took off their chariot wheels, that they drave them heavily; so that the Egyptians said, "Let us flee from the face of Israel; for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians."

And the Lord said unto Moses: "Stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots, and upon their horsemen." And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared; and the Egyptians fled against it; and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea. And the waters returned, and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them; there remained not so much as one of them. But the children of Israel walked upon dry land in the midst of the sea; and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left.

Thus the Lord saved Israel that day out of the hand of the Egyptians; and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea shore. And Israel saw that great work which the Lord did upon the Egyptians; and the people feared the Lord, and believed the Lord, and his servant Moses.

GOD GIVES THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

And the Lord said unto Moses: "Go unto the people, and sanctify them to-day and to-morrow and let them wash their clothes, and be ready against the third day: for the third day the Lord will come down in the sight of

all the people upon mount Sinai. And thou shalt set bounds unto the people round about, saying, 'Take heed to yourselves, that ye go not up into the mount, or touch the border of it: whosoever toucheth the mount shall be surely put to death: there shall not an hand touch it, but he shall surely be stoned, or shot through; whether it be beast or man, it shall not live': when the trumpet soundeth long, they shall come up to the mount."

And Moses went down from the mount unto the people, and sanctified the people; and they washed their clothes. And he said unto the people: "Be ready against the third day."

And it came to pass on the third day in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that was in the camp trembled. And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp to meet with God; and they stood at the nether part of the mount. And mount Sinai was altogether in a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire: and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly. And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice. And the Lord came down upon mount Sinai, on the top of the mount: and the Lord called Moses up to the top of the mount; and Moses went up.

And the Lord said unto Moses: "Go down, charge the people, lest they break through unto the Lord to gaze, and many of them perish. And let the priests also, which come near to the Lord, sanctify themselves, lest the Lord break forth upon them."

And Moses said unto the Lord: "The people cannot come up to mount Sinai: for thou charged us, saying, 'Set bounds about the mount, and sanctify it.'"

And the Lord said unto him: "Away, get thee down, and thou shalt come up, thou, and Aaron with thee, but let not the priests and the people break through to come up unto the Lord, lest he break forth upon them." So Moses went down unto the people, and spake unto them.

And God spake all these words, saying: —

"I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

"Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and

all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

"Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

"Thou shalt not kill.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery.

"Thou shalt not steal.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's."

And all the people saw the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking: and when the people saw it, they removed, and stood afar off. And they said unto Moses: "Speak thou with us, and we will hear: but let not God speak with us, lest we die."

And Moses said unto the people: "Fear not: for God is come to prove you, and that his fear may be before their faces, that ye sin not." And the people stood afar off, and Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was.

THE WORSHIP OF THE GOLDEN CALF

And Moses went up into the mount, and a cloud covered the mount. And the glory of the Lord abode upon mount Sinai, and the cloud covered it six days: and the seventh day he called unto Moses out of the midst of the cloud. And the sight of the glory of the Lord was like

devouring fire on the top of the mount in the eyes of the children of Israel. And Moses went into the midst of the cloud, and gat him up into the mount: and Moses was in the mount forty days and forty nights.

And when the people saw that Moses delayed to come down out of the mount, the people gathered themselves together unto Aaron, and said unto him: "Up, make us gods, which shall go before us; for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him."

And Aaron said unto them: "Break off the golden earrings, which are in the ears of your wives, of your sons, and of your daughters, and bring them unto me." And all the people brake off the golden earrings which were in their ears, and brought them unto Aaron. And he received them at their hand, and fashioned it with a graving tool, after he had made it a molten calf; and they said: "These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." And when Aaron saw it, he built an altar before it; and Aaron made proclamation, and said: "To-morrow is a feast to the Lord." And they rose up early on the morrow, and offered burnt offerings, and brought peace offerings; and the people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play.

And the Lord said unto Moses: "Go, get thee down; for thy people, which thou broughtest out of the land of Egypt, have corrupted themselves. They have turned aside quickly out of the way which I commanded them; they have made them a molten calf, and have worshipped it, and have sacrificed thereunto, and said, 'These be thy gods, O Israel, which have brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.'" And the Lord said unto Moses:

"I have seen this people, and, behold, it is a stiffnecked people. Now therefore let me alone, that my wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may consume them; and I will make of thee a great nation."

And Moses besought the Lord his God, and said: "Lord, why doth thy wrath wax hot against thy people, which thou hast brought forth out of the land of Egypt with great power, and with a mighty hand? Wherefore should the Egyptians speak, and say, 'For mischief did he bring them out, to slay them in the mountains, and to consume them from the face of the earth'? Turn from thy fierce wrath, and repent of this evil against thy people. Remember Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, thy servants, to whom thou swarest by thine own self, and saidst unto them, 'I will multiply your seed as the stars of heaven, and all this land that I have spoken of will I give unto your seed, and they shall inherit it forever.'" And the Lord repented of the evil which he thought to do unto his people. And Moses turned, and went down from the mount, and the two tables of the testimony were in his hand; the tables were written on both their sides; on the one side and on the other were they written. And the tables were the work of God, and the writing was the writing of God, graven upon the tables.

And when Joshua heard the noise of the people as they shouted, he said unto Moses: "There is a noise of war in the camp."

And he said: "It is not the voice of them that shout for mastery, neither is it the voice of them that cry for being overcome; but the noise of them that sing do I hear." And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf, and the dancing;

and Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount. And he took the calf which they had made, and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strewed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it.

And Moses said unto Aaron: "What did this people unto thee, that thou hast brought so great a sin upon them?"

And Aaron said: "Let not the anger of my lord wax hot. Thou knowest the people, that they are set on mischief. For they said unto me, 'Make us gods, which shall go before us; for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him.' And I said unto them, 'Whosoever hath any gold, let them break it off.' So they gave it me; then I cast it into the fire and there came out this calf."

Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said: "Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me." And all the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him. And he said unto them, "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, 'Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbour.'" And the children of Levi did according to the word of Moses; and there fell of the people that day about three thousand men. For Moses had said, "Consecrate yourselves today to the Lord, even every man upon his son, and upon his brother; that he may bestow upon you a blessing this day."

And it came to pass on the morrow, that Moses said unto the people: "Ye have sinned a great sin, and now I

will go up unto the Lord; peradventure I shall make an atonement for your sin." And Moses returned unto the Lord, and said, "Oh, this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold. Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin —; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written."

And the Lord said unto Moses: "Whosoever hath sinned against me, him will I blot out of my book. Therefore now go, lead the people unto the place of which I have spoken unto thee: behold, mine Angel shall go before thee; nevertheless in the day when I visit I will visit their sin upon them." And the Lord plagued the people, because they made the calf, which Aaron made.

THE BUILDING OF THE TABERNACLE

And Moses spake unto all the congregation of the children of Israel, saying: "This is the thing which the Lord commanded, saying: 'Take ye from among you an offering unto the Lord: whosoever is of a willing heart, let him bring it, an offering of the Lord; gold, and silver, and brass, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' hair, and rams' skins dyed red, and badgers' skins, and shittim wood, and oil for the light, and spices for anointing oil, and for the sweet incense, and onyx stones, and stones to be set for the ephod, and for the breastplate. And every wise-hearted among you shall come, and make all that the Lord hath commanded; the tabernacle, his tent, and his covering, his taches, and his boards, his bars, his pillars, and his sockets, the ark, and the staves thereof, with the mercy seat, and the vail of the covering, the table, and his staves, and all his

vessels, and the shewbread, the candlestick also for the light, and his furniture, and his lamps, with the oil for the light, and the incense altar, and his staves, and the anointing oil, and the sweet incense, and the hanging for the door at the entering in of the tabernacle, the altar of burnt offering, with his brasen grate, his staves, and all his vessels, the laver and his foot, the hangings of the court, his pillars, and their sockets, and the hanging for the door of the court, the pins of the tabernacle, and the pins of the court, and their cords, the cloths of service, to do service in the holy place, the holy garments for Aaron the priest, and the garments of his sons, to minister in the priest's office.'"

And all the congregation of the children of Israel departed from the presence of Moses. And they came, every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made willing, and they brought the Lord's offering to the work of the tabernacle of the congregation, and for all his service, and for the holy garments. And they came, both men and women, as many as were willing-hearted, and brought bracelets, and earrings, and rings, and tablets, all jewels of gold: and every man that offered offered an offering of gold unto the Lord. And every man, with whom was found blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' hair, and red skins of rams, and badgers' skins, brought them. Every one that did offer an offering of silver and brass brought the Lord's offering: and every man, with whom was found shittim wood for any work of the service, brought it. And all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and

of fine linen. And all the women whose heart stirred them up in wisdom spun goats' hair. And the rulers brought onyx stones, and stones to be set, for the ephod, and for the breastplate; and spice, and oil for the light, and for the anointing oil, and for the sweet incense. The children of Israel brought a willing offering unto the Lord, every man and woman, whose heart made them willing to bring for all manner of work, which the Lord had commanded to be made by the hand of Moses.

And Moses said unto the children of Israel: "See, the Lord hath called by name Bezaleel the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah; and he hath filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship; and to devise curious works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in the cutting of stones, to set them, and in carving of wood, to make any manner of cunning work. And he hath put in his heart that he may teach, both he, and Aholiab, the son of Ahisamach, of the tribe of Dan. Them hath he filled with wisdom of heart, to work all manner of work, of the engraver, and of the cunning workman, and of the embroiderer, in blue, and in purple, in scarlet, and in fine linen, and of the weaver, even of them that do any work, and of those that devise cunning work."

Then wrought Bezaleel and Aholiab, and every wise-hearted man, in whom the Lord put wisdom and understanding to know how to work all manner of work for the service of the sanctuary, according to all that the Lord had commanded. And Moses called Bezaleel and Aholiab, and every wise-hearted man, in whose heart the Lord had put wisdom, even every one whose heart stirred

him up to come unto the work to do it: and they received of Moses all the offering, which the children of Israel had brought for the work of the service of the sanctuary, to make it withal. And they brought yet unto him free offerings every morning. And all the wise men, that wrought all the work of the sanctuary, came every man from his work which they made; and they spake unto Moses, saying: "The people bring much more than enough for the service of the work, which the Lord commanded to make."

And Moses gave commandment, and they caused it to be proclaimed throughout the camp, saying: "Let neither man nor woman make any more work for the offering of the sanctuary." So the people were restrained from bringing. For the stuff they had was sufficient for all the work to make it, and too much. According to all that the Lord commanded Moses, so the children of Israel made all the work. And Moses did look upon all the work, and, behold, they had done it as the Lord had commanded, even so had they done it: and Moses blessed them.

And Moses reared up the tabernacle, and fastened his sockets, and set up the boards thereof, and put in the bars thereof, and reared up his pillars. And he spread abroad the tent over the tabernacle, and put the covering of the tent above upon it; as the Lord commanded Moses. And he took and put the testimony into the ark, and set the staves on the ark, and put the mercy seat above upon the ark: and he brought the ark into the tabernacle, and set up the vail of the covering, and covered the ark of the testimony; as the Lord commanded Moses. And he put the table in the tent of the congre-

gation, upon the side of the tabernacle northward, without the vail. And he set the bread in order upon it before the Lord; as the Lord had commanded Moses. And he put the candlestick in the tent of the congregation, over against the table, on the side of the tabernacle southward. And he lighted the lamps before the Lord; as the Lord commanded Moses. And he put the golden altar in the tent of the congregation before the vail: and he burnt sweet incense thereon; as the Lord commanded Moses. And he set up the hanging at the door of the tabernacle. And he put the altar of burnt offering by the door of the tabernacle of the tent of the congregation, and offered upon it the burnt offering and the meat offering; as the Lord commanded Moses. And he set the laver between the tent of the congregation and the altar, and put water there, to wash withal. And Moses and Aaron and his sons washed their hands and their feet thereat. When they went into the tent of the congregation, and when they came near unto the altar, they washed; as the Lord commanded Moses. And he reared up the court round about the tabernacle and the altar, and set up the hanging of the court gate. So Moses finished the work.

Then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle. And Moses was not able to enter into the tent of the congregation, because the cloud abode thereon, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle. And when the cloud was taken up from over the tabernacle, the children of Israel went onward in all their journeys: but if the cloud were not taken up, then they journeyed not till the day that it was taken up. For the cloud of the Lord was

upon the tabernacle by day, and fire was on it by night, in the sight of all the house of Israel; throughout all their journeys.

THE DEATH OF MOSES

And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho. And the Lord shewed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan. And all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar. And the Lord said unto him: "This is the land which I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."

So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day. And Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died: his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab thirty days: so the days of weeping and mourning for Moses were ended.

And there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face, in all the signs and the wonders, which the Lord sent him to do in the land of Egypt to Pharaoh, and to all his servants, and to all his land, and in all that mighty band, and in all the great terror which Moses shewed in the sight of all Israel.

THE SHEPHERD BOY WHO BECAME KING

[Eleventh century B.C.]

DAVID PLAYS ON THE HARP BEFORE SAUL

BUT the spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him. And Saul's servants said unto him:

"Behold now, an evil spirit from God troubleth thee. Let our lord now command thy servants, which are before thee, to seek out a man, who is a cunning player on an harp: and it shall come to pass, when the evil spirit from God is upon thee, that he shall play with his hand, and thou shalt be well." And Saul said unto his servants:

"Provide me now a man that can play well, and bring him to me." Then answered one of the servants, and said:

"Behold, I have seen a son of Jesse the Beth-lehemite, that is cunning in playing, and a mighty valiant man, and a man of war, and prudent in matters, and a comely person, and the Lord is with him." Wherefore Saul sent messengers unto Jesse, and said:

"Send me David thy son, which is with the sheep." And Jesse took an ass laden with bread, and a bottle of wine, and a kid, and sent them by David his son unto Saul.

And David came to Saul, and stood before him: and he loved him greatly; and he became his armourbearer. And Saul sent to Jesse, saying, "Let David, I pray thee, stand before me; for he hath found favour in my sight." And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from

God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him.

DAVID KILLS THE GIANT GOLIATH OF GATH

Now the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle. And Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together, and pitched by the valley of Elah, and set the battle in array against the Philistines. And the Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side: and there was a valley between them. And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span.[1] And he had an helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass.[2] And he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders. And the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam; and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron: and one bearing a shield went before him. And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel, and said unto them: "Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? am not I a Philistine, and ye servants to Saul? choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us."

And the Philistine said: "I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together."

[1] About nine feet, six inches.
[2] A Hebrew shekel was equal to about half an ounce.

When Saul and all Israel heard those words of the Philistine, they were dismayed, and greatly afraid.

Now David was the son of Jesse; and he had eight sons: and the man went among men for an old man in the days of Saul. And the three eldest sons of Jesse went and followed Saul to the battle: and David was the youngest: and the three eldest followed Saul. But David went and returned from Saul to feed his father's sheep at Beth-lehem. And the Philistine drew near morning and evening, and presented himself forty days. And Jesse said unto David his son: "Take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to the camp to thy brethren; and carry these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge." Now Saul, and they, and all the men of Israel, were in the valley of Elah, fighting with the Philistines.

And David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and took, and went, as Jesse had commanded him; and he came to the trench, as the host was going forth to the fight, and shouted for the battle. For Israel and the Philistines had put the battle in array, army against army. And David left his carriage in the hand of the keeper of the carriage, and ran into the army, and came and saluted his brethren. And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion, the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name, out of the armies of the Philistines, and spake according to the same words: and David heard them. And all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid. And the men of Israel said: "Have ye seen this man that is come up? surely to defy Israel is he

come up: and it shall be, that the man who killeth him, the king will enrich him with great riches, and will give him his daughter, and make his father's house free in Israel."

And David spake to the men that stood by him, saying: "What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine, and taketh away the reproach from Israel? for who is this Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?"

And the people answered him after this manner, saying: "So shall it be done to the man that killeth him."

And Eliab his eldest brother heard when he spake unto the men; and Eliab's anger was kindled against David, and he said: "Why camest thou down hither? and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle."

And David said: "What have I now done? Is there not a cause?" And he turned from him toward another, and spake after the same manner: and the people answered him again after the former manner.

And when the words were heard which David spake, they rehearsed them before Saul: and he sent for him. And David said to Saul: "Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine."

And Saul said to David: "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth."

And David said unto Saul: "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and

took a lamb out of the flock: and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear: and this Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God." David said moreover, "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

And Saul said unto David: "Go, and the Lord be with thee."

And Saul armed David with his armour, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail. And David girded his sword upon his armour, and he assayed to go; for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, "I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them." And David put them off him. And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand; and he drew near to the Philistine. And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bare the shield went before him. And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance.

And the Philistine said unto David: "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?" And the Philistine cursed David by his gods. And the Philistine said to David, "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field."

Then said David to the Philistine: "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcases of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands."

And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hasted, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth. So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David. Therefore David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled. And the men of Israel and of Judah arose, and shouted, and pursued the Philistines, until thou come to the valley, and to the gates of Ekron. And the wounded of the Philistines fell down by the way. And the children of Israel returned from chasing after the Philistines, and they spoiled their tents. And David

took the head of the Philistine, and brought it to Jerusalem, but he put his armour in his tent.

SAUL'S JEALOUSY AND JONATHAN'S AFFECTION

And when Saul saw David go forth against the Philistine, he said unto Abner, the captain of the host: "Abner, whose son is this youth?"

And Abner said: "As thy soul liveth, O king, I cannot tell."

And the king said: "Enquire thou whose son the stripling is." And as David returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, Abner took him, and brought him before Saul, with the head of the Philistine in his hand. And Saul said to him: "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

And David answered: "I am the son of thy servant Jesse the Beth-lehemite."

And it came to pass, when he had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan [son of Saul], was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul. And Saul took him that day, and would let him go no more home to his father's house. Then Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul. And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle.

And David went out whithersoever Saul sent him, and behaved himself wisely: and Saul set him over the men of war, and he was accepted in the sight of all the people, and also in the sight of Saul's servants. And it came to pass as they came, when David was returned from the

slaughter of the Philistine, that the women came out of all cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet king Saul, with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music. And the women answered one another as they played, and said, "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands." And Saul was very wroth, and the saying displeased him; and he said, "They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands: and what can he have more but the kingdom?" And Saul eyed David from that day forward.

And it came to pass on the morrow, that the evil spirit from God came upon Saul, and he prophesied in the midst of the house: and David played with his hand, as at other times: and there was a javelin in Saul's hand. And Saul cast the javelin; for he said, "I will smite David even to the wall with it." And David avoided out of his presence twice.

And Saul was afraid of David, because the Lord was with him, and was departed from Saul. Therefore Saul removed him from him, and made him his captain over a thousand; and he went out and came in before the people. And David behaved himself wisely in all his ways; and the Lord was with him. Wherefore when Saul saw that he behaved himself very wisely, he was afraid of him. But all Israel and Judah loved David, because he went out and came in before them.

DAVID'S ESCAPE FROM SAUL

And Saul spake to Jonathan his son, and to all his servants, that they should kill David. But Jonathan, Saul's son, delighted much in David: and Jonathan told

David, saying, "Saul my father seeketh to kill thee: now therefore, I pray thee, take heed to thyself until the morning, and abide in a secret place, and hide thyself: and I will go out and stand beside my father in the field where thou art, and I will commune with my father of thee; and what I see, that I will tell thee."

And Jonathan spake good of David unto Saul his father, and said unto him, "Let not the king sin against his servant, against David; because he hath not sinned against thee, and because his works have been to thee-ward very good: for he did put his life in his hand, and slew the Philistine, and the Lord wrought a great salvation for all Israel: thou sawest it, and didst rejoice: wherefore then wilt thou sin against innocent blood, to slay David without a cause?" And Saul hearkened unto the voice of Jonathan: and Saul sware, "As the Lord liveth, he shall not be slain." And Jonathan called David, and Jonathan shewed him all those things. And Jonathan brought David to Saul, and he was in his presence, as in times past.

And there was war again: and David went out, and fought with the Philistines, and slew them with a great slaughter; and they fled from him. And the evil spirit from the Lord was upon Saul, as he sat in his house with his javelin in his hand: and David played with his hand. And Saul sought to smite David even to the wall with the javelin; but he slipped away out of Saul's presence, and he smote the javelin into the wall: and David fled, and escaped that night.

Saul also sent messengers unto David's house, to watch him, and to slay him in the morning: and Michal, David's wife, told him, saying, "If thou save not thy

life to-night, to-morrow thou shalt be slain." So Michal let David down through a window: and he went, and fled, and escaped. And Michal took an image, and laid it in the bed, and put a pillow of goats' hair for his bolster, and covered it with a cloth. And when Saul sent messengers to take David, she said, "He is sick." And Saul sent the messengers again to see David, saying, "Bring him up to me in the bed, that I may slay him." And when the messengers were come in, behold, there was an image in the bed, with a pillow of goats' hair for his bolster. And Saul said unto Michal, "Why hast thou deceived me so, and sent away mine enemy, that he is escaped?" And Michal answered Saul, "He said unto me, Let me go; why should I kill thee?" So David fled, and escaped, and came to Samuel to Ramah, and told him all that Saul had done to him. And he and Samuel went and dwelt in Naioth.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF JONATHAN

And it was told Saul, saying, "Behold, David is at Naioth in Ramah." And Saul sent messengers to take David: and David fled from Naioth in Ramah, and came and said before Jonathan: "What have I done? what is mine iniquity? and what is my sin before thy father, that he seeketh my life?"

And he said unto him: "God forbid; thou shalt not die; behold, my father will do nothing either great or small, but that he will shew it me: and why should my father hide this thing from me? it is not so."

And David sware moreover, and said: "Thy father certainly knoweth that I have found grace in thine eyes; and he saith, 'Let not Jonathan know this, lest he

be grieved': but truly as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death."

Then said Jonathan unto David: "Whatsoever thy soul desireth, I will even do it for thee."

And David said unto Jonathan: "Behold, to-morrow is the new moon, and I should not fail to sit with the king at meat: but let me go, that I may hide myself in the field unto the third day at even. If thy father at all miss me, then say, David earnestly asked leave of me that he might run to Beth-lehem his city: for there is a yearly sacrifice there for all the family. If he say thus, It is well; thy servant shall have peace: but if he be very wroth, then be sure that evil is determined by him. Therefore thou shalt deal kindly with thy servant; for thou hast brought thy servant into a covenant of the Lord with thee: notwithstanding, if there be in me iniquity, slay me thyself; for why shouldest thou bring me to thy father?"

And Jonathan said: "Far be it from thee: for if I knew certainly that evil were determined by my father to come upon thee, then would not I tell it thee?"

Then said David to Jonathan: "Who shall tell me? or what if thy father answer thee roughly?"

And Jonathan said unto David: "Come, and let us go out into the field." And they went out both of them into the field.

And Jonathan said unto David: "O Lord God of Israel, when I have sounded my father about to-morrow any time, or the third day, and, behold, if there be good toward David, and then send I not unto thee, and shew it thee; the Lord do so and much more to Jonathan: but if it please my father to do thee evil, then I will shew

it thee, and send thee away, that thou mayest go in peace: and the Lord be with thee, as he hath been with my father. And thou shalt not only while yet I live shew me the kindness of the Lord, that I die not: but also thou shalt not cut off thy kindness from my house for ever: no, not when the Lord hath cut off the enemies of David every one from the face of the earth."

So Jonathan made a covenant with the house of David, saying, "Let the Lord even require it at the hand of David's enemies." And Jonathan caused David to swear again, because he loved him: for he loved him as he loved his own soul.

Then Jonathan said to David: "To-morrow is the new moon: and thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty. And when thou hast stayed three days, then thou shalt go down quickly, and come to the place where thou didst hide thyself when the business was in hand, and shalt remain by the stone Ezel. And I will shoot three arrows on the side thereof, as though I shot at a mark. And, behold, I will send a lad, saying, Go, find out the arrows. If I expressly say unto the lad, Behold, the arrows are on this side of thee, take them; then come thou: for there is peace to thee, and no hurt; as the Lord liveth. But if I say thus unto the young man, Behold, the arrows are beyond thee; go thy way: for the Lord hath sent thee away. And as touching the matter which thou and I have spoken of, behold, the Lord be between thee and me for ever."

So David hid himself in the field: and when the new moon was come, the king sat him down to eat meat. And the king sat upon his seat, as at other times, even upon a seat by the wall: and Jonathan arose, and

Abner sat by Saul's side, and David's place was empty. Nevertheless Saul spake not any thing that day: for he thought, Something hath befallen him. And it came to pass on the morrow, which was the second day of the month, that David's place was empty: and Saul said unto Jonathan his son: "Wherefore cometh not the son of Jesse to meat, neither yesterday, nor to-day?"

And Jonathan answered Saul: "David earnestly asked leave of me to go to Beth-lehem: and he said, Let me go, I pray thee; for our family hath a sacrifice in the city; and my brother, he hath commanded me to be there: and now, if I have found favour in thine eyes, let me get away, I pray thee, and see my brethren. Therefore he cometh not unto the king's table."

Then Saul's anger was kindled against Jonathan, and he said unto him: "Thou son of the perverse rebellious woman, do not I know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own confusion? For as long as the son of Jesse liveth upon the ground, thou shalt not be established, nor thy kingdom. Wherefore now send and fetch him unto me, for he shall surely die."

And Jonathan answered Saul his father, and said unto him: "Wherefore shall he be slain? what hath he done?"

And Saul cast a javelin at him to smite him: whereby Jonathan knew that it was determined of his father to slay David. So Jonathan arose from the table in fierce anger, and did eat no meat the second day of the month: for he was grieved for David, because his father had done him shame.

And it came to pass in the morning, that Jonathan went out into the field at the time appointed with David,

and a little lad with him. And he said unto his lad, "Run, find out now the arrows which I shoot." And as the lad ran, he shot an arrow beyond him. And when the lad was come to the place of the arrow which Jonathan had shot, Jonathan cried after the lad, and said, "Is not the arrow beyond thee?" And Jonathan cried after the lad, "Make speed, haste, stay not." And Jonathan's lad gathered up the arrows, and came to his master. But the lad knew not any thing: only Jonathan and David knew the matter. And Jonathan gave his artillery unto his lad, and said unto him, "Go, carry them to the city."

And as soon as the lad was gone, David arose out of a place toward the south, and fell on his face to the ground, and bowed himself three times: and they kissed one another, and wept one with another, until David exceeded. And Jonathan said to David, "Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying, 'The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed for ever.'" And he arose and departed: and Jonathan went into the city.

THE STORY OF KING SOLOMON

[Tenth century B.C.]

SOLOMON'S CHOICE

Now the days of David drew nigh that he should die; and he charged Solomon his son, saying, "I go the way of all the earth: be thou strong therefore, and shew thyself a man; and keep the charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, to keep his statutes, and his commandments, and his judgments, and his testimonies, as it is written in the law of Moses, that thou mayest prosper in all that thou doest, and whithersoever thou turnest thyself: that the Lord may continue his word which he spake concerning me, saying, If thy children take heed to their way, to walk before me in truth with all their heart and with all their soul, there shall not fail thee (said he) a man on the throne of Israel." So David slept with his fathers, and was buried in the city of David. And the days that David reigned over Israel were forty years: seven years reigned he in Hebron, and thirty and three years reigned he in Jerusalem.

Then sat Solomon upon the throne of David his father; and his kingdom was established greatly. And Solomon loved the Lord, walking in the statutes of David his father: only he sacrificed and burnt incense in high places. And the king went to Gibeon to sacrifice there; for that was the great high place: a thousand burnt offerings did Solomon offer upon that altar. In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night: and God said: "Ask what I shall give thee."

And Solomon said: "Thou hast shewed unto thy servant David my father great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth, and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee; and thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day. And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father: and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in. And thy servant is in the midst of thy people which thou hast chosen, a great people, that cannot be numbered nor counted for multitude. Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?"

And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing. And God said unto him: "Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life; neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies; but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment, behold, I have done according to thy words: lo, I have given thee a wise and an understanding heart; so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee. And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches, and honour: so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days." And Solomon awoke; and, behold, it was a dream. And he came to Jerusalem, and stood before the ark of the

covenant of the Lord, and offered up burnt offerings, and offered peace offerings, and made a feast to all his servants.

A WISE JUDGE

Then came there two women unto the king, and stood before him.

And the one woman said: "O my Lord, I and this woman dwell in one house; and we were together; there was no stranger with us in the house, save we two in the house. And this woman's child died in the night; because she overlaid it. And she arose at midnight, and took my son from beside me, while thine handmaid slept, and laid it in her bosom, and laid her dead child in my bosom. And when I rose in the morning to give my child suck, behold, it was dead: but when I had considered it in the morning, behold, it was not my son, which I did bear."

And the other woman said: "Nay: but the living is my son, and the dead is thy son."

And this said: "No; but the dead is thy son, and the living is my son." Thus they spake before the king.

Then said the king: "The one saith, This is my son that liveth, and thy son is the dead: and the other saith, Nay; but thy son is the dead, and my son is the living." And the king said, "Bring me a sword." And they brought a sword before the king. And the king said, "Divide the living child in two, and give half to the one, and half to the other."

Then spake the woman whose the living child was unto the king, for her bowels yearned upon her son, and she

said: "O my lord, give her the living child, and in no wise slay it."

But the other said: "Let it be neither mine nor thine, but divide it."

Then the king answered and said: "Give her the living child, and in no wise slay it: she is the mother thereof." And all Israel heard of the judgment which the king had judged; and they feared the king: for they saw that the wisdom of God was in him, to do judgment.

SOLOMON BUILDS A HOUSE FOR THE LORD

And Hiram king of Tyre sent his servants unto Solomon; for he had heard that they had anointed him king in the room of his father: for Hiram was ever a lover of David. And Solomon sent to Hiram, saying, "Thou knowest how that David my father could not build an house unto the name of the Lord his God for the wars which were about him on every side, until the Lord put them under the soles of his feet. But now the Lord my God hath given me rest on every side, so that there is neither adversary nor evil occurrent. And, behold, I purpose to build an house unto the name of the Lord my God, as the Lord spake unto David my father, saying, Thy son, whom I will set upon thy throne in thy room, he shall build an house unto my name. Now therefore command thou that they hew me cedar trees out of Lebanon; and my servants shall be with thy servants: and unto thee will I give hire for thy servants according to all that thou shalt appoint: for thou knowest that there is not among us any that can skill to hew timber like unto the Sidonians."

And it came to pass, when Hiram heard the words of Solomon, that he rejoiced greatly, and said, "Blessed be the Lord this day, which hath given unto David a wise son over this great people." And Hiram sent to Solomon, saying: "I have considered the things which thou sentest to me for: and I will do all thy desire concerning timber of cedar, and concerning timber of fir. My servants shall bring them down from Lebanon unto the sea: and I will convey them by sea in floats unto the place that thou shalt appoint me, and will cause them to be discharged there, and thou shalt receive them: and thou shalt accomplish my desire, in giving food for my household."

So Hiram gave Solomon cedar trees and fir trees according to all his desire. And Solomon gave Hiram twenty thousand measures of wheat for food to his household, and twenty measures of pure oil: thus gave Solomon to Hiram year by year. And the Lord gave Solomon wisdom, as he promised him: and there was peace between Hiram and Solomon; and they two made a league together.

And king Solomon raised a levy out of all Israel; and the levy was thirty thousand men. And he sent them to Lebanon, ten thousand a month by courses: a month they were in Lebanon, and two months at home: and Adoniram was over the levy. And Solomon had threescore and ten thousand that bare burdens, and fourscore thousand hewers in the mountains; besides the chief of Solomon's officers which were over the work, three thousand and three hundred, which ruled over the people that wrought in the work.

And the king commanded, and they brought great

stones, costly stones, and hewed stones, to lay the foundation of the house. And Solomon's builders and Hiram's builders did hew them, and the stonesquarers: so they prepared timber and stones to build the house.

And the word of the Lord came to Solomon, saying, "Concerning this house which thou art in building, if thou wilt walk in my statutes, and execute my judgments, and keep all my commandments to walk in them; then will I perform my word with thee, which I spake unto David thy father: and will dwell among the children of Israel, and will not forsake my people Israel."

So Solomon built the house, and finished it. And he built the walls of the house within with boards of cedar, both the floor of the house, and the walls of the ceiling: and he covered them on the inside with wood, and covered the floor of the house with planks of fir. And he built twenty cubits on the sides of the house, both the floor and the walls with boards of cedar: he even built them for it within, even for the oracle, even for the most holy place. And the house, that is, the temple before it, was forty cubits long. And the cedar of the house within was carved with knops and open flowers: all was cedar; there was no stone seen. And the oracle he prepared in the house within, to set there the ark of the covenant of the Lord. And the oracle in the forepart was twenty cubits in length, and twenty cubits in breadth, and twenty cubits in the height thereof: and he overlaid it with pure gold; and so covered the altar which was of cedar. So Solomon overlaid the house within with pure gold: and he made a partition by the chains of gold before the oracle; and he overlaid it with gold. And the

whole house he overlaid with gold, until he had finished all the house: also the whole altar that was by the oracle he overlaid with gold. And within the oracle he made two cherubim of olive tree, each ten cubits high. And five cubits was the one wing of the cherub, and five cubits the other wing of the cherub: from the uttermost part of the one wing unto the uttermost part of the other were ten cubits. And the other cherub was ten cubits: both the cherubim were of one measure and one size. The height of the one cherub was ten cubits, and so was it of the other cherub. And he set the cherubim within the inner house: and they stretched forth the wings of the cherubim, so that the wing of the one touched the one wall, and the wing of the other cherub touched the other wall; and their wings touched one another in the midst of the house. And he overlaid the cherubim with gold. And he carved all the walls of the house round about with carved figures of cherubim and palm trees and open flowers, within and without. And the floor of the house he overlaid with gold, within and without. And for the entering of the oracle he made doors of olive tree: the lintel and side posts were a fifth part of the wall. The two doors also were of olive tree; and he carved upon them carvings of cherubim and palm trees and open flowers, and overlaid them with gold, and spread gold upon the cherubim, and upon the palm trees. So also made he for the door of the temple posts of olive tree, a fourth part of the wall. And the two doors were of fir tree: the two leaves of the one door were folding, and the two leaves of the other door were folding. And he carved thereon cherubim and palm trees and open flowers: and covered them with

gold fitted upon the carved work. And he built the inner court with three rows of hewed stone, and a row of cedar beams. In the fourth year was the foundation of the house of the Lord laid, in the month Zif: and in the eleventh year, in the month Bul, which is the eighth month, was the house finished throughout all the parts thereof, and according to all the fashion of it. So was he seven years in building it.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA VISITS SOLOMON

And when the queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon concerning the name of the Lord, she came to prove him with hard questions. And she came to Jerusalem with a very great train, with camels that bare spices, and very much gold, and precious stones: and when she was come to Solomon, she communed with him of all that was in her heart. And Solomon told her all her questions: there was not anything hid from the king, which he told her not. And when the queen of Sheba had seen all Solomon's wisdom, and the house that he had built, and the meat of his table, and the sitting of his servants, and the attendance of his ministers, and their apparel, and his cupbearers, and his ascent by which he went up unto the house of the Lord; there was no more spirit in her. And she said to the king, "It was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thy acts and of thy wisdom. Howbeit I believed not the words, until I came, and mine eyes had seen it; and, behold, the half was not told me: thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame which I heard. Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants, which stand continually before thee, and that hear thy wisdom. Blessed be the Lord thy

God, which delighted in thee, to set thee on the throne of Israel: because the Lord loved Israel for ever, therefore made he thee king, to do judgment and justice." And she gave the king an hundred and twenty talents [1] of gold, and of spices very great store, and precious stones: there came no more such abundance of spices as these which the queen of Sheba gave to king Solomon. And the navy also of Hiram, that brought gold from Ophir, brought in from Ophir great plenty of almug trees, and precious stones. And the king made of the almug trees pillars for the house of the Lord, and for the king's house, harps also and psalteries for singers: there came no such almug trees, nor were seen unto this day. And king Solomon gave unto the queen of Sheba all her desire, whatsoever she asked, besides that which Solomon gave her of his royal bounty. So she turned and went to her own country, she and her servants.

SOME OF THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON

The tongue of the just is as choice silver: the heart of the wicked is little worth.

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

He that despiseth his neighbour sinneth: but he that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he.

In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence: and his children shall have a place of refuge.

All the days of the afflicted are evil: but he that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.

[1] A talent of the Hebrews was equal to about $2000.

Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith.

A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger.

Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall.

When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.

Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.

He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him.

A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again.

Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.

Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard.

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles.

He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches, and he that giveth to the rich, shall surely come to want.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.

Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth:

Say not, I will do so to him as he hath done to me: I will render to the man according to his work.

He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down, and without walls.

If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink:

For thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee.

Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein: and he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips.

Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not; neither go into thy brother's house in the day of thy calamity: for better is a neighbour that is near than a brother far off.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth: but the righteous are bold as a lion.

STORIES FROM THE TALMUD

[THE TALMUD, or "instruction," is a famous compilation of the traditional ceremonial laws of the Jews and of the rabbinical discussions thereon. Mingled with these are stories, bits of history and folklore, allegories and parables.

The Editor.]

PROVING A CLAIM

A CITIZEN of Jerusalem traveling through the country was taken very sick at an inn. Feeling that he would not recover, he sent for the landlord and said to him, "I am going the way of all flesh. If after my death any party should come from Jerusalem and claim my effects, do not deliver them until he shall prove to thee by three wise acts that he is entitled to them; for I charged my son before starting on my way, that if death befell me he would be obliged to prove his wisdom before obtaining my possessions."

The man died and was buried according to Jewish rites, and his death was made public that his heirs might appear. When his son learned of his father's decease, he started from Jerusalem for the place where he had died. Near the gates of the city he met a man who had a load of wood for sale. This he purchased and ordered it to be delivered at the inn towards which he was traveling. The man from whom he bought it went at once to the inn and said, "Here is the wood."

"What wood?" returned the proprietor, "I ordered no wood."

"No," answered the woodcutter, "but the man who follows me did; I will enter and wait for him."

Thus the son had provided for himself a welcome when he should reach the inn, which was his first wise act.

The landlord said to him, "Who art thou?"

"The son of the merchant who died in thy house," he replied.

They prepared for him a dinner and placed upon the table five pigeons and a chicken. The master of the house, his wife, two sons, and two daughters sat with him at the table.

"Serve the food," said the landlord.

"Nay," answered the young man; "thou art master, it is thy privilege."

"I desire thee to do this thing; thou art my guest, the merchant's son; pray help the food."

The young man, thus entreated, divided one pigeon between the sons, another between the two daughters, gave the third to the man and his wife, and kept the other two for himself. This was his second wise act.

The landlord looked somewhat perplexed at this mode of distribution, but said nothing.

Then the merchant's son divided the chicken. He gave to the landlord and his wife the head, to the two sons the legs, to the two daughters the wings, and took the body for himself. This was his third wise act.

The landlord said, "Is this the way they do things in thy country? I noticed the manner in which thou didst apportion the pigeons, but said nothing; but the chicken, my dear sir! I must really ask thee thy meaning."

Then the young man answered, "I told thee that it was not my place to serve thee; nevertheless when thou

didst insist I did the best I could, and I think I have succeeded. Thyself, thy wife, and one pigeon make three; thy two sons and one pigeon make three; thy two daughters and one pigeon make three, and myself and two pigeons make three also; therefore is it fairly done. As regards the chicken, I gave to thee and thy wife the head, because ye are the heads of the family; I gave to each of thy sons a leg, because they are the pillars of the family, preserving always the family name; I gave to each of thy daughters a wing, because in the natural course of events they will marry, take wing, and fly away from the home-nest. I took the body of the chicken because it looks like a ship, and in a ship I came here and in a ship I hope to return. I am the son of the merchant who died in thy house; give me the property of my dead father."

"Take it and go," said the landlord. And giving him his father's possessions the young man departed in peace.

NOTHING IN THE WORLD WITHOUT ITS USE

David, King of Israel, was once lying upon his couch and many thoughts were passing through his mind.

"Of what use in the world is this spider?" thought he; "it but increases the dust and dirt of the world, making places unsightly and causing great annoyance."

Then he thought of an insane man: "How unfortunate is such a being. I know that all things are ordained by God with reason and purpose, yet this is beyond my comprehension; why should men be born idiots, or grow insane?"

Then the mosquitoes annoyed him, and the king

thought, "What can the mosquito be good for? Why was it created in the world? It but disturbs our comfort, and the world profits not by its existence."

Yet King David lived to discover that these very insects, and the very condition of life, the being of which he deplored, were ordained even to his own benefit.

When he fled from before Saul, David was captured in the land of the Philistines by the brothers of Goliath, who carried him before the king of Gath, and it was only by pretending idiocy that he escaped death, the king deeming it impossible that such a man could be the kingly David; as it is written, "And he disguised his reason before their eyes, and played the madman in their hands, and scribbled on the doors of the gate."

Upon another occasion David hid himself in the cave of Adullam, and after he had entered the cave it chanced that a spider spun a web over the opening thereto. His pursuers passed that way, but thinking that no one could have entered the cave protected by the spider's web without destroying it, they continued on their way.

The mosquito also was of service to David when he entered the camp of Saul to secure the latter's weapon. While stooping near Abner, the sleeping man moved and placed his leg upon David's body. If he moved, he would awake Abner and meet with death, if he remained in that position morning would dawn and bring him death; he knew not what to do, when a mosquito alighted upon Abner's leg; he moved it quickly, and David escaped.

Therefore sang David, "All my bones shall say, 'O Lord, who is like unto Thee.'"

TRUST IN GOD

Rabbi Jochanan, the son of Levi, fasted and prayed to the Lord that he might be permitted to gaze on the angel Elijah, he who had ascended alive to heaven. God granted his prayer, and in the semblance of a man Elijah appeared before him.

"Let me journey with thee in thy travels through the world," prayed the Rabbi to Elijah; "let me observe thy doings, and gain in wisdom and understanding."

"Nay," answered Elijah; "my actions thou couldst not understand; my doings would trouble thee, being beyond thy comprehension."

But still the Rabbi entreated.

"I will neither trouble nor question thee," he said; "only let me accompany thee on thy way."

"Come, then," said Elijah; "but let thy tongue be mute. With thy first question, thy first expression of astonishment, we must part company."

So the two journeyed through the world together. They approached the house of a poor man, whose only treasure and means of support was a cow. As they came near, the man and his wife hastened to meet them, begged them to enter their cot, and eat and drink of the best they could afford, and to pass the night under their roof. This they did, receiving every attention from their poor but hospitable host and hostess. In the morning Elijah rose up early and prayed to God, and when he had finished his prayer, behold the cow belonging to the poor people dropped dead. Then the travelers continued on their journey.

Much was Rabbi Jochanan perplexed. "Not only did

we neglect to pay them for their hospitality and generous services, but his cow we have killed"; and he said to Elijah, "Why didst thou kill the cow of this good man, who —"

"Peace," interrupted Elijah; "hear, see, and be silent! If I answer thy questions we must part."

And they continued on their way together.

Towards evening they arrived at a large and imposing mansion, the residence of a haughty and wealthy man. They were coldly received; a piece of bread and a glass of water were placed before them, but the master of the house did not welcome or speak to them, and they remained there during the night unnoticed. In the morning Elijah remarked that a wall of the house required repairing, and sending for a carpenter, he himself paid the money for the repair, as a return, he said, for the hospitality they had received.

Again was Rabbi Jochanan filled with wonder, but he said naught, and they proceeded on their journey.

As the shades of night were falling they entered a city which contained a large and imposing synagogue. As it was the time of the evening service they entered and were much pleased with the rich adornments, the velvet cushions, and gilded carvings of the interior. After the completion of the service, Elijah arose and called out aloud, "Who is here willing to feed and lodge two poor men this night?" None answered, and no respect was shown to the traveling strangers. In the morning, however, Elijah reëntered the synagogue, and shaking its members by the hands, he said, "I hope that you may all become presidents."

Next evening the two entered another city, when the

Shamas (sexton) of the synagogue came to meet them, and notifying the members of his congregation of the coming of two strangers, the best hotel of the place was opened to them, and all vied in showing them attention and honor.

In the morning, on parting with them, Elijah said, "May the Lord appoint over you but one president."

Jochanan could resist his curiosity no longer. "Tell me," said he to Elijah, "tell me the meaning of all these actions which I have witnessed. To those who have treated us coldly thou hast uttered good wishes; to those who have been gracious to us thou hast made no suitable return. Even though we must part, I pray thee explain to me the meaning of thy acts."

"Listen," said Elijah, "and learn to trust in God, even though thou canst not understand his ways. We first entered the house of the poor man, who treated us so kindly. Know that it had been decreed that on that very day his wife should die. I prayed unto the Lord that the cow might prove a redemption for her; God granted my prayers, and the woman was preserved unto her husband. The rich man, whom next we called up, treated us coldly, and I repaired his wall. I repaired it without a new foundation, without digging to the old one. Had he repaired it himself he would have dug, and thus discovered a treasure which lies there buried, but which is now forever lost to him. To the members of the synagogue who were inhospitable, I said, 'May you all be presidents,' and where many rule there can be no peace; but to the others I said, 'May you have but one president'; with one leader no misunderstanding may arise. Now if thou seest the wicked prospering, be not

envious; if thou seest the righteous in poverty and trouble, be not provoked or doubtful of God's justice. The Lord is righteous, his judgments are all true; his eyes note all mankind, and none can say, 'What dost thou?'"

With these words Elijah disappeared, and Jochanan was left alone.

PROVERBS FROM THE TALMUD

To be patient is sometimes better than to have much wealth.

The birds of the air despise a miser.

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend; be discreet.

The wine belongs to the master, but the waiter receives the thanks.

No man is impatient with his creditors.

When wine enters the head the secret flies out.

Into the well which supplies thee with water cast no stones.

Say little and do much.

He who is loved by man is loved by God.

The sun will set without thy assistance.

He who curbs his wrath merits forgiveness for his sins.

The thief who finds no opportunity to steal, considers himself an honest man.

When the shepherd is angry with his flock, he appoints for its leader a blind bell wether.

The man who sins is foolish as well as wicked.

There is a great difference between one who can feel ashamed before his own soul and one who is only ashamed before his fellow-man.

THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM

[Sixth century B.C.]

BY FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS; SIMPLIFIED BY WILLIAM SHEPARD

AFTER Jehoiakim had been king for four years, Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon, marched against him with a great army, and threatened to destroy the country unless Jehoiakim would pay him a large sum of money every year. Jehoiakim was frightened, and agreed to do this. But the third year afterwards he heard that Nebuchadnezzar was about to fight with the Egyptians, so he did not pay his tribute that year, hoping the Egyptians would be victorious.

In vain did the prophet Jeremiah warn him against putting his trust in the Egyptians, and foretell that Jerusalem would be overthrown by the king of Babylon, who would take Jehoiakim captive. Jeremiah wrote down all his prophecies in a book, and read them to the people in the temple. When the rulers heard of this, they took the book from him and brought it to the king. And the king ordered that it should be read to him. But he was angry when he found what the book contained, and tore it up and threw it into the fire.

Nebuchadnezzar came against the city, as the prophet had foretold, and took it, and slew the king, Jehoiakim, and made his son Jehoiachin king in his place. But afterwards Nebuchadnezzar repented of having put Jehoiachin on the throne, fearing that he would endeavor to

avenge his father's death; so he displaced him and made Zedekiah king instead, having first made him promise that he would always be faithful to him. Zedekiah was a brother of Jehoiakim. He was not a bad man naturally, but was weak, and could easily be persuaded to do evil. He allowed his courtiers and his people to sin against the laws of Moses, and he worshiped false gods himself. Jeremiah came often to him and warned him that if he did not leave off his transgressions great calamities would fall upon him and his people, and the king of Babylon would destroy their cities and carry their people into bondage. And another prophet, named Ezekiel, also prophesied that God would punish him. Now, Zedekiah did not believe these prophets, because, although they agreed in all other points, they seemed to disagree in one thing, for Jeremiah said that Zedekiah "would be carried a captive to Babylon," while Ezekiel said that "he would not see Babylon." So Zedekiah flattered himself that neither prophet spoke the truth.

After Zedekiah had been king eight years he broke his promise to Nebuchadnezzar, and allied himself with the king of Egypt, who was fighting against Babylon. Nebuchadnezzar gathered up an army, and, having defeated the Egyptians, marched against Jerusalem.

The prophet Jeremiah had been thrown into prison by his enemies, but he did not cease to exhort the multitude to open their gates to the king of Babylon and trust to his mercy; for if they resisted, the city would surely be taken, and they would suffer the worst at the hands of their conquerors. Then his enemies came to Zedekiah and accused the prophet of giving evil counsel to the people, and they persuaded the king to deliver

him into their hands. And they came into the prison and took him and let him down into a pit full of mire, that he might be suffocated there. And he stood up to his neck in the mire, and would surely have perished if one of the king's servants had not obtained permission to draw him out again. For the king was so weak and good-natured that it was easy to make him change his mind.

For eighteen months Nebuchadnezzar besieged Jerusalem, and then the city could no longer hold out against him. And when Zedekiah saw that all was lost, he took his wives and his children and his captains and his friends, and with them fled out of Jerusalem by night. But at daybreak the Babylonians overtook the fugitives near Jericho, and they seized the king and his wives and children, but let the rest escape. So Zedekiah was brought before Nebuchadnezzar. And Nebuchadnezzar reproached Zedekiah for having broken his promises to him who had made him ruler over Judæa. Then he ordered the children of Zedekiah to be slain in the presence of their father, and he put out the eyes of Zedekiah, and bound him, and carried him to Babylon. Thus the prophecies both of Jeremiah and of Ezekiel were fulfilled, for the king of Judæa was brought captive to Babylon, yet he did not see that city.

The general of Nebuchadnezzar's army was ordered to pillage the temple and the royal palace, and afterwards to set fire to them, and to overthrow the whole city to its foundations. And he did as he was told, so that not a stone remained in its place. He also carried away captive all the people of Jerusalem who were not slain, except a few of the poor of the land, who were left to work

in the fields and vineyards. The gold and silver and all the treasures of the temple and the royal palace were taken to Babylon, and Nebuchadnezzar dedicated the holy vessels to the service of his own gods.

And thus the kingdom of Judah came to an end.

Nebuchadnezzar made a man named Gedaliah ruler over the handful of people who were left in Judæa. He was a good man, and ruled justly. He took Jeremiah out of prison, and treated him kindly, and suffered him to live in the city of Mizpah, as he wished to do. Now, there were a certain number of the Jews who had fled from Jerusalem when it was taken. Hearing that the Babylonians had gone, they returned to their own country and submitted to the rule of Gedaliah. But there was among them a man named Ishmael, who was of the royal family of David, and he determined to wrest the government from Gedaliah. So he came with ten men to the house of Gedaliah, and Gedaliah, suspecting nothing, invited him and his men to dinner. But after they had eaten they rose up and slew the governor, and Ishmael fled to the land of the Ammonites.

The Jews were angry at what Ishmael had done, and were also greatly afraid, thinking the king of Babylon would avenge the death of his governor. They came in their distress to Jeremiah, and asked him what they should do. Jeremiah advised them to remain in Judæa. But though they had asked his counsel, they would not accept it after he had given it, and they all removed into Egypt, carrying Jeremiah with them. So the land of Judah was left desolate and without any inhabitants.



JEREMIAH AT THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

BY EDUARD FRIEDRICH BENDEMANN

(*Germany*, 1811–1889)

THE prophet Jeremiah strove for forty years to arouse the Jews to the fear of the Lord; but his only reward was abuse and imprisonment. In 586 B.C., they were overcome by the Chaldean King Nebuchadnezzar, and the city was razed to the ground. Many of its people were taken to Babylon as captives, but Nebuchadnezzar had such respect for Jeremiah that he allowed the old prophet to go wherever he might choose. Jeremiah chose to remain among the ruins of his city. The Book of Lamentations is an expression of his grief at the fall of Jerusalem. It begins: —

"How doth the city stand solitary, that was full of people: how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary!

"She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks: among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her: all her friends have dealt treacherously with her, they are become her enemies.

"Judah is gone into captivity because of affliction, and because of great servitude: she dwelleth among the heathen, she findeth no rest; all her persecutors overtook her between the straits."

II
A ROMAN PROVINCE

HISTORICAL NOTE

DURING the last century before Christ, Pompey captured Jerusalem, and Palestine became a part of the Roman Empire. While Augustus was on the throne, in the most splendid period of Roman history, and during a time when, as Milton says, —

> "No war or battle's sound
> Was heard the world around," —

Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judæa.

The Jews were by no means quiet under the rule of Rome; but their fierce rebellions were crushed by their conquerors, and Jerusalem was leveled with the ground. Hadrian rebuilt the city, but changed its name to Ælia Capitolina, and forbade that any Jew should make it his home.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

BY JOHN MILTON

I

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside, and, here with us to be,
Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III

Say, Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the Sun's team untrod,

Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
bright?

IV

See how from far upon the Eastern road
The star-led Wisards haste with odours sweet!
Oh! run; prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessèd feet;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

THE HYMN

I

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty Paramour.

II

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;

Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace:
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready Harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

IV

No war, or battail's sound,
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high up-hung;
The hookèd chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng;
And Kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

V

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

VI

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlightened world no more should need:
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright Throne or burning axletree could bear.

VIII

The Shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below:
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

X

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the airy Region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling:
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

XI

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced Night arrayed;
The helmèd Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

XII

Such music (as 't is said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced World on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

XIV

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the Age of Gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
The enameled arras of the rainbow wearing;
And Mercy set between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

XVI

But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so;
The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

XVII

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake:
The aged Earth, aghast
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the center shake,
When, at the world's last sessiön,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

XVIII

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
The Old Dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway,
And, wroth to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX

The Oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed Priest from the prophetic cell.

XX

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edgèd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

XXII

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god of Palestine;
And moonèd Ashtaroth,
Heaven's Queen and Mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine:
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

XXIII

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

XXIV

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;
In vain, with timbreled anthems dark,
The sable-stolèd Sorcerers bear his worshiped ark.

XXV

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

XXVI

So, when the Sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted Fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

XXVII

But see! the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
Heaven's youngest-teemèd star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed Angels sit in order serviceable.

THE BURNING OF THE TEMPLE

[70 A.D.]

BY FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS; SIMPLIFIED BY WILLIAM SHEPARD

[THE governors who were sent by the Romans to rule the province of Judæa treated the people so harshly that they rebelled. During the reign of Vespasian, his son Titus was sent against them. After a long siege, Jerusalem was captured in 70 A.D. Titus had intended that the Temple should be spared; but by the wanton act of a soldier it was burned. *The Editor.*]

IN order to destroy as many of their enemies as possible, the Jews made use of a stratagem. Along the western cloisters they filled the space between the rafters and the ceiling with dry wood, bitumen, and pitch, and then, as if worn out, they retreated from the cloisters. On this a number of Romans put up their scaling-ladders and mounted to the roof, without waiting for orders. But the more prudent suspected that a trap had been laid for them, and did not follow their comrades.

When the roof was filled with those who had clambered up, the Jews set fire to the whole range of cloisters from below. The flames rushed roaring upwards among the besiegers. They were thrown into a terrible fright. Some of them jumped down into the city, others into the very midst of the enemy. There they lay bruised to death or with broken limbs. Most of them, in trying to escape, perished in the flames, while many fell upon their own swords when they saw theycould not save themselves.

Titus, though very angry at all who had mounted the roof without waiting for orders, still was touched with pity when he beheld them burning up and dying before his eyes. He sprang forward and exhorted those around him to make every effort for their rescue. But nothing could be done to save them. A few of those who had mounted retired to a broader part of the roof, out of reach of the flames; but they were surrounded by the Jews and killed to a man, after having made a valiant resistance.

Towards the close of the struggle one of them, called Longus, was called upon by the Jews below, who said they would spare his life if he would come down and surrender. But his brother from among the Romans called out to him not to tarnish the honor of the family or that of the Roman arms by surrendering to the Jews. Longus then raised his sword in view of both armies and stabbed himself to the heart.

Among those who were entangled among the flames, one Artorius saved himself by his cunning. He called aloud to one of his fellow-soldiers below, "I say, Lucius! I will leave you heir to my property if you will come near and catch me."

Lucius ran up, and Artorius threw himself upon him, and was saved. But poor Lucius was dashed by the weight of his friend upon the pavement, and killed upon the spot.

The Roman soldiers were much cast down in spirits by the death of so many of their comrades, but still it made them all the more cautious and wary against the wily stratagems of the Jews. As the western gallery or cloister had been destroyed, they themselves set fire to the

northern one, and laid it in ashes as far as the northeast corner, which was built over the ravine called Cedron.

In the mean time the famine raged with such fierceness that countless thousands died of hunger. In every house where there was the least morsel of food the inmates fought over it like dogs. The dearest friends fought for the most miserable little scraps. Gaping with hunger, the insurgents prowled about, and gnawed at anything that might seem like food. They chewed their belts and shoes, and tore off the leather from their shields. They ate up wisps of hay, and all sorts of nasty things, — in fact, anything that might help to sustain life.

When some of the mounds were finished, Titus ordered the battering-rams to be brought up at the western wing of the inner temple. For six days before, the largest of the rams had battered against the wall without effect. A part of the army tried to undermine the foundations of the northern gate. After a great deal of labor, they at last rolled out the front stones, but the gate itself, supported by the inner stones, still remained firm, so that the Romans gave up trying to force an entrance to the temple in this manner, and instead fixed their scaling-ladders to the galleries.

The Jews allowed the Romans to mount, but as soon as they reached the top, they hurled them down headlong, or slew them before they could cover themselves with their shields. Several ladders filled with armed men coming up to the attack they pushed aside from above, and thus hurled all the soldiers to the ground. All who had mounted fell by the swords of the Jews, and some of the Roman ensigns were captured. As Titus saw he

could not force an entrance in this way, he ordered the gates to be set on fire.

At this time two of the insurgents belonging to Simon's body-guard deserted to Titus. They hoped for pardon because they surrendered in a moment of success. Titus had a great mind to put them both to death, because he thought that they had only surrendered through necessity, to save themselves from that ruin which they had helped to bring upon their native city. However, as he had promised protection to all who came to him, he kept his word, and allowed the deserters to depart without punishment.

The soldiers had already set the gates on fire, and the flames spread quickly to the galleries. When the Jews saw the circle of fire hem them in on every side, they lost courage, and stood gaping at the flames, without trying to put them out. Through the whole day and the following night the fire continued to burn the range of cloisters.

The next morning Titus gave orders that the fire should be put out and the gates thrown down, so as to admit the troops. He then called his generals together and held a council of war. Some of them wished to destroy the Temple at once, because they said as long as the Jews had the Temple to take refuge in they would continue to be rebellious. Others advised that if the Jews would leave the Temple at once it should be spared, but if they would continue to fight from it as if it were a fortress, it should be burned to the ground.

But Titus declared that, whatever happened, so magnificent a work as the Temple ought to be spared, because it would always be an ornament to the Roman

Empire. Three of his principal generals agreed with him in this view, and the council was dissolved. Some of the cohorts were immediately ordered to open a way through the ruins and put out the flames, while the rest of the army were allowed to repose, that they might be the more vigorous for action.

Upon the next day the Jews made a furious sally upon the guards who were posted in the outer court. The Romans closed up their ranks, locked their shields together in front like a wall, and bravely withstood the attack. But the Jews came pouring forth in such tremendous numbers that Titus was afraid the guards would be defeated, and hurried with his picked body of cavalry to assist them. The Jews could not withstand his charge, and retreated. But when he turned to go, they rallied and rushed again to the attack. The cavalry then charged, and the Jews were driven back, and shut up in the inner court of the Temple.

Titus then withdrew into Antonia, intending the next morning to make an attack with his entire force upon the Temple. But the beautiful edifice was upon that day doomed to destruction. The fated day had come, the 10th of August, the very day on which the former Temple had been destroyed by the King of Babylon.

When Titus retired, the insurgents again charged the Romans. A conflict took place between the Jewish guards of the sanctuary and the Roman troops who were trying to put out the flames in the inner court. The Jews were routed, and pursued even to the sanctuary.

At this moment a soldier, neither waiting for orders nor awed by so dread a deed, snatched up a burning brand, and, lifted by one of his comrades, he threw the

brand through a small golden door on the north side which opened on the apartments around the sanctuary. As the flames caught, a fearful cry was raised by the Jews. They rushed to the rescue, caring nothing for their lives, now that their Temple was burning.

Titus was lying down in his tent, when some one rushed in and told him that the Temple was in flames. Starting up as he was, he at once ran to the spot in order to stop the flames. But there was such a noise and confusion that the soldiers either could not or would not hear the commands of their general, or heed the waving of his hand. Nothing could check the headlong fury of the soldiers. Many were trampled down by their own comrades about the entrances, and falling among the burning ruins of the outside galleries, they shared the fate of their enemies.

Mad with rage, and pretending not to hear the orders of their general, the soldiers rushed on, and hurled their torches into the sanctuary. The insurgents now were helpless, and made no attempt at defense. On every side was slaughter and flight. Numbers of feeble and unarmed citizens were butchered. Around the altar were heaps of slain; down its steps flowed a stream of blood which washed down the bodies that lay about.

As Titus could not restrain the fury of his soldiers, he entered with some of his generals into the holy place of the sanctuary, and looked upon all the splendors that it contained. As the flames had not yet reached the interior, but were still feeding upon the apartments around the Temple, Titus made one last effort to save the beautiful structure.

He hurried out, and again exhorted the soldiers to put

out the flames. At the same time he ordered one of his centurions to beat with his staff those who would not obey him. But neither respect for their general nor fear of punishment could check the soldiers. The din of battle, their rage, and hatred of the Jews, and hope of rich plunder, all combined to make the Romans ungovernable. For they saw that all about the Temple was made of gold, and they believed that within it they would find immense treasures.

Though Titus rushed out to restrain the soldiers, one even of those who had entered with him thrust fire amid the darkness between the hinges of the gate that opened into the inner temple. The whole building was in flames in an instant. Titus and his generals withdrew, and the beautiful building was left to its fate.

III
THE CRUSADES

HISTORICAL NOTE

In 635, the Mohammedan Saracens gained possession of Palestine. They had no objection to the visits of pious pilgrims to Jerusalem; but after the capture of the land by the Seljukian Turks in the eleventh century, these visits became a dangerous matter, for the pilgrims were robbed and tortured and sometimes put to death. The indignation aroused in Christian nations resulted in the Crusades. At first these met with success, and what was called the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem was founded. Less than a century later, however, the land was recaptured by the Saracen commander Saladin; and in the hands of the Mohammedans it has since remained. Among the Jews, however, the Zionist movement, a plan for their return to Palestine, is arousing much enthusiasm. This and the opening of the country to railroads give hope of progress and improvement.

"GOD WILLETH IT!"

[1095]

BY FRANÇOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME GUIZOT

HAKEM, Caliph of Egypt from 996 to 1021, persecuted the Christians, especially at Jerusalem, with all the violence of a fanatic and all the capriciousness of a despot. He ordered them to wear upon their necks a wooden cross five pounds in weight; he forbade them to ride on any animals but mules or asses; and, without assigning any motive for his acts, he confiscated their goods and carried off their children. It was told to him one day that, when the Christians assembled in the temple at Jerusalem to celebrate Easter, the priests of the church rubbed balsam-oil upon the iron chain which held up the lamp over the tomb of Christ, and afterwards set fire, from the roof, to the end of the chain; the fire stole down to the wick of the lamp and lighted it; then they shouted with admiration, as if fire from heaven had come down upon the tomb, and they glorified their faith. Hakem ordered the instant demolition of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and it was accordingly demolished. Another time a dead dog had been laid at the door of a mosque; and the multitude accused the Christians of this insult. Hakem ordered them all to be put to death. The soldiers were preparing to execute the order when a young Christian said to his friends, "It were too grievous that the whole Church should perish; it were better that one should die for all; only promise to

bless my memory year by year." He proclaimed himself alone to blame for the insult, and was accordingly alone put to death.

[Meanwhile, interest in the Holy Land was growing stronger every year. Rich and poor, nobles and peasants, were making pilgrimages to Jerusalem, sometimes several thousand in a company. When they returned, often with their numbers sadly diminished, they had terrible tales to tell of the sufferings that they had undergone while trying to fulfill a pious duty. Matters grew worse and worse, for the most barbarous tribe of the Turks now ruled the Holy Land, and the savage cruelty shown to both pilgrims and Christian inhabitants became intolerable. The ardor of the Christians of the West was all ready to burst into flame. Peter the Hermit was the man who applied the torch.

The Editor.]

Peter the Hermit, who was born in the neighborhood of Amiens about 1050, had gone, as so many others had, to Jerusalem, " to say his prayers there." Struck disconsolate at the sight of the sufferings and insults undergone by the Christians, he had an interview with Simeon, patriarch of Jerusalem, who "recognizing in him a man of discretion and full of experience in affairs of the world, set before him in detail all the evils with which the people of God, in the holy city, were afflicted.

" 'Holy father,' said Peter to him, 'if the Roman Church and the princes of the West were informed, by a man of energy and worthy of belief, of all your calamities, of a surety they would essay to apply some remedy thereto by word and deed. Write, then, to our lord the Pope and to the Roman Church, and to the kings and princes of the West, and strengthen your written testimony by the authority of your seal. As for me, I shrink

not from taking upon me a task for the salvation of my soul: and with the help of the Lord I am ready to go and seek out all of them, solicit them, show them the immensity of your troubles, and pray them all to hasten on the day of your relief.' "

The patriarch eagerly accepted the pilgrim's offer; and Peter set out, going first of all to Rome, where he handed to Pope Urban II the patriarch's letters, and commenced in that quarter his mission of zeal. The pope promised him not only support, but active coöperation when the propitious moment for it should arrive. Peter set to work, being still the pilgrim everywhere, in Europe, as well as at Jerusalem. "He was a man of very small stature, and his outside made but a very poor appearance; yet superior powers swayed this miserable body; he had a quick intellect and a penetrating eye, and he spoke with ease and fluency. . . . We saw him at that time," says his contemporary Guibert de Nogent, "scouring city and town, and preaching everywhere; the people crowded round him, heaped presents upon him, and celebrated his sanctity by such great praises that I remember not that like honor was ever rendered to any other person. He displayed great generosity in the disposal of all things that were given him. He restored wives to their husbands, not without the addition of gifts from himself, and he reëstablished, with marvelous authority, peace and good understanding between those who had been at variance. In all that he did or said he seemed to have in him something divine, insomuch that people went so far as to pluck hairs from his mule to keep as relics. In the open air he wore a woolen tunic, and over it a serge cloak which came down to his heels;

he had his arms and feet bare; he ate little or no bread, and lived chiefly on wine and fish."

In 1095, after the preaching errantry of Peter the Hermit, Pope Urban II was at Clermont, in Auvergne, presiding at the grand council, at which thirteen archbishops and two hundred and five bishops or abbots were met together, with so many princes and lay-lords that "about the middle of the month of November the towns and the villages of the neighborhood were full of people, and divers were constrained to have their tents and pavilions set up amidst the fields and meadows, notwithstanding that the season and the country were cold to an extreme." The first nine sessions of the council were devoted to the affairs of the Church in the West; but at the tenth Jerusalem and the Christians of the East became the subject of deliberation. The Pope went out of the church wherein the council was assembled, and mounted a platform erected upon a vast open space in the midst of the throng. Peter the Hermit, standing at his side, spoke first, and told the story of his sojourn at Jerusalem, all he had seen of the miseries and humiliations of the Christians, and all he himself had suffered there; for he had been made to pay tribute for admission into the Holy City, and for gazing upon the spectacle of the exactions, insults, and tortures he was recounting. After him, Pope Urban II spoke, in the French tongue, no doubt, as Peter had spoken, for he was himself a Frenchman, as the majority of those present were, grandees and populace. He made a long speech, entering upon the most painful details connected with the sufferings of the Christians of Jerusalem, "that royal city which the Redeemer of the human race had made

illustrious by his coming, had honored by his residence, had hallowed by his passion, had purchased by his death, had distinguished by his burial. She now demands of you her deliverance; . . . men of France, men from beyond the mountains, nations chosen and beloved of God, right valiant knights, recall the virtues of your ancestors, the virtue and greatness of King Charlemagne and your other kings; it is from you above all that Jerusalem awaits the help she invokes, for you above all nations, God has vouchsafed signal glory in arms. Take ye, then, the road to Jerusalem for the remission of your sins, and depart assured of the imperishable glory which awaits you in the kingdom of heaven."

From the midst of the throng arose one prolonged and general shout, "God willeth it! God willeth it!" The Pope paused for a moment; and then making a sign with his hand as if to ask for silence, he continued, "If the Lord God were not in your souls, ye would not all have uttered the same words. In the battle, then, be those your war-cry, those words that came from God; in the army of the Lord let naught be heard but that one shout, 'God willeth it! God willeth it!' We ordain not, and we advise not that the journey be undertaken by the old or the weak, or such as be not suited for arms, and let not women set out without their husbands or their brothers: let the rich help the poor; nor priests nor clerks may go without the leave of their bishops; and no layman shall commence the march save with the blessing of his pastor. Whosoever hath a wish to enter upon this pilgrimage, let him wear upon his brow or his breast the cross of the Lord, and let him, who in accomplishment of his desire, shall be willing to march away, place the

cross behind him, between his shoulders; for thus he will fulfill the precept of the Lord, who said, 'He that doth not take up his cross and follow Me, is not worthy of Me.'"

The enthusiasm was general and contagious, as the first shout of the crowd had been; and a pious prelate, Adhemar, Bishop of Puy, was the first to receive the cross from the Pope's hands. It was of red cloth or silk, sewn upon the right shoulder of the coat or cloak, or fastened on the front of the helmet. The crowd dispersed to assume it and spread it.



THE CRUSADERS BEFORE JERUSALEM

BY WILHELM VON KAULBACH

(*Germany*, 1805–1874)

In the center of the picture, but far away, stand the temple domes of Jerusalem. Directly over this is a vision in the heavens, the Christ, the Virgin Mary, and a group of saints and martyrs. The arms of the Christ are extended as if to bless all those who are yet upon the earth, represented by a multitude of figures. Among them there is in the foreground Peter the Hermit, cross in hand. Near him are the psalmists and also penitents, some of whom are scourging themselves for their sins. At his left is Armida with her knight Rinaldo, characters from Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." Between them and Jerusalem are bishops, knights, and preachers gazing eagerly at the Holy City. On a hill at the right Godfrey of Bouillon sits on a charger which is plainly wild and fiery, but now stands with head meekly bowed. Godfrey upholds in his hand the crown, which he offers to the Saviour as the real King of Jerusalem. Near him are many crusaders. The eyes of all are turned either upon Jerusalem or upon the vision in the clouds.

The artist's idea was to express symbolically the thought that the religion of Christ has become the faith of the world.

THE TEARING DOWN OF ENGLAND'S FLAG

[1191]

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

[RICHARD I of England had barely been crowned when he set off on a crusade. With him were Philip of France and Leopold of Austria. Jealousy of Richard soon arose, and the two princes abandoned him and sought their own domains. In the following story, Scott has pictured one of their disagreements.

The Editor.]

THE king was soon at the foot of St. George's Mount, the sides as well as platform of which were now surrounded and crowded, partly by those belonging to the Duke of Austria's retinue, who were celebrating, with shouts of jubilee, the act which they considered as an assertion of national honor; partly by bystanders of different nations, whom dislike to the English, or mere curiosity, had assembled together, to witness the end of these extraordinary proceedings. Through this disorderly troop Richard burst his way, like a goodly ship under full sail, which cleaves her forcible passage through the rolling billows, and heeds not that they unite after her passage, and roar upon her stern.

The summit of the eminence was a small level space on which were pitched the rival banners, surrounded still by the Archduke's friends and retinue. In the midst of the circle was Leopold himself, still contemplating with self-satisfaction the deed he had done, and still listening to the shouts of applause which his partisans

bestowed with no sparing breath. While he was in this state of self-gratulation, Richard burst into the circle, attended, indeed, only by two men, but in his own headlong energies an irresistible host.

"Who has dared," he said, laying his hands upon the Austrian standard, and speaking in a voice like the sound which precedes an earthquake; "who has dared to place this paltry rag beside the banner of England?"

The Archduke wanted not personal courage, and it was impossible he could hear this question without reply. Yet, so much was he troubled and surprised by the unexpected arrival of Richard, and affected by the general awe inspired by his ardent and unyielding character, that the demand was twice repeated, in a tone which seemed to challenge heaven and earth, ere the Archduke replied with such firmness as he could command, "It was I, Leopold of Austria."

"Then shall Leopold of Austria," replied Richard, "presently see the rate at which his banner and his pretensions are held by Richard of England."

So saying, he pulled up the standard-spear, splintered it to pieces, threw the banner itself on the ground, and placed his foot upon it.

"Thus," said he, "I trample on the banner of Austria —is there a knight among your Teutonic chivalry dare impeach my deed?"

There was a momentary silence; but there are no braver men than the Germans.

"I," and "I," and "I," was heard from several knights of the Duke's followers; and he himself added his voice to those which accepted the King of England's defiance.

"Why do we dally thus?" said the Earl Wallenrode, a gigantic warrior from the frontiers of Hungary: "brethren, and noble gentlemen, this man's foot is on the honor of your country; let us rescue it from violation, and down with the pride of England!"

So saying, he drew his sword, and struck at the King a blow which might have proved fatal, had not the Scot intercepted and caught it upon his shield.

"I have sworn," said King Richard, — and his voice was heard above all the tumult, which now waxed wild and loud, — "never to strike one whose shoulder bears the cross; therefore live, Wallenrode, — but live to remember Richard of England."

As he spoke, he grasped the tall Hungarian round the waist, and, unmatched in wrestling, as in other military exercises, hurled him backwards with such violence that the mass flew as if discharged from a military engine, not only through the ring of spectators who witnessed the extraordinary scene, but over the edge of the mount itself, down the steep side of which Wallenrode rolled headlong, until, pitching at length upon his shoulder, he dislocated the bone, and lay like one dead. This almost supernatural display of strength did not encourage either the Duke or any of his followers, to renew a personal contest so inauspiciously commenced. Those who stood farthest back did, indeed, clash their swords, and cry out, "Cut the island mastiff to pieces!" but those who were nearer, veiled, perhaps, their personal fears under an affected regard for order, and cried, for the most part, "Peace! peace! the peace of the Cross — the peace of Holy Church, and our Father the Pope!"

These various cries of the assailants, contradicting each

other, showed their irresolution; while Richard, his foot still on the archducal banner, glared round him, with an eye that seemed to seek an enemy, and from which the angry nobles shrunk appalled, as from the threatened grasp of a lion. De Vaux and the Knight of the Leopard kept their places beside him; and though the swords which they held were still sheathed, it was plain that they were prompt to protect Richard's person to the very last, and their size and remarkable strength plainly showed the defense would be a desperate one.

Salisbury and his attendants were also now drawing near, with bills and partisans brandished, and bows already bended.

At this moment, King Philip of France, attended by one or two of his nobles, came on the platform to inquire the cause of the disturbance, and made gestures of surprise at finding the King of England raised from his sick-bed, and confronting their common ally the Duke of Austria, in such a menacing and insulting posture. Richard himself blushed at being discovered by Philip, whose sagacity he respected as much as he disliked his person, in an attitude neither becoming his character as a monarch, nor as a Crusader; and it was observed that he withdrew his foot, as if accidentally, from the dishonored banner, and exchanged his look of violent emotion for one of affected composure and indifference. Leopold also struggled to attain some degree of calmness, mortified as he was by having been seen by Philip in the act of passively submitting to the insults of the fiery King of England.

Possessed of many of those royal qualities for which he was termed by his subjects the August, Philip might

be termed the Ulysses, as Richard was indisputably the Achilles, of the Crusade. The King of France was sagacious, wise, deliberate in council, steady and calm in action, seeing clearly, and steadily pursuing, the measures most for the interest of his kingdom — dignified and royal in his deportment, brave in person, but a politician rather than a warrior. The Crusade would have been no choice of his own, but the spirit was contagious, and the expedition was enforced upon him by the Church, and by the unanimous wish of his nobility. In any other situation, or in a milder age, his character might have stood higher than that of the adventurous Cœur-de-Lion. But in the Crusade itself, an undertaking wholly irrational, sound reason was the quality, of all others, least estimated, and the chivalric valor which both the age and the enterprise demanded, was considered as debased, if mingled with the least touch of discretion. So that the merit of Philip, compared with that of his haughty rival, showed like the clear but minute flame of a lamp, placed near the glare of a huge blazing torch, which, not possessing half the utility, makes ten times more impression on the eye. Philip felt his inferiority in public opinion, with the pain natural to a high-spirited prince; and it cannot be wondered at if he took such opportunities as offered, for placing his own character in more advantageous contrast with that of his rival. The present seemed one of those occasions, in which prudence and calmness might reasonably expect to triumph over obstinacy and impetuous violence.

"What means this unseemly broil betwixt the sworn brethren of the Cross — the royal Majesty of England

and the princely Duke Leopold? How is it possible that those who are the chiefs and pillars of this holy expedition —"

"A truce with thy remonstrance, France," said Richard, enraged inwardly at finding himself placed on a sort of equality with Leopold, yet not knowing how to resent it, — "this duke, or prince, or pillar, if you will, hath been insolent, and I have chastised him — that is all. Here is a coil, forsooth, because of spurning a hound!"

"Majesty of France," said the Duke, "I appeal to you and every sovereign prince against the foul indignity which I have sustained. This King of England hath pulled down my banner — torn and trampled on it."

"Because he had the audacity to plant it beside mine," said Richard.

"My rank as thine equal entitled me," replied the Duke, emboldened by the presence of Philip.

"Assert such equality for thy person," said King Richard, "and, by St. George, I will treat thy person as I did thy broidered kerchief there, fit but for the meanest use to which kerchief may be put."

"Nay, but patience, brother of England," said Philip, "and I will presently show Austria that he is wrong in this matter. — Do not think, noble Duke," he continued, "that, in permitting the standard of England to occupy the highest point in our camp, we, the independent sovereigns of the Crusade, acknowledge any inferiority to the royal Richard. It were inconsistent to think so; since even the oriflamme itself — the great banner of France, to which the royal Richard himself, in respect of his French possessions, is but a vassal — holds

for the present an inferior place to the Lions of England. But as sworn brethren of the Cross, military pilgrims, who, laying aside the pomp and pride of this world, are hewing with our swords the way to the Holy Sepulchre, I myself, and the other princes, have renounced to King Richard, from respect to his high renown and great feats of arms, that precedence, which elsewhere, and upon other motives, would not have been yielded. I am satisfied, that when your royal grace of Austria shall have considered this, you will express sorrow for having placed your banner on this spot, and that the royal Majesty of England will then give satisfaction for the insult he has offered."

The *spruch-sprecher* and the jester had both retired to a safe distance when matters seemed coming to blows, but returned when words, their own commodity, seemed again about to become the order of the day.

The man of proverbs was so delighted with Philip's politic speech, that he clashed his baton at the conclusion by way of emphasis, and forgot the presence in which he was, so far as to say aloud, that he himself had never said a wiser thing in his life.

"It may be so," whispered Jonas Schwanker, "but we shall be whipt if you speak so loud."

The Duke answered, sullenly, that he would refer his quarrel to the general Council of the Crusade — a motion which Philip highly applauded, as qualified to take away a scandal most harmful to Christendom.

Richard, retaining the same careless attitude, listened to Philip until his oratory seemed exhausted, and then said aloud, "I am drowsy — this fever hangs about me still. Brother of France, thou art acquainted with my

humor, and that I have at all times but few words to spare; know, therefore, at once, I will submit a matter touching the honor of England neither to Prince, Pope, nor Council. Here stands my banner — whatsoever pennon shall be reared within three butts' length of it — aye, were it the oriflamme, of which you were, I think, but now speaking, shall be treated as that dishonored rag; nor will I yield other satisfaction than that which these poor limbs can render in the lists to any bold challenge — aye, were it against five champions instead of one."

"Now," said the jester, whispering his companion, "that is as complete a piece of folly, as if I myself had said it; but yet, I think, there may be in this matter a greater fool than Richard yet."

"And who may that be?" asked the man of wisdom.

"Philip," said the jester, "or our own Royal Duke, should either accept the challenge — But oh, most sage *spruch-sprecher*, what excellent kings would thou and I have made, since those on whose heads these crowns have fallen, can play the proverb-monger and the fool as completely as ourselves!"

While these worthies plied their offices apart, Philip answered calmly to the almost injurious defiance of Richard, — "I came not hither to awaken fresh quarrels, contrary to the oath we have sworn, and the holy cause in which we have engaged. I part from my brother of England as brother should part, and the only strife between the Lions of England and the Lilies of France shall be, which shall be carried deepest into the ranks of the infidels."

"It is a bargain, my royal brother," said Richard,

stretching out his hand with all the frankness which belonged to his rash but generous disposition; "and soon may we have the opportunity to try this gallant and fraternal wager!"

"Let this noble Duke also partake in the friendship of this happy moment," said Philip; and the Duke approached half sullenly, half willing to enter into some accommodation.

"I think not of fools, nor of their folly," said Richard, carelessly; and the Archduke, turning his back on him, withdrew from the ground.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

[1212]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

A MARVELOUS thing now came to pass, for the children of France and Germany went on a crusade. Stephen, a French shepherd boy twelve years old, declared that Jesus had appeared to him and bidden him lead a company of children to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the infidels. Other children joined him, and they went about from village to village, bearing crosses and candles, swinging censers, singing hymns, and crying, "God wills it! God wills it!" Soon a great army of boys and girls, including the humblest shepherd lads and the children of wealthy nobles, started on a march for the Holy Land. No one could stop them. The king bade them return to their homes, but they only cried the more, "God wills it!" They broke away from their friends, from the very arms of their parents. The older folk knew not what to think. Some said this was a work of Satan to destroy the children. Others believed that it was the will of God that where armed men had failed, innocent children should succeed; and they dared not hold them back lest they should be fighting against God.

In Germany, too, there was a boy preacher, one Nicholas; and he aroused the German children as Stephen aroused the French. The little German boys and girls set out, twenty thousand strong, many of them wearing long gray coats upon which crosses were sewn.

They had broad-brimmed hats, and they carried the staffs of pilgrims. As they marched, they sang hymns. One of these has come down to us. It begins, —

"Fairest Lord Jesus,
Ruler of all nature."

But the way grew rougher and rougher. The air of the mountains was cold. They came to desert places where there was no food. Thousands died, and when the others reached the city of Genoa, they were only seven thousand. Still the children did not lose courage. God would open a way for them through the sea, they believed, and soon they would be in the Holy Land. They would tell the story of the good Jesus. The infidels would listen and would become his followers.

The morning came. They waited patiently on the shore at Genoa, but no path was opened through the sea. There is a tradition that part of the children sailed for Syria, but what became of them is not known. Some pressed on to Rome. They told the Pope about their journey and their sufferings. He said that it was of no use for them to try to reach Syria, but, as they were bound by their vows, they must go on a crusade when they were older.

By this time only a few children were left. Many had died, as has been said; some had been stolen or sold as slaves, and still others had stopped in one place or another. Nothing now remained but to suffer the long, hard journey home; and at last this, too, was ended. "Tell us of your wanderings. Where have you been?" begged their parents and friends; but all that the tired little crusaders could answer was, "We do not know."

Meanwhile, the French children, thirty thousand in

all, had set out for Marseilles. Their way was less rough, but the heat of the summer was terrible. Many of the little ones had never been farther from their homes than some neighboring village, and whenever they came in sight of a city wall or a castle, they would ask piteously, "Is n't that Jerusalem?" After a journey of three hundred miles, about twenty thousand of them came to Marseilles. "Let us stay here to-night," they begged, "and to-morrow God will open a way for us through the sea." No path was opened, and many started to return to their homes. At length two merchants offered to provide vessels for all who wished to go to the Holy Land. "We do it for the cause of God," they said, "and we ask no reward but your prayers." Then the children were happy. "This is the path through the sea," they cried joyfully. "This is what God promised us." Seven vessels full of the bravest of the children set sail to cross the blue Mediterranean. Eighteen years later, an old priest came to Europe and told the sad ending of the story. Two of the seven vessels had been wrecked; but the hundreds of children on board the others had been carried to the coast of Africa and sold to the Mohammedans as slaves; for the generous men of Marseilles who had so kindly offered to carry them across the sea were slave-traders. Of the seven shiploads of children, not one ever saw his home again.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

[1212]

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WHAT is this I read in history,
Full of marvel, full of mystery,
Difficult to understand?
Is it fiction, is it truth?
Children in the flower of youth,
Heart in heart, and hand in hand,
Ignorant of what helps or harms,
Without armor, without arms,
Journeying to the Holy Land!

Who shall answer or divine?
Never since the world was made
Such a wonderful crusade
Started forth for Palestine.
Never while the world shall last
Will it reproduce the past;
Never will it see again
Such an army, such a band,
Over mountain, over main,
Journeying to the Holy Land.

Like a shower of blossoms blown
From the parent trees were they;
Like a flock of birds that fly

PALESTINE

Through the unfrequented sky,
Holding nothing as their own,
Passed they into lands unknown,
Passed to suffer and to die.

ST. LOUIS AS A PRISONER

[1250]

BY JOSEPH FRANÇOIS MICHAUD

[In 1248, Louis IX of France (St. Louis) went on a crusade. He invaded Egypt and captured Damietta, but was taken prisoner by the Mussulmans.

The Editor.]

He [Louis] had no covering at night but a coarse cassock, which he owed to the charity of another prisoner. In this state, he never addressed one petition to his enemies, nor did the tone of his language announce either fear or submission. One of his almoners afterwards attested upon oath that Louis never suffered a word of despair or a movement of impatience to escape from him. The Mussulmans were astonished at this resignation, and said among themselves that if ever their prophet should leave them a prey to such great adversities, they would abandon his faith and his worship. Of all his riches, Louis had saved only his book of psalms, too sterile a spoil to be worth the attention of the Saracens; and when all the world seemed to have abandoned him, this book alone consoled him in his misfortune. He every day recited those hymns of the prophets in which God himself speaks of his justice and his mercy, reassures virtue which suffers in his name, and threatens with his anger those whom prosperity intoxicates, and who abuse their triumph.

Thus religious sentiments and remembrances sus-

tained the courage of Louis even in fetters; and the pious monarch, surrounded every day by fresh perils, amidst a Mussulman army that he had irritated by his victories, might still cry out with the prophet-king, "Supported by the living God, who is my buckler and my glory, I will not fear the crowd of enemies encamped around me."

The Sultan of Cairo, appearing inclined to soften his rigorous policy, sent Louis fifty magnificent dresses for himself and the lords of his train. Louis refused to clothe himself in them, saying that he was the sovereign of a greater kingdom than Egypt, and that he would never wear the livery of a foreign prince. Almoadam ordered a great feast to be prepared, to which he invited the king. But Louis would not accept of this invitation, as he was persuaded it was meant only to exhibit him as a spectacle to the Mussulman army. At length the sultan sent his most skillful physicians to him, and did all he could to preserve a prince whom he destined to adorn his triumph, and by whose means he hoped to obtain the advantages attached to his last victory. Before long he proposed to the king to break his chains upon condition of his giving up Damietta and the cities of Palestine that were still under the power of the Franks. Louis replied that the Christian cities of Palestine did not belong to him; that God had recently replaced Damietta in the hands of the Christians, and that no human power had the right to dispose of it. The sultan, irritated by this refusal, resolved to employ violence. At one time he threatened Louis to send him to the Caliph of Bagdad, who would closely imprison him till death; at another, he announced the project of leading

his illustrious captive throughout the East, and of exhibiting to all Asia a king of the Christians reduced to slavery. At length he went so far as to threaten to have him placed in the barnacles, a frightful punishment reserved for the greatest criminals. Louis still showed himself firm, and as the only reply to all these menaces, said, "I am the sultan's prisoner, he can do with me what he pleases."

The King of France suffered, though he did not complain; he feared nothing on his own account, but when he thought of his faithful army, and of the fate of the other captives, his heart was a prey to the deepest sorrow. The Christian prisoners were crowded into one open court; some sick, others wounded, the greater part naked, and all exposed to hunger, the injuries of the elements, and the ill-treatment of their pitiless guards. A Mussulman was commanded to write the names of all these wretched captives, whose number amounted to more than ten thousand. They led all that could purchase their liberty into a vast tent; the others remained in the place into which they had been driven like a flock of animals, destined to perish miserably. Every day an emir, by the sultan's orders, entered this abode of despair, and caused two or three hundred prisoners to be dragged out of the inclosure. They were asked if they would abjure the religion of Christ; and those whom the fear of death induced to desert their faith received their liberty; the others were put to the sword, and their bodies were cast into the Nile. They were slaughtered during the night; silence and darkness adding to the horrors of the execution. During several days the steel of the executioner thus decimated the unhappy prisoners.

None were ever seen to return who went out of the inclosure. Their sad companions, on bidding them farewell, wept beforehand over their tragical end, and lived in certain expectation of a similar fate. At length the lassitude of slaughter caused those that remained to be spared. They were led away to Cairo; and the capital of Egypt, into which they had flattered themselves they should enter in triumph, beheld them arrive covered with rags and loaded with chains. They were thrown into dungeons, where many died of hunger and grief; the others, condemned to slavery in a foreign land, deprived of all assistance and of all communication with their leaders, without knowing what was become of their king, were hopeless of ever recovering their liberty, or of revisiting the West.

The Oriental historians relate the scenes we have just described with indifference; many even seem to consider the massacre of prisoners of war as a second victory; and, as if the misfortune and murder of a disarmed enemy could heighten the glory of a conqueror, they exaggerate in their accounts the misery of the vanquished, and particularly the number of the victims immolated to Islamism.

The barons and knights that were shut up in the pavilion were not ignorant of the fate of their companions in arms; they passed their days and nights in continual terrors. The sultan wished to obtain from them that which he had not been able to obtain from Louis IX. He sent an emir to inform them that he would set them at liberty if Damietta and the Christian cities of Palestine were restored to the Mussulmans. The Count of Brittany replied, in the name of all the prisoners, that

that which was asked of them was not in their power, and that French warriors had no other will than that of their king. "It is plainly to be perceived," said the messenger of Almoadam, "that you care very little for liberty or life. *You shall see some men accustomed to sword-playing.*" The emir retired, leaving the prisoners in expectation of an early death. The apparatus of punishment was exhibited before them. The sword remained several days suspended over their heads; but Almoadam could make no impression upon their firmness. Thus, neither the captivity of an entire army, nor the death of so many warriors, had been able to deprive the Christians of a single one of their conquests, and one of the bulwarks of Egypt was still in their hands. The conquerors prayed and threatened by turns; the conquered resisted all their endeavors, and always appeared masters.

In the mean time several French nobles offered to pay their own ransom. Louis was informed of this; and as he feared that many, not having the means to redeem themselves, would remain in chains, he forbade any particular treaty. The barons and knights, but lately so intractable, did not persist in opposing the will of an unfortunate king, and instantly gave up all idea of a separate negotiation. The king said he would pay for everybody, and that he would never think about his own liberty till after he had assured that of all others.

While the Sultan of Cairo was thus making useless attempts to overcome the pride and lower the courage of Louis and his knights, the favorites he had brought with him from Mesopotamia pressed their master to conclude the peace quickly. "You have," said they to him,

"enemies much more dangerous than the Christians; they are the emirs, who wish to reign in your place, and who never cease to boast of their victories, as if you had not yourself conquered the Franks, as if the God of Mahomet had not sent pestilence and famine to aid you in triumphing over the defenders of Christ: hasten, then, to terminate the war, in order that you may strengthen your power within, and begin to reign." These speeches, which flattered the pride of Almoadam, induced him to make rather more reasonable proposals to his enemies. The sultan limited his demand to a ransom of a million of golden byzants, and the restitution of Damietta. Louis, aware that the city of Damietta could not resist, consented to the proposals that were made to him, *if the queen approved of them.* As the Mussulmans expressed some surprise at this, the king added, "*The queen is my lady; I can do nothing without her consent.*" The ministers of the sultan returned a second time, and told the French monarch that if the queen would pay the sum agreed upon, he should be free. "A King of France," answered he, "is not to be redeemed by money; the city of Damietta shall be given up for my deliverance, and a million of golden byzants paid for that of my army." The sultan agreed to all; and, whether he was pleased at having terminated the negotiations, or whether he was touched by the noble character the captive monarch had displayed, he reduced the sum fixed upon as the ransom of the Christian army a fifth.

The knights and barons were still ignorant of the conclusion of the treaty, and were revolving in their minds their customary melancholy reflections, when they saw an old Saracen enter their pavilion. His venerable figure

and the gravity of his carriage inspired respect. His train, composed of men-at-arms, inspired fear. The old man, without any preliminary discourse, asked the prisoners by means of an interpreter if it was true that they believed in a God, born of a woman, crucified for the salvation of the human race, and resuscitated the third day. All having answered at once that that was their belief: "In that case," added he, "congratulate yourselves at suffering for your God; you are yet far from having suffered as much for Him as He suffered for you. Place your hopes in Him, and if He has been able to recall Himself to life, He will not want power to put an end to the evils that afflict you now."

On finishing these words, the old Mussulman retired, leaving the crusaders divided between surprise, fear, and hope. On the next day it was announced to them that the king had concluded a truce, and wished to take counsel of his barons. John of Vallery, Philip de Montfort, and Guy and Baldwin d'Ibelin were deputed to wait upon the king. It was not long before the crusaders learned that their captivity was about to end, and that the king had paid the ransom of the poor as well as the rich. When these brave knights turned their thoughts towards their victories, they never could conceive how it was possible for them to have fallen into the hands of the infidels; and when they reflected on their late misfortunes, their deliverance appeared equally miraculous to them. All raised their voices in praises to God, and benedictions to the King of France.