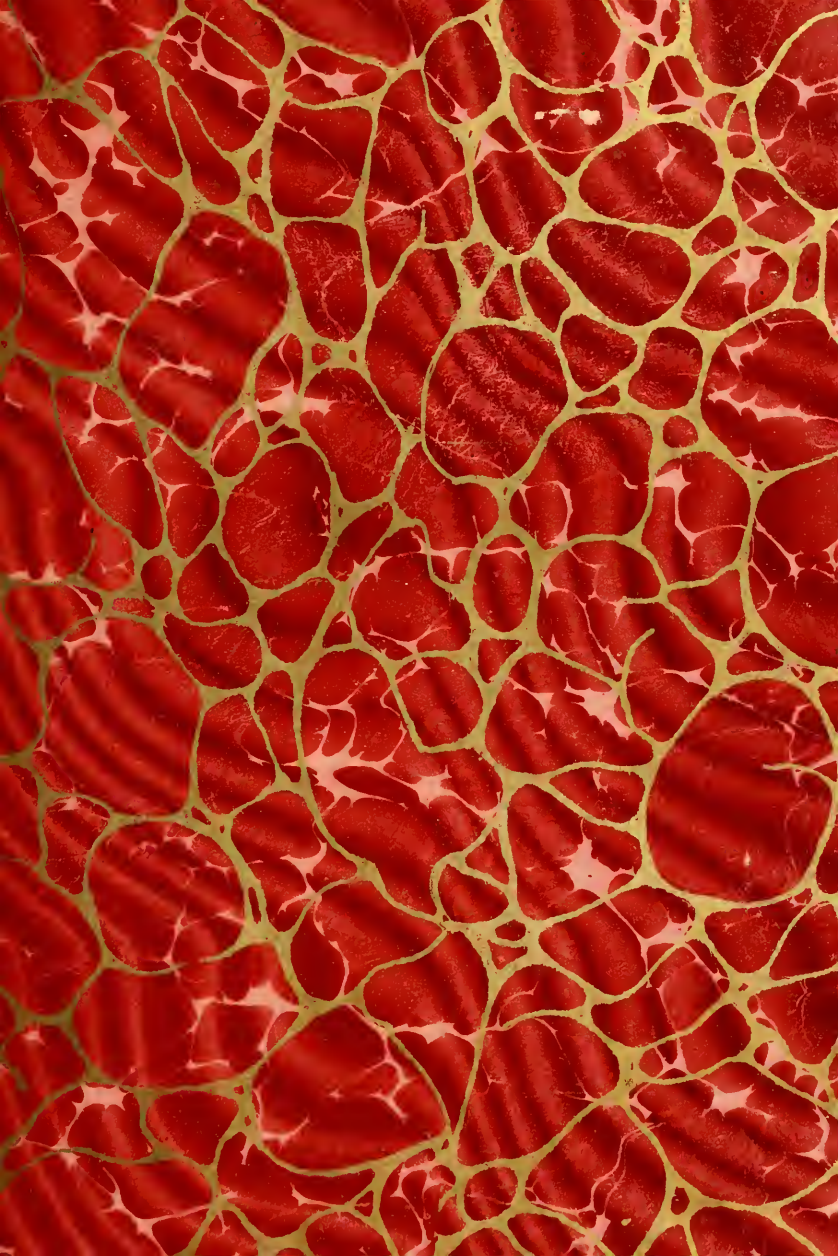




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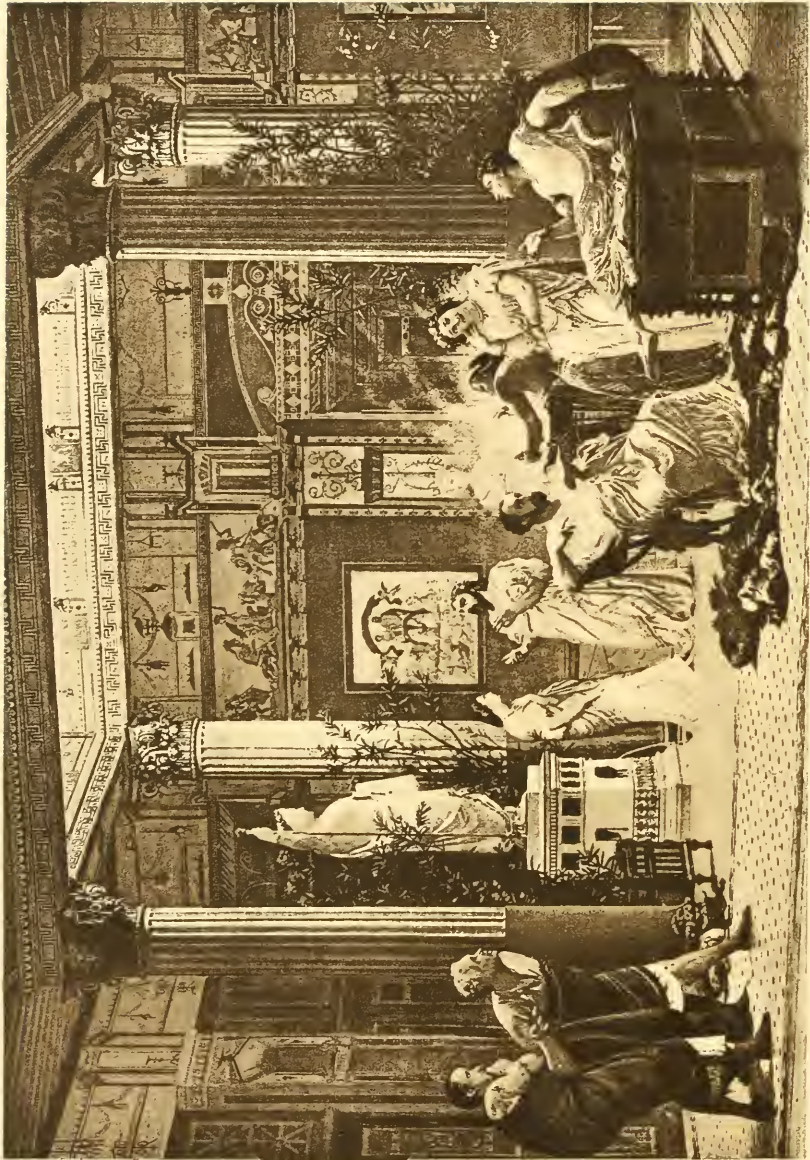
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A COLLECTION OF THE BEST LITERATURE, ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN,
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THE VANITY OF FORTUNE'S GIFTS.

By BOETHIUS.

(From "The Consolation of Philosophy": translated by H. R. James.)

[ANICIUS MANLIUS SEVERINUS BOETHIUS, a famous Roman statesman and writer, was born in Rome about A.D. 475, of a wealthy patrician family. He was made consul in 510 by Theodoric king of the Ostrogoths, and was a leading senator and public official; but the attempts of the Senate to make the nominal supremacy of the Byzantine emperor real, by appealing to him against Theodoric, enraged the king, who had him thrown into prison at Pavia, and executed in A.D. 525. During his imprisonment he wrote the "Consolation of Philosophy," partly in prose and partly in verse. It was translated into Anglo-Saxon by King Alfred, into English by Chaucer, and enjoyed great popularity in the Middle Ages. He also made Greek learning accessible to his contemporaries by means of translations of and commentaries upon Greek books on philosophy, mathematics, rhetoric, and grammar. His translation of the "Logic" of Aristotle was extensively used as a manual by mediæval scholars.]

THEN said I: "Thou knowest thyself that ambition for worldly success hath but little swayed me. Yet I have desired opportunity for action, lest virtue, in default of exercise, should languish away."

Then she: "This is that 'last infirmity' which is able to allure minds which, though of noble quality, have not yet been molded to any exquisite refinement by the perfecting of the virtues — I mean, the love of glory — and fame for high services rendered to the commonweal. And yet consider with me how poor and unsubstantial a thing this glory is! The whole of this earth's globe, as thou hast learnt from the demonstration of astronomy, compared with the expanse of heaven, is found no bigger than a point; that is to say, if measured by the vastness of heaven's sphere, it is held to occupy absolutely no space at all. Now, of this so insignificant portion of the

universe, it is about a fourth part, as Ptolemy's proofs have taught us, which is inhabited by living creatures known to us. If from this fourth part you take away in thought all that is usurped by seas and marshes, or lies a vast waste of waterless desert, barely is an exceeding narrow area left for human habitation. You, then, who are shut in and prisoned in this merest fraction of a point's space, do ye take thought for the blazoning of your fame, for the spreading abroad of your renown? Why, what amplitude or magnificence has glory when confined to such narrow and petty limits?

“Besides, the straitened bounds of this scant dwelling place are inhabited by many nations differing widely in speech, in usages, in mode of life; to many of these, from the difficulty of travel, from diversities of speech, from want of commercial intercourse, the fame not only of individual men, but even of cities, is unable to reach. Seest thou, then, how narrow, how confined, is the glory ye take pains to spread abroad and extend! Moreover, the customs and institutions of different races agree not together, so that what is deemed praiseworthy in one country is thought punishable in another. Wherefore, if any love the applause of fame, it shall not profit him to publish his name among many peoples. Then, each must be content to have the range of his glory limited to his own people.

“Once more, how many of high renown in their own times have been lost in oblivion for want of a record! Indeed, of what avail are written records even, which, with their authors, are overtaken by the dimness of age after a somewhat longer time? But ye, when ye think on future fame, fancy it an immortality that ye are begetting for yourselves. Why, if thou scankest the infinite spaces of eternity, what room hast thou left for rejoicing in the durability of thy name? Verily, if a single moment's space be compared with ten thousand years, it has a certain relative duration, however little, since each period is definite. But this same number of years—ay, and a number many times as great—cannot even be compared with endless duration; for, indeed, finite periods may in short be compared one with another, but a finite and an infinite never. So it comes to pass that fame, though it extend to ever so wide a space of years, if it be compared to never-lessening eternity, seems not short-lived merely, but altogether nothing. But as for you, ye know not how to act aright, unless it be to court the popular breeze, and win the empty applause of the multitude

— nay, ye abandon the superlative worth of conscience and virtue, and ask a recompense from the poor words of others. Let me tell thee how wittily one did mock the shallowness of this sort of arrogance. A certain man assailed one who had put on the name of philosopher as a cloak to pride and vain-glory, not for the practice of real virtue, and added: 'Now shall I know if thou art a philosopher if thou bearest reproaches calmly and patiently.' The other for a while affected to be patient, and, having endured to be abused, cried out derisively: 'Now do you see that I am a philosopher?' The other, with biting sarcasm, retorted: 'I should have, hadst thou held thy peace.' Moreover, what concern have choice spirits — for it is of such men we speak, men who seek glory by virtue — what concern, I say, have these with fame after the dissolution of the body in death's last hour? For if men die wholly, — which our reasonings forbid us to believe, — there is no such thing as glory at all, since he to whom the glory is said to belong is altogether non-existent. But if the mind, conscious of its own rectitude, is released from its earthly prison, and seeks heaven in free flight, doth it not despise all earthly things when it rejoices in its deliverance from earthly bonds, and enters upon the joys of heaven?"

SONG: GLORY MAY NOT LAST.

Oh, let him, who pants for glory's guerdon,
 Deeming glory all in all,
 Look and see how wide the heaven expandeth,
 Earth's inclosing bounds how small!

Shame it is, if your proud-swelling glory
 May not fill this narrow room!
 Why, then, strive so vainly, oh, ye proud ones!
 To escape your mortal doom?

Though your name, to distant regions bruited,
 O'er the earth be widely spread,
 Though full many a lofty sounding title
 On your house its luster shed.

Death at all this pomp and glory spurneth
 When his hour draweth nigh,
 Shrouds alike th' exalted and the humble,
 Levels lowest and most high.

Where are now the bones of stanch Fabricius ?

Brutus, Cato — where are they ?

Lingering fame, with a few graven letters,
Doth their empty name display.

But to know the great dead is not given

From a gilded name alone ;

Nay, ye all alike must lie forgotten,

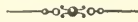
'Tis not *you* that fame makes known.

Fondly do ye deem life's little hour

Lengthened by fame's mortal breath ;

There but waits you — when this, too, is taken —

At the last a second death.



SECRET SPRINGS OF ACTION.

(From the "Secret History," ostensibly by Procopius.)

[PROCOPIUS, an important historian of Justinian's reign and Belisarius's campaigns, was born at Casarea, in Palestine, about A.D. 490 ; died probably about 565. He was private secretary to Belisarius, accompanied him on all his principal campaigns in Asia, Africa, and Italy, and was made chief of the commissary department and of the imperial navy. Justinian made him prefect of Constantinople in 562. His certainly genuine works are the "Histories" of these wars and a book on Justinian's buildings. "The Anecdotes," or "Secret History," professes to be by him ; Professor Bryce thinks it is so ; Ranke, followed by Bury, that it is a forgery made in part from genuine materials.]

BELISARIUS now determined to regain his familiar command, and being appointed general in the East, once more to lead the Roman army against Chosroës and the Persians. Antonina, however, would not go a step : she said she had been grossly ill-treated by him in those districts, and would no longer see them for the future. So Belisarius, after being made master of the imperial equeries, was later dispatched into Italy, agreeing with the emperor, so they say, not to seek any profit for himself in that war, but to provide the entire equipment for the war out of his private funds. Now everybody suspected that these arrangements with his wife, — by whom it was said Belisarius was governed, — and the agreement with the emperor about the war, were to escape from his sojourn in Constantinople ; so that he might speedily be outside the circuit of the walls, and once more take up arms and be esteemed a man of prowess by his wife and those he overthrew.

But he, making a bagatelle of all that had taken place, utterly forgetting the oaths he had sworn with Photius and his other intimates, and becoming an object of contempt, obediently followed his wife, having become strangely love-smitten with her, for all she was sixty years of age.

Now, when he came into Italy the course of affairs began every day to go against him; for the signs from God were distinctly hostile. At first, in that general's actions against Theodatus and Witiges, having taken advice, — though it was thought not sufficiently, as affairs stood, — for the most part he achieved the objects he aimed at. But at last the judgment came to be that he had indeed formed the best of plans, because he had grown experienced in the conduct of that war; but with most results turning out so badly, the opinion was expressed also that he was very careless.

Belisarius, then, having come a second time into Italy, departed thence most shamefully; for he had disembarked five years before with a great force, as I have related in my former writings, when there was not a fortress there [held by the Romans], but he had to sail on the sea all the time. But Totila, eager to catch him outside the walls, could not find him, as he and the entire Roman army held him [Totila] in great dread. He therefore rescued nothing of what had been lost, but instead lost Rome also, and, so to speak, everything else besides. Worst of all, he had grown avaricious at this time, and a most punctilious overseer of corrupt gains, because he was repaid nothing by the emperor. He pillaged nearly all the Italians, the dwellers in Ravenna, and the Sicilians; and whoever else happened to fall into his power he plundered without authority, exacting penalties forsooth for the thoughts of their previous lives. Thus he persecuted Herodian to obtain his possessions, threatening the man with everything; and he, intimidated by them, bade adieu to the Roman army, and suddenly gave himself with his followers to Totila and the Goths.

How it happened that he and John, the son of Vitalian's sister, fell out, by which the Roman state was greatly shattered, I will now disclose. The empress had come to hate the German so much, and made the hatred so manifest to everybody, that no one dared to contract a marriage alliance with him, though he was the son of the emperor's brother; and his children remained unmarried during her life. His daughter Justina, having flowered into her eighteenth year, was still unwedded.

On this account, when John, dispatched by Belisarius, came to Constantinople, the German was being forced to talk with him about arranging a marriage alliance; and this though much above his rank. After both had acquiesced in it, they resolved to bind each other with the solemnest oaths to use every effort to accomplish the marriage, since each confidently believed the other to be faring the worst in the matter: the one conscious that he was reaching out above his rank, the other with no resource for a marriage save this. Mistress Somebody, leaving no stone unturned, thought no shame to pursue each by every road, if only in some way she could prevent the accomplishment of their purpose. But when, having used various menaces to both, she was unable to seduce either, she openly threatened to take John's life. And after this, John being forthwith sent to Italy, he was afraid to entangle himself with Belisarius in any way, from dread of Antonina's plots, till Antonina had returned to Constantinople. For no one could reasonably doubt that the empress herself had enjoined his death; and as she paid great deference to Antonina's plans, and it was known that Belisarius conceded everything to his wife, he was in great fear and agitation of mind.

After this the affairs of Rome, formerly standing on a sound basis, were brought to ruin. The Gothic war was then being carried on by Belisarius. In despair he asked of the emperor that he might quit the country and be released as quickly as possible. And as soon as he found that the emperor approved the request he joyfully departed at once, bidding farewell to the Roman army and the people of Italy, the greater part of which he left under the control of the enemy, and Perugia undergoing the most furious siege. While he was on his journey that town was taken by storm and experienced every sort of calamity, as I have formerly related. . . .

The ways of the man at that time were openly despised. When he had formerly sworn solemnly to Photius and some of his intimates and not kept the oaths at all, he was pardoned by everybody; for the cause of the man's faithlessness was not suspected to be the rule of his wife, but that of the empress. But when Theodora died, as I have related, and he gave no ear to Photius nor any other of his nearest friends, but his wife appeared plainly the mistress over him, and he a pander, lordly and high-born as he was, — then indeed in despair every one jeered at him, and made him a common talk, and he was reviled

as a fool. It is desirable that these errors of Belisarius should be told somewhere without disguise.

But the derelictions of Bacchus the son of Sergius in Libya, also, should be put into suitable words by me; for indeed he was the most guilty of bringing Roman affairs in that quarter to destruction, by swearing oaths to the Leuathæ on the words of the Gospels and then making naught of them — killing eighty of their chiefs without a reason. And it is my duty to put in writing now how these men came to Bacchus with no treachery in their minds, nor had Sergius any pretext for suspecting them; but having invited them to a banquet without taking any oath, he infamously slaughtered them all. It was from this that Solomon and the Roman army and all the Libyans [African provincials] came to be destroyed. For on account of this, especially from the death of Solomon as related by me, neither any of the leaders nor any soldier thought it worth while to incur hazard in the war. For Sergius was unwarlike and weak, and both in character and age entirely juvenile; holding envy and boastful pretensions toward everybody, a byword as to his life, and puffed up with pride. But when he became suitor to Antonina the niece of Belisarius' wife, the empress was never willing to have him brought to punishment or discharged from the command, although she saw Africa with unceasing steadiness going to ruin.

And after that both she and the emperor set free unpunished Solomon the brother of Sergius, for the murder of Pegasus. How this was I will explain forthwith. After Pegasus had ransomed Solomon from the Leuathæ, and the barbarians had gone back home, Solomon, with Pegasus who had bought his release and some few soldiers, was sent to Carthage; on which journey Pegasus, who had detected Solomon in doing something disgraceful, it was said, recalled to his memory how God had lately rescued him from the enemy. He, in a rage, as if this meant that he was a ransomed war-captive, struck Pegasus dead. This was the reward he gave his preserver. Afterward Solomon came to Constantinople, and the emperor absolved him unscathed from the murder, as if he had slain a traitor to the Roman empire, and gave him letters guaranteeing him immunity for it. Solomon, thus escaped from punishment, joyfully departed for the East to see his country and people and household once more; but the vengeance of God seizing him on the journey, he disappeared from among men.

EPIGRAMS OF AGATHIAS.

[AGATHIAS was a lawyer, bred at Alexandria and resident at Constantinople; lived about A. D. 563-581.]

THE FERRY OF LOVE.

(Translated by Alma Strettell.)

SINCE she was watched and could not kiss me closely,
 Divine Rhodanthe cast her maiden zone
 From off her waist, and holding it thus loosely
 By the one end, she put a kiss thereon;
 Then I — Love's stream as through a channel taking —
 My lips upon the other end did press,
 And drew the kisses in, while ceaseless making,
 Thus from afar, reply to her caress.
 So the sweet girdle did beguile our pain,
 Being a ferry for our kisses twain.

(The prose translations are by J. W. Mackail.)

A KISS WITHIN THE CUP.

I am no winebibber, but if thou wilt make me drunk, taste thou first and bring it to me, and I take it. For if thou wilt touch it with thy lips, no longer is it easy to keep sober or to escape the sweet cupbearer; for the cup ferries me over a kiss from thee, and tells me of the grace that it had.

LOVE AT THE VINTAGE.

We, as we trod the infinite fruit of Iacchus, mingled and wound in the rhythm of the revel, and now the fathomless flood flowed down, and like boats our cups of ivy wood swam on the sweet surges; dipping wherewith, we drank just as it lay at our hand, nor missed the warm water nymphs overmuch. But beautiful Rhodanthe leant over the wine press, and with the splendors of her beauty lit up the welling stream; and swiftly all our hearts were fluttered, nor was there one of us but was overcome by Bacchus and the Paphian. Alas for us! he ran plenteous at our feet; but for her, hope played with us, and no more.

ON THE PICTURE OF A FAUN.

Untouched, O young Satyr, does thy reed utter a sound, or why leaning sideways dost thou put thine ear to the pipe? He laughs

and is silent; yet haply had he spoken a word, but was held in forgetfulness by delight? for the wax did not hinder, but of his own will he welcomed silence, with his whole mind turned intent on the pipe.

WORSHIP IN SPRING.

Ocean lies purple in calm; for no gale whitens the fretted waves with its ruffling breath, and no longer is the sea shattered around the rocks and sucked back again down toward the deep. West winds breathe, and the swallow twitters over the straw-shed chamber that she has built. Be of good cheer, O skilled in seafaring, whether thou sail to the Syrtis or the Sicilian Shingle: only by the altars of Priapus of the Anchorage burn a scarus or ruddy wrasse.

THE BRIDE'S VIGIL.

Never grow mold, O lamp, nor call up the rain, lest thou stop my bridegroom in his coming: alway thou art jealous of the Cyprian; yes, and when she betrothed Hero to Leander—O my heart, leave the rest alone. Thou art the Fire-God's, and I believe that by vexing the Cyprian thou flatterest thy master's pangs.

A RABELAISIAN ASTROLOGER.

Calligenes the farmer, when he had cast his seed into the land, came to the house of Aristophanes the astrologer, and asked him to tell whether he would have a prosperous summer and abundant plenty of corn. And he, taking the counters and ranging them closely on the board, and crooking his fingers, uttered his reply to Calligenes: "If the cornfield gets sufficient rain, and does not breed a crop of flowering weeds, and frost does not crack the furrows, nor hail flay the heads of the springing blades, and the pricket does not devour the crop, and it sees no other injury of weather or soil, I prophesy you a capital summer, and you will cut the ears successfully; only fear the locusts."

TO PLUTARCH.

(Translated by Dryden.)

Chæronean Plutarch, to thy deathless praise
Does martial Rome this grateful statue raise;
Because both Greece and she thy fame have shared
(Their heroes written, and their lives compared);
But thou thyself couldst never write thy own:
Their lives have parallels, but thine has none.

EARLY ARABIAN POETRY.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES JAMES LYALL.

THE COMMON LOT.

I SAID to her when she fled in amaze and breathless
 Before the array of battle — “Why dost thou tremble?
 Yea, if but a day of Life thou shouldst beg with weeping
 Beyond what thy Doom appoints, thou wouldst not gain it.
 Be still then, and face the onset of Death, high-hearted,
 For none upon Earth shall win to abide forever.
 No raiments of praise the cloak of old age and weakness:
 None such for the coward who bows like a reed in tempest.
 The pathway of Death is set for all men to travel:
 The Crier of Death proclaims through the Earth his Empire.
 Who dies not when young and sound dies old and weary,
 Cut off in his length of days from all love and kindness;
 And what for a man is left of delight in living,
 Past use, flung away, a worthless and worn-out chattel?”

A TYPICAL ARAB HERO.

A shout rose, and voices cried, “The horsemen have slain a knight!”
 I said, “Is it Abdallah, the man who ye say is slain?”
 I sprang to his side: the spears had riddled his body through,
 As weaver on outstretched web plies deftly the sharp-toothed
 comb.
 I stood as a camel stands with fear in her heart, and seeks
 The stuffed skin with eager mouth, and thinks — is her youngling
 slain?
 I plied spear above him till the riders had left their prey,
 And over myself black blood flowed forth in a dusky tide.
 I fought as a man who gives his life for his brother’s life,
 Who knows that his time is short, that Death’s doom above him
 hangs.

But know ye, if Abdallah be dead, and his place a void,
 No weakling unsure of hand, and no holder-back was he!
 Alert, keen, his loins well girt, his legs to the middle bare,
 Unblemished and clean of limb, a climber to all things high;
 No wailer before ill luck; one mindful in all he did
 To think how his work to-day would live in to-morrow’s tale;

Content to bear hunger's pain though meat lay beneath his hand —
 To labor in ragged shirt that those whom he served might rest.
 If Death laid her hand on him, and Famine devoured his store,
 He gave but the gladlier what little to him they spared.
 He dealt as a youth with Youth, until, when his head grew hoar
 And age gathered o'er his brow, to Lightness he said — Begone!
 Yea, somewhat it soothes my soul that never I said to him
 "Thou liest," nor grudged him aught of mine that he sought of
 me.

AN IDEAL ARAB HEROINE.

Alas! Ummu 'Amr set firm her face to depart, and went:
 Gone is she, and when she sped, she left with us no farewell.
 Her purpose was quickly shaped — no warning she gave her
 friends,
 Though there she had dwelt hard by, her camels all day with
 ours.
 Yea, thus in our eyes she dwelt, from morning to noon and eve —
 She brought to an end her tale, and fled, and left us lone.
 So gone is Umaimah, gone, and leaves here a heart of pain:
 My life was to yearn for her, and now its delight is fled.
 She won me whenas, shamefaced — no maid to let fall her veil,
 No wanton to glance behind — she walked forth with steady
 tread;
 Her eyes seek the ground, as though they looked for a thing lost
 there:
 She turns not to left or right — her answer is brief and low.
 She rises before day dawns to carry her supper forth
 To wives who have need — dear alms, when such gifts are few
 enow!
 Afar from the voice of blame her tent stands for all to see,
 When many a woman's tent is pitched in the place of scorn.
 No gossip to bring him shame from her does her husband dread —
 When mention is made of women, pure and unstained is she.
 The day done, at eve, glad comes he home to his eye's delight:
 He needs not to ask of her — "Say, where didst thou pass the
 day?"
 And slender is she where meet, and full where it so beseems,
 And tall, straight, a fairy shape, if such upon earth there be.
 And nightlong as we sat there, methought that the tent was roofed
 Above us with basil sprays, all fragrant in dewy eve —
 Sweet basil from Holyah dale, its branches abloom and fresh,
 That fills all the place with balm, no starveling of desert sands.

AN ARAB CYNIC.

Yea, take thy fill of joy with her what time she yields her love to thee.

And let no grieving stop thy breath whenas she turns herself to flee.

Ah, sweet and soft her ways with thee: bethink thee well—the day shall come

When some one favored e'en as thou shall find her just as sweet and free.

And if she swear that absence ne'er shall break her part of plighted troth—

When did rose-tinted finger tips and binding pledges e'er agree?

A SYMPHONY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

A white one: she rises slow, and sweeps with her hair the ground;

It hides her within its coils, a billow of blackest black.

She shines in its midst like Dawn that breaks from the farthest East;

It bends like the darkest Night and veils her above, around.

TRANSLATED BY W. G. PALGRAVE.

ZEYNAB'S COURTSHIP.

AH, FOR the throes of a heart sorely wounded!
 Ah, for the eyes that have smit me with madness!
 Gently she moved in the calmness of beauty,
 Moved as the bough to the light breeze of morning,
 Dazzled my eyes as they gazed, till before me
 All was a mist and confusion of figures.
 Ne'er had I sought her, ne'er had she sought me;
 Fated the love, and the hour, and the meeting.
 There I beheld her as she and her damsels
 Paced 'twixt the temple and outer inclosure;
 Damsels the fairest, the loveliest, gentlest,
 Passing like slow-wand'ring heifers at evening;
 Ever surrounding with comely observance
 Her whom they honor, the peerless of women.
 "Omar is near: let us mar his devotions,
 Cross on his path that he needs must observe us;
 Give him a signal, my sister, demurely."
 "Signals I gave, but he marked not nor heeded,"
 Answered the damsel, and hastened to meet me.

An Arabian Love Song
From the painting by R. Leinweber



Ah, for that night by the vale of the sand hills!
 Ah, for the dawn when in silence we parted!
 He whom the morn may awake to her kisses
 Drinks from the cup of the blessed in heaven.

TRANSLATED BY J. D. CARLYLE.

ON THE BATTLE OF SABLA.

SABLA, thou saw'st th' exulting foe
 In fancied triumphs crowned;
 Thou heard'st their frantic females throw
 These galling taunts around:

“Make now your choice — the terms we give,
 Desponding victims hear:
 These fetters on your hands receive,
 Or in your hearts a spear.”

“And is the conflict o'er?” we cried;
 “And lie we at your feet?
 And dare you vauntingly decide
 The fortune we must meet?”

“A brighter day we soon shall see,
 Though now the prospect lowers;
 And conquest, peace, and liberty
 Shall gild our future hours.”

The foe advanced; — in firm array
 We rushed o'er Sabla's sands;
 And the red saber marked our way
 Amidst their yielding bands.

Then, as they writhed in Death's cold grasp,
 We cried, “Our choice is made:
 These hands the sabers' hilt shall clasp,
 Your hearts shall have the blade!”

ON HIS FRIENDS.

With conscious pride I view the band
 Of faithful friends that round me stand;
 With pride exult, that I alone
 Can join these scattered gems in one:

For they're a wreath of pearls, and I
The silken cord on which they lie.

'Tis mine their inmost souls to see;
Unlocked is every heart to me;
To me they cling, on me they rest,
And I've a place in every breast:
For they're a wreath of pearls, and I
The silken cord on which they lie.

ON TEMPER.

Yes, Leila, I swore, by the fire of thine eyes;
I ne'er could a sweetness unvaried endure;
The bubbles of spirit that sparkling arise
Forbid life to stagnate, and render it pure.

But yet, my dear maid, though thy spirit's my pride,
I'd wish for some sweetness to temper the bowl:
If life be ne'er suffered to rest or subside,
It may not be flat, but I fear 'twill be foul.

THE ADIEU.

The boatmen shout, "'Tis time to part,
No longer we can stay;"
'Twas then Maimuna taught my heart
How much a glance could say.

With trembling steps to me she came;
"Farewell," she would have cried,
But ere her lips the word could frame,
In half-formed sounds it died.

Then bending down, with looks of love,
Her arms she round me flung,
And as the gale hangs on the grove,
Upon my breast she hung.

My willing arms embraced the maid,
My heart with raptures beat;
While she but wept the more and said,
"Would we had never met!"

EXPLOITS AND FATE OF ANTAR.

(From the "Romance of Antar," a famous Arabian epic on an authentic hero of the sixth century; translation by Terrick Hamilton, condensed and introduced by W. A. Clouston.)

Thus, with all the paraphernalia of chivalrous equipment, heroes come forth, not only in fields of battle, or in single combat, but also at marriages and entertainments, merely for trials of skill in arms in the midst of a course, to tilt and joust with barbless spears in the presence of kings and chiefs, who proclaim the merits of the victor and the vanquished; sometimes distributing prizes, or awarding a contested point, or even deciding the fate of some damsel, the object of amorous contention between two devoted champions; and not unfrequently do these combats, which commence innocently, end in bloodshed.

It is also worthy of remark that these chiefs, when bound on a marauding enterprise, often meet with extraordinary adventures: sometimes forlorn maidens, whose distresses they relieve; or matrons, whose husbands and sons have been slain; and even heroes of inferior stamp, whose cause they will adopt, and thus either soften his sorrows or die in his defense. It must be acknowledged that they sometimes take advantage of the unprotected state to which females are reduced when their attendants have resisted the assaults of a stranger; but instances of the purest generosity and the most chivalrous sentiments of honor and decency will often mark their acts, and induce us to marvel how nations so barbarous in blood could ever be melted into pity and tenderness.

A nation of shepherds, dwelling in tents, surrounded by deserts, appears at first sight as the very antipodes of those nations whose usages and habits have supplied matter for romance and historic fiction. In minds thus savagely constituted, where could love dwell? Where could courtesy, discretion, and those nameless decencies and distinctions persons of cultivated manners can only feel and express find a place? And without minds thus happily organized, and without sensibilities as easily roused as lasting, pliant or obdurate, according to the object that excites them into action, or bidding defiance to repulse, inconstancy, and danger—how could chivalry feed its enthusiasm, or imagination awaken into life?

But in this work we find all these anomalies reconciled. We see heroes capable of the wildest enterprises, and subject to the most vehement emotions, to secure the approbation of their mistresses. We see damsels braving every peril, smiling in captivity, to meet the objects of their love. We moreover meet with heroines cased in armor covering hearts at once steeled against the lance's point or

falchion's edge, and a prey to the utmost ecstasies of enthusiastic fondness and refined irritability.

Such are the personages who are found to have inhabited the wilderness of sands, under no cultivation of mind, and bound by no moral restraints but what love and friendship excited and established. Few could read or write. None were philosophers — wisdom had its only support in the influence attached to advanced years. Their sages were superior in age, and enjoyed a confidence among the tribes that no one could uproot, and which Antar only, by his martial prowess and universally admitted superiority, could thwart.

THE HERO'S BIRTH AND EARLY YEARS.

Then famous horsemen of the tribe of Abs went forth from the land of Shurebah on a plundering expedition. They traveled by night, and lay concealed during the day; and when they reached the country of Cahtan, in a valley between two hills they discovered the flourishing tribe of Jezreela. Fearing openly to attack a people so numerous and powerful, they proceeded to their pasture ground, where they saw a large herd of camels grazing, and a black woman of great beauty and fine proportions, with her two children, in charge of them. They seized the woman and her children, and drove away the camels; but had not gone far when they were pursued by the warriors of the tribe, upon whom they turned, and after a fierce contest, compelled them to fly. Returning home, the Abians, having reached their own country, sat down by the bank of a stream to divide their plunder. One of the party, Shedad, the son of Carad, known as the Knight of Jirwet, from the celebrated mare of that name which he rode, was become so enamored of the black woman, whose name was Zebeebah, that he chose her and her two boys — Jereer and Shibooh — for his share, leaving to his companions all the camels and other property.

In the course of time Zebeebah gave birth to a boy, "black and swarthy as an elephant, — his shape, limbs, form, and make resembled Shedad," who was delighted to look upon him for days together, and called him Antar. As the boy grew up, he became noted for his great strength and courage. He accompanied his mother to the pasture, and helped her in watching the cattle. One day, when he was but ten years old, he slew a wolf that had dispersed the flocks, and carried home the head

and legs of the beast in a basket, and presented the trophies of his prowess to his mother. On hearing of this adventure, Shedad cautioned his son not to stray far into the desert, lest he should meet with some mischief. But Antar was not to be restrained; riding about the country, and hurling his reed-spear at the trunks of trees, he soon became an excellent horseman, and could throw the javelin with unerring precision. And thus passed the early years of Antar, the son of Shedad, until an incident, strikingly characteristic of Bedouin life, occurred, which proved the turning point of the future hero's career:—

“Now the King Zoheir had two hundred slaves that tended his herds of he- and she-camels, and all his sons had the same. Shas was the eldest of his sons, and heir to his possessions; and Shas had a slave whose name was Daji, and he was a great bully. Shas was very fond of him on account of his vast bodily strength; and there was not a slave but feared him and trembled before him. Antar, however, made no account of him, and did not care for him.

“One day the poor men and widows and orphans met together, and were driving their camels and their flocks to drink, and were all standing by the water-side. Daji came up and stopped them, and took possession of the water for his master's cattle. Just then an old woman belonging to the tribe of Abs came up to him, and accosted him in a suppliant manner, saying: ‘Be so good, master Daji, as to let my cattle drink; they are all the property I possess, and I live by their milk. Pity my flock; have compassion on me and grant my request, and let them drink.’ But he paid no attention to her demand, and abused her. She was greatly distressed, and shrunk back.

“Then came another old woman and addressed him: ‘O master Daji, I am a poor, weak, old woman, as you see: time has dealt hardly with me—it has aimed its arrows at me; and its daily and nightly calamities have destroyed all my men. I have lost my children and my husband, and since then I have been in great distress. These sheep are all I possess; let them drink, for I live on the milk they produce. Pity my forlorn state; I have no one to tend them; therefore grant my request and be so kind as to let them drink.’

“As soon as Daji heard these words and perceived the crowd of women and men, his pride increased, and his obstinacy

was not to be moved, but he struck the woman on the stomach, and threw her down on her back, and uncovered her nakedness, whilst all the slaves laughed at her. When Antar perceived what had occurred, his pagan pride played throughout all his limbs, and he could not endure the sight. He ran up to the slave, and calling out, 'You bastard!' said he, 'what mean you by this disgusting action? Do you dare to violate an Arab woman? May God destroy your limbs and all that consented to this act!'

"When the slave heard what Antar said, he almost fainted from indignation; he met him and struck him a blow over the face that nearly knocked out his eyes. Antar waited till he had recovered from the blow, and his senses returned; he then ran at the slave, and seizing him by one of the legs, threw him on his back. He thrust one hand under his thighs, and with the other he grasped his neck, and raising him by the force of his arm, he dashed him against the ground. And his length and breadth were all one mass. When the deed was done his fury was unbounded, and he roared aloud even as a lion.

And when the slaves perceived the fate of Daji, they shrieked out to Antar, saying, 'You have slain the slave of Prince Shas! What man on earth can now protect you?' They attacked him with staves and stones, but he resisted them all: he rushed with a loud yell upon them, and proved himself a hardy warrior, and dealt among them with his stick as a hero with his sword."

With all his courage and strength, however, Antar was likely to have fallen a victim to the rage of his assailants, when fortunately Prince Malik, one of the king's sons, beloved of all for his mild and gentle disposition, came upon the scene and put an end to the unequal contest; and on learning its occasion, promised Antar his protection. When King Zoheir was informed of what the hero had done, he warmly applauded his conduct, saying: "This valiant fellow has defended the honor of women; he will shine a noble warrior and destroy his opponents."

And on Antar's return home that day, the women all crowded round him, praising him for his gallant behavior; and among them was Antar's fair cousin Abla, the daughter of Malik, his father Shedad's brother.

THE DAWN OF LOVE.

Antar had frequent opportunities of seeing Abla, one of his duties being to serve the women of his father's and uncle's families with the camel's milk, which, previously cooled in the wind, it was the custom of Arab women to drink every morning and evening. Coming into his uncle Malik's tent one day while Abla's long, flowing hair was being dressed by her mother, Antar's soul was filled with the image of her beauty, and when he retired he thus expressed his feelings : —

That fair maid lets down her ringlets, and she is completely hid in her hair, which appears like the dark shades of night.

It is as if she were the brilliant day, and as if the night had enveloped her in obscurity.

It is as if the full moon was shining in its splendor, and all the stars were concealed by its luster.

Her charms bewitch all around her, and all are anxious to offer their services :

They live in her beauties and loveliness ; and they are imbued with sweetness from her perfections, and receive new spirit from her graces.

Revile me not for my love of her, for I am distracted for her, and live but as the victim of my love.

I will conceal my affection in my soul, till I can see that I am sufficiently fortunate one day to serve her.

And on another occasion, seeing Abla playing and singing among other maidens at a feast, Antar addressed her in eloquent verses : —

The lovely virgin has struck my heart with the arrow of a glance, for which there is no cure.

Sometimes she wishes for a feast in the sand hills, like a fawn whose eyes are full of magic.

My disease preys on me ; it is in my entrails : I conceal it ; but its very concealment discloses it.

She moves : I should say it was the branch of the tamarisk, that waves its branches to the southern breeze.

She approaches : I should say it was the frightened fawn, when a calamity alarms it in the waste.

She walks away : I should say her face was truly the sun when its luster dazzles the beholders.

She gazes : I should say it was the full moon of the night when Orion girds it with its stars.

She smiles: and the pearls of her teeth sparkle, in which there is the cure for the sickness of lovers.

She prostrates herself in reverence towards her God; and the greatest of men bow down to her beauties.

O Abla! when I most despair, love for thee and all its weaknesses are my only hope!

Should fortune or my father assist me, I will requite myself for its vicissitudes by my fearless spirit.

Love had now become the master passion of the hero's soul; for all his subsequent exploits as a warrior were undertaken and performed mainly with the view of raising himself above the circumstance of his birth, and of becoming worthy of his cousin. But already Antar had many bitter enemies among his own people, who sought every means of depriving him of the favor and protection of King Zoheir and of his son, Prince Malik. Wandering one day far from the tents of his tribe, and brooding over his forlorn condition and his love for Abla, he composed the following verses:—

Abla's spirit appeared to me in my sleep, and thrice I kissed her within her veil.

It bade me adieu, but it deposited in me a flame that I feel burning through my bones.

Were I not left in solitude, and could I not quench the fire of my passion with tears, my heart would melt.

But I do not complain; though all my fears are on thy account, O thou perfect full moon!

O daughter of Malik! how can I be consoled, since my love for thee originated from the time I was weaned?

But how can I ever hope to approach thee, whilst the lions of the forest guard thy tent?

By the truth of my love for thee, my heart can never be cured but by patience.

O thou noble maid! till I exalt myself to the heights of glory with the thrusts of my spear and the blows of my sword, I will expose myself to every peril wherever the spears clash in the battle dust—then shall I be either tossed upon the spear heads or be numbered among the noble.

EARLY WARLIKE EXPLOITS.

King Zoheir having summoned Shedad, the father of Antar, with his other warriors. to accompany him on an expedition

against a neighboring tribe, Antar was left behind in charge of the women; and here follows a graphic description of the amusements of Arab women in those days:—

“The horsemen being now absent, the children and women and slaves, male and female, were left behind. Semeeah, the wife of Shedad, gave a magnificent entertainment at the lake of Zatool Irsad. Sheep were slaughtered, and wine flowed, and the girls carried their instruments. Antar stood amongst the attendants, and was in transports on seeing Abla appear with the other women. She was indeed like an amorous fawn; she was decorated with variegated necklaces; and when Antar was attending her, he was overwhelmed in the ocean of his love, and became the slave of her sable tresses. They sat down to eat, and the wine cup went merrily round. It was the spring of the year, when the whole land shone in all its glory: the vines hung luxuriantly in the arbors; the flowers shed round ambrosial fragrance; every hillock sparkled in the beauty of its colors; the birds in responsive melody sang sweetly from each bush, and harmony issued from their throats; every ear was enchanted; the ground was covered with flowers and herbs; whilst the nightingales filled the air with their softest notes. Then the damsels beat the cymbals, and recited the following verses:—

The shades have spread their canopy, and the flowers spread their pillows.

The streams roll along their shores of flowers, some white, some red, some yellow, some sweet-scented.

See the waters gliding through the gardens; and the trees and their fruits resemble bracelets and chaplets.

The birds sing melodiously upon them in every variety of note.

The nightingale and the dove pour their plaintive strain, and make every lover weep.

The gentle zephyrs whisper along, and the branches move in softest measure.

The boughs dance in the groves, among the trees, in the graceful movement.

The dewdrops fall, and the flowers and the trees are studded with its pearls.

The season is delightful; let it pass in enjoyment, and misfortunes, begone!

The opportunity is delicious; let us grasp in haste its sweets;

Be merry and wild with joy, and let not a day pass without amusement.

“Then another set took the musical instruments, and beating the cymbals with their hands, thus sang : —

The gardens sparkle with all they boast of lovely damsels.

Every sportive virgin is possessed of languishing glances and enchanting movements ;

Their beauty is perfection — they are loveliness itself ;

Their elegant shapes glance like the well-proportioned spears ;

Their tresses float down their backs like branches of the grape-vine.

They are slayers and piercers with their arrows and their darts.

Archers and strikers — the enchantresses of men.

“They now formed a dance and took off their robes ; the damsels danced while the servants sang and carried round the goblets of wine. Roses were spread over their cheeks and their bosoms heaved. And Aba joined her associates in the dance, and exhibited her charms, and laughed. Fire shot from their eyes, and the cups of wine were united to the honey of their mouths. The imagination of Antar was inflamed and overpowered in the sea of anxiety. He hesitated whether he should violate the modesty of love by the fingers of passion, when lo ! on a sudden there appeared a cloud of dust, and a vast clamor arose, and in a moment there came forth a troop of horses and their riders, about seventy in number, armed with cuirasses and coats of mail and Aadite helmets, crying out, ‘Oh, by Cahtan !’ and rushed towards the women. At the instant joy was converted into grief, and smiles into tears : in a moment they seized the women and the virgins, made them prisoners, and placed them on their horses behind them.”

Antar, however, was not the man to stand by and allow the enemy thus to ravish his fair charges before his eyes. To rush after and overtake the horseman who had captured Aba, and to hurl him a lifeless and shapeless mass on the ground, and to take possession of his horse and armor, was to Antar mere child’s play. Then he overtook the rest of the enemy, and with his single arm performed such wonders that those who escaped the stroke of his death-dealing sword fled in dismay, leaving the women and the plunder they had taken.

This was Antar's first warlike exploit; and when King Zoheir returned and heard of his prowess, he publicly praised him and presented him with a robe of honor.

Shortly afterwards Antar put to flight a large party of a hostile tribe that had surrounded the king's sons and their attendants; and this was his song of triumph as the hero returned to his tent:—

I will not cease to exalt myself by my deeds, till I reach Orion
in my ambitious projects.

Here I care not for those who abuse me, fearful of death and
separation from life.

But I will reduce my foes and my railers by force, and I will be
patient under sufferings and in praise.

I will strive to attain what I desire, till Death snatch me away.

I will arm my mind against worldly lusts, that I may be con-
sidered noble minded and faithful.

Whoever would check me, let him look to himself, where'er he
may be concealed.

My complexion is no injury to me, nor the name of Zebebah,
when I exercise my courage against the foe.

I will work wonders and marvels; and I will protect myself from
the tongues of the wicked.

The king was naturally grateful for the good service which Antar had thus rendered; and at a grand feast held in celebration of the escape of the princes, he caused the hero to sit beside him, and commanded Shedad no longer to employ his son as a keeper of camels, but to allow him to take rank among the warriors of the tribe.

ANTAR AND ABLA'S MOTHER.

Antar was now become celebrated for his verses as well as for his remarkable strength and courage; and, as may be readily supposed, he was making considerable progress in winning the affection of his beloved Abla. But in the eyes of the maiden's father, Malik, he was far from being a desirable match; and even her mother ridiculed Antar's amorous poetry and his love for her daughter. One day she sneeringly asked him to recite some of his verses about Abla, and he thus complied:—

I love thee with the love of a noble-born hero; and I am content with thy imaginary phantom.

Thou art my sovereign in my very blood, and my mistress; and in thee is all my confidence.

O Ablā, my description cannot portray thee, for thou comprehendest every perfection.

Were I to say thy face is like the full moon of heaven — where in that full moon is the eye of the antelope?

Were I to say thy shape is like the branch of the erak tree: oh, thou shamest it in the grace of thy form.

In thy forehead is my guide to truth; and in the night of thy tresses I wander astray.

Thy teeth resemble stringed jewels; but how can I liken them to lifeless pearls?

Thy bosom is created as an enchantment; oh, may God protect it ever in that perfection!

To be connected with thee is to be connected with every joy; but separated from all my world is the bond of thy connection.

Under thy veil is the rosebud of my life, and thine eyes are guarded with a multitude of arrows; round thy tent is a lion-warrior, the sword's edge, and the spear's point.

Oh, thy face is like the full moon of heaven, allied to light, but far from my hopes!

These eloquent verses so far mollified Ablā's mother that she proposed marrying Antar to her daughter's maid, Khe-misa.

"No!" said Antar, boldly. "I shall marry only a free-born woman; and no one shall I marry but her whom my soul adores!"

"May God accomplish thy wishes," whispered Ablā; "and may he grant thee the woman thou lovest, and may thou live in peace and happiness!"

MARRIAGE OF ANTAR AND ABLA.

Many more wonderful exploits were performed by Antar in opposing the enemies of Abs, — many illustrious warriors fell beneath the stroke of his irresistible sword, Dhami, before he attained the chief desire of his heart. At length King Cais, grateful for his services, resolved that Antar should be married to his darling Ablā without further delay, and his uncle Malik freely gave his consent. And never was there such another

glorious wedding! From the most distant lands came famous knights to honor the nuptials of the renowned son of Shedad and the beautiful daughter of Malik; and rich and rare were the presents they brought with them. Each of these illustrious chiefs addressed verses to Antar, in praise of his prowess and congratulating him on his marriage. "It was now the season of spring, and the land was enameled with the luster of newborn flowers." For several days the horsemen jostled with each other with blunted spears. And then came the wedding night.

"Now there was a curious custom current among the Arabs at that period. The night on which a bridegroom should wed his wife, they brought a quantity of camel pack-saddles and heaped them one upon the other, decorating them with magnificent garments. Here they conducted the bride, and, having seated her on high, they said to the bridegroom, 'Come on — now for thy bride!' And the bridegroom rushed forward to carry her off, whilst the youths of the tribe, drawn up in line, right and left, with staves and stones in their hands, as soon as the bridegroom dashed forward, began beating and pelting him, and doing their utmost to prevent his reaching his bride. If a rib or so were broken in the affair, it was well for him; were he killed, it was his destiny. But should he reach his bride in safety, the people quitted him, and no one attempted to approach him."

This singular custom was, however, waived in the case of Antar, by order of the king, who feared lest some enemy of the hero might do him a mortal injury in the *mêlée*.

"And now, when the Arabs assembled for Antar's marriage had eaten their dinner, the cups of wine were brought round to them. The men and the women were promiscuously moving together; the girls came forth, and the slave-women were amusing themselves, enjoying the happy moments. 'Hola!' cried the matrons and the virgins, 'we will not remain covered on Antar's marriage.' They threw aside their veils, and the full moons appeared in all their luster; and they flaunted the branches of their forms in the excess of their delight; and it was a famous day for them. 'By the faith of an Arab,' said the matrons and virgins, 'we will not remain thus concealed behind these curtains — the doors shall not be shut upon us; we will see Alba in her magnificence, and we will walk in her train, and make our offerings to her and Antar, and we will not keep

a dirhem or a dinar to ourselves ; for a happier night than this can never be, and no one but a mad man would miss it.'

"When the women of Carad heard this, they were alarmed for the scandal and censure that would thus be occasioned : so they resolved to finish Abla's ceremony. They clothed her in most magnificent robes and superb necklaces ; they placed the coronet of Chosroe on her head, and tiaras round her forehead : Abla was remarkable for her beauty and loveliness : the tirewomen surrounded her, and they requested Antar to let her come forth in state. He gave them permission, whilst his brothers and slaves stood round the pavilion with their swords, and javelins, and weapons. He ordered them to place a lofty throne for Abla in front of the pavilion. They executed his commands : they lighted brilliant and scented candles before her, and spread afar the odor of aloes and camphor, and scattered the perfumes of ambergris and musk ; the lights were fixed in candlesticks of gold and silver — the torches blazed — and whilst the women shouted and raised their voices to whistles and screams, Abla came forth in state. In her hand she bore a drawn sword, whose luster dazzled the eyesight. All present gave a shout ; whilst the malicious and ill-natured cried, 'What a pity that one so beautiful and fair should be wedded to one so black !'"

Thus, after all his trials and perils, the renowned son of Shedad was duly married to his darling Abla, and thus he expressed his satisfaction at the consummation of his wishes : —

My heart is at rest : it is recovered from its intoxication. Sleep has calmed my eyelids, and relieved them.

Fortune has aided me, and my prosperity cleaves the veil of night, and the seven orders of heaven.

Translated by E. J. W. Gibb, from French translation by Caussin de Perceval.

DEATH OF ANTAR.

In the course of his exploits as chief of his tribe, Antar had conquered a horseman called Jezar, who was a famous archer ; and, to punish his aggressions upon his people, he had blinded him by causing a red-hot saber to be passed before his eyes ; then he granted him life, liberty, and even the supreme rank in his own tribe.

I.

From that time Jezar, son of Jaber, meditated in silence on vengeance. Although his eyes were deprived of sight, he had in no way lost his skill in archery. His ear, practiced in following the movements of wild animals by the sound of their steps, was sufficient to guide his hand: never did the arrow miss the mark. His hatred, always alert, listened eagerly for the news which fame spread about his enemy. He learned that Antar, after a distant and fortunate expedition against the frontiers of Persia, was returned to Yemen, laden with as much glory and booty as he had formerly brought from the court of Chosroe, and that he is about to pass into the desert adjoining his encampment. At this story Jezar weeps for envy and rage. He calls Nejim, his faithful slave:—

“Ten years are passed,” says he to him, “since a burning iron destroyed, by Antar’s order, the light of my eyes, and I am not yet revenged! But at last the moment has come when to quench in his blood the fire which burns in my heart. Antar is encamped, they say, on the banks of the Euphrates. Thither I wish to go to seek him. I shall live hidden in the reeds of the river till Heaven delivers his life into my hands.”

Jezar orders his slave to bring him his she-camel, which rivals the ostrich in the race: he arms himself with his quiver of poisoned arrows. Nejim makes the camel kneel, helps his master to mount upon her back, and takes the end of the halter of the animal, to direct her steps towards the distant bed of the Euphrates. The blind warrior fills the desert with his wailings and his threats.

After a long day’s march through a waterless space, Jezar and his slave reach the banks of the Euphrates, whose course is marked by the verdure of the trees and the herbs along its bed.

“What seest thou on the other bank?” asked Jezar of his slave.

Nejim casts a glance to the other bank. He sees tents richly adorned; numerous flocks; camels wandering in groups on the plain; spears planted in the ground at the doors of the tents; harnessed horses, fastened by their feet, before the dwellings of their masters. A tent more splendid than the rest is erected at a little distance from the river. Before the door arises, like a mast, a long spear of steel, beside which

is a horse blacker than ebony. Nejim recognizes the noble courser of Antar, the famous Abjer, and his terrible spear. He halts his master's camel behind the shrubs and reeds which conceal them from all eyes ; and they await the hour of darkness.

II.

When night had covered with its shadows the two banks of the Euphrates, —

“ Let us quit this place,” says the blind Jezar to his slave ; “ the voices which I hear from the other side seem to me too far off for the range of my arrows. Bring me nearer the edge : my heart tells me that a glorious stroke is about to immortalize my name and my revenge ! ”

Nejim takes the blind man by the hand ; brings him close to the water ; makes him sit upon the bank opposite the tent of Antar, and gives him his bow and quiver. Jezar chooses the keenest of his arrows, places it upon the string, and with listening ear awaits the hour of vengeance.

Meanwhile Antar, in the arms of Abla, his beloved wife, for whom ten years of possession have in no wise diminished his love, was forgetting within his tent his fatigue and exploits, when the dismal howling of the dogs—faithful guardians of the camp—cast a prophetic unquiet into his soul.

He rises and goes out of his tent. The sky is dark and cloudy. He wanders, feeling his way in the darkness. The louder voices of the dogs attract him to the river. Impelled by his fate, he goes forward, right up to the bed of the water ; and, suspecting the presence of some enemy on the opposite bank, he calls to his brother in a loud voice to search the other side.

Scarcely does his resounding voice echo in the hollow bed of the valley of the Euphrates, reverberating in the rocks and mountains, when an arrow pierces his right side, and penetrates to his entrails. No cry—no groan unworthy of a hero—escapes him through his pain. He withdraws the iron with a firm hand.

“ Traitor, who has not dared to attack me in the light of day ! ” cried he in a loud voice to his invisible enemy — “ thou shalt not escape my vengeance ! Thou shalt not enjoy the fruit of thy perfidy ! ”

MOHAMMED'S WRITINGS.

TRANSLATED BY STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

[MOHAMMED WAS BORN A.D. 570 or 571; announced himself as a prophet when about forty; fled from Mecca to Medina (the *Hegira* or Flight) to escape being slain by his enemies, in 622, from which the Moslem date their calendar; entered Mecca in triumph, 630; died June 7, 632, after conquering Arabia and preparing to invade Syria.]

THE CHARGERS.

(From the Koran.)

In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

By the CHARGERS that pant,
And the hoofs that strike fire,
And the scourers at dawn,
Who stir up the dust with it,
And cleave through a host with it!

Verily Man is thankless towards his Lord,
And verily he is witness thereof,
And verily in his love of weal he is grasping.
Doth he not know? — when what is in the tombs shall
 be laid open,
And what is in men's breasts shall be laid bare;
Verily on that day their Lord shall know them well!

SUPPORT.

(From the Koran.)

In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

What thinkest thou of him who calleth the Day of
 Judgment a lie?
He it is who driveth away the orphan,
And is not urgent for the feeding of the poor.
Woe then to those who pray,
Those who are careless in their prayers,
Who make a pretense,
But withhold support.

THE KINGDOM.

(From the Koran.)

In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

Blessed be He in whose hand is the KINGDOM: and He is powerful over all;

Who created death and life to prove you which of you is best in actions, and He is the Mighty, the Very Forgiving;

Who hath created seven heavens in stages: thou seest no fault in the creation of the Merciful; but lift up thine eyes again; dost thou see any cracks?

Then lift up the eyes again twice; thy sight will recoil to thee dazzled and dim.

Moreover, we have decked the lower heaven with lamps, and have made them for pelting the devils, and we have prepared for them the torment of the flame.

And for those who disbelieve in their Lord, the torment of Hell: and evil the journey to it!

When they shall be cast into it, they shall hark to its braying as it boileth;—

It shall well-nigh burst with fury! Every time a troop is thrown into it, its keepers shall ask them, "Did not a warner come to you?"

They shall say, "Yea! a warner came to us; but we took him for a liar, and said, 'God hath not sent down anything. Verily, ye are only in great error.'"

And they shall say, "Had we but hearkened or understood, we had not been among the people of the flame!"

And they will confess their sins: so a curse on the people of the flame!

Verily they who fear their Lord in secret, for them is forgiveness—a great reward.

And whether ye hide your speech, or say it aloud, verily He knoweth well the secrets of the breast!

What! shall He not know, who created? and He is the subtle, the well-aware!

It is He who hath made the earth smooth for you: so walk on its sides, and eat of what He hath provided—and unto Him shall be the resurrection.

Are ye sure that He who is in the Heaven will not make the earth sink with you? and behold, it shall quake!

Or are ye sure that He who is in the Heaven will not send against you a sand storm,—so shall ye know about the warning!

- And assuredly those who were before them called it a lie, and how was it with their denial ?
- Or do they not look up at the birds over their heads, flapping their wings ? None supporteth them but the Merciful: verily He seeth all.
- Who is it that will be a host for you, to defend you, if not the Merciful ? verily the unbelievers are in naught but delusion !
- Who is it that will provide for you, if He withhold His provision ?
- Nay, they persist in pride and running away !
- Is he, then, who goeth groveling on his face better guided than he who goeth upright on a straight path ?
- Say: it is He who produced you and made you hearing and sight and heart — little are ye thankful !
- Say: it is He who sowed you in the earth, and to Him shall ye be gathered.
- But they say, "When shall this threat be, if ye are speakers of truth ?"
- Say: the knowledge thereof is with God alone, and I am naught but a plain warner.
- But when they shall see it nigh, the countenance of those who disbelieved shall be evil, — and it shall be said, "This is what ye called for."
- Say: Have ye considered — whether God destroy me and those with me, or whether we win mercy — still who will save the unbelievers from aching torment ?
- Say: He is the Merciful: we believe in Him, and in Him we put our trust — and ye shall soon know which it is that is in manifest error !
- Say: Have ye considered if your waters should sink away to-morrow, who will bring you running water ?

THE MOON.

(From the Koran.)

In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

- The Hour approacheth and the moon is cleft asunder.
 But if they see a sign they turn aside, and say "Useless magic!"
 And they call it a lie, and follow their own lusts: — but everything is ordained.
 Yet there came to them messages of forbiddance —
 Wisdom supreme — but warners serve not!
 Then turn from them: the Day when the Summoner shall summon
 to a matter of trouble,

With eyes cast down shall they come forth from their graves, as if
 they were scattered locusts,
 Hurrying headlong to the summoner: the unbelievers shall say,
 "This is a hard day!"

The people of Noah, before them, called it a lie, and they called our
 servant a liar, and said, "Mad!" and he was rejected.
 Then he besought his Lord, "Verily I am overpowered: defend me."
 So we opened the gates of heaven with water pouring forth,
 And we made the earth break out in springs, and the waters met by
 an order foreordained;
 And we carried him on a vessel of planks and nails,
 Which sailed on beneath our eyes;—a reward for him who had been
 disbelieved.
 And we left it as a sign; but doth any one mind?
And what was my torment and warning?
And we have made the Korān easy for reminding; but doth any one
mind?

Ad called it a lie; *but what was my torment and warning?*
 Lo, we sent against them a biting wind on a day of settled ill luck.
 It tore men away as though they were trunks of palm trees torn up.
But what was my torment and warning?
And we have made the Korān easy for reminding; but doth any one
mind?

Thamūd called the warning a lie:
 And they said "A single mortal from among ourselves shall we follow?
 verily then we should be in error and madness.
 Is the reminding committed to him alone among us? Nay, he is an
 insolent liar."
 They shall know to-morrow about the insolent liar!
 Lo! we will send the she-camel to prove them: so mark them well,
 and be patient.
 And predict to them that the water shall be divided between them-
 selves and her, every draught taken in turn.
 But they called their companion, and he took and hamstrung her—
And what was my torment and warning?
 Lo! we sent against them one shout; and they became like the dry
 sticks of the hurdle maker.
And we have made the Korān easy for reminding; but doth any one
mind?

The people of Lot called the warning a lie;—
 Lo! we sent a sand storm against them, except the family of Lot,
 whom we delivered at daybreak
 As a favor from us; thus do we reward the thankful.

And he had warned them of our attack, but they misdoubted the warning ;

And they sought his guests, so we put out their eyes.

“ So taste ye my torment and warning ! ”

And in the morning there overtook them a punishment abiding.

“ So taste my torment and warning. ”

And we have made the Korān easy for reminding ; but doth any one mind ?

And there came a warning to the people of Pharaoh :

They called our signs all a lie : so we gripped them with a grip of omnipotent might.

Are your unbelievers better men than those ? Is there immunity for you in the Books ?

Do they say, “ We are a company able to defend itself ? ”

They shall all be routed, and turn their backs.

Nay, but the Hour is their threatened time, and the Hour shall be most grievous and bitter.

Verily the sinners are in error and madness !

One day they shall be dragged into the fire on their faces : *“ Taste ye the touch of Hell. ”*

Verily all things have we created by a degree,

And our command is but one moment, like the twinkling of an eye.

And we have destroyed the like of you : — *but doth any one mind ?*

And everything that they do is in the Books ;

Everything, little and great, is written down.

Verily the pious shall be amid gardens and rivers,

In the seat of truth, before the King Omnipotent.

IRON.

(From the Koran.)

In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

All that is in the heavens and the earth magnifieth God, and He is the Mighty, the Wise.

His is the kingdom of the heavens and the earth, He giveth life and giveth death, and He is powerful over all things.

He is the first and the last, the seen and the unseen, and all things doth He know.

It is He who created the heavens and the earth in six days, then ascended the Throne ; He knoweth what goeth into the earth

and what cometh out of it, and what cometh down from the sky and what riseth up into it; and He is with you, wherever ye be; and God seeth what ye do.

His is the kingdom of the heavens and the earth, and to God shall all things return.

He maketh the night to follow the day, and He maketh the day to follow the night, and He knoweth the secrets of the breast.

Believe in God and His Apostle, and give alms of what He hath made you to inherit; for to those of you who believe and give alms shall be a great reward.

What aileth you that ye do not believe in God and His Apostle who calleth you to believe in your Lord? He hath already accepted your covenant if ye believe.

It is He who hath sent down to His servant manifest signs to lead you from darkness into light: for God is indeed kind and merciful towards you.

And what aileth you that ye give not alms in the path of God, when God's is the heritage of the heavens and the earth? Those of you who give before the victory, and fight, shall not be deemed equal,—they are of nobler degree than those who give afterwards and fight. Yet to all hath God promised the beautiful reward; and God knoweth what ye do.

Who is he who will lend God a good loan?—He will double it for him, and his shall be a noble recompense.

The day ye shall see the faithful, men and women, their light running in front and on their right hand—"Glad tidings for you this day!—gardens whereunder rivers flow, to abide therein forever:" that is the great prize!

The day when the hypocrites, men and women, will say to those who believe, "Stay for us, that we may kindle our light from yours." It shall be said, "Go back and find a light." And there shall be set up between them a wall, with a gate in it; and inside, within it, shall be Mercy, and outside, in front of it, Torment! They shall cry out, "Were we not with you?" The others shall say, "Yea! but ye fell into temptation, and waited, and doubted, and your desires deceived you, till the behest of God came,—and the arch tempter beguiled you from God."

And on that day no ransom shall be accepted from you, nor from those who disbelieved—your goal is the Fire, which is your master; and evil is the journey thereto.

Hath not the Hour come to those who believe, to humble their hearts to the warning of God and the truth which He hath sent down? and that they may not be like those who received the

- Scripture aforetime, whose lives were prolonged, but their hearts were hardened, and many of them were disobedient.
- Know that God quickeneth the earth after its death: now have we made clear to you the signs, — haply ye have wits!
- Verily the charitable, both men and women, and they who lend God a good loan, it shall be doubled to them, and theirs shall be a noble recompense.
- And they who believe in God and His Apostle, these are the truth-tellers and the witnesses before their Lord: they have their reward and their light. And they who disbelieve and deny our signs — these are the inmates of Hell!
- Know that the life of this world is but a game and pastime and show and boast among you; and multiplying riches and children is like rain, whose vegetation delighteth the infidels — then they wither away, and thou seest them all yellow, and they become chaff. And in the life to come is grievous torment,
- Or else forgiveness from God and His approval: but the life of this world is naught but a delusive joy.
- Strive together for forgiveness from your Lord and Paradise, whose width is as the width of heaven and earth, prepared for those who believe in God and in His Apostle. That is the grace of God! who giveth it to whom He pleaseth; and God is the fount of boundless grace.
- There happeneth no misfortune on the earth or to yourselves, but it is written in the Book before we created it: verily that is easy to God! —
- That ye may not grieve over what is beyond you, nor exult over what cometh to you; for God loveth not any presumptuous boasters,
- Who are covetous and commend covetousness to men. But whoso turneth away, — verily God is Rich and worthy to be praised.
- We sent Our Apostles with manifestations, and We sent down by them the Book and the Balance, that men might stand upright in equity, and We sent down Iron, wherein is great strength and uses for men, — and that God might know who would help Him and His Apostles in secret: verily God is strong and mighty.
- And we sent Noah and Abraham, and we gave their seed prophecy in the Scripture: and some of them are guided, but many are disobedient.
- Then we sent our apostles in their footsteps, and we sent Jesus the Son of Mary, and gave him the Gospel, and put in the hearts of those that follow him kindness and pitifulness; but monkery, they invented it themselves! We prescribed it not to them — save only to seek the approval of God. but they did not observe

this with due observance. Yet we gave their reward to those of them that believed, but many of them were transgressors.

O ye who believe, fear God and believe in His Apostle; He will give you a double portion of His mercy, and will set you a light to walk by, and will forgive you: for God is forgiving and merciful:—

That the People of the Scripture may know that they have not power over aught of God's grace; and that grace is in the hands of God alone, who giveth to whom He pleaseth: and God is the fount of boundless grace.

MOHAMMED'S LAST SPEECH.

Ye people, hearken to my words: for I know not whether after this year I shall ever be amongst you here again.

Your lives and your property are sacred and inviolable amongst one another until the end of time.

The Lord hath ordained to every man the share of his inheritance; a testament is not lawful to the prejudice of heirs.

The child belongeth to the parent, and the violater of wedlock shall be stoned.

Ye people, ye have rights demandable of your wives, and they have rights demandable of you. Treat your women well.

And your slaves, see that ye feed them with such food as ye eat yourselves, and clothe them with the stuff ye wear. And if they commit a fault which ye are not willing to forgive, then sell them, for they are the servants of the Lord and are not to be tormented.

Ye people! hearken unto my speech and comprehend it. Know that every Muslim is the brother of every other Muslim. All of you are on the same equality: ye are one brotherhood.

FROM THE TABLE TALK OF MOHAMMED.

God saith: Whoso doth one good act, for him are ten rewards, and I also give more to whomsoever I will; and whoso doth ill, its retaliation is equal to it, or else I forgive him; and he who seeketh to approach me one cubit, I will seek to approach him two fathoms; and he who walketh towards me, I will run towards him; and he who cometh before me with the earth full of sins, but joineth no Partner to me, I will come before him with an equal front of forgiveness.

There are seven people whom God will draw under His own shadow, on that Day when there will be no other shadow : one a just king ; another, who hath employed himself in devotion from his youth ; the third, who fixeth his heart on the Mosque till he return to it ; the fourth, two men whose friendship is to please God, whether together or separate ; the fifth, a man who remembereth God when he is alone, and weepeth ; the sixth, a man who is tempted by a rich and beautiful woman, and saith, Verily I fear God ! the seventh, a man who hath given alms and concealed it, so that his left hand knoweth not what his right hand doeth.

The most excellent of all actions is to befriend any one on God's account, and to be at enmity with whosoever is the enemy of God.

Verily ye are in an age in which if ye abandon one tenth of what is ordered, ye will be ruined. After this a time will come when he who shall observe one tenth of what is now ordered will be redeemed.

Of Charity.

When God created the earth, it began to shake and tremble ; then God created mountains, and put them upon the earth, and the land became firm and fixed ; and the angels were astonished at the hardness of the hills, and said, " O God, is there anything of thy creation harder than hills ? " and God said, " Yes, water is harder than the hills, because it breaketh them. " Then the angel said, " O Lord, is there anything of thy creation harder than water ? " He said, " Yes, wind overcometh water : it doth agitate it and put it in motion. " They said, " O our Lord ! is there anything of thy creation harder than wind ? " He said, " Yes, the children of Adam giving alms : those who give with their right hand, and conceal from their left, overcome all. "

A man's giving in alms one piece of silver in his lifetime is better for him than giving one hundred when about to die.

Think not that any good act is contemptible, though it be but your brother's coming to you with an open countenance and good humor.

There is alms for a man's every joint, every day in which the sun riseth ; doing justice between two people is alms ; and assisting a man upon his beast, and his baggage, is alms ; and pure words, for which are rewards ; and answering a questioner with mildness is alms, and every step which is made toward prayer is alms, and removing that which is an inconvenience to man, such as stones and thorns, is alms.

The people of the Prophet's house killed a goat, and the Prophet said, "What remaineth of it?" They said, "Nothing but the shoulder ; for they have sent the whole to the poor and neighbors, except a shoulder which remaineth." The Prophet said, "Nay, it is the whole goat that remaineth except its shoulder : that remaineth which they have given away, the rewards of which will be eternal, and what remaineth in the house is fleeting."

Feed the hungry, visit the sick, and free the captive if he be unjustly bound.

Of Fasting.

A keeper of fasts, who doth not abandon lying and slandering, God careth not about his leaving off eating and drinking.

Keep fast and eat also, stay awake at night and sleep also, because verily there is a duty on you to your body, not to labor overmuch, so that ye may not get ill and destroy yourselves ; and verily there is a duty on you to your eyes, ye must sometimes sleep and give them rest ; and verily there is a duty on you to your wife, and to your visitors and guests that come to see you ; ye must talk to them ; and nobody hath kept fast who fasted always ; the fast of three days in every month is equal to constant fasting : then keep three days' fast in every month.

Of Labor and Profit.

Verily the best things which ye eat are those which ye earn yourselves or which your children earn.

Verily it is better for one of you to take a rope and bring a bundle of wood upon his back and sell it, in which case God guardeth his honor, than to beg of people, whether they give him or not ; if they do not give him, his reputation suffereth

and he returneth disappointed ; and if they give him, it is worse than that, for it layeth him under obligations.

The Prophet hath cursed ten persons on account of wine : one, the first extractor of the juice of the grape for others ; the second for himself ; the third the drinker of it ; the fourth the bearer of it ; the fifth the person to whom it is brought ; the sixth the waiter ; the seventh the seller of it ; the eighth the eater of its price ; the ninth the buyer of it ; the tenth that person who hath purchased it for another.

Merchants shall be raised up liars on the Day of Resurrection, except he who abstaineth from that which is unlawful, and doth not swear falsely, but speaketh true in the price of his goods.

The holder of a monopoly is a sinner and offender.

He who desireth that God should redeem him from the sorrows and difficulties of the Day of Resurrection, must delay in calling on poor debtors, or forgive the debt in part or whole.

A martyr shall be pardoned every fault but debt.

Whosoever has a thing with which to discharge a debt, and refuseth to do it, it is right to dishonor and punish him.

A bier was brought to the Prophet, to say prayers over it. He said, "Hath he left any debts?" They said, "Yes." He said, "Hath he left anything to discharge them?" They said, "No." The Prophet said, "Say ye prayers over him, I shall not."

Give the laborer his wage before his perspiration be dry.

Of Fighting for the Faith.

We came out with the Prophet, with a part of the army, and a man passed by a cavern in which was water and verdure, and he said in his heart, "I shall stay here, and retire from the world." Then he asked the Prophet's permission to live in the cavern ; but he said, "Verily I have not been sent on the Jewish religion, nor the Christian, to quit the delights of society ; but I have been sent on the religion inclining to truth, and that which is easy, wherein is no difficulty or austerity. I swear by God, in whose hand is my life, that marching about morning and evening to fight for religion is better than the world and

everything that is in it : and verily the standing of one of you in the line of battle is better than supererogatory prayers performed in your house for sixty years."

Of Judgments.

No judge must decide between two persons whilst he is angry.

Verily there will come on a just judge at the Day of Resurrection such fear and horror, that he will wish, Would to God that I had not decided between two persons in a trial for a single date.

Of Women and Slaves.

The world and all things in it are valuable, but the most valuable thing in the world is a virtuous woman.

I have not left any calamity more hurtful to man than woman.

Admonish your wives with kindness ; for women were created out of a crooked rib of Adam, therefore if ye wish to straighten it, ye will break it ; and if ye let it alone, it will be always crooked.

Every woman who dieth, and her husband is pleased with her, shall enter into paradise.

That which is lawful but disliked by God is divorce.

A woman may be married by four qualifications : one, on account of her money ; another, on account of the nobility of her pedigree ; another, on account of her beauty ; a fourth, on account of her faith ; therefore look out for religious women, but if ye do it from any other consideration, may your hands be rubbed in dirt.

Do not prevent your women from coming to the mosque ; but their homes are better for them.

When ye return from a journey and enter your town at night, go not to your houses, so that your wives may have time to comb their disheveled hair.

God has ordained that your brothers should be your slaves : therefore him whom God hath ordained to be the slave of his brother, his brother must give him of the food

which he eateth himself, and of the clothes wherewith he clotheth himself, and not order him to do anything beyond his power, and if he doth order such a work, he must himself assist him in doing it.

He who beateth his slave without fault, or slappeth him in the face, his atonement for this is freeing him.

A man who behaveth ill to his slave will not enter into paradise.

Forgive thy servant seventy times a day.

Of Dumb Animals.

Fear God in respect of animals : ride them when they are fit to be ridden, and get off when they are tired.

A man came before the Prophet with a carpet, and said, "O Prophet ! I passed through a wood, and heard the voices of the young of birds ; and I took and put them into my carpet ; and their mother came fluttering round my head, and I uncovered the young, and the mother fell down upon them, then I wrapped them up in my carpet ; and there are the young which I have." Then the Prophet said, "Put them down." And when he did so, their mother joined them : and the Prophet said, "Do you wonder at the affection of the mother towards her young ? I swear by Him who hath sent me, verily God is more loving to His servants than the mother to these young birds. Return them to the place from which ye took them, and let their mother be with them."

Verily there are rewards for our doing good to dumb animals, and giving them water to drink. An aduress was forgiven who passed by a dog at a well ; for the dog was holding out his tongue from thirst, which was near killing him ; and the woman took off her boot, and tied it to the end of her garment, and drew water for the dog, and gave him to drink ; and she was forgiven for that act.

Of Government.

If a negro slave is appointed to rule over you, hear him, and obey him, though his head should be like a dried grape.

There is no obedience due to sinful commands, nor to any other than what is lawful.

The One Guide.

A man asked the Prophet what was the mark whereby a man might know the reality of his faith. He said, "If thou derive pleasure from the good which thou hast done, and be grieved for the evil which thou hast committed, thou art a true believer." The man said, "What doth a fault really consist in?" He said, "When anything pricketh thy conscience, forsake it."

Of Vanities and Sundry Matters.

A bell is the Devil's musical instrument.

The angels do not enter a house in which is a dog, nor that in which there are pictures.

Every painter is in Hell Fire; and God will appoint a person at the Day of Resurrection for every picture he shall have drawn, to punish him, and they will punish him in Hell. Then if you must make pictures, make them of trees and things without souls.

Whosoever shall tell a dream, not having dreamt, shall be put to the trouble at the Day of Resurrection of joining two barleycorns; and he can by no means do it; and he will be punished. And whosoever listeneth to others' conversation, who dislike to be heard by him, and avoid him, boiling lead will be poured into his ears at the Day of Resurrection. And whosoever draweth a picture shall be punished by ordering him to breathe a spirit into it, and this he can never do, and so he will be punished as long as God wills.

Of Death.

Wish not for death any one of you; either a doer of good works, for peradventure he may increase them by an increase of life; or an offender, for perhaps he may obtain the forgiveness of God by repentance.

Do not abuse or speak ill of the dead, because they have arrived at what they sent before them; they have received the rewards of their actions; if the reward is good, you must not mention them as sinful; and if it is bad, perhaps they may be forgiven, but if not, your mentioning their badness is of no use.

THE MOSLEM IN EGYPT.

By GEORG EBERS.

[GEORG MORITZ EBERS : German Egyptologist and novelist ; born at Berlin, March 1, 1837. He was educated at Göttingen and Berlin, and lectured for a while at Jena. In 1870 he became professor of Egyptian archæology at Leipsic, resigning in 1889 on account of ill health. Besides several important works on Egyptology, he has published a series of historical novels treating of ancient Egyptian life, which have enjoyed extraordinary popularity not only in Germany, but in other countries. The best known are : "An Egyptian Princess," "Uarda," "Homo Sum," "The Sisters," "Serapis," "The Bride of the Nile," and "Cleopatra." Also popular are : "In the Fire of the Forge," "The Burgomaster's Wife," and "Gred."]

(From "The Bride of the Nile" : a story of the Caliph Omar's time.)

IN THE course of the afternoon Orion paid his visit to the Arab governor. He crossed the bridge of boats on his finest horse.

Only two years since, the land where the new town of Fostat was now growing up under the old citadel of Babylon had been fields and gardens ; but at Amrû's word it had started into being as by a miracle ; house after house already lined the streets, the docks were full of ships and barges, the market was alive with dealers, and on a spot where, during the siege of the fortress, a sutler's booth had stood, a long colonnade marked out the site of a new mosque.

There was little to be seen here now of native Egyptian life ; it looked as though some magician had transported a part of Medina itself to the shores of the Nile. Men and beasts, dwellings and shops, though they had adopted much of what they had found in this ancient land of culture, still bore the stamp of their origin ; and wherever Orion's eye fell on one of his fellow-countrymen, he was a laborer or a scribe in the service of the conquerors who had so quickly made themselves at home.

Before his departure for Constantinople one of his father's palm groves had occupied the spot where Amrû's residence now stood opposite the half-finished mosque. Where, now, thousands of Moslems, some on foot, some on richly caparisoned steeds, were passing to and fro, turbaned and robed after the manner of their tribe, with such adornment as they had stolen or adopted from intercourse with splendor-loving nations, and where long

trains of camels dragged quarried stones to the building, in former times only an occasional oxcart with creaking wheels was to be seen, an Egyptian riding an ass or a barebacked nag, and now and then a few insolent Greek soldiers. On all sides he heard the sharper and more emphatic accent of the sons of the desert instead of the language of his forefathers and their Greek conquerors. Without the aid of the servant who rode at his side he could not have made himself understood on the soil of his native land.

He soon reached Amrû's house and was there informed by an Egyptian secretary that his master was gone out hunting and would receive him, not in the town, but at the citadel. There, on a pleasant site on the limestone hills which rose behind the fortress of Babylon and the newly founded city, stood some fine buildings, originally planned as a residence for the Prefect; and thither Amrû had transported his wives, children, and favorite horses, preferring it, with very good reason, to the palace in the town, where he transacted business, and where the new mosque intercepted the view of the Nile, while this eminence commanded a wide prospect.

The sun was near setting when Orion reached the spot, but the general had not yet come in from the chase, and the gate-keeper requested that he would wait.

Orion was accustomed to be treated in his own country as the heir of the greatest man in it; the color mounted to his brow and his Egyptian heart revolted at having to bend his pride and swallow his wrath before an Arab. He was one of the subject race, and the thought that one word from his lips would suffice to secure his reception in the ranks of the rulers forced itself suddenly on his mind; but he repressed it with all his might, and silently allowed himself to be conducted to a terrace screened by a vine-covered trellis from the heat of the sun.

He sat down on one of the marble seats by the parapet of this hanging garden and looked westward. He knew the scene well, it was the playground of his childhood and youth; hundreds of times the picture had spread before him, and yet it affected him to-day as it had never done before. Was there on earth — he asked himself — a more fertile and luxuriant land? Had not even the Greek poets sung of the Nile as the most venerable of rivers? Had not great Cæsar himself been so fascinated by the idea of discovering its source that to that end — so he had declared — he would have thought the dominion of the

world well lost? On the produce of those wide fields the weal and woe of the mightiest cities of the earth had been dependent for centuries; nay, imperial Rome and sovereign Constantinople had quaked with fears of famine, when a bad harvest here had disappointed the hopes of the husbandman.

And was there anywhere a more industrious nation of laborers, had there ever been, before them, a thriftier or a more skillful race? When he looked back on the fate and deeds of nations, on the remotest horizon where the thread of history was scarcely perceptible, that same gigantic Sphinx was there — the first and earliest monument of human joy in creative art — those Pyramids which still proudly stood in undiminished and inaccessible majesty beyond the Nile, beyond the ruined capital of his forefathers, at the foot of the Libyan range. He was the son of the men who had raised these imperishable works, and in his veins perchance there still might flow a drop of the blood of those Pharaohs who had sought eternal rest in these vast tombs, and whose greater progeny had overrun half the world with their armies, and had exacted tribute and submission. He, who had often felt flattered at being praised for the purity of his Greek — pure not merely for his time: an age of bastard tongues — and for the engaging Hellenism of his person, here and now had an impulse of pride of his Egyptian origin. He drew a deep breath, as he gazed at the sinking sun; it seemed to lend intentional significance to the rich beauty of his home as its magical glory transmuted the fields, the stream, and the palm groves, the roofs of the city, and even the barren desert range and the Pyramids to burning gold. It was fast going to rest behind the Libyan chain. The bare, colorless limestone sparkled like translucent crystal; the glowing sphere looked as though it were melting into the very heart of the mountains behind which it was vanishing, while its rays, shooting upwards like millions of gold threads, bound his native valley to heaven — the dwelling of the Divine Power who had blessed it above all other lands.

To free this beautiful spot of earth and its children from their oppressors — to restore to them the might and greatness which had once been theirs — to snatch down the crescent from the tents and buildings which lay below him and plant the cross which from his infancy he had held sacred — to lead enthusiastic troops of Egyptians against the Moslems — to quell their arrogance and drive them back to the East like Sesostriis, the

hero of history and legend — this was a task worthy of the grandson of Menas, of the son of George the great and just Mukaukas [governor].

Paula would not oppose such an enterprise ; his excited imagination pictured her indeed as a second Zenobia by his side, ready for any great achievement, fit to aid him and to rule.

Fully possessed by this dream of the future, he had long ceased to gaze at the glories of the sunset and was sitting with eyes fixed on the ground. Suddenly his soaring visions were interrupted by men's voices coming up from the street just below the terrace. He looked over and perceived at its foot about a score of Egyptian laborers ; free men, with no degrading tokens of slavery, making their way along, evidently against their will and yet in sullen obedience, with no thought of resistance or evasion, though only a single Arab held them under control.

The sight fell on his excited mood like rain on a smoldering fire, like hail on sprouting seed. His eye, which a moment ago had sparkled with enthusiasm, looked down with contempt and disappointment on the miserable creatures of whose race he came. A line of bitter scorn curled his lip, for this troop of voluntary slaves were beneath his anger — all the more so as he more vividly pictured to himself what his people had once been and what they were now. He did not think of all this precisely, but as dusk fell, one scene after another from his own experience rose before his mind's eye — occasions on which the Egyptians had behaved ignominiously, and had proved that they were unworthy of freedom and inured to bow in servitude. Just as one Arab was now able to reduce a host of his fellow-countrymen to subjection, so formerly three Greeks had held them in bondage. He had known numberless instances of almost glad submission on the part of freeborn Egyptians — peasants, village magnates, and officials, even on his father's estates and farms. In Alexandria and Memphis the sons of the soil had willingly borne the foreign yoke, allowing themselves to be thrust into the shade and humbled by Greeks, as though they were of a baser species and origin, so long only as their religious tenets and the subtleties of their creed remained untouched. Then he had seen them rise and shed their blood, yet even then only with loud outcries and a promising display of enthusiasm. But their first defeat had been fatal and it

had required only a small number of trained soldiers to rout them.

To make any attempt against a bold and powerful invader as the leader of such a race would be madness; there was no choice but to rule his people in the service of the enemy and so exert his best energies to make their lot more endurable. His father's wiser and more experienced judgment had decided that the better course was to serve his people as mediator between them and the Arabs rather than to attempt futile resistance at the head of Byzantine troops.

"Wretched and degenerate brood!" he muttered wrathfully, and he began to consider whether he should not quit the spot and show the arrogant Arab that one Egyptian, at any rate, still had spirit enough to resent his contempt, or whether he should yet wait for the sake of the good cause, and swallow down his indignation. No! he, the son of the Mukaukas, could not—ought not to brook such treatment. Rather would he lose his life as a rebel, or wander an exile through the world and seek far from home a wider field for deeds of prowess, than put his free neck under the feet of the foe. . . .

But his reflections were disturbed by the sound of footsteps, and looking round he saw the gleam of lanterns moving to and fro on the terrace, turned directly on him. These must be Amrû's servants come to conduct him to their master, who, as he supposed, would now do him the honor to receive him—tired out with hunting, no doubt, and stretched on his divan while he imperiously informed his guest, as if he were some freed slave, what his wishes were.

But the steps were not those of a messenger. The great general himself had come to welcome him; the lantern-bearers were not to show the way to Amrû's couch, but to guide Amrû to the "son of his dear departed friend." The haughty Vicar of the Khaliffs was the most cordial host, prompted by hospitality to make his guest's brief stay beneath his roof as pleasant as possible, and giving him the right hand of welcome.

He apologized for his prolonged absence in very intelligible Greek, having learnt it in his youth as a caravan leader to Alexandria; he expressed his regret at having left Orion to wait so long, blamed his servants for not inviting him indoors, and for neglecting to offer him refreshment. As they crossed the garden terrace he laid his hand on the youth's shoulder, explained to him that the lion he had been pursuing, though

wounded by one of his arrows, had got away, and added that he hoped to make good his loss by the conquest of a nobler quarry than the beast of prey.

There was nothing for it but that the young man should return courtesy for courtesy ; nor did he find it difficult. The Arab's fine, pleasant voice, full of sincere cordiality, and the simple distinction and dignity of his manner, appealed to Orion, flattered him, gave him confidence, and attracted him to the older man, who was, besides, a valiant hero.

In his brightly lighted room hung with costly Persian tapestry, Amrû invited his guest to share his simple hunter's supper after the Arab fashion ; so Orion placed himself on one side of the divan while the Governor and his Vekeel Obada — a Goliath with a perfectly black Moorish face squatted rather than sat on the other, after the manner of his people.

Amrû informed his guest that the black giant knew no Greek, and he only now and then threw in a few words which the general interpreted to Orion when he thought fit ; but the negro's remarks were not more pleasing to the young Egyptian than his manner and appearance.

Obada had in his childhood been a slave and had worked his way up to his present high position by his own exertions ; his whole attention seemed centered in the food before him, which he swallowed noisily and greedily, and yet that he was able to follow the conversation very well, in spite of his ignorance of Greek, his remarks sufficiently proved. Whenever he looked up from the dishes, which were placed in the midst on low tables, to put in a word, he rolled his big eyes so that only the whites remained visible ; but when he turned them on Orion, their small, black pupils transfixed him with a keen and, as the young man thought, exceedingly sinister glare.

The presence of this man oppressed him ; he had heard of his base origin, which to Orion's lofty ideas rendered him contemptible, of his fierce valor, and remarkable shrewdness ; and though he did not understand what Obada said, more than once there was something in the man's tone that brought the blood into his face and made him set his teeth. The more kindly and delightful the effect of the Arab's speech and manner, the more irritating and repulsive was his subordinate ; and Orion was conscious that he would have expressed himself more freely, and have replied more candidly to many questions, if he had been alone with Amrû.

At first his host made inquiries as to his residence in Constantinople and asked much about his father; and he seemed to take great interest in all he heard till Obada interrupted Orion, in the midst of a sentence, with an inquiry addressed to his superior. Amrû hastily answered him in Arabic, and soon after he gave a fresh turn to the conversation.

The Vekeel had asked why Amrû allowed that Egyptian boy to chatter so much before settling the matter about which he had sent for him, and his master had replied that a man is best entertained when he has most opportunity given him for hearing himself talk; that moreover the young man was well informed, and that all he had to say was interesting and important.

The Moslems drank nothing; Orion was served with capital wine, but he took very little, and at length Amrû began to speak of his father's funeral, alluding to the Patriarch's hostility, and adding that he had talked with him that morning and had been surprised at the marked antagonism he had confessed towards his deceased fellow-believer, who seemed formerly to have been his friend. Then Orion spoke out; he explained fully what the reasons were that had moved the Patriarch to display such conspicuous and far-reaching animosity towards his father. All that Benjamin cared for was to stand clear in the eyes of Christendom of the reproach of having abandoned a Christian land to conquerors who were what Christians termed "infidels"; and his aim at present was to put his father forward as the man wholly and solely responsible for the supremacy of the Moslems in the land.

"True, true; I understand," Amrû put in, and when the young man went on to tell him that the final breach between the Patriarch and the Mukaukas George had been about the convent of St. Cecilia, whose rights the prelate had tried to abrogate by an illegal interpretation of certain ancient and perfectly clear documents, the Arab exchanged rapid glances with the Vekeel and then broke in:—

"And you? Are you disposed to submit patiently to the blow struck at you and at your parent's worthy memory by this restless old man, who hates you as he did your father before you?"

"Certainly not," replied the youth, proudly.

"That is right!" cried the general. "That is what I expected of you; but tell me now with what weapons you, a

Christian, propose to defy this shrewd and powerful man, in whose hands — as I know full well — you have placed the weal and woe, not of your souls alone . . .”

“I do not know yet,” replied Orion, and as he met a glance of scorn from the Vekeel, he looked down.

At this Amrû rose, went closer to him, and said :—

“And you will seek them in vain, my young friend ; nor if you found them could you use them. It is easier to hit a woman, an eel, a soaring bird, than these supple, weak, unarmed, robed creatures, who have love and peace on their tongues and use their physical helplessness as a defense, aiming invisible but poisoned darts at those they hate — at you first and foremost, Son of the Mukaukas ; I know it, and I advise you : Be on your guard ! If indeed manly revenge for this slight on your father’s memory is dear to your heart you can easily procure it — but only on one condition.”

“Show it me !” cried Orion with flaming eyes.

“Become one of us.”

“That is what I came here for. My brain and my arm from this day forth are at the service of the rulers of my country : yourself and our common master the Khaliff.”

“*Ya Salaam* — that is well !” cried Amrû, laying his hand on Orion’s shoulder. “There is but one God, and yours is ours too, for there is none other but he ! you will not have to sacrifice much in becoming a Moslem, for we, too, count your lord Jesus as one of the prophets : and even you must confess that the last and greatest of them is Mohammed, the true prophet of God. Every man must acknowledge our lord Mohammed, who does not willfully shut his eyes to the events which have come about under his government and in his name. Your own father admitted . . .”

“My father ?”

“He was forced to admit that we are more zealous, more earnest, more deeply possessed by our faith than you, his own fellow-believers.”

“I know it.”

“And when I told him that I had given orders that the desk for the reader of the Koran in our new mosque should be discarded, because when he stepped up to it he was uplifted above the other worshipers, the weary Mukaukas was quite agitated with satisfaction and uttered a loud cry of approbation. We Moslems — for that is what my commands implied — must all

be equal in the presence of God, the Eternal, the Almighty, the All-merciful; their leader in prayer must not be raised above them, even by a head; the teaching of the Prophet points the road to Paradise to all alike; we need no earthly guide to show us the way. It is our faith, our righteousness, our good deeds that open or close the gates of heaven; not a key in the hand of a priest. When you are one of us, no Benjamin can imbitter your happiness on earth, no Patriarch can abrogate your claims and your father's to eternal bliss. You have chosen well, boy! Your hand, my convert to the true faith!"

And he held out his hand to Orion with glad excitement. But the young man did not take it; he drew back a little and said rather uneasily:—

"Do not misunderstand me, great Captain. Here is my hand, and I can know no greater honor than that of grasping yours, of wielding my sword under your command, of wearing it out in your service and in that of my lord the Khaliff; but I cannot be untrue to my faith."

"Then be crushed by Benjamin — you and all your people!" cried Amrû, disappointed and angry. He waved his hand with a gesture of disgust and dismissal, and then turned to the Vekeel with a shrug, to answer the man's scornful exclamation.

Orion looked at them in dumb indecision; but he quickly collected himself, and said in a tone of modest but urgent entreaty:—

"Nay; hear me and do not reject my petition. It could only be to my advantage to go over to you; and yet I can resist so great a temptation: but for that very reason I shall keep faith with you as I do to my religion."

"Till the priests compel you to break it," interrupted the Arab roughly.

"No, no!" cried Orion. "I know that Benjamin is my foe; but I have lost a beloved parent, and I believe in a meeting beyond the grave."

"So do I," replied the Moslem. "And there is but one Paradise and one Hell, as there is but one God."

"What gives you this conviction?"

"My faith."

"Then forgive me if I cling to mine, and hope to see my father once more in that Heaven. . . ."

“The heaven to which, as you fools believe, no souls but your own are admitted! But supposing that it is open only to the immortal spirit of Moslems and closed against Christians? — What do you know of that Paradise? I know your sacred Scriptures — Is it described in them? But the All-merciful allowed our Prophet to look in, and what he saw he has described as though the Most High himself had guided his reed. The Moslem knows what Heaven has to offer him, — but you? Your Hell, you do know; your priests are more ready to curse than to bless. If one of you deviates by one hair’s breadth from their teaching they thrust him out forthwith to the abode of the damned. — Me and mine, the Greek Christians, and — take my word for it, boy — first and foremost you and your father!”

“If only I were sure of finding him there!” cried Orion, striking his breast. “I really should not fear to follow him. I must meet him, must see him again, were it in Hell itself!”

At these words the Vekeel burst into loud laughter, and when Amrû reproved him sharply the negro retorted and a vehement dialogue ensued.

Obada’s contumely had roused Orion’s wrath; he was longing, burning, to reduce this insolent antagonist to silence. However, he contained himself by a supreme effort of will, till Amrû turned to him once more and said in a reserved tone, but not unkindly: —

“This clear-sighted man has mentioned a suspicion which I myself had already felt. A worldly minded young Christian of your rank is not so ready to give up earthly joys and happiness for the doubtful bliss of your Paradise, and when you do so and are prepared to forego all that a man holds most dear, honor, temporal possessions, a wide field of action, and revenge on your enemies, to meet the spirit of the departed once more after death, there must be some special reason in the background. Try to compose yourself, and believe my assurances that I like you and that you will find in me a zealous protector and a discreet friend if you will but tell me candidly and fully what are the motives of your conduct. I myself really desire that our interview should be fruitful of advantages on both sides. So put your trust in a man so much your senior and your father’s friend, and speak.”

“On no consideration in the presence of that man!” said Orion in a tremulous voice. “Though he is supposed not to

understand Greek, he follows every word I say with malicious watchfulness; he dared to laugh at me, he . . .”

“He is as discreet as he is brave, and my Vekeel,” interrupted Amrû reprovingly. “If you join us you will have to obey him; and remember this, young man, I sent for you to impose conditions on you, not to have them dictated to me. I grant you an audience as the ruler of this country, as the Vicar of Omar, your Khaliff and mine.”

“Then I entreat you to dismiss me, for in the presence of that man my heart and lips are sealed; I feel that he is my enemy.”

“Beware of his becoming so!” cried the governor, while Obada shrugged his shoulders scornfully.

Orion understood this gesture, and although he again succeeded in keeping cool he felt that he could no longer be sure of himself; he bowed low, without paying any heed to the Vekeel, and begged Amrû to excuse him for the present.

Amrû, who had not failed to observe Obada’s demeanor and who keenly sympathized with what was going on in the young man’s mind, did not detain him; but his manner changed once more; he again became the pressing host and invited his guest, as it was growing late, to pass the night under his roof. Orion politely declined, and when at length he quitted the room—without deigning even to look at the negro—Amrû accompanied him into the anteroom. There he grasped the young man’s hand, and said in a low voice full of sincere and fatherly interest:—

“Beware of the negro; you let him perceive that you saw through him—it was brave but rash. For my part I honestly wish you well.”

“I believe it, I know it,” replied Orion, on whose perturbed soul the noble Arab’s warm, deep accents fell like balm. “And now we are alone I will gladly confide in you. I, my Lord, I—my father—you knew him. In cruel wrath, before he closed his eyes, he withdrew his blessing from his only son.”

The memory of the most fearful hour of his life choked his voice for a moment, but he soon went on: “One single act of criminal folly roused his anger; but afterwards, in grief and penitence, I thought over my whole life, and I saw how useless it had been; and now, when I came hither with a heart full of glad expectancy to place all I have to offer of mind and gifts at your disposal, I did so, my Lord, because I long to achieve

great and noble and difficult or, if it might be, impossible deeds—to be active, to be doing . . .”

Here he was interrupted by Amrû, who said, laying his sinewy arm across the youth's shoulders:—

“And because you long to let the spirit of your dead father, that righteous man, see that a heedless act of youthful recklessness has not made you unworthy of his blessing; because you hope by valiant deeds to compel his wrath to turn to approval, his scorn to esteem . . .”

“Yes, yes, that is the thing, the very thing!” Orion broke in with fiery enthusiasm; but the Arab eagerly signed to him to lower his voice, as though to cheat some listener, and whispered hastily, but with warm kindness:—

“And I, I will help you in this praiseworthy endeavor. Oh, how much you remind me of the son of my heart who, like you, erred, and who was permitted to atone for all, for more than all, by dying like a hero for his faith on the field of battle!—Count on me, and let your purpose become deed. In me you have found a friend.—Now, go. You shall hear from me before long. But, once more: Do not provoke the negro; beware of him; and the next time you meet him subdue your pride and make as though you had never seen him before.”

He looked sadly at Orion, as though the sight of him revived some loved image in his mind, kissed his brow, and as soon as the youth had left the anteroom he hastily drew open the curtain that hung across the door into the dining-room.—A few steps behind it stood the Vekeel, who was arranging the straps of his sword-belt.

“Listener!” exclaimed the Arab with intense scorn, “you, a man of gifts, a man of deeds! A hero in battle and in council; lion, serpent, and toad in one! When will you cast out of your soul all that is contemptible and base? Be what you have made yourself, not what you were; do not constantly remind the man who helped you to rise that you were born of a slave!”

“My Lord?” began the Moor, and the whites of his rolling eyes were ominously conspicuous in his black face. But Amrû took the words out of his mouth and went on in stern and determined reproof:—

“You behaved to that noble youth like an idiot, like a buffoon at a fair, like a madman.”

"To Hell with him!" cried Obada. "I hate the gilded upstart."

"Envious wretch! Do not provoke him! Times change, and the day may come when you will have reason to fear him."

"Him?" shrieked the other. "I could crush the puppet like a fly! And he shall live to know it."

"Your turn first and then his!" said Amrû. "To us he is the more important of the two—yes, he, the upstart, the puppet. Do you hear? Do you understand? If you touch a hair of his head, it will cost you your nose and ears! Never for an hour forget that you live—and ought not to live—only so long as two pairs of lips are sealed. You know whose. That clever head remains on your shoulders only as long as they choose. Cling to it, man; you have only one to lose! It was necessary, my lord Vekeel, to remind you of that once more!"

The negro groaned like a wounded beast, and sullenly panted out: "This is the reward of past services; these are the thanks of Moslem to Moslem!—And all for the sake of a Christian dog."

"You have had thanks, and more than are your due," replied Amrû more calmly. "You know what you pledged yourself to before I raised you to be my Vekeel for the sake of your brains and your sword, and what I had to overlook before I did so—not on your behalf, but for the great cause of Islam. And, if you wish to remain where you are, you will do well to sacrifice your wild ambition. If you cannot, I will send you back to the army, and to-day rather than to-morrow; and if you carry it with too high a hand you will find yourself at Medina in fetters, with your death-warrant stuck in your girdle."

The negro again groaned sullenly; but his master was not to be checked.

"Why should you hate this youth? Why, a child could see through it! In the son and heir of George you see the future Mukaukas, while you are cherishing the insane wish to become the Mukaukas yourself."

"And why should such a wish be insane?" cried the other in a harsh voice. "Putting you out of the question, who is there here that is shrewder or stronger than I?"

"No Moslem, perhaps. But neither you nor any other true believer will succeed to the dead man's office, but an Egyptian

and a Christian. Prudence requires it, and the Khaliff commands it."

"And does he also command that this curled ape shall be left in possession of his millions?"

"So that is what you covet, you greedy curmudgeon—that is it? Do not all the crimes you have committed out of avarice weigh upon you heavily enough? Gold, and yet more gold—that is the end, the foul end, of all your desires. A fat morsel, no doubt: the Mukaukas' estates, his talents of gold, his gems, slaves, and horses; I admit that. But, thank God the All-merciful, we are not thieves and robbers!"

"And who was it that dug out the hidden millions from beneath the reservoir of Peter the Egyptian, and who made him bite the dust?"

"I—I. But—as you know—only to send the money to Medina. Peter had hidden it before we killed him. The Mukaukas and his son have declared all their possessions to the uttermost *dinar* and hide of land; they have faithfully paid the taxes, and consequently their property belongs to them as our swords, our horses, our wives belong to you or me. What will not your grasping spirit lead you to!—Take your hand from your dagger!—Not a copper coin from them shall fall into your hungry maw, so help me God! Do not again cast an evil eye on the Mukaukas' son! Do not try my patience too far, man, or else—Hold your head tight on your shoulders or you will have to seek it at your feet; and what I say I mean!—Now, good-night! To-morrow morning in the divan you are to explain your scheme for the new distribution of the land; it will not suit me in any way, and I shall have other projects to propose for discussion."

With this the Arab turned his back on the Vekeel; but no sooner had the door closed on him than Obada clenched his fist in fury at his lord and master, who had hitherto said nothing of his having had purloined a portion of the consignment of gold which Amrû had charged him to escort to Medina. Then he rushed up and down the room, snorting and foaming, till slaves came in to clear the tables.

THE STORY OF ALI BABA, AND THE FORTY ROBBERS DESTROYED BY A SLAVE.

(From the "Arabian Nights.")

[The "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," or "Thousand and One Nights," is a collection of ancient stories from Persian, Hindoo, and Arabian sources, put together in its present form (that is, a framework of story — that of Shahriar and Shahrzad — to account for the telling of the minor tales and make them less chippy) in Egypt in 1450. The original nucleus seems to have been Persian, and previous to the tenth century. The oldest known MS. of the present collection is of 1548; it was first translated, with great changes and omissions, into French by Antoine Galland in 1704-1708, and this old version, translated into other languages, is still the source of the general popular knowledge of the work.

IN a town in Persia there lived two brothers, one named Cassim, the other Ali Baba. Their father left them no great property; but as he had divided it equally between them, it should seem their fortune would have been equal; but chance directed otherwise.

Cassim married a wife, who, soon after their marriage, became heiress to a plentiful estate, and a good shop and warehouse full of rich merchandises; so that he all at once became one of the richest and most considerable merchants, and lived at his ease.

Ali Baba, on the other hand, who married a woman as poor as himself, lived in a very mean habitation, and had no other means to maintain his wife and children but his daily labor, by cutting of wood in a forest near the town, and bringing it upon three asses, which were his whole substance, to town to sell.

One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest, and had just cut wood enough to load his asses, he saw at a distance a great cloud of dust, which seemed to approach towards him. He observed it very attentively, and distinguished a large body of horse coming briskly on; and though they did not talk of robbers in that country, Ali Baba began to think that they might prove so; and, without considering what might become of his asses, he was resolved to save himself. He climbed up a large thick tree, whose branches, at a little distance from the ground, divided in a circular form so close to one another, that there was but little space between them. He placed himself in the middle, from whence he could see all that passed without being seen; and this tree stood at the bottom of a single rock,

which was very high above it, and so steep and craggy, that nobody could climb up it.

This troop, who were all well mounted, and well armed, came to the foot of this rock, and there dismounted. Ali Baba counted forty of them, and, by their looks and equipage, never doubted they were thieves. Nor was he mistaken in his opinion; for they were a troop of banditti, who, without doing any hurt to the neighborhood, robbed at a distance, and made that place their rendezvous; and what confirmed him in this opinion was, every man unbridled his horse, and tied him to some shrub or other, and hung about his neck a bag of corn, which they brought behind them. Then each of them took his portmanteau, which seemed to Ali Baba to be full of gold and silver by their weight. One, who was most personable amongst them, and whom he took to be their captain, came with his portmanteau on his back under the tree in which Ali Baba was hid, and, making his way through some shrubs, pronounced these words so distinctly, *Open, Sesame*, that Ali Baba heard him. As soon as the captain of the robbers had uttered these words, a door opened; and after he had made all his troop go in before him, he followed them, and the door shut again of itself.

The robbers stayed some time within the rock; and Ali Baba, who feared that some one, or all of them together, should come out and catch him, if he should endeavor to make his escape, was obliged to sit patiently in the tree. He was, nevertheless, tempted once or twice to get down, and mount one of their horses, and lead another, driving his asses before him with all the haste he could to town; but the uncertainty of the event made him choose the safest way.

At last the door opened again, and the forty robbers came out. As the captain went in last, he came out first, and stood to see them all pass by him; and then Ali Baba heard him make the door close, by pronouncing these words, *Shut, Sesame*. Every man went and bridled his horse, fastening his portmanteau and mounting again; and when the captain saw them all ready, he put himself at their head, and they returned the same way they came.

Ali Baba did not immediately quit his tree: For, said he to himself, They may have forgotten something and come back again, and then I shall be taken. He followed them with his eyes as far as he could see them; and after that stayed a considerable time before he came down. Remembering the words

the captain of the robbers made use of to cause the door to open and shut, he had the curiosity to try if his pronouncing them would have the same effect. Accordingly he went among the shrubs, and perceiving the door concealed behind them, he stood before it, and said, *Open, Sesame*. The door instantly flew wide open.

Ali Baba, who expected a dark dismal place, was very much surprised to see it well lighted and spacious, cut out by men's hands in the form of a vault, which received the light from an opening at the top of the rock, cut in like manner. He saw all sorts of provisions, and rich bales of merchandises, of silk stuff, brocade, and valuable carpeting, piled upon one another; and, above all, gold and silver in great heaps, and money in great leather purses. The sight of all these riches made him believe that this cave had been occupied for ages by robbers, who succeeded one another.

Ali Baba did not stand long to consider what he should do, but went immediately into the cave, and as soon as he was in, the door shut again. But this did not disturb him, because he knew the secret to open it again. He never regarded the silver, but made the best use of his time in carrying out as much of the gold coin, which was in bags, at several times, as he thought his three asses could carry. When he had done, he collected his asses, which were dispersed, and when he had loaded them with the bags, laid the wood on them in such a manner that they could not be seen. When he had done, he stood before the door, and pronouncing the words, *Shut, Sesame*, the door closed after him, for it had shut of itself while he was within, and remained open while he was out. He then made the best of his way to town.

When Ali Baba got home, he drove his asses into a little yard, and shut the gates very carefully, threw off the wood that covered the bags, carried them into his house, and ranged them in order before his wife, who sat on a sofa.

His wife handled the bags, and finding them full of money, suspected that her husband had been robbing, insomuch that when he brought them all in, she could not help saying, Ali Baba, have you been so unhappy as to— Be quiet, wife, interrupted Ali Baba; do not frighten yourself: I am no robber, unless he can be one who steals from robbers. You will no longer entertain an ill opinion of me, when I shall tell you my good fortune. Then he emptied the bags, which raised such a

great heap of gold as dazzled his wife's eyes: and when he had done, he told her the whole adventure from the beginning to the end; and, above all, recommended it to her to keep it secret.

The wife, recovered and cured of her fears, rejoiced with her husband at their good luck, and would count the money piece by piece.—Wife, replied Ali Baba, You do not know what you undertake, when you pretend to count the money; you will never have done. I will go and dig a hole and bury it; there is no time to be lost.—You are in the right of it, husband, replied the wife, but let us know, as nigh as possible, how much we have. I will go and borrow a small measure in the neighborhood, and measure it, while you dig the hole.—What you are going to do is to no purpose, wife, said Ali Baba; if you would take my advice, you had better let it alone; but be sure to keep the secret, and do what you please.

Away the wife ran to her brother-in-law Cassim, who lived just by, but was not then at home; and, addressing herself to his wife, desired her to lend her a measure for a little while. Her sister-in-law asked her whether she would have a great or a small one. The other asked for a small one. She bade her stay a little, and she would readily fetch one.

The sister-in-law did so, but as she knew very well Ali Baba's poverty, she was curious to know what sort of grain his wife wanted to measure, and bethought herself of artfully putting some suet at the bottom of the measure, and brought it to her with an excuse, that she was sorry that she had made her stay so long, but that she could not find it sooner.

Ali Baba's wife went home, set the measure upon the heap of gold, and filled it and emptied it often, at a small distance upon the sofa, till she had done: and she was very well satisfied to find the number of measures amounted to so many as they did, and went to tell her husband, who had almost finished digging the hole.—While Ali Baba was burying the gold, his wife, to show her exactness and diligence to her sister-in-law, carried the measure back again, but without taking notice that a piece of gold stuck at the bottom. Sister, said she, giving it to her again, You see that I have not kept your measure long: I am obliged to you for it, and return it with thanks.

As soon as Ali Baba's wife's back was turned, Cassim's wife looked at the bottom of the measure, and was in an inexpressible surprise to find a piece of gold stuck to it. Envy

immediately possessed her breast. What! said she, has Ali Baba gold so plentiful as to measure it? Where has that poor wretch got all this gold? Cassim, her husband, was not at home, as I said before, but at his shop, which he left always in the evening. His wife waited for him, and thought the time an age; so great was her impatience to tell him the news, at which he would be as much surprised.

When Cassim came home, his wife said to him, Cassim, I warrant you, you think yourself rich, but you are much mistaken; Ali Baba is infinitely richer than you; he does not count his money, but measures it. Cassim desired her to explain the riddle, which she did, by telling him the stratagem she had made use of to make the discovery, and showed him the piece of money, which was so old a coin that they could not tell in what prince's reign it was coined.

Cassim, instead of being pleased at his brother's prosperity, conceived a mortal jealousy, and could not sleep all that night for it, but went to him in the morning before sunrise.—Now Cassim, after he had married the rich widow, never treated Ali Baba as a brother, but forgot him. Ali Baba, said he, accosting him, you are very reserved in your affairs; you pretend to be miserably poor, and yet you measure gold.—How, brother! replied Ali Baba; I do not know what you mean: explain yourself.—Do you pretend ignorance, replied Cassim, showing him the piece of gold his wife had given him. How many of these pieces, added he, have you? My wife found this at the bottom of the measure you borrowed yesterday.

By this discourse, Ali Baba perceived that Cassim and his wife, through his own wife's folly, knew what they had so much reason to keep secret; but what was done could not be recalled; therefore without showing the least surprise or trouble, he confessed all, and told his brother by what chance he had discovered this retreat of the thieves, and in what place it was; and offered him part of his treasure to keep the secret.—I expect as much, replied Cassim, haughtily; but I will know exactly where this treasure is, and the signs and tokens how I may go to it myself when I have a mind; otherwise I will go and inform against you, and then you will not only get no more, but will lose all you have got, and I shall have my share for my information.

Ali Baba, more out of his natural good temper than frightened by the insulting menaces of a barbarous brother,

told him all he desired, and even the very words he was to make use of to go into the cave and to come out again.

Cassim, who wanted no more of Ali Baba, left him, resolving to be beforehand with him, and hoping to get all the treasure to himself. He rose early the next morning a long time before the sun, and set out with ten mules loaded with great chests, which he designed to fill; proposing to carry many more the next time, according to the riches he found; and followed the road which Ali Baba had told him. He was not long before he came to the rock, and found out the place by the tree, and other marks his brother had given him.—When he came to the door, he pronounced these words, *Open, Sesame*, and it opened; and when he was in, shut again. In examining the cave, he was in great admiration to find much more riches than he apprehended by Ali Baba's relation. He was so covetous and fond of riches, that he could have spent the whole day in feasting his eyes with so much treasure, if the thought that he came to carry some away with him, and loading his mules, had not hindered him. He laid as many bags of gold as he could carry away at the door, and coming at last to open the door, his thoughts were so full of the great riches he should possess, that he could not think of the necessary word; but instead of *Sesame*, said *Open, Barley*, and was much amazed to find that the door did not open, but remained fast shut. He named several sorts of grain, all but the right, and the door would not open.

Cassim never expected such an accident, and was so frightened at the danger he was in, that the more he endeavored to remember the word *Sesame*, the more his memory was confounded, and he had as much forgotten it as if he had never heard it in his life before. He threw down the bags he had loaded himself with, and walked hastily up and down the cave, without having the least regard to all the riches that were round him. In this miserable condition we will leave him, bewailing his fate, and undeserving of pity.

About noon the robbers returned to their cave, and at some distance from it saw Cassim's mules straggling about the rock, with great chests on their backs. Alarmed at this novelty they galloped full speed to the cave. They drove away the mules, which Cassim had neglected to fasten, and they strayed away through the forest so far, that they were soon out of sight. The robbers never gave themselves the trouble to pursue the

mules, they were more concerned to know who they belonged to. And while some of them searched about the rock, the captain and the rest went directly to the door, with their naked sabers in their hands, and pronouncing the words it opened.

Cassim, who heard the noise of the horses' feet from the middle of the cave, never doubted of the coming of the robbers and his approaching death, but resolved to make one effort to escape from them. To this end he stood ready at the door, and no sooner heard the word *Sesame*, which he had forgotten, and saw the door open, but he jumped briskly out, and threw the captain down, but could not escape the other robbers, who with their sabers soon deprived him of life.

The first care of the robbers after this was to go into the cave. They found all the bags which Cassim had brought to the door, to be more ready to load his mules with, and carried them all back again to their places, without perceiving what Ali Baba had taken away before. Then holding a council, and deliberating upon this matter, they guessed that Cassim when he was in, could not get out again; but then could not imagine how he got in. It came into their heads that he might have got down by the top of the cave; but the opening by which it received light was so high, and the top of the rock so inaccessible without, besides that nothing showed that he had done so, that they believed it impracticable for them to find out. That he came in at the door they could not satisfy themselves, unless he had the secret of making it open. — In short, none of them could imagine which way he entered; for they were all persuaded that nobody knew their secret, little imagining that Ali Baba had watched them. But, however it happened, it was a matter of the greatest importance to them to secure their riches. They agreed, therefore, to cut Cassim's body into four quarters, and to hang two on one side and two on the other, within the door of the cave, to terrify any person that should attempt the same thing, determining not to return to the cave till the stench of the body was completely exhaled.

[When Cassim does not return, his wife gets Ali Baba to go in search of him. Ali Baba, finding him and bringing back his body, gets his slave Morgiana to devise some means of concealing the manner of his death. She bribes Baba Mustapha, an old cobbler, to go with her.]

Baba Mustapha went with Morgiana, who, after she had

bound his eyes with a handkerchief, at the place she told him of, carried him to her deceased master's house, and never unloosed his eyes till he came into the room where she had put the corpse together.—Baba Mustapha, said she, you must make haste, and sew these quarters together; and when you have done, I will give you another piece of gold.

After Baba Mustapha had done, she blindfolded him again, gave him the third piece of gold, as she promised, recommending secrecy to him, carried him back to the place where she first bound his eyes, pulled off the bandage, and let him go home, but watched him that he returned to his stall, till he was quite out of sight, for fear he should have the curiosity to return and dodge her, and then went home.

By the time Morgiana had warmed some water to wash the body, Ali Baba came with incense to embalm it, and bury it with the usual ceremonies. Not long after, the joiner, according to Ali Baba's orders, brought the coffin, which Morgiana, that he might find out nothing, received at the door, and helped Ali Baba to put the body into it; and as soon as he had nailed it up, she went to the mosque to tell the iman that they were ready. The people of the mosque, whose business it was to wash the dead, offered to perform their duty, but she told them it was done already.

Morgiana had scarce got home before the iman and the other ministers of the mosque came. Four neighbors carried the corpse on their shoulders to the burying ground, following the iman, who recited some prayers. Morgiana, as a slave to the deceased, followed the corpse, weeping, beating her breast, and tearing her hair; and Ali Baba came after with some neighbors, who often relieved the others in carrying the corpse to the burying ground.

Cassim's wife stayed at home mourning, uttering lamentable cries with the women of the neighborhood, who came according to custom during the funeral, and, joining their lamentations with hers, filled the quarter far and near with sorrow.

In this manner Cassim's melancholy death was concealed and hushed up between Ali Baba, his wife, Cassim's widow, and Morgiana, with so much contrivance, that nobody in the city had the least knowledge or suspicion of it.

Three or four days after the funeral, Ali Baba removed his few goods to his brother's widow's house; but the money he had taken from the robbers he conveyed thither by night; and

soon after the marriage with his sister-in-law was published, and as these marriages are common in our religion, nobody was surprised.

As for Cassim's shop, Ali Baba gave it to his own eldest son, who had been some time out of his apprenticeship to a great merchant, promising him withal, that if he managed well, he would soon give him a fortune to marry very advantageously according to his situation.

Let us now leave Ali Baba to enjoy the beginning of his good fortune, and return to the forty robbers.

They came again at the appointed time to visit their retreat in the forest; but how great was their surprise to find Cassim's body taken away, and some of their bags of gold. We are certainly discovered, said the captain, and shall be undone, if we do not take care and speedily apply some remedy; otherwise we shall insensibly lose all the riches which our ancestors have been so many years amassing together with so much pains and danger. All that we can think of this loss which we have sustained is, that the thief whom we have surprised had the secret of opening the door, and we came luckily as he was coming out: but his body being removed, and with it some of our money, plainly shows that he has an accomplice; and as it is likely that there were but two who had got this secret, and one has been caught, we must look narrowly after the other. What say you to it, my lads!

All the robbers thought the captain's proposal so reasonable, that they unanimously approved of it, and agreed that they must lay all other enterprises aside, to follow this closely, and not give it up till they had succeeded.

I expected no less, said the captain, from your courage and bravery: but, first of all, one of you who is bold, artful, and enterprising must go into the town dressed like a traveler and stranger, and exert all his contrivance to try if he can hear any talk of the strange death of the man whom we have killed, as he deserved, and to endeavor to find out who he was, and where he lived. This is a matter of the first importance for us to know, that we may do nothing which we may have reason to repent of, by discovering ourselves in a country where we have lived so long unknown, and where we have so much reason to continue; but to warn that man who shall take upon himself this commission, and to prevent our being deceived by his giving us a false report, which may be the cause of our ruin, I ask

you all, if you do not think it fit that in that case he shall submit to suffer death?

Without waiting for the suffrages of his companions, one of the robbers started up, and said, I submit to this law, and think it an honor to expose my life, by taking such a commission upon me; but remember, at least, if I do not succeed, that I neither wanted courage nor good will to serve the troop.

After this robber had received great commendations from the captain and his comrades, he disguised himself so that nobody would take him for what he was; and taking his leave of the troop that night, went into the town just at daybreak; and walked up and down till he came to Baba Mustapha's stall, which was always open before any of the shops of the town.

Baba Mustapha was set on his seat with an awl in his hand, just going to work. The robber saluted him, bidding him good morrow; and perceiving that he was very old, he said, Honest man, you begin to work very early; is it possible that any one of your age can see so well? I question, if it was somewhat lighter, whether you could see to stitch.

Certainly, replied Baba Mustapha, you must be a stranger, and do not know me; for, old as I am, I have extraordinarily good eyes; and you will not doubt it when I tell you that I sewed a dead body together in a place where I had not so much light as I have now.

The robber was overjoyed to think that he had addressed himself, at his first coming into the town, to a man who gave him the intelligence he wanted, without asking him. — A dead body! replied he with amazement, to make him explain himself. What could you sew up a dead body for? added he: you mean, you sewed up his winding sheet. — No, no, answered Baba Mustapha, I know what I say; you want to have me speak out, but you shall know no more.

The robber wanted no greater insight to be persuaded that he had discovered what he came about. He pulled out a piece of gold, and putting it into Baba Mustapha's hand, said to him, I do not want to know your secret, though I can assure you that I would not divulge it, if you trusted me with it. The only thing which I desire of you, is to do me the favor to show the house where you stitched up the dead body.

If I would do you that favor which you ask of me, replied Baba Mustapha, holding the money in his hand, ready to return it, I assure you I cannot; and you may believe me, on my word,

I was carried to a certain place, where they first blinded me, and then led me to the house, and brought me back again after the same manner; therefore you see the impossibility of doing what you desire.

Well, replied the robber, you may remember a little of the way that you were led blindfold. Come, let me blind your eyes at the same place. We will walk together by the same way and turnings; perhaps you may remember some part; and as everybody ought to be paid for their trouble, there is another piece of gold for you: gratify me in what I ask you. So saying, he put another piece of gold into his hand.

The two pieces of gold were great temptations to Baba Mustapha. He looked at them a long time in his hand, without saying a word, thinking with himself what he should do; but at last he pulled out his purse, and put them in. I cannot assure you, said he to the robber, that I remember the way exactly; but, since you desire it, I will try what I can do. At these words Baba Mustapha rose up, to the great satisfaction of the robber, and without shutting up his shop, where he had nothing valuable to lose, he led the robber to the place where Morgiana bound his eyes. — It was here, said Baba Mustapha, I was blindfolded; and I turned as you see me. The robber, who had his handkerchief ready, tied it over his eyes, and walked by him till he stopped, partly leading him, and partly guided by him. I think, said Baba Mustapha, I went no farther, and he had now stopped directly at Cassim's house, where Ali Baba lived then; upon which the thief, before he pulled off the band, marked the door with a piece of chalk, which he had ready in his hand; and when he pulled it off, he asked him if he knew whose house that was: to which Baba Mustapha replied, that as he did not live in that neighborhood he could not tell.

The robber, finding that he could discover no more from Baba Mustapha, thanked him for the trouble he had given him, and left him to go back to his stall, while he returned to the forest, persuaded that he should be very well received.

A little after the robber and Baba Mustapha parted, Morgiana went out of Ali Baba's house for something, and coming home again, seeing the mark the robber had made, she stopped to observe it. What is the meaning of this mark? said she to herself; somebody intends my master no good, or else some boy has been playing the rogue with it: with whatever inten-

tion it was done, added she, it is good to guard against the worse. Accordingly she went and fetched a piece of chalk, and marked two or three doors on each side in the same manner, without saying a word to her master or mistress.

In the mean time the thief rejoined his troop again in the forest, and told them the good success he had, — expatiating upon his good fortune, in meeting so soon with the only person who could inform him of what he wanted to know. All the robbers listened to him with the utmost satisfaction, when the captain, after commending his diligence, addressing himself to them all, said, Comrades, we have no time to lose : let us all set off well armed, without its appearing who we are ; and that we may not give any suspicion, let one or two go privately into the town together, and appoint the rendezvous in the great square ; and in the mean time our comrade, who brought us the good news, and I, will go and find out the house, that we may consult what is best to be done.

This speech and plan were approved by all, and they were soon ready. They filed off in small parcels of two or three, at the proper distance from each other ; and all got into the town without being in the least suspected. The captain and he that came in the morning as a spy, came in last of all. He led the captain into the street where he had marked Ali Baba's house, and when they came to one of the houses which Morgiana had marked, he pointed it out. But going a little farther, to prevent being taken notice of, the captain observed that the next door was chalked after the same manner, and in the same place : and showing it to his guide, asked him which house it was, that, or the first. The guide was so confounded, that he knew not what answer to make ; and much less, when he and the captain saw five or six houses besides marked after the same manner. He assured the captain, with an oath, that he had marked but one, and could not tell who had chalked the rest so like to that which he marked, and owned, in that confusion, he could not distinguish it.

The captain, finding that their design proved abortive, went directly to the place of rendezvous, and told the first of his troop that he met, that they had lost their labor, and must return to their cave the same way as they came. He himself set the example, and they all returned as they came.

When the troop was all got together, the captain told them the reason of their returning ; and presently the conductor was

declared by all worthy of death. He condemned himself, acknowledging that he ought to have taken better precaution, and kneeled down to receive the stroke from him that was appointed to cut off his head.

But as it was the safety of the troop that an injury should not go unpunished, another of the gang, who promised himself that he should succeed better, presented himself, and his offer being accepted, he went and corrupted Baba Mustapha, as the other had done; and being shown the house, marked it, in a place more remote from sight, with red chalk.

Not long after, Morgiana, whose eyes nothing could escape, went out, and seeing the red chalk, and arguing after the same manner with herself, marked the other neighbors' houses in the same place and manner.

The robber, at his return to his company, valued himself very much on the precaution he had taken, which he looked upon as an infallible way of distinguishing Ali Baba's house from his neighbors'; and the captain and all of them thought it must succeed. They conveyed themselves into the town in the same manner as before; and when the robber and his captain came to the street, they found the same difficulty, at which the captain was enraged, and the robber in as great confusion as his predecessor.

Thus the captain and his troop were forced to retire a second time, and much more dissatisfied; and the robber, as the author of the mistake, underwent the same punishment, which he willingly submitted to.

The captain, having lost two brave fellows of his troop, was afraid of diminishing it too much by pursuing this plan to get information about Ali Baba's house. He found, by their example, that their heads were not so good as their hands on such occasions, and therefore resolved to take upon himself this important commission.

Accordingly he went and addressed himself to Baba Mustapha, who did him the same piece of service he had done to the former. He never amused himself with setting any particular mark on the house, but examined and observed it so carefully, by passing often by it, that it was impossible for him to mistake it.

The captain, very well satisfied with his journey, and informed of what he wanted to know, returned to the forest; and when he came into the cave, where the troop waited for

him, he said, Now, comrades, nothing can prevent our full revenge ; I am certain of the house, and in my way hither I have thought how to put it in execution, and if any one knows a better expedient, let him communicate it. Then he told them his contrivance ; and as they approved of it, he ordered them to go into the towns and villages about, and buy nineteen mules, and thirty-eight large leather jars, one full, and the others all empty.

In two or three days' time the robbers purchased the mules and jars, and as the mouths of the jars were rather too narrow for his purpose, the captain caused them to be widened ; and after having put one of his men into each, with the weapons which he thought fit, leaving open the seam which had been undone to leave them room to breathe, he rubbed the jars on the outside with oil from the full vessel.

Things being thus prepared, when the nineteen mules were loaded with thirty-seven robbers in jars and the jar of oil, the captain, as their driver, set out with them, and reached the town by the dusk of the evening, as he intended. He led them through the streets till he came to Ali Baba's, at whose door he designed to have knocked ; but was prevented by his sitting there, after supper, to take a little fresh air. He stopped his mules, and addressed himself to him, and said, I have brought some oil here, a great way, to sell at to-morrow's market ; and it is now so late, that I do not know where to lodge. If I should not be troublesome to you, do me the favor to let me pass the night with you, and I shall be very much obliged to you.

Though Ali Baba had seen the captain of the robbers in the forest, and had heard him speak, it was impossible for him to know him in the disguise of an oil merchant. He told him he should be welcome, and immediately opened his gates for the mules to go into the yard. At the same time he called to a slave he had, and ordered him, when the mules were unloaded, not only to put them into the stable, but to give them corn and hay ; and then went to Morgiana, to bid her get a good hot supper for his guest, and make him a good bed.

He did more. To make his guest as welcome as possible, when he saw the captain had unloaded his mules, and that they were put into the stable as he ordered, and he was looking for a place to pass the night in the air, he brought him into the hall where he received his company, telling him he would not

suffer him to be in the court. The captain excused himself, on pretense of not being troublesome, but really to have room to execute his design ; and it was not till after the most pressing importunity that he yielded. Ali Baba, not content to keep company with the man who had a design on his life, till supper was ready, continued talking with him till it was ended, and repeating his offer of service.

The captain rose up at the same time, and went with him to the door ; and while Ali Baba went into the kitchen to speak to Morgiana, he went into the yard, under pretense of looking at his mules. Ali Baba, after charging Morgiana afresh to take great care of his guest, said to her, To-morrow I design to go to the bath before day : take care my bathing linen be ready, and give them to Abdallah, — which was the slave's name, — and make me some good broth against I come back. After this he went to bed.

In the mean time, the captain of the robbers went from the stable to give his people orders what to do ; and beginning at the first jar, and so on to the last, said to each man, As soon as I throw some stones out of the chamber window where I lie, do not fail to cut the jar open with the knife you have about you, pointed and sharpened for the purpose, and come out, and I will be presently with you. — After this he returned into the kitchen, and Morgiana taking up a light, conducted him to his chamber, where, after she had asked him if he wanted anything, she left him ; and he, to avoid any suspicion, put the light out soon after, and laid himself down in his clothes, that he might be the more ready to rise again.

Morgiana, remembering Ali Baba's orders, got his bathing linen ready, and ordered Abdallah, who was not then gone to bed, to set on the pot for the broth ; but while she skimmed the pot the lamp went out, and there was no more oil in the house, nor any candles. What to do she did not know, for the broth must be made. Abdallah seeing her very uneasy, said, Do not fret and tease yourself, but go into the yard, and take some oil out of one of the jars.

Morgiana thanked Abdallah for his advice ; and while he went to bed, near Ali Baba's room, that he might be the better able to rise and follow Ali Baba to the bath, she took the oil pot, and went into the yard ; and as she came nigh the first jar, the robber within said softly, Is it time ?

Though the robber spoke low, Morgiana was struck with the

voice the more, because the captain, when he unloaded the mules, opened this and all the other jars, to give air to his men, who were ill enough at their ease, without wanting room to breathe.

Any other slave but Morgiana, so surprised as she was to find a man in a jar, instead of the oil she wanted, would have made such a noise, as to have given an alarm, which would have been attended with ill consequences ; whereas Morgiana, apprehending immediately the importance of keeping the secret, and the danger Ali Baba, his family, and she herself, were in, and the necessity of applying a speedy remedy without noise, conceived at once the means, and collecting herself without showing the least emotion, answered, Not yet, but presently. — She went in this manner to all the jars, giving the same answer, till she came to the jar of oil.

By this means, Morgiana found that her master Ali Baba, who thought that he had entertained an oil merchant, had admitted thirty-eight robbers into his house ; looking on this pretended merchant as their captain. She made what haste she could to fill her oil pot, and returned into her kitchen ; where, as soon as she had lighted her lamp, she took a great kettle, and went again to the oil jar, filled the kettle, and set it on a great wood fire to boil ; and as soon as it boiled, went and poured enough into every jar to stifle and destroy the robber within.

When this action, worthy of the courage of Morgiana, was executed without any noise, as she had projected, she returned into the kitchen with the empty kettle, and shut the door ; and having put out the great fire she had made to boil the oil, and leaving just enough to make the broth, put out also the lamp, and remained silent ; resolving not to go to bed till she had observed what was to follow through a window of the kitchen, which opened into the yard, as far as the darkness of the night permitted.

She had not waited a quarter of an hour, before the captain of the robbers waked, got up, and opened the window ; and finding no light, and hearing no noise, nor any one stirring in the house, gave the signal, by throwing little stones, several of which hit the jars, as he doubted not by the sound they gave. Then he listened, and neither hearing nor perceiving anything whereby he could judge that his companions stirred, he began to grow very uneasy, and threw stones again a second and third

time, and could not comprehend the reason that none of them should answer to his signal : cruelly alarmed, he went softly down into the yard, and going to the first jar, and asking the robber, whom he thought alive, if he was asleep, he smelled the hot boiled oil, which sent forth a steam out of the jar, and knew thereby that his plot to murder Ali Baba and plunder his house was discovered. Examining all the jars one after another, he found that all his gang were dead ; and by the oil he missed out of the last jar, he guessed at the means and manner of their deaths. Enraged to despair at having failed in his design, he forced the lock of a door that led from the yard to the garden, and, climbing over the walls of several gardens, at last made his escape.

When Morgiana heard no noise, and found, after waiting some time, that the captain did not return, she guessed that he chose rather to make his escape by the gardens than by the street door, which was double locked ; satisfied and pleased to have succeeded so well, and secured the house, she went to bed and fell asleep.

Ali Baba rose before day, and, followed by his slave, went to the baths, entirely ignorant of the amazing accident that had happened at home ; for Morgiana did not think it right to wake him before for fear of losing her opportunity ; and afterwards she thought it needless to disturb him.

When he returned from the baths, and the sun had risen, he was very much surprised to see the oil jars, and that the merchant was not gone with the mules. He asked Morgiana, who opened the door, and had let all things stand as they were, that he might see them, the reason of it. — My good master, answered she, God preserve you and all your family ! You will be better informed of what you wish to know when you have seen what I have to show you, if you will give yourself the trouble to follow me.

As soon as Morgiana had shut the door, Ali Baba followed her ; and when she brought him into the yard, she bade him look into the first jar, and see if there was any oil. Ali Baba did so, and seeing a man, started back frightened, and cried out. Do not be afraid, said Morgiana ; the man you see there can neither do you nor anybody else any harm. He is dead. — Ah, Morgiana ! said Ali Baba, what is it you show me ? Explain the meaning of it to me. — I will, replied Morgiana ; moderate your astonishment, and do not excite the curiosity of your

neighbors ; for it is of great importance to keep this affair secret. Look in all the other jars.

Ali Baba examined all the other jars, one after another ; and when he came to that which had the oil in it, he found it prodigiously sunk, and stood for some time motionless, sometimes looking on the jars, and sometimes on Morgiana, without saying a word, so great was his surprise : at last, when he had recovered himself, he said, And what is become of the merchant ?

Merchant ! answered she : he is as much one as I am. I will tell you who he is, and what is become of him ; but you had better hear the story in your own chamber ; for it is time for your health that you had your broth after your bathing.

While Ali Baba went into his chamber, Morgiana went into the kitchen to fetch the broth, and carry it to him : but before he would drink it, he first bade her satisfy his impatience, and tell him the story with all its circumstances ; and she obeyed him.

Last night, sir, said she, when you were gone to bed, I got your bathing linen ready, and gave them to Abdallah ; afterwards I set on the pot for the broth, and as I was skimming the pot, the lamp, for want of oil, went out ; and as there was not a drop more in the house, I looked for a candle, but could not find one. Abdallah, seeing me vexed, put me in mind of the jars of oil which stood in the yard. I took the oil pot, and went directly to the jar which stood nearest to me ; and when I came to it, I heard a voice within it say, Is it time ? Without being dismayed, and comprehending immediately the malicious intention of the pretended oil merchant, I answered, Not yet, but presently. Then I went to the next, and another voice asked me the same question, and I returned the same answer ; and so on, till I came to the last, which I found full of oil ; with which I filled my pot.

When I considered that there were thirty-seven robbers in the yard, who only waited for a signal to be given by the captain, whom you took to be an oil merchant, and entertained so handsomely, I thought there was no time to be lost : I carried my pot of oil into the kitchen, lighted the lamp, and afterwards took the biggest kettle I had, went and filled it full of oil, and set it on the fire to boil, and then went and poured as much into each jar as was sufficient to prevent them from executing the pernicious design they came about : after this I retired into the kitchen, and put out the lamp ; but before I

went to bed, I waited at the window to know what measures the pretended merchant would take.

After I had watched some time for the signal, he threw some stones out of the window against the jars, and neither hearing nor perceiving anybody stirring, after throwing three times, he came down, and I saw him go to every jar, after which, through the darkness of the night, I lost sight of him. I waited some time longer, and finding that he did not return, I never doubted but that, seeing he had missed his aim, he had made his escape over the walls of the garden. Persuaded that the house was now safe, I went to bed.

This, said Morgiana, is the account you asked of me; and I am convinced it is the consequence of an observation which I had made for two or three days before, but did not think fit to acquaint you with; for when I came in one morning early, I found our street door marked with white chalk, and the next morning with red; and both times, without knowing what was the intention of those chinks, I marked two or three neighbors' doors on each hand after the same manner. If you reflect on this, and what has since happened, you will find it to be a plot of the robbers of the forest, of whose gang there are two wanting, and now they are reduced to three: all this shows that they had sworn your destruction, and it is proper you should stand upon your guard, while there is one of them alive: for my part I shall not neglect anything necessary to your preservation, as I am in duty bound.

When Morgiana had left off speaking, Ali Baba was so sensible of the great service she had done him, that he said to her, I will not die without rewarding you as you deserve: I owe my life to you, and for the first token of my acknowledgment I will give you your liberty from this moment, till I can complete your recompense as I intend. I am persuaded with you that the forty robbers have laid all manner of snares for me: God, by your means, has delivered me from them, and I hope will continue to preserve me from their wicked designs, and by averting the danger which threatened me, will deliver the world from their persecution and their cursed race. All that we have to do is to bury the bodies of these pests of mankind immediately, and with all the secrecy imaginable, that nobody may suspect what has become of them. But that Abdallah and I will undertake.

Ali Baba's garden was very long, and shaded at the farther

end by a great number of large trees. Under these trees he and the slave went and dug a trench, long and wide enough to hold all the robbers, and as the earth was light, they were not long doing it. Afterwards they lifted the bodies out of the jars, took away their weapons, carried them to the end of the garden, laid them in the trench, and leveled the ground again. When this was done, Ali Baba hid the jars and weapons; and as for the mules, as he had no occasion for them, he sent them at different times to be sold in the market by his slave.

[The captain of the robbers lays a plot to kill Ali Baba, by pretending to be an oil merchant under the name of Cogia Houssain, and gaining admission to his house as a guest; but is again foiled by Morgiana, who kills him.]

Ali Baba forbore, a long time after this marriage, from going again to the robbers' cave, from the time he brought away his brother Cassim, and some bags of gold on three asses, for fear of finding them there, and being surprised by them. He kept away after the death of the thirty-seven robbers and their captain, supposing the other two robbers, whom he could get no account of, might be alive.

But at the year's end, when he found they had not made any attempt to disturb him, he had the curiosity to make another journey, taking the necessary precautions for his safety. He mounted his horse, and when he came to the cave, and saw no footsteps of men or horses, he looked upon it as a good sign. He alighted off his horse, and tied him to a tree; and presenting himself before the door, and pronouncing these words, *Open, Sesame*, the door opened. He went in, and by the condition he found things in, he judged that nobody had been there since the false Cogia Houssain, when he fetched the goods for his shop, and that the gang of forty robbers was completely destroyed, and never doubted he was the only person in the world who had the secret of opening the cave, and that all the treasure was solely at his disposal; and having brought with him a wallet, into which he put as much gold as his horse would carry, he returned to town.

Afterward Ali Babi carried his son to the cave, taught him the secret, which they handed down to their posterity; and using their good fortune with moderation, lived in great honor and splendor, serving the greatest offices of the city.

LAUNCELOT AND GUINEVERE.

By SIR THOMAS MALORY.

(From "The Historie of King Arthur.")

[SIR THOMAS MALORY says in the preface to his book that it was finished in the ninth year of Edward the Fourth (1469-1470) ; nothing else can be discovered about him, and the name may be a fiction of Caxton's, who printed the book. The stories are rewritten and condensed from various sources, and some invented.]

HOW SIR AGRAVAINE AND SIR MORDRED WERE BUSIE UPON
SIR GAWAINE FOR TO DISCLOSE THE LOVE BETWEENE SIR
LAUNCELOT AND QUEENE GUENEVER.

AT THAT season of the merry moneth of May, when every heart flourisheth and burgeneth ; for as the season is lusty to behold and comfortable, so man and woman rejoyce and be glad of summer comming with his fresh floures ; for winter with his rough winds and blasts causeth a lusty man and woman to coure and sit by the fire ; so in this season as the month of May, it hapned there befell a great anger, the which stinted not till the floure of chivalrie of all the world was destroyed and slaine. And all was long of two unhappie knights the which were named sir Agravaine and sir Mordred, that were brethren unto sir Gawaine ; for these too knights, sir Agravaine and sir Mordred, had ever a privie hate unto the queene dame Guenever and unto sir Launcelot, and dayly and nightly they ever watched upon sir Launcelot. So it mishapned sir Gawaine and his brethren were in king Arthurs chamber ; and then sir Agravaine said thus openly, and not in counsaile, that many knights might heare it, "I mervaile that we all be not ashamed, both to see and know how sir Launcelot lieth dayly and nightly by the queene, and all wee know it so, and it is shamefully suffered of us all, that we al should suffer so noble a king as king Arthur is so to bee shamed." Then speake sir Gawaine, and said, "Brother sir Agravaine, I pray you and charge you moove no such matter no more before me ; for wit you well," said sir Gawaine, "I will not be of your counsaile." "So God mee helpe," said sir Gaheris and sir Gareth, "wee will not bee

knowne, brother sir Agravaine, of your deeds." "Then will I," said sir Mordred. "I beleeve that well," sayed sir Gawaine, "for ever unto all unhappinesse, brother sir Mordred, thereto will yee graunt, and I would that ye left all this and made you not so busie, for I know well enough," said sir Gawaine, "what will befall of it." "Fall of it what fall may," said sir Agravaine, "I will disclose it unto the king." "Yee shall not doe it by my counsaile," said sir Gawaine, "for if there rise any war and wrath betweene sir Launcelot and us, wit you well, brother, there will many kings and great lords hold with sir Launcelot. Also, brother sir Agravaine," said sir Gawaine, "ye must remember how oftentimes sir Lancelot hath rescewed the king and the queene, and the best of us all had beene full cold at the heart roote had not sir Lancelot beene a better knight then we; and that hath he proved himself so oft. And as for my part," said sir Gawaine, "I wil never bee against sir Lancelot for one daies deede, as when he rescewed me from king Carados of the dolorous toure, and slew him and saved my life. Alas, brother sir Agravaine, and sir Mordred, in likewise sir Lancelot rescewed you both, and three score and two, from sir Torquaine. Me thinketh, brother, such kind deeds and kindnesse should be remembred." "Do as ye list," said sir Agravaine, "for I will hide it no longer." With these words came to them king Arthur. "Now, brother, stint your noise," said sir Gawaine. "We will not," said sir Agravaine and sir Mordred. "Will ye so?" said sir Gawaine; "then God speede you, for I wil not hear your tales, nor be of your counsaile." "No more will I," said sir Gareth and sir Gaheris, "for we wil never say evil by that man; for because," said sir Gareth, "sir Lancelot made me knight, by no maner ought I to say evill of him." And therewith they three departed, making great dole. "Alas!" said sir Gawaine and sir Gareth, "now is the realme hole mischived, and the noble felowship of the round table shal be dispersed." So they departed.

HOW SIR AGRAVAINE DISCLOSED THEIR LOVE UNTO KING ARTHUR, AND HOW THAT KING ARTHUR GAVE THEM LICENCE FOR TO TAKE HIM.

And then king Arthur asked them what noise they made. "My lord," said sir Agravaine, "I shall tell you that which I may keepe no longer. Here is I and my brother sir Mordred

brake unto my brother sir Gawaine, sir Gaheris, and sir Gareth, how this we know all, that sir Launcelot houldeth your queene, and hath done long, and wee be your sisters sounes, and wee may suffer it no longer. And we know all that ye should be above sir Launcelot, and yee are the king that made him knight; and therefore wee will prove it that he is a traitour to your person." "If it be so," said king Arthur, "wit yee well hee is none other; but I would bee loth to begin such a thing but if I might have proves upon it, for I tell you sir Launcelot is an hardy knight, and all yee know hee is the best knight among us all: and but if he be taken with the deede, hee will fight with him that bringeth up the noise, and I know no knight that is able to match him. Therefore, and it bee sooth as yee say, I would hee were taken with the deed." For king Arthur was loth thereto that any noise should bee upon sir Launcelot and his queene; for the king had a deeming, but he would not here of it, for sir Launcelot had done so much for him and for his queene so many times, that wit ye well king Arthur loved him passingly well. "My lord," said sir Agravaine, "ye shal ride to morrow on hunting, and doubt yee not sir Launcelot will not goe with you; then when it draweth toward night, yee may send the queene word that ye will lie out all that night; and so may yee send for your cookes: and then upon paine of death we shall take him that night with the queene, and either wee shall bring him to you dead or quicke." "I will well," said the king. "Then I counsaile you," said the king, "take with you sure felowship." "Sir," said sir Agravaine, "my brother sir Mordred and I will take with us twelve knights of the round table." "Be well ware," said king Arthur, "for I warne you ye shall find him full waighty." "Let us deale," said sir Agravaine and sir Mordred. So upon the morrow king Arthur rode on hunting, and sent word unto the queene that he would lie out all that night. Then sir Agravaine and sir Mordred gate unto them twelve knights, and hid them selves in a chamber of the castle of Caerlell, and these were their names: first, sir Colgrevaunce, sir Mador de la Port, sir Gingaline, sir Meliot de Logris, sir Petipace of Winchelsea, sir Galleron of Galway, sir Melion of the mountaine, sir Astamore, sir Gromore Somor-jour, sir Curselaine, sir Florence, sir Lovell. So these twelve knights were with sir Mordred and sir Agravaine; and all they were of Scotland, either of sir Gawaines kinne, either well willers of his bretheren. So when the night

came, sir Launcelot told sir Bors how hee would goe that night and speake with queene Guenever. "Sir," said sir Bors, "yee shall not goe this night by my counsaile." "Why?" said sir Launcelot. "Sir," said sir Bors, "I alway dread me much of sir Agravaine, which waiteth you daily for to doe you shame and us all, and never gave my heart against your going that ever yee went to the queene so much as now; for I mistrust that the king is out this night from the queene, because peradventure hee hath layen some watch for you and the queen, and therefore I dread me sore of treason." "Have yee no doubt," said sir Launcelot, "for I shall goe and come againe, and make no taryng." "Sir," said sir Bors, "that me sore repenteth, for I dread my greatly that your going out this night shall wrath us all." "Faire nephew," said sir Launcelot, "I mervaile me much why yee say thus, sithence the queene hath sent for me; and wit yee well that I will not bee so much a coward but that shee shall understand I will see her good grace." "God speed you well," said sir Bors, "and send you safe and sound againe."

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT WAS ESPIED IN THE QUEENES CHAMBER,
AND HOW SIR AGRAVAINE AND SIR MORDRED CAME WITH
TWELVE KNIGHTS TO SLEY HIM.

So sir Launcelot departed, and tooke his sword underneath his arme. And so that noble knight went foorth in his mantell, and put himselfe in great jeopardy; and so hee passed till hee came unto the queenes chamber; and then sir Launcelot was lightly put into the chamber, and the queene and sir Launcelot were together, and whether they were a bed or at other manner of disports, me list not thereof to make mention; for love that time was not as it is now a dayes. But thus as they were together, there came sir Agravaine and sir Mordred, with twelve knights with them of the round table, and with a crying voice they said thus: "Traitor knight sir Launcelot du Lake, now art thou taken!" And thus they cried with a loud voice, that all the court might heere it; and they al were fourteen armed at all points, as they should fight in a battaile. "Alas!" said queene Guenever, "now are we mischieved both." "Madame," said sir Launcelot, "is here any armour within your chamber that I might cover my body withall? and if there be any, I pray you heartely let me have it, and I shall

soone stint their malice by the grace of God." "Truely," said the queene, "I have none armour, shield, sword, nor speare, wherefore I dread mee sore our long love is come to a mischievous end, for I heere by their noise there bee many valiaunt knights, and wel I wot they be surely armed, against them yee may not resist. Wherefore yee are like to bee slaine. and then shall I bee brent; for and yee might escape them," said the queene, "I would not doubt but that yee would rescue me in what danger so ever I stand in." "Alas!" said sir Launcelot, "in all my life was I never thus bestood that I should be thus shamefully slaine for lacke of mine armour." But alwayes sir Agravaine and sir Mordred cried, "Traitor knight. come out of the queenes chamber, for wit thou well that thou art so beset that thou shalt not escape!" "O Jesu, mercy," said sir Launcelot, "this shamefull crie and noise we may not suffer, for better were death at once, then thus to endure this paine." Then hee tooke the queene in his armes and kissed her, and said, "Most noble christian queene, I beseech you, as ye have ever beene my speciall good lady, and I at all times your true and poore knight to my power, and as I never failed you in right nor yet in wrong sithence the first day that king Arthur made me knight, that yee will pray for my soule if that I heere bee slaine; for well I am assured that sir Bors my nephew, and all the remnant of my kinne, with sir Lavaine and sir Urre, that they will not faile you for to rescue you from the fire, and therefore, mine owne deare lady, recomfort your selfe, whatsoever come of me, that ye goe with sir Bors my nephew and sir Urre; and they all will doe you all the pleasure they can or may, that ye shall live like a queene upon my lands." "Nay, sir Lancelot," said the queen, "wit thou well I will never live a day after thy dayes; but and thou be slaine, I will take my death as meekly, for Jesu Christs sake, as ever did any christian queene." "Well, madame," said sir Launcelot, "sith it is so that the day is come that our love must depart, wit you well that I shall sell my life as deare as I may; and a thousand fold," said sir Launcelot, "I am more heavier for you then for my selfe. And now I had leaver then to be lord of all Christendome, that I had sure armour upon me, that men might speak of my deeds or I were slaine." "Truly," said queene Guenever, "I would, and it might please God, that they would take me and sley me, and suffer you to escape." "That shal never be," said sir Lancelot; "God

defend me from such a shame, but, Lord Jesu, be thou my shield and mine armour."

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT SLEW SIR COLGREVAUNCE, AND ARMED HIM IN HIS ARMOUR, AND AFTER SLEW SIR AGRAVAINE AND TWELVE OF HIS FELOWES.

And therewithall sir Launcelot wrapped his mantell round about his arme well and surely. And by then they had gotten a great forme out of the hall, and therewithall they dashed at the chamber doore. "Faire lords," said sir Launcelot, "leave your noise and your dashing, and I shal set open the doore, and then may yee doe with mee what it liketh you to doe." "Come off then," said they all, "and doe it, for it availeth thee not to strive against us all, and therefore let us into this chamber, and we shall save thy life untill thou come to king Arthur." Then sir Launcelot unbarred the dore, and with his lift hand hee held it open a little, so that but one man might come in at once. And so anon there came in striding a good knight, a big man and a large, which was called sir Colgrevaunce of Gore, and hee with a sword strake at sir Launcelot mightely, and he put aside the strooke, and gave him such a buffet upon the helme that hee fell downe dead, groveling within the chamber doore. And then sir Launcelot with his great might drew that dead knight within the chamber doore; and then sir Launcelot, with the helpe of the queene and her ladies, was lightly armed in sir Colgrevaunce armour. And ever stood sir Agravaine and sir Mordred crying, "Traitour knight, come out of the queenes chamber!" "Let be your noise," said sir Launcelot unto sir Agravaine, "for wit yee well, sir Agravaine, yee shall not prison me this night, and therefore doe yee by my counsaile, go ye all from this chamber doore, and make no such crying and such manner of slaunder as yee doe; for I promise you by my knighthood, and ye will depart and make no more noise, I shall as to morrow appeare before you all, and before the king, and then let it be seene which of you all will accuse me of treason; and there I shall answere you as a knight ought to do, that hither I came unto the queen for no manner of male engine, and that I will prove and make good upon you with mine owne hands." "Fie on the, false traitour!" said sir Agravaine and sir Mordred, "we will have thee maugre thy head, and sley thee if we list, for

we will let thee to wit that wee have the choise of king Arthur to save thee or to sley thee." "Ah, sirs," said sir Launcelot, "is there none other grace with you? then keepe your selfe." So then sir Launcelot set the chamber doore wide open, and mightly and knightly hee strood in among them, and anon at the first buffet hee slew sir Agravaine and twelve of his fellowes, within a little while after he had laid them to the cold earth; and there was none of all the twelve that might stand with sir Launcelot a buffet; also sir Launcelot wounded sir Mordred, and he fled with all his might. And then sir Launcelot returned againe unto the queene, and said, "Madame, now wit yee wel that al our true love is brought unto end, for now will king Arthur ever bee my foe, and therefore, madame, and if it like you that I may have you with me, and I shall save you from all manner of ill adventures and daungers." "That is not best," said the queene; "me seemeth now yee have done so much harme, it will be best yee hold you still with this; and if ye see that as to morrow they will put me unto the death, then may ye rescue me as ye thinke best." "I will well," said sir Launcelot, "for have ye no doubt, while I am living, I shall rescue you." And then hee kissed her, and either gave other a ring; and so there hee left the queene, and went to his lodging.

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT CAME TO SIR BORS, AND TOLD HIM
HOW HEE HAD SPED, AND IN WHAT ADVENTURE HE
HAD BEENE, AND HOW HE ESCAPED.

So when sir Bors saw sir Launcelot, hee was never so glad of his home comming as he was at that time. "Jesu, mercy," said sir Launcelot, "what may this meane?" "Sir," said sir Bors, "after that ye were departed from us, we all that be of your blood and your well willers were so dreaming, that some of us lept out of our beds naked; and some in their dreames caught naked swords in their hands; therefore," said sir Bors, "we deeme there is some great strife at hand; and then we all deemed that yee were betrayed with some treason, and therefore wee made us thus ready, what neede soever ye had beene in." "My faire nephew," said sir Launcelot unto sir Bors, "now shall ye wit all that this night I was more harder besteed than ever I was in my life, and yet I escaped." And so hee told them all, hew and in what manner, as yee have heard before.

“And therefore, my fellowes,” said sir Launcelot, “I beseech you all that yee will bee of good heart in what neede soever that I stand in, for now is warre come to us all.” “Sir,” said sir Bors, “all is welcome that God sendeth us, and wee all have had much wealth with you and much worship, and therefore wee will take the woe with you as wee have taken the wealth; and therefore,” they said all, which were many good knights, “looke that ye take no discomfourt, for there is no band of knights under heaven but that we shall bee able to greeve them as much as they may us; and therefore discomfourt not your selfe by no meanes, and we shall gather together those that wee love, and that loveth us, and what yee will have done shall be done; and therefore, sir Launcelot,” said they, “wee will take the woe with the wealth.” “Gramercy,” said sir Launcelot, “of your good comfort; for in my great distresse, my faire nephew, ye comfort me greatly, and much I am beholden unto you. But this, my faire nephew, I would that ye did in all haste that yee may, or it bee forth days, that yee will looke in their lodgings that beene lodged heere nigh about the king, which will hold with me, and which will not, for now I would faine know which were my friends from my foes.” “Sir,” said sir Bors, “I shall doe what I may; and or it be seven of the clocke I shall wit of such, as yee have said before, who will hold with you or not.” Then sir Bors called to him sir Lionell, sir Ector de Maris, sir Blamor de Ganis, sir Bleodoris de Ganis, sir Galahantine, sir Galihodine, sir Galihud, sir Menadewke, with sir Villiers the valiaunt, sir Hebes le Renomes, sir Lavaine, sir Urre of Hungary, sir Neroveus, and sir Plenorius, these two sir Launcelot made knights, and the one of them he wanne upon a bridge, and therefore they would never bee against him; and sir Harry le fise de Lake, and sir Selises of the dolorous toure, and sir Melias de Lile, and sir Bellangere le Beuse, which was sir Alisaunder Lorphelins son, because his mother, dame Alis le beale Pilgrim, was of kin unto sir Launcelot, hee held with him. So there came sir Palomides and sir Safire his brother to hold with sir Launcelot, and sir Clegis of Sadocke, and sir Dinas, and sir Clarius of Claremount. So these two and twentie knights drew them together, and anon they were armed and on horsebacke, and promised sir Launcelot to doe what hee would. Then there fell to them what of Northwalis and what of Cornewaile, for sir Lamoracks sake and for sir Tristrams sake, to the number of fourescore good and

Sir Galahad

From the painting by G. F. Watts, R. A.



valiant knights. "My lords," said sir Launcelot, "wit ye well that I have beene ever sithence I came into this countrey well willing unto my lord king Arthur and unto my lady queene Guenever unto my power; and this night, because my lady the queene sent for mee to speake with her, I suppose it was by treason, how be it I dare largely excuse her person; notwithstanding I was there by a forecast nigh slaine, but, as Jesu provided mee, I escaped all their malice." And then that noble knight sir Launcelot told them all how he was hard bested in the queenes chamber, and how and in what manner he escaped from them, "And therefore," said sir Launcelot, "wit ye wel, my faire lords, I am sure there is nought but warre unto me and mine; and for because I have slaine this night these knights, as sir Agravaine, sir Gawaines brother, and at the least twelve of his fellowes, and for this cause now I am sure of mortall war. These knights were sent and ordained by king Arthur to betray mee, and therefore the king will in his heate and malice judge the queene to the fire, and that may I not suffer, that shee should bee burnt for my sake. For and I may be heard and suffered, and so taken, I will fight for the queene, that she is a true lady unto her lord; but the king in his heat, I dread me, will not take me as I ought to be taken."

OF THE COUNSAILE AND ADVISE WHICH WAS TAKEN BY
SIR LAUNCELOT AND HIS FRIENDS FOR TO SAVE THE
QUEENE.

"My lord sir Launcelot," said sir Bors, "by mine advise yee shall take the woe with the wealth, and take it patiently, and thanke our Lord God of it; and sithence it is fallen as it is. I counsaile you to keepe your selfe, for if yee will your selfe, there is no fellowship christned of knights that shall doe you any wrong. Also I will counsaile you, my lord sir Launcelot, that and my lady queene Guenever be in distresse, in so much as she is in paine for your sake, that yee knightly rescue her; and if yee did otherwise, all the world will speake of you shame to the worlds end, in so much as yee were taken with her. Whether ye did right or wrong, it is now your part to hold with the queene, that shee bee not slaine and put to a mischievous death; for and the queene die so, the shame shall be yours." "Oh, good Lord Jesu, defend mee from shame," said sir Launcelot, "and keepe and save my lady the queene from

vilany and from shamefull death, and that she never be destroyed in my default ; and therefore, my faire lords, ye that be of my kinne and my friends," said sir Launcelot, "what will ye doe?" Then they said all, "We will doe as ye will doe your selfe." "I put this to you," said sir Launcelot, "that if my lord king Arthur, by evill counsaile, will to morrow in his heate put my lady the queene to the fire, there to be burnt, now I pray you counsaile mee what is best to bee done." Then they said all at once with one voice, "Sir, wee thinke that the best that yee may doe is this: that yee knightly rescue the queene; in so much as shee shall bee burnt, it is for your sake; and it is to be supposed that if ye might be handled ye should have the same death, or else a more shamefuller death. And, sir, wee say all, that many times yee have rescued the queene from death for other mens quarrels, us seemeth it is more your worship that ye rescue the queene from this peril, in so much as she hath it for your sake." Then sir Launcelot stood stil, and said, "My faire lords, wit ye well that I would be loth to doe that thing that should dishonour you or my blood; and wit yee well I would be right loth that my lady the queene should die a shamefull death. But and it be soe that ye will counsaile me for to rescue her, I must doe much harme or I rescue her, and peradventure I shall ther destroy some of my best friends, which would repent me much; and peradventure there be some and they could well bring it about, or disobey my lord king Arthur, they would full soone come to mee, the which I were loth to hurt. And if so be that I should rescue her, where should I keepe her?" "That shall be the least care of us all," said sir Bors; "how did the noble knight sir Tristram, by your good will? did not he keepe with him La beale Isoud nigh three yeares in Joyous-guard, the which was done by both your advises, and that same place is your owne; and in likewise may ye doe as ye list, and take the queene lightly away, if it bee so that the king will judge her to be burnt; and in Joyous-gard yee may keepe her long enough, untill the heate of the king be past, and then shall yee bring againe the queene unto the king with great worshippe; and then peradventure ye shall have thanks for her bringing home againe, where other shall have mauger." "That is hard to doe," said sir Launcelot, "for by sir Tristram I may have a warning; for when, by meanes of the treatise, sir Tristram brought againe La beale Isoud unto king Marke from Joyous-gard, looke what fell on the end, how

shamefully that false traitour king Marke slew that noble knight as he sat harping before his lady La beale Isoud, with a sharpe grounded glaive thrust him behind to the heart; "it greeveth mee," said sir Launcelet, "to speake of his death, for all the world may not find such a knight." "All this is truth," said sir Bors, "but there is one thing shall courage you and us all; yee know well that king Arthur and king Mark were never like of conditions, for there was never yet man that could prove king Arthur untrue of his promise." So to mak short tale, they were all consented that for better or worse, if it were so that the queene were on the morrow brought to the fire, shortly they all would rescue her. And so by the advise of sir Launcelet they put them all to an ambushment in a little wood as nigh Caerleill as they might, and there they abode still for to wit what the king would doe.

HOW SIR MORDRED RODE HASTELY UNTO THE KING FOR TO TELL HIM OF THE FRAY AND DEATH OF SIR AGRAVAINE HIS BROTHER, AND OF OTHER THINGS.

Now turne wee againe unto sir Mordred, which, when hee was escaped from the noble knight sir Launcelet, he anon gat his horse, and mounted upon him, and rode straight to king Arthur, sore wounded and beaten, and all beebled; and there he told the king al how it was, and how "they were al slaine but me." "Jesu, mercy! how may this be?" said the king; "did yee take him in the queenes chamber?" "Yee, so God me helpe," said sir Mordred, "there we found him unarmed, and there he slew sir Colgrevaunce, and armed him in his armour." And all this hee told the king, from the beginning to the ending. "Ah, Jesu, mercy!" said the king, "he is a mervailous knight of prowess. Alas! me sore repenteth," said the king, "that ever sir Launcelet should bee against mee; now I am sure the noble fellowship of the round table is broken for ever, for with him will hold many a noble knight; and now it is befallen so," said king Arthur, "that I may not with my worship but that the queen must suffer death." So then there was made great ordeinance in this heate that the queene must bee judged to death. And the law was such in those dayes, that what soever they were, of what estate or degree, if that they were found guiltie of treason, there should be none other remedie but death, and either the men or the taking with the deed should bee the

causer of their hastie judgement. And right so was it ordained for queene Guenever; because sir Mordred was escaped sore wounded, and the death of twelve knights of the round table, these proves and experiences caused king Arthur to command the queene to the fire, there to bee burnt. Then spake sir Gawaine, and said, "My lord king Arthur, I would counsaile you not to be over hastie, but that ye would put in respite this judgement of my lady the queene for many causes: one is, though it were so that sir Launcelot were found in the queenes chamber, yet it might be so that he came thither for none evill; for yee know, my lord," said sir Gawaine, "that the queene is much beholden unto sir Launcelot, more than to any other knight alive, for often-times he hath saved her life, and done battaile for her when all the court refused the queene; and peradventure she sent for him for goodnesse, and for none evill, to reward him for the good deeds he had done to her in time past. And peradventure my lady the queen sent for him to that intent, that sir Launcelot should come to her good grace prively and secretly, weening to her that it was best so to doe, in eschewing and dreading of slaunder; for often-times we doe many things that we weene it is for the best, and yet peradventure it turneth to the worst. For I dare say," said sir Gawaine, "that my lady your queene is to you both good and true; and as for sir Launcelot," said sir Gawaine, "he will make it good upon any knight living that will put on himselfe any vilanie or shame, and in likewise he will make good for my lady dame Guenever." "That I beleeve well," said king Arthur, "but I will not that way with sir Launcelot, for hee trusteth so much upon his hands and his might that he doubteth no man; and therefore for the queene hee shall never fight more, for shee shall have the law; and if that I may get sir Launcelot, wit yee well hee shall have a shamefull death." "Jesu defend," said sir Gawaine, "that I may never see it." "Wherefore say yee so?" said king Arthur unto sir Gawaine, "for truely ye have no great cause to love sir Lancelot, for this night last past hee slew your owne brother sir Agravaine, a ful good knight, and also hee had almost slaine your other brother sir Mordred; and also there he slew twelve good knights; and also, sir Gawain, remember you how he slew two sonnes of yours, sir Florence and sir Lovell." "My lord," said sir Gawaine, "of all this I have knowledge, of whose death I repent me sore; but in so much as I gave them warning, and told my brethren and my sonnes before hand what would fall in

the end, in so much as they would not do by my counsaile, I will not medle me thereof, nor revenge me nothing of their deaths, for I told them it was no bote to strive with sir Launcelot; how be it I am sory of the death of my brother and of my sonnes, for they were the causers of their owne death, for oft times I warned my brother sir Agravaine, and told him the perrills the which bee now befallen."

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT AND HIS KINSMEN RESEWED THE QUEENE FROM THE FIRE, AND HOW HEE SLEW MANY KNIGHTS.

Then said the noble king Arthur to sir Gawaine, "My deare nephew, I pray you that ye wil make you ready in your best aray, with your brethren sir Gaheris and sir Gareth, to bring my queene to the fire, there to have her judgement, and receive her death." "Nay, my most noble lord," said sir Gawaine, "that wil I never doe in my life, for wit you well that I will never bee in the place where so noble a queene as is my lady queene Guenever shall take such a shamefull ending; for wit you wel," said sir Gawaine, "that my heart will never serve mee to see her dye, and it shall never bee said that ever I was of your counsell of her death." Then said king Arthur unto sir Gawaine, "Suffer your brother sir Gaheris and sir Gareth to be there." "My lord," said sir Gawaine, "wit you well that they will bee loth to bee there present, because of many adventures which bee like to fall there, but they are young, and full unable to say you nay." Then spake sir Gaheris and the good knight sir Gareth unto king Arthur: "Sir, yee may well commande us to be there, but wit yee well it shall be sore against our will; but and wee bee there by your straitte commandement, yee shall plainely hold us there excused, wee will bee there in peaceable wise, and bear no harneis of warre upon us." "In the name of God," said the king, "then make you ready, for she shall soone have her judgement." "Alas!" said sir Gawaine, "that ever I should endure to see this wofull day." So sir Gawaine turned him, and wept heartely, and so hee went into his chamber. And then the queene was led foorth without Caerleyll, and there shee was despoiled unto her smocke; and so then her ghostly father was brought to her, to be shriven of her misdeeds. Then there was weeping

and wailing, and wringing of hands of many lords and ladies; but there was but few in comparison that would beare any armour for to strength the death of the queen. Then was there one which sir Launcelot had sent unto that place for to espie what time the queene should goe unto her judgement. And anon, as he saw that the queene was despoiled unto her smocke, and also that shee was shriven, then he gave sir Launcelot warning thereof. Then was there spurring and plucking up of horses; and right so they came to the fire, and who that stood against them there they were slaine, there might none withstand sir Launcelot. So all that beare armes and withstood them, there were they slaine, many a noble knight; for there was slaine sir Belias le Orgulous, sir Segwarides, sir Griflet, sir Brandiles, sir Aglovaile, sir Tor, sir Gauter, sir Guillimere, sir Reinolds, three brethren, sir Damas, sir Priamus, sir Kay the stranger, sir Driaunt, sir Lambegus, sir Herminde, sir Pertelopoe, sir Perimones, two brethren which were called the greene knight and the red knight. And in this rashing and hurling, as sir Launcelot through heere and ther, it mishapned him to sley sir Gaheris and the noble knight sir Gareth, for they were unarmed and unaware; for sir Launcelot smote sir Gareth and sir Gaheris upon the brain pans, wherethrough they were both slaine in the field; how bee it in very truth sir Launcelot saw them not, and so were they found dead among the thickest of the presse. Then when sir Launcelot had thus done, and had put them to flight all they that would withstand him, then he rode straight unto queene Guenever, and made a kirtell and a gowne to bee cast upon her, and then hee made her to bee set behind him, and praied her to be of good cheare. Wit you wel that the queene was glad that shee was escaped from death; and then shee thanked God and sir Launcelot. And so hee rode his way with the queene unto Joyous-gard, and there hee kep her as a noble knight should doe, and many great lords and some kings sent sir Launcelot many good knights; and many noble knights drew unto sir Launcelot. When this was knowen openly, that king Arthur and sir Launcelot were at debate, many knights were glad of their debate, and many knights were sory of their debate.

MERLIN AND VIVIEN.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

[ALFRED TENNYSON, BARON TENNYSON: English poet; born at Somersby, England, August 6, 1809; died at Aldworth, October 6, 1892. His first poems were published with his brother Charles, in a small volume entitled "Poems of Two Brothers," in 1827. Two years later he won the chancellor's gold medal for his prize poem, "Timbuctoo." The following year came his "Poems Chiefly Lyrical." In 1832 a new volume of miscellaneous poems was published, and was attacked savagely by the *Quarterly Review*. Ten years afterward another volume of miscellaneous verse was collected. In 1847 he published "The Princess," which was warmly received. In 1850 came "In Memoriam," and he was appointed poet laureate to succeed Wordsworth. Among his other works may be mentioned: "Idylls of the King" (1859), "Enoch Arden" and "The Holy Grail" (1869), "Queen Mary" (1875), "Harold" (1876), "The Cup" (1884), "Tiresias" (1885), "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" (1886), "The Foresters" and "The Death of Ænone" (1892).]

A STORM was coming, but the winds were still;
 And in the wild woods of Broceliande,
 Before an oak, so hollow, huge, and old
 It looked a tower of ruined masonwork,
 At Merlin's feet the wily Vivien lay.

Whence came she? One that bare in bitter grudge
 The scorn of Arthur and his Table, Mark
 The Cornish King, had heard a wandering voice,
 A minstrel of Caerleon by strong storm
 Blown into shelter at Tintagil, say
 That out of naked knightlike purity
 Sir Lancelot worshipt no unmarried girl
 But the great Queen herself, fought in her name,
 Sware by her — vows like theirs, that high in heaven
 Love most, but neither marry, nor are given
 In marriage, angels of our Lord's report.

He ceased, and then — for Vivien sweetly said
 (She sat beside the banquet nearest Mark),
 "And is the fair example followed, Sir,
 In Arthur's household?" — answered innocently:

"Ay, by some few — ay, truly — youths that hold
 It more beseems the perfect virgin knight
 To worship woman as true wife beyond
 All hopes of gaining, than as maiden girl.

They place their pride in Lancelot and the Queen.
 So passionate for an utter purity
 Beyond the limit of their bond, are these,
 For Arthur bound them not to singleness,
 Brave hearts and clean! and yet—God guide them—**young.**”

Then Mark was half in heart to hurl his cup
 Straight at the speaker, but forbore: he rose
 To leave the hall, and, Vivien following him,
 Turned to her: “Here are snakes within the grass;
 And you methinks, O Vivien, save ye fear
 The monkish manhood, and the mask of pure
 Worn by this court, can stir them till they sting.”

And Vivien answered, smiling scornfully,
 “Why fear? because that fostered at *thy* court
 I savor of thy — virtues? fear them? no.
 As Love, if Love be perfect, casts out fear,
 So Hate, if Hate be perfect, casts out fear.
 My father died in battle against the King,
 My mother on his corpse in open field;
 She bore me there, for born from death was I
 Among the dead and sown upon the wind —
 And then on thee! and shown the truth betimes,
 That old true filth, and bottom of the well,
 Where Truth is hidden. Gracious lessons thine
 And maxims of the mud! ‘This Arthur pure!
 Great Nature thro’ the flesh herself hath made
 Gives him the lie! There is no being pure,
 My cherub; saith not Holy Writ the same?’ —
 If I were Arthur, I would have thy blood.
 Thy blessing, stainless King! I bring thee back,
 When I have ferreted out thy burrowings,
 The hearts of all this Order in mine hand —
 Ay — so that fate and craft and folly close,
 Perchance, one curl of Arthur’s golden beard.
 To me this narrow grizzled fork of thine
 Is cleaner-fashioned — Well, I loved thee first,
 That warps the wit.”

Loud laughed the graceless Mark;
 But Vivien, into Camelot stealing, lodged
 Low in the city, and on a festal day
 When Guinevere was crossing the great hall
 Cast herself down, knelt to the Queen, and wailed.

"Why kneel ye there? What evil have ye wrought?
 Rise!" and the damsel bidden rise arose
 And stood with folded hands and downward eyes
 Of glancing corner, and all meekly said,
 "None wrought, but suffered much, an orphan maid!
 My father died in battle for thy King,
 My mother on his corpse — in open field,
 The sad sea-sounding wastes of Lyonesse —
 Poor wretch — no friend! — and now by Mark the King
 For that small charm of feature mine, pursued —
 If any such be mine — I fly to thee.
 Save, save me thou — Woman of women — thine
 The wreath of beauty, thine the crown of power,
 Be thine the balm of pity, O Heaven's own white
 Earth angel, stainless bride of stainless King —
 Help, for he follows! take me to thyself!
 O yield me shelter for mine innocency
 Among thy maidens!"

Here her slow sweet eyes
 Fear-tremulous, but humbly hopeful, rose
 Fixt on her hearer's, while the Queen who stood
 As glittering like May sunshine on May leaves
 In green and gold, and plumed with green, replied,
 Peace, child! of overpraise and overblame
 We choose the last. Our noble Arthur, him
 Ye scarce can overpraise, will hear and know.
 Nay — we believe all evil of thy Mark —
 Well, we shall test thee farther; but this hour
 We ride a hawking with Sir Lancelot.
 He hath given us a fair falcon which he trained;
 We go to prove it. Bide ye here the while."

She past; and Vivien murmured after "Go!
 I bide the while." Then thro' the portal arch
 Peering askance, and muttering broken-wise,
 As one that labors with an evil dream,
 Beheld the Queen and Lancelot get to horse.

"Is that the Lancelot? goodly — ay, but gaunt:
 Courteous — amends for gauntness — takes her hand —
 That glance of theirs, but for the street, had been
 A clinging kiss — how hand lingers in hand!
 Let go at last! — they ride away — to hawk
 For waterfowl. Royaler game is mine.

For such a supersensual sensual bond
 As that gray cricket chirpt of at our hearth —
 Touch flax with flame — a glance will serve — **the liars!**
 Ah little rat that borest in the dike
 Thy hole by night to let the boundless deep
 Down upon far-off cities while they dance —
 Or dream — of thee they dreamed not — nor of **me**
 These — ay, but each of either : ride, and dream
 The mortal dream that never yet was mine —
 Ride, ride and dream until ye wake — to me!
 Then, narrow court and lubber King, farewell!
 For Lancelot will be gracious to the rat,
 And our wise Queen, if knowing that I know,
 Will hate, loathe, fear — but honor me the more.”

Yet while they rode together down the plain
 Their talk was all of training, terms of art,
 Diet and seeling, jesses, leash and lure.
 “She is too noble,” he said, “to check at pies,
 Nor will she rake : there is no baseness in her.”
 Here when the Queen demanded as by chance
 “Know ye the stranger woman ?” “Let her be,”
 Said Lancelot and unhooded casting off
 The goodly falcon free ; she towered ; her bells,
 Tone under tone, shrilled ; and they lifted up
 Their eager faces, wondering at the strength,
 Boldness and royal knighthood of the bird
 Who pounced her quarry and slew it. Many a time
 As once — of old — among the flowers — they rode.

But Vivien half-forgotten of the Queen
 Among her damsels broidering sat, heard, watched
 And whispered : thro’ the peaceful court she crept
 And whispered : then as Arthur in the highest
 Leavened the world, so Vivien in the lowest,
 Arriving at a time of golden rest,
 And sowing one ill hint from ear to ear,
 While all the heathen lay at Arthur’s feet,
 And no quest came, but all was joust and play,
 Leavened his hall. They heard and let her be.

Thereafter as an enemy that has left
 Death in the living waters, and withdrawn,
 The wily Vivien stole from Arthur’s court.

She hated all the knights, and heard in thought
 Their lavish comment when her name was named.

For once, when Arthur walking all alone,
Vext at a rumor issued from herself
Of some corruption crept among his knights,
Had met her, Vivien, being greeted fair,
Would fain have wrought upon his cloudy mood
With reverent eyes mock-loyal, shaken voice,
And fluttered adoration, and at last
With dark sweet hints of some who prized him more
Than who should prize him most; at which the King
Had gazed upon her blankly and gone by;
But one had watched, and had not held his peace:
It made the laughter of an afternoon
That Vivien should attempt the blameless King.
And after that, she sat herself to gain
Him, the most famous man of all those times,
Merlin, who knew the range of all their arts,
Had built the King his havens, ships, and halls,
Was also Bard, and knew the starry heavens;
The people called him Wizard; whom at first
She played about with slight and sprightly talk,
And vivid smiles, and faintly venomous points
Of slander, glancing here and grazing there;
And yielding to his kindlier moods, the Seer
Would watch her at her petulance, and play,
Even when they seemed unlovable, and laugh
As those that watch a kitten; thus he grew
Tolerant of what he half disdained, and she,
Perceiving that she was but half disdained,
Began to break her sports with graver fits,
Turn red or pale, would often when they met
Sigh fully, or all-silent gaze upon him
With such a fixt devotion, that the old man,
Tho' doubtful, felt the flattery, and at times
Would flutter his own wish in age for love,
And half believe her true, for thus at times
He wavered; but that other clung to him,
Fixt in her will, and so the seasons went.

Then fell on Merlin a great melancholy;
He walked with dreams and darkness, and he found
A doom that ever poised itself to fall,
An ever-moaning battle in the mist,
World war of dying flesh against the life,
Death in all life and lying in all love,
The meanest having power upon the highest,
And the high purpose broken by the worm.

So leaving Arthur's court he gained the beach ;
There found a little boat, and stept into it ;
And Vivien followed, but he marked her not.
She took the helm and he the sail : the boat
Drave with a sudden wind across the deeps,
And touching Breton sands, they disembarked.
And then she followed Merlin all the way,
Even to the wild woods of Broceliande.
For Merlin once had told her of a charm,
The which if any wrought on any one
With woven paces and with waving arms,
The man so wrought on ever seemed to lie
Closed in the four walls of a hollow tower,
From which was no escape for evermore ;
And none could find that man for evermore,
Nor could he see but him who wrought the charm
Coming and going, and he lay as dead
And lost to life and use and name and fame.
And Vivien ever sought to work the charm
Upon the great Enchanter of the Time,
As fancying that her glory would be great
According to his greatness whom she quenched.

There lay she all her length and kissed his feet,
As if in deepest reverence and in love.
A twist of gold was round her hair ; a robe
Of samite without price, that more exprest
Than hid her, clung about her lissome limbs,
In color like the satin-shining palm
On shallows in the windy gleams of March :
And while she kissed them, crying, " Trample me,
Dear feet, that I have followed thro' the world,
And I will pay you worship ; tread me down
And I will kiss you for it ; " he was mute :
So dark a forethought rolled about his brain,
As on a dull day in an Ocean cave
The blind wave feeling round his long sea hall
In silence : wherefore, when she lifted up
A face of sad appeal, and spake and said,
" O Merlin, do ye love me ? " and again,
" O Merlin, do ye love me ? " and once more,
" Great Master, do ye love me ? " he was mute ;
And lissome Vivien, holding by his heel,
Writhed toward him, slid up his knee and sat,
Behind his ankle twined her hollow feet
Together, curved an arm about his neck,

Clung like a snake; and letting her left hand
 Droop from his mighty shoulder, as a leaf,
 Made with her right a comb of pearl to part
 The lists of such a beard as youth gone out
 Had left in ashes: then he spoke and said,
 Not looking at her, "Who are wise in love
 Love most, say least," and Vivien answered quick,
 "I saw the little elf god eyeless once
 In Arthur's arras hall at Camelot:
 But neither eyes nor tongue — O stupid child!
 Yet you are wise who say it; let me think
 Silence is wisdom; I am silent then,
 And ask no kiss;" then added all at once,
 "And lo, I clothe myself with wisdom," drew
 The vast and shaggy mantle of his beard
 Across her neck and bosom to her knee,
 And called herself a gilded summer fly
 Caught in a great old tyrant spider's web,
 Who meant to eat her up in that wild wood
 Without one word. So Vivien called herself,
 But rather seemed a lovely baleful star
 Veiled in gray vapor; till he sadly smiled:
 "To what request for what strange boon," he said,
 "Are these your pretty tricks and fooleries,
 O Vivien, the preamble? yet my thanks,
 For these have broken up my melancholy."

And Vivien answered smiling saucily,
 "What, O my Master, have ye found your voice?
 I bid the stranger welcome. Thanks at last!
 But yesterday you never opened lip,
 Except indeed to drink: no cup had we:
 In mine own lady palms I culled the spring
 That gathered trickling dropwise from the cleft,
 And made a pretty cup of both my hands
 And offered you it kneeling: then you drank
 And knew no more, nor gave me one poor word;
 O no more thanks than might a goat have given
 With no more sign of reverence than a beard.
 And when we halted at that other well,
 And I was faint to swooning, and you lay
 Foot-gilt with all the blossom dust of those
 Deep meadows we had traversed, did you know
 That Vivien bathed your feet before her own?
 And yet no thanks: and all thro' this wild wood
 And all this morning when I fondled you:

Boon, ay, there was a boon, one not so strange—
 How had I wronged you? surely ye are wise,
 But such a silence is more wise than kind.”

And Merlin locked his hand in hers and said:
 “O did ye never lie upon the shore,
 And watch the curled white of the coming wave
 Glassed in the slippery sand before it breaks?
 Even such a wave, but not so pleasurable,
 Dark in the glass of some presageful mood,
 Had I for three days seen, ready to fall.
 And then I rose and fled from Arthur’s court
 To break the mood. You followed me unasked;
 And when I looked, and saw you following still,
 My mind involved yourself the nearest thing
 In that mind mist: for shall I tell you truth?
 You seemed that wave about to break upon me
 And sweep me from my hold upon the world,
 My use and name and fame. Your pardon, child.
 Your pretty sports have brightened all again.
 And ask your boon, for boon I owe you thrice,
 Once for wrong done you by confusion, next
 For thanks it seems till now neglected, last
 For these your dainty gambols: wherefore ask;
 And take this boon so strange and not so strange.”

And Vivien answered, smiling mournfully:
 “O not so strange as my long asking it,
 Not yet so strange as you yourself are strange,
 Nor half so strange as that dark mood of yours.
 I ever feared ye were not wholly mine;
 And see, yourself have owned ye did me wrong.
 The people call you prophet: let it be:
 But not of those that can expound themselves.
 Take Vivien for expounder: she will call
 That three-days-long presageful gloom of yours
 No presage, but the same mistrustful mood
 That makes you seem less noble than yourself,
 Whenever I have asked this very boon,
 Now asked again: for see you not, dear love,
 That such a mood as that, which lately gloomed
 Your fancy when ye saw me following you,
 Must make me fear still more you are not mine,
 Must make me yearn still more to prove you mine,
 And make me wish still more to learn this charm
 Of woven paces and of waving hands,

As proof of trust. O Merlin, teach me.
 The charm so taught will charm us both to rest.
 For, grant me some slight power upon your fate,
 I, feeling that you felt me worthy trust,
 Should rest and let you rest, knowing you mine,
 And therefore be as great as ye are named,
 Not muffled round with selfish reticence.
 How hard you look and how denyingly!
 O, if you think this wickedness in me,
 That I should prove it on you unawares,
 That makes me passing wrathful; then our boon
 Had best be loosed forever: but think or not,
 By Heaven that hears I tell you the clean truth,
 As clean as blood of babes, as white as milk:
 O Merlin, may this earth, if ever I,
 If these unwitty wandering wits of mine,
 Even in the jumbled rubbish of a dream,
 Have tript on such conjectural treachery—
 May this hard earth cleave to the Nadir hell
 Down, down, and close again, and nip me flat,
 If I be such a traitress. Yield my boon,
 Till which I scarce can yield you all I am;
 And grant my re-reiterated wish,
 The great proof of your love: because I think,
 However wise, ye hardly know me yet.”

And Merlin loosed his hand from hers and said,
 “I never was less wise, however wise,
 Too curious Vivien, tho’ you talk of trust,
 Than when I told you first of such a charm.
 Yea, if ye talk of trust I tell you this,
 Too much I trusted when I told you that,
 And stirred this vice in you which ruined man
 Thro’ woman the first hour; for howsoe’er
 In children a great curiousness be well,
 Who have to learn themselves and all the world,
 In you, that are no child, for still I find
 Your face is practiced when I spell the lines,
 I call it,—well, I will not call it vice:
 But since you name yourself the summer fly,
 I well could wish a cobweb for the gnat,
 That settles, beaten back, and beaten back
 Settles, till one could yield for weariness:
 But since I will not yield to give you power
 Upon my life and use and name and fame,

Why will ye never ask some other boon?
Yea, by God's rood, I trusted you too much."

And Vivien, like the tenderest-hearted maid
That ever bided tryst at village stile,
Made answer, either eyelid wet with tears:
"Nay, Master, be not wrathful with your maid;
Caress her: let her feel herself forgiven
Who feels no heart to ask another boon.
I think ye hardly know the tender rhyme
Of 'Trust me not at all or all in all.'
I heard the great Sir Lancelot sing it once,
And it shall answer for me. Listen to it.

"In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

"It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

"The little rift within the lover's lute
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
That rotting inward slowly molders all.

"It is not worth the keeping: let it go:
But shall it? answer, darling, answer no.
And trust me not at all or all in all.'

"O Master, do ye love my tender rhyme?"

And Merlin looked and half-believed her true,
So tender was her voice, so fair her face,
So sweetly gleamed her eyes behind her tears
Like sunlight on the plain behind a shower:
And yet he answered half indignantly:

"Far other was the song that once I heard
By this huge oak, sung nearly where we sit:
For here we met, some ten or twelve of us,
To chase a creature that was current then
In these wild woods, the hart with golden horns.
It was the time when first the question rose
About the founding of a Table Round,
That was to be, for love of God and men
And noble deeds, the flower of all the world.
And each incited each to noble deeds.

And while we waited, one, the youngest of us,
 We could not keep him silent, out he flashed,
 And into such a song, such fire for fame,
 Such trumpet blowings in it, coming down
 To such a stern and iron-clashing close,
 That when he stopt we longed to hurl together;
 And should have done it; but the beauteous beast
 Scared by the noise upstarted at our feet,
 And like a silver shadow slipt away
 Thro' the dim land; and all day long we rode
 Thro' the dim land against a rushing wind,
 That glorious roundel echoing in our ears,
 And chased the flashes of his golden horns
 Until they vanished by the fairy well
 That laughs at iron — as our warriors did —
 Where children cast their pins and nails, and cry,
 'Laugh, little well!' but touch it with a sword,
 It buzzes fiercely round the point; and there
 We lost him: such a noble song was that.
 But, Vivien, when you sang me that sweet rhyme,
 I felt as tho' you knew this cursed charm,
 Were proving it on me, and that I lay
 And felt them slowly ebbing, name and fame."

And Vivien answered, smiling mournfully:
 "O mine have ebbed away for evermore,
 And all thro' following you to this wild wood,
 Because I saw you sad, to comfort you.
 Lo now, what hearts have men! they never mount
 As high as woman in her selfless mood.
 And touching fame, howe'er ye scorn my song,
 Take one verse more — the lady speaks it — this:

"My name, once mine, now thine, is closelier mine,
 For fame, could fame be mine, that fame were thine,
 And shame, could shame be thine, that shame were mine.
 So trust me not at all or all in all.'

"Says she not well? and there is more — this rhyme
 Is like the fair pearl necklace of the Queen,
 That burst in dancing, and the pearls were spilt;
 Some lost, some stolen, some as relics kept.
 But nevermore the same two sister pearls
 Ran down the silken thread to kiss each other
 On her white neck — so is it with this rhyme:

It lives dispersedly in many hands,
 And every minstrel sings it differently;
 Yet is there one true line, the pearl of pearls:
 'Man dreams of Fame while woman wakes to love.'
 Yea! Love, tho' Love were of the grossest, carves
 A portion from the solid present, eats
 And uses, careless of the rest; but Fame,
 The Fame that follows death is nothing to us;
 And what is Fame in life but half dis fame,
 And counterchanged with darkness? ye yourself:
 Know well that Envy calls you Devil's son,
 And since ye seem the Master of all Art,
 They fain would make you Master of all vice."

And Merlin locked his hand in hers and said,
 "I once was looking for a magic weed,
 And found a fair young squire who sat alone,
 Had carved himself a knightly shield of wood,
 And then was painting on it fancied arms,
 Azure, an Eagle rising, or the Sun
 In dexter chief: the scroll 'I follow fame.'
 And speaking not, but leaning over him,
 I took his brush and blotted out the bird,
 And made a Gardener putting in a graft,
 With this for motto, 'Rather use than fame.'
 You should have seen him blush; but afterwards
 He made a stalwart knight. O Vivien,
 For you, methinks you think you love me well;
 For me, I love you somewhat; rest: and Love
 Should have some rest and pleasure in himself,
 Not ever be too curious for a boon,
 Too prurient for a proof against the grain
 Of him ye say ye love: but Fame with men,
 Being but ampler means to serve mankind,
 Should have small rest or pleasure in herself,
 But work as vassal to the larger love,
 That dwarfs the petty love of one to one.
 Use gave me Fame at first, and Fame again
 Increasing gave me use. Lo, there my boon!
 What other? for men sought to prove me vile,
 Because I fain had given them greater wits:
 And then did Envy call me Devil's son:
 The sick weak beast seeking to help herself
 By striking at her better, missed, and brought
 Her own claw back, and wounded her own heart.

Sweet were the days when I was all unknown,
 But when my name was lifted up, the storm
 Brake on the mountain and I cared not for it.
 Right well know I that Fame is half-disfame,
 Yet needs must work my work. That other fame,
 To one at least who hath not children, vague,
 The cackle of the unborn about the grave,
 I cared not for it: a single misty star,
 Which is the second in a line of stars
 That seem a sword beneath a belt of three,
 I never gazed upon it but I dreamt
 Of some vast charm concluded in that star
 To make fame nothing. Wherefore, if I fear,
 Giving you power upon me thro' this charm,
 That you might play me falsely, having power,
 However well ye think ye love me now
 (As sons of kings loving in pupilage
 Have turned to tyrants when they came to power)
 I rather dread the loss of use than fame;
 If you — and not so much from wickedness,
 As some wild turn of anger, or a mood
 Of overstrained affection, it may be,
 To keep me all to your own self, — or else
 A sudden spurt of woman's jealousy, —
 Should try this charm on whom ye say ye love."

And Vivien answered, smiling as in wrath:
 "Have I not sworn? I am not trusted. Good!
 Well, hide it, hide it; I shall find it out;
 And being found take heed of Vivien.
 A woman and not trusted, doubtless I
 Might feel some sudden turn of anger born
 Of your misfaith; and your fine epithet
 Is accurate too, for this full love of mine
 Without the full heart back may merit well
 Your term of overstrained. So used as I,
 My daily wonder is, I love at all.
 And as to woman's jealousy, O why not?
 O to what end, except a jealous one,
 And one to make me jealous if I love,
 Was this fair charm invented by yourself?
 I well believe that all about this world
 Ye cage a buxom captive here and there,
 Closed in the four walls of a hollow tower
 From which is no escape for evermore."

Then the great Master merrily answered her :
 " Full many a love in loving youth was mine ;
 I needed then no charm to keep them mine
 But youth and love ; and that full heart of yours
 Whereof ye prattle, may now assure you mine ;
 So live uncharmed. For those who wrought it first,
 The wrist is parted from the hand that waved,
 The feet unmortised from their ankle bones
 Who paced it, ages back : but will ye hear
 The legend as in guerdon for your rhyme ?

" There lived a king in the most Eastern East,
 Less old than I, yet older, for my blood
 Hath earnest in it of far springs to be.
 A tawny pirate anchored in his port,
 Whose bark had plundered twenty nameless isles ;
 And passing one, at the high peep of dawn,
 He saw two cities in a thousand boats
 All fighting for a woman on the sea.
 And pushing his black craft among them all,
 He lightly scattered theirs and brought her off,
 With loss of half his people arrow-slain ;
 A maid so smooth, so white, so wonderful,
 They said a light came from her when she moved ;
 And since the pirate would not yield her up,
 The King impaled him for his piracy :
 Then made her Queen : but those isle-nurtured eyes
 Waged such unwilling tho' successful war
 On all the youth, they sickened ; councils thinned,
 And armies waned, for magnetlike she drew
 The rustiest iron of old fighters' hearts ;
 And beasts themselves would worship ; camels knelt
 Unbidden, and the brutes of mountain back
 That carry kings in castles bowed black knees
 Of homage, ringing with their serpent hands,
 To make her smile, her golden ankle bells.
 What wonder, being jealous, that he sent
 His horns of proclamation out thro' all
 The hundred underkingdoms that he swayed
 To find a wizard who might teach the King
 Some charm, which being wrought upon the Queen
 Might keep her all his own : to such a one
 He promised more than ever king has given,
 A league of mountain full of golden mines,
 A province with a hundred miles of coast,

A palace and a princess, all for him:
 But on all those who tried and failed, the King
 Pronounced a dismal sentence, meaning by it
 To keep the list low and pretenders back,
 Or like a king, not to be trifled with —
 Their heads should molder on the city gates.
 And many tried and failed, because the charm
 Of nature in her overbore their own:
 And many a wizard brow bleached on the walls:
 And many weeks a troop of carrion crows
 Hung like a cloud above the gateway towers.”

And Vivien breaking in upon him, said:
 “I sit and gather honey; yet, methinks,
 Thy tongue has tript a little: ask thyself.
 The lady never made *unwilling* war
 With those fine eyes: she had her pleasure in it,
 And made her good man jealous with good cause.
 And lived there neither dame nor damsel then
 Wroth at a lover's loss? were all as tame,
 I mean, as noble, as their Queen was fair?
 Not one to flirt a venom at her eyes,
 Or pinch a murderous dust into her drink,
 Or make her paler with a poisoned rose?
 Well, those were not our days: but did they find
 A wizard? Tell me, was he like to thee?”

She ceased, and made her lithe arm round his neck
 Tighten, and then drew back, and let her eyes
 Speak for her, glowing on him, like a bride's
 On her new lord, her own, the first of men.

He answered laughing, “Nay, not like to me.
 At last they found — his foragers for charms —
 A little glassy-headed hairless man,
 Who lived alone in a great wild on grass;
 Read but one book, and ever reading grew
 So grated down and filed away with thought,
 So lean his eyes were monstrous; while the skin
 Clung but to crate and basket, ribs and spine.
 And since he kept his mind on one sole aim,
 Nor ever touched fierce wine, nor tasted flesh,
 Nor owned a sensual wish, to him the wall
 That sunders ghost and shadow-casting men
 Became a crystal, and he saw them thro' it.

And heard their voices talk behind the wall,
 And learnt their elemental secrets, powers
 And forces ; often o'er the sun's bright eye
 Drew the vast eyelid of an inky cloud,
 And lashed it at the base with slanting storm ;
 Or in the noon of mist and driving rain,
 When the lake whitened and the pinewood roared,
 And the cairned mountain was a shadow, sunned
 The world to peace again : here was the man.
 And so by force they dragged him to the King.
 And then he taught the King to charm the Queen
 In suchwise, that no man could see her more,
 Nor saw she save the King, who wrought the charm,
 Coming and going, and she lay as dead,
 And lost all use of life : but when the King
 Made proffer of the league of golden mines,
 The province with a hundred miles of coast,
 The palace and the princess, that old man
 Went back to his old wild, and lived on grass,
 And vanished, and his book came down to me."

And Vivien answered, smiling saucily :
 "Ye have the book : the charm is written in it :
 Good : take my counsel : let me know it at once :
 For keep it like a puzzle chest in chest,
 With each chest locked and padlocked thirtyfold,
 And whelm all this beneath as vast a mound
 As after furious battle turfs the slain
 On some wild down above the windy deep,
 I yet should strike upon a sudden meaus
 To dig, pick, open, find, and read the charm :
 Then, if I tried it, who should blame me then ?"

And smiling as a master smiles at one
 That is not of his school, nor any school
 But that where blind and naked Ignorance
 Delivers brawling judgments, unashamed,
 On all things all day long, he answered her :

"Thou read the book, my pretty Vivien !
 O ay, it is but twenty pages long,
 But every page having an ample marge,
 And every marge inclosing in the midst
 A square of text that looks a little blot,
 The text no larger than the limbs of fleas ;
 And every square of text an awful charm,

Writ in a language that has long gone by.
 So long, that mountains have arisen since
 With cities on their flanks — thou read the book !
 And every margin scribbled, crost, and crammed
 With comment, densest condensation, hard
 To mind and eye ; but the long sleepless nights
 Of my long life have made it easy to me.
 And none can read the text, not even I ;
 And none can read the comment but myself ;
 And in the comment did I find the charm.
 O, the results are simple ; a mere child
 Might use it to the harm of any one,
 And never could undo it : ask no more :
 For tho' you should not prove it upon me,
 But keep that oath ye sware, ye might, perchance,
 Assay it on some one of the Table Round,
 And all because ye dream they babble of you."

And Vivien, frowning in true anger, said :
 " What dare the full-fed liars say of me ?
They ride abroad redressing human wrongs !
They sit with knife in meat and wine in horn !
They bound to holy vows of chastity !
 Were I not woman, I could tell a tale.
 But you are man, you well can understand
 The shame that cannot be explained for shame.
 Not one of all the drove should touch me : swine ! "

Then answered Merlin, careless of her words :
 " You breathe but accusation vast and vague,
 Spleen-born, I think, and proofless. If ye know,
 Set up the charge ye know, to stand or fall ! "

And Vivien answered, frowning wrathfully :
 " O ay, what say ye to Sir Valence, him
 Whose kinsman left him watcher o'er his wife
 And two fair babes, and went to distant lands ;
 Was one year gone, and on returning found
 Not two but three ? there lay the reckling, one
 But one hour old ! What said the happy sire ?
 A seven months' babe had been a truer gift.
 Those twelve sweet moons confused his fatherhood. "

Then answered Merlin, " Nay, I know the tale.
 Sir Valence wedded with an outland dame :
 Some cause had kept him sundered from his wife :

One child they had : it lived with her : she died :
 His kinsman traveling on his own affair
 Was charged by Valence to bring home the child.
 He brought, not found it therefore : take the truth."

"O ay," said Vivien, "overtrue a tale.
 What say ye then to sweet Sir Sagamore,
 That ardent man ? 'to pluck the flower in season,'
 So says the song, 'I trow it is no treason.'
 O Master, shall we call him overquick
 To crop his own sweet rose before the hour ?"

And Merlin answered, "Overquick art thou
 To catch a loathly plume fallen from the wing
 Of that foul bird of rapine whose whole prey
 Is man's good name : he never wronged his bride.
 I know the tale. An angry gust of wind
 Puffed out his torch among the myriad-roomed
 And many-corridored complexities
 Of Arthur's palace : then he found a door,
 And darkling felt the sculptured ornament
 That wreathen round it made it seem his own ;
 And wearied out made for the couch and slept,
 A stainless man beside a stainless maid ;
 And either slept, nor knew of other there ;
 Till the high dawn piercing the royal rose
 In Arthur's casement glimmered chastely down,
 Blushing upon them blushing, and at once
 He rose without a word and parted from her :
 But when the thing was blazed about the court,
 The brute world howling forced them into bonds,
 And as it chanced they are happy, being pure."

"O ay," said Vivien, "that were likely too.
 What say ye then to fair Sir Percivale
 And of the horrid foulness that he wrought,
 The saintly youth, the spotless lamb of Christ,
 Or some black wether of St. Satan's fold ?
 What, in the precincts of the chapel yard,
 Among the knightly brasses of the graves,
 And by the cold Hic Jacets of the dead !"

And Merlin answered, careless of her charge,
 "A sober man is Percivale and pure ;
 But once in life was flustered with new wine,
 Then paced for coolness in the chapel yard ;

Where one of Satan's shepherdesses caught
 And meant to stamp him with her master's mark ;
 And that he sinned is not believable ;
 For, look upon his face ! — but if he sinned,
 The sin that practice burns into the blood,
 And not the one dark hour which brings remorse
 Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be :
 Or else were he, the holy king, whose hymns
 Are chanted in the minster, worse than all.
 But is your spleen frothed out, or have ye more ? ”

And Vivien answered, frowning yet in wrath :
 “ O ay ; what say ye to Sir Lancelot, friend ?
 Traitor or true ? that commerce with the Queen,
 I ask you, is it clamored by the child,
 Or whispered in the corner ? do ye know it ? ”

To which he answered sadly, “ Yea, I know it.
 Sir Lancelot went ambassador, at first,
 To fetch her, and she watched him from her walls.
 A rumor runs, she took him for the King,
 So fixt her fancy on him : let them be.
 But have ye no one word of loyal praise
 For Arthur, blameless King and stainless man ? ”

She answered with a low and chuckling laugh :
 “ Man ! is he man at all, who knows and winks ?
 Sees what his fair bride is and does, and winks ?
 By which the good King means to blind himself,
 And blinds himself and all the Table Round
 To all the foulness that they work. Myself
 Could call him (were it not for womanhood)
 The pretty, popular name such manhood earns,
 Could call him the main cause of all their crime ;
 Yea, were he not crowned King, coward, and fool.”

Then Merlin to his own heart, loathing, said :
 “ O true and tender ! O my liege and King !
 O selfless man and stainless gentleman,
 Who wouldst against thine own eyewitness fain
 Have all men true and leal, all women pure ;
 How, in the mouths of base interpreters,
 From overfineness not intelligible
 To things with every sense as false and foul
 As the poached filth that floods the middle street,
 Is thy white blamelessness accounted blame ! ”

But Vivien, deeming Merlin overborne
 By instance, recommenced, and let her tongue
 Rage like a fire among the noblest names,
 Polluting, and imputing her whole self,
 Defaming and defacing, till she left
 Not even Lancelot brave, nor Galahad clean.

Her words had issue other than she willed.
 He dragged his eyebrow bushes down, and made
 A snowy penthouse for his hollow eyes,
 And muttered in himself, "Tell *her* the charm!
 So, if she had it, would she rail on me
 To snare the next, and if she have it not
 So will she rail. What did the wanton say?
 'Not mount as high;' we scarce can sink as low:
 For men at most differ as Heaven and earth,
 But women, worst and best, as Heaven and Hell.
 I know the Table Round, my friends of old;
 All brave, and many generous, and some chaste.
 She cloaks the scar of some repulse with lies;
 I well believe she tempted them and failed,
 Being so bitter: for fine plots may fail,
 Tho' harlots paint their talk as well as face
 With colors of the heart that are not theirs.
 I will not let her know: nine tithes of times
 Face flatterer and backbiter are the same.
 And they, sweet soul, that most impute a crime
 Are pronest to it, and impute themselves,
 Wanting the mental range; or low desire
 Not to feel lowest makes them level all;
 Yea, they would pare the mountain to the plain,
 To leave an equal baseness; and in this
 Are harlots like the crowd, and if they find
 Some stain or blemish in a name of note,
 Not grieving that their greatest are so small,
 Inflate themselves with some insane delight,
 And judge all nature from her feet of clay,
 Without the will to lift their eyes, and see
 Her godlike head crowned with spiritual fire,
 And touching other worlds. I am weary of her."

He spoke in words part heard, in whispers part,
 Half suffocated in the hoary fell
 And many-wintered fleece of throat and chin.
 But Vivien, gathering somewhat of his mood,

And hearing "harlot" muttered twice or thrice,
 Leapt from her session on his lap, and stood
 Stiff as a viper frozen; loathsome sight,
 How from the rosy lips of life and love,
 Flashed the bare-grinning skeleton of death!
 White was her cheek; sharp breaths of anger puffed
 Her fairy nostril out; her hand, half clenched,
 Went faltering sideways downward to her belt,
 And feeling: had she found a dagger there
 (For in a wink the false love turns to hate)
 She would have stabbed him; but she found it not;
 His eye was calm, and suddenly she took
 To bitter weeping like a beaten child,
 A long, long weeping, not consolable.
 Then her false voice made way, broken with sobs:

"O crueller than was ever told in tale,
 Or sung in song! O vainly lavished love!
 O cruel, there was nothing wild or strange,
 Or seeming shameful — for what shame in love,
 So love be true, and not as yours is — nothing
 Poor Vivien had not done to win his trust
 Who called her what he called her — all her crime,
 All — all — the wish to prove him wholly hers."

She mused a little, and then clapt her hands
 Together with a wailing shriek, and said:
 "Stabbed through the heart's affections to the heart!
 Seethed like the kid in its own mother's milk!
 Killed with a word worse than a life of blows!
 I thought that he was gentle, being great:
 O God, that I had loved a smaller man!
 I should have found in him a greater heart.
 O, I, that flattering my true passion, saw
 The knights, the court, the King, dark in your light,
 Who loved to make men darker than they are,
 Because of that high pleasure which I had
 To seat you sole upon my pedestal
 Of worship — I am answered, and henceforth
 The course of life that seemed so flowery to me
 With you for guide and master, only you,
 Becomes the sea-cliff pathway broken short,
 And ending in a ruin — nothing left,
 But into some low cave to crawl, and there,
 If the wolf spare me, weep my life away,
 Killed with inutterable unkindliness."

She paused, she turned away, she hung her head,
 The snake of gold slid from her hair, the braid
 Slipt and uncoiled itself, she wept afresh,
 And the dark wood grew darker toward the storm
 In silence, while his anger slowly died
 Within him, till he let his wisdom go
 For ease of heart, and half believed her true :
 Called her to shelter in the hollow oak,
 "Come from the storm," and having no reply,
 Gazed at the heaving shoulder, and the face
 Hand-hidden, as for utmost grief or shame ;
 Then thrice essayed, by tenderest-touching terms,
 To sleek her ruffled peace of mind, in vain.
 At last she let herself be conquered by him,
 And as the cageling newly flown returns,
 The seeming-injured simple-hearted thing
 Came to her old perch back, and settled there.
 There while she sat, half falling from his knees,
 Half nestled at his heart, and since he saw
 The slow tear creep from her closed eyelids yet,
 About her, more in kindness than in love,
 The gentle wizard cast a shielding arm.
 But she dislinked herself at once and rose,
 Her arms upon her breast across, and stood,
 A virtuous gentlewoman deeply wronged,
 Upright and flushed before him ; then she said :

"There must be now no passages of love
 Betwixt us twain henceforward evermore ;
 Since, if I be what I am grossly called,
 What should be granted which your own gross heart
 Would reckon worth the taking ? I will go.
 In truth, but one thing now — better have died
 Thrice than have asked it once — could make me stay —
 That proof of trust — so often asked in vain !
 How justly, after that vile term of yours,
 I find with grief ! I might believe you then,
 Who knows ? once more. Lo ! what was once to me
 Mere matter of the fancy, now hath grown
 The vast necessity of heart and life.
 Farewell ; think gently of me, for I fear
 My fate or folly, passing gayer youth
 For one so old, must be to love thee still.
 But ere I leave thee let me swear once more
 That if I schemed against thy peace in this,

May you just heaven, that darkens o'er me, send
 One flash, that, missing all things else, may make
 My scheming brain a cinder, if I lie."

Scarce had she ceased, when out of heaven a bolt
 (For now the storm was close above them) struck
 Furrowing a giant oak, and javelining
 With darted spikes and splinters of the wood
 The dark earth round. He raised his eyes and saw
 The tree that shone white-listed thro' the gloom.
 But Vivien, fearing heaven had heard her oath,
 And dazzled by the livid-flickering fork,
 And deafened with the stammering cracks and claps
 That followed, flying back and crying out,
 "O Merlin, tho' you do not love me, save,
 Yet save me!" clung to him and hugged him close;
 And called him dear protector in her fright,
 Nor yet forgot her practice in her fright.
 But wrought upon his mood and hugged him close.
 The pale blood of the wizard at her touch
 Took gayer colors, like an opal warmed.
 She blamed herself for telling hearsay tales;
 She shook from fear, and for her fault she wept
 Of petulancy; she called him lord and liege,
 Her seer, her bard, her silver star of eve,
 Her God, her Merlin, the one passionate love
 Of her whole life; and ever overhead
 Bellowed the tempest, and the rotten branch
 Snapt in the rushing of the river rain
 Above them; and in change of glare and gloom
 Her eyes and neck glittering went and came;
 Till now the storm, its burst of passion spent,
 Moaning and calling out of other lands,
 Had left the ravaged woodland yet once more
 To peace; and what should not have been had been,
 For Merlin, overtalked and overworn,
 Had yielded, told her all the charm, and slept.

Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm
 Of woven paces and of waving hands,
 And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
 And lost to life and use and name and fame.

Then crying "I have made his glory mine,"
 And shrieking out "O fool!" the harlot leapt
 Adown the forest, and the thicket closed
 Behind her, and the forest echoed "fool."

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, American poet and man of letters, was born February 22, 1819, in Cambridge, Mass. He graduated from Harvard in 1838; was admitted to the bar in 1840, but never practiced, devoting himself to literature. He began writing for the antislavery cause in 1843, and "The Biglow Papers" appeared in the Boston *Courier* 1846-1848. "The Vision of Sir Launfal" and "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets" (his first critical work) came in 1845, and the "Fable for Critics" in 1848. He traveled in Europe in 1851; in 1855 succeeded Longfellow as professor of modern languages at Harvard, traveled two years more to qualify himself, and became a leading authority on Italian, Old French, and Provençal poetry and art. He was the first editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*; edited the *North American Review* with Charles Eliot Norton, 1863-1872. The second series of the "Biglow Papers," on the Civil War, published in the *Atlantic*, were collected in 1867; "Fireside Travels," 1864; "Among my Books" and "My Study Windows," collected essays, 1870. He also published a "Life of Keats," three commemoration odes, 1875-1876, "Democracy and other Addresses," and other volumes. He was minister to Spain, 1877-1880; to England, 1880-1885. He died August 12, 1891.]

PRELUDE TO PART FIRST.

OVER his keys the musing organist,
 Beginning doubtfully and far away,
 First lets his fingers wander as they list,
 And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay:
 Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
 Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
 First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
 Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
 Doth heaven with all its splendors lie,
 Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
 We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
 Against our fallen and traitor lives
 The great winds utter prophecies;
 With our faint hearts the mountain strives,
 Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
 Waits with its benedicite;
 And to our age's drowsy blood
 Still shouts the inspiring sea.
 Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
 The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,

James Russell Lowell



The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
 We bargain for the graves we lie in ;
 At the devil's booth are all things sold,
 Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold ;
 For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
 Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking :
 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
 'Tis only God may be had for the asking,
 No price is set on the lavish summer ;
 June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June ?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
 Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays :
 Whether we look, or whether we listen,
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;
 Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
 And, groping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;
 The flush of life may well be seen
 Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;
 The cowslip startles in meadows green,
 The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
 And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
 To be some happy creature's palace ;
 The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
 And lets his illumined being o'errun
 With the deluge of summer it receives ;
 His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
 And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;
 He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
 In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best ?

Now is the high tide of the year,
 And whatever of life hath ebbed away
 Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay ;
 Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
 We are happy now because God wills it ;
 No matter how barren the past may have been,
 'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green ;

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
 How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
 We may shut our eyes but we cannot help knowing
 That skies are clear and grass is growing;
 The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
 That dandelions are blossoming near,
 That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
 That the river is bluer than the sky,
 That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
 And if the breeze kept the good news back,
 For other couriers we should not lack;
 We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
 And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
 Warmed with the new wine of a year,
 Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
 Everything is happy now,
 Everything is upward striving;
 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
 As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —
 'Tis the natural way of living:
 Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
 In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
 And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
 The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
 The soul partakes the season's youth,
 And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
 Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
 Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
 What wonder if Sir Launfal now
 Remembered the keeping of his vow.

PART FIRST.

I.

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
 And bring to me my richest mail,
 For to-morrow I go over land and sea
 In search of the Holy Grail;
 Shall never a bed for me be spread,
 Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
 Till I begin my vow to keep;
 Here on the rushes will I sleep,

And perchance there may come a vision true
 Ere day create the world anew."
 Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
 Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
 And into his soul the vision flew.

II.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
 In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
 The little birds sang as if it were
 The one day of summer in all the year,
 And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees,
 The castle alone in the landscape lay
 Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray ;
 'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
 And never its gates might opened be,
 Save to lord or lady of high degree ;
 Summer besieged it on every side,
 But the churlish stone her assaults defied ;
 She could not scale the chilly wall,
 Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall
 Stretched left and right,
 Over the hills and out of sight ;
 Green and broad was every tent,
 And out of each a murmur went
 Till the breeze fell off at night.

III.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
 And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
 Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
 In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
 It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
 Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
 In his siege of three hundred summers long,
 And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
 Had cast them forth : so, young and strong,
 And lightsome as a locust leaf,
 Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
 To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
 And morning in the young knight's heart ;

Only the castle moodily
 Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
 And gloomed by itself apart;
 The season brimmed all other things up
 Full as the rain fills the pitcher plant's cup.

v.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
 He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
 Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
 And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
 The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
 The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
 And midway its leap his heart stood still
 Like a frozen waterfall;
 For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
 Rapped harshly against his dainty nature,
 And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
 So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

VI.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
 "Better to me the poor man's crust,
 Better the blessing of the poor,
 Though I turn me empty from his door;
 That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
 He gives nothing but worthless gold
 Who gives from a sense of duty;
 But he who gives a slender mite,
 And gives to that which is out of sight,
 That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
 Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
 The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
 The heart outstretches its eager palms,
 For a god goes with it and makes it store
 To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND.

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
 From the snow five thousand summers old;
 On open wold and hilltop bleak
 It had gathered all the cold,
 And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek:

It carried a shiver everywhere
 From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
 The little brook heard it and built a roof
 'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
 All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
 He groined his arches and matched his beams;
 Slender and clear were his crystal spars
 As the lashes of light that trim the stars:
 He sculptured every summer delight
 In his halls and chambers out of sight;
 Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
 Down through a frost-leaved forest crypt,
 Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
 Sending to counterfeit a breeze;
 Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
 But silvery mosses that downward grew;
 Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
 With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
 Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
 For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
 He had caught the nodding bulrush tops
 And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
 That crystaled the beams of moon and sun,
 And made a star of every one:
 No mortal builder's most rare device
 Could match this winter palace of ice;
 'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
 In his depths serene through the summer day,
 Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
 Lest the happy model should be lost,
 Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
 By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
 The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
 And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
 With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
 Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
 Wallows the Yule log's roaring tide;
 The broad flame pennons droop and flap
 And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
 Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
 Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
 And swift little troops of silent sparks,
 Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,

Go threading the soot forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was — "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch.
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
The great hall fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND.

I.

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was numb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun,
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

III.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
 Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
 For it was just at the Christmas time;
 So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
 And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
 In the light and warmth of long ago;
 He sees the snakelike caravan crawl
 O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
 Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
 He can count the camels in the sun,
 As over the red-hot sands they pass
 To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
 The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
 And with its own self like an infant played
 And waved its signal of palms.

IV.

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms;" —
 The happy camels may reach the spring,
 But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
 The leper, lank as the rain-blanchèd bone,
 That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
 And white as the ice isles of Northern seas
 In the desolate horror of his disease.

V.

And Sir Launfal said, — "I behold in thee
 An image of Him who died on the tree;
 Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns, —
 Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns, —
 And to thy life were not denied
 The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
 Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
 Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

VI.

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
 And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
 Remembered in what a haughtier guise
 He had flung an alms to leprosie,
 When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
 And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.

The heart within him was ashes and dust;
 He parted in twain his single crust,
 He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
 And gave the leper to eat and drink, —
 'Twas a moldy crust of coarse brown bread,
 'Twas water out of a wooden bowl, —
 Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
 And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

VII.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
 A light shone round about the place;
 The leper no longer crouched at his side,
 But stood before him glorified,
 Shining and tall and fair and straight
 As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate, —
 Himself the Gate whereby men can
 Enter the temple of God in Man.

VIII.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
 And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
 Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
 With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
 And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
 "Lo it is I, be not afraid!
 In many climes, without avail,
 Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
 Behold it is here, — this cup which thou
 Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
 This crust is my body broken for thee,
 This water His blood that died on the tree;
 The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
 In whatso we share with another's need;
 Not what we give, but what we share, —
 For the gift without the giver is bare;
 Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, —
 Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

IX.

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoond: —
 "The Grail in my castle here is found!
 Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
 Let it be the spider's banquet hall;
 He must be fenced with stronger mail
 Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

x.

The castle gate stands open now,
 And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
 As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;
 No longer scowl the turrets tall,
 The Summer's long siege at last is o'er;
 When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
 She entered with him in disguise,
 And mastered the fortress by surprise;
 There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
 She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
 The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
 Has hall and bower at his command;
 And there's no poor man in the North Countree
 But is lord of the earldom as much as he.



GERAINT AND ENID.

(From the "Mabinogion," edited by Lady Charlotte Guest.)

THEREUPON, behold the earl came to visit Geraint, and his twelve honorable knights with him. And Geraint rose up and welcomed him. "Heaven preserve thee," said the earl. Then they all sat down according to their precedence in honor. And the earl conversed with Geraint and inquired of him the object of his journey. "I have none," he replied, "but to seek adventures and to follow my own inclination." Then the earl cast his eye upon Enid, and he looked at her steadfastly. And he thought he had never seen a maiden fairer or more comely than she. And he set all his thoughts and his affections upon her.

Then he asked of Geraint, "Have I thy permission to go and converse with yonder maiden, for I see that she is apart from thee?" "Thou hast it gladly," said he. So the earl went to the place where the maiden was, and spake with her. "Ah, maiden," said he, "it cannot be pleasant to thee to journey thus with yonder man!" "It is not unpleasant to me," said she, "to journey the same road that he journeys." "Thou hast neither youths nor maidens to serve thee," said he. "Truly," she replied,

“it is more pleasant for me to follow yonder man than to be served by youths and maidens.” “I will give thee good counsel,” said he. “All my earldom will I place in thy possession, if thou wilt dwell with me.” “That will I not, by Heaven,” she said; “yonder man was the first to whom my faith was ever pledged; and shall I prove inconstant to him!” “Thou art in the wrong,” said the earl; “if I slay the man yonder, I can keep thee with me as long as I choose; and when thou no longer pleases me, I can turn thee away. But if thou goest with me by thy own good-will, I protest that our union shall continue eternal and undivided as long as I remain alive.” Then she pondered these words of his, and she considered that it was advisable to encourage him in his request. “Behold, then, chieftain, this is most expedient for thee to do to save me any needless imputation; come here to-morrow, and take me away as though I knew nothing thereof.” “I will do so,” said he. So he arose, and took his leave, and went forth with his attendants. And she told not then to Geraint any of the conversation which she had had with the earl, lest it should rouse his anger and cause him uneasiness and care.

And at the usual hour they went to sleep. And at the beginning of the night Enid slept a little; and at midnight she arose, and placed all of Geraint’s armor together, so that it might be ready to put on. And although fearful of her errand, she came to the side of Geraint’s bed and she spoke to him softly and gently, saying, “My lord, arise, and clothe thyself, for these were the words of the earl to me, and his intencion concerning me.” So she told Geraint all that had passed. And although he was wroth with her, he took warning, and clothed himself. And she lighted a candle, that he might have light to do so. “Leave there the candle,” said he, “and desire the man of the house to come here.” Then she went, and the man of the house came to him. “Dost thou know how much I owe thee?” asked Geraint. “I think thou owest but little.” “Take the eleven horses and the eleven suits of armor.” “Heaven reward thee, lord,” said he, “but I spent not the value of one suit of armor upon thee.” “For that reason,” said he, “thou wilt be richer, and now, wilt thou come to guide me out of the town?” “I will, gladly,” said he, “and in which direction dost thou intend to go?” “I wish to leave the town by a different way from that by which I entered it.” So the man of the lodgings accompanied him as far as he desired. Then he bade the maiden to go on before him; and

she did so, and went straight forward, and his host returned home. And he had only just reached his house, when, behold, the greatest tumult approached that was ever heard. And when he looked out, he saw fourscore knights in complete armor around the house, with the Earl Dwrm at their head. "Where is the knight that was here?" said the earl. "By thy hand," said he, "he went hence some time ago." "Wherefore, villain," said he, "did'st thou let him go without informing me?" "My lord, thou did'st not command me to do so, else would I not have allowed him to depart." "What way dost thou think that he took?" "I know not, except that he went along the highroad." And they turned their horses' heads that way, and seeing the tracks of the horses upon the highroad, they followed. And when the maiden beheld the dawning of the day, she looked behind her, and saw vast clouds of dust coming nearer and nearer to her. And thereupon she became uneasy, and she thought that it was the earl and his host coming after them. And thereupon she beheld a knight appearing through the mist. "By my faith," said she, "though he should slay me, it were better for me to receive my death at his hands, than to see him killed without warning him. My lord," she said to him, "seest thou yonder man hastening after thee, and many others with him?" "I do not see him," said he, "and in despite of all my orders, I see that thou wilt never keep silence." Then he turned upon the knight, and with the first thrust he threw him down under his horse's feet. And as long as there remained one of the fourscore knights, he overthrew every one of them at the first onset. And from the weakest to the strongest, they all attacked him one after the other, except the earl: and last of all the earl came against him also. And he broke his lance, and then he broke a second. But Geraint turned upon him, and struck him with his lance upon the center of his shield, so that by that single thrust the shield was split, and all his armor broken, and he himself was brought over his horse's crupper to the ground, and was in peril of his life. And Geraint drew near to him; and at the noise of the trampling of his horse the earl revived. "Mercy, lord," said he to Geraint. And Geraint granted him mercy. But through the hardness of the ground where they had fallen, and the violence of the stroke which they had received, there was not a single knight amongst them that escaped without receiving a fall, mortally severe, and grievously painful, and desperately wounding, from the hand of Geraint. And

Geraint journeyed along the highroad that was before him, and the maiden went on first; and near them they beheld a valley which was the fairest ever seen, and which had a large river running through it; and there was a bridge over the river, and the highroad led to the bridge. And above the bridge, upon the opposite side of the river, they beheld a fortified town, the fairest ever seen. And as they approached the bridge, Geraint saw coming toward him from a thick copse a man mounted upon a large and lofty steed, even of pace and spirited, though tractable. "Ah, knight," said Geraint, "whence comest thou?" "I come," said he, "from the valley below us." "Canst thou tell me," said Geraint, "who is the owner of this fair valley and yonder walled town?" "I will tell thee, willingly," said he, "Gwiffert Petit he is called by the Franks, but the Welsh call him the Little King." "Can I go by yonder bridge," said Geraint, "and by the lower highway that is beneath the town?" Said the knight, "Thou canst not go by his tower on the other side of the bridge, unless thou dost intend to combat him; because it is his custom to encounter every knight that comes upon his lands." "I declare to Heaven," said Geraint, "that I will, nevertheless, pursue my journey that way." "If thou dost so," said the knight, "thou wilt probably meet with shame and disgrace in reward for thy daring." Then Geraint proceeded along the road that led to the town, and the road brought him to a ground that was hard, and rugged, and high, and ridgy. And as he journeyed thus, he beheld a knight following him upon a war-horse, strong, and large, and proudly stepping, and wide-hoofed, and broad-chested. And he never saw a man of smaller stature than he who was upon the horse. And both he and his horse were completely armed. When he had overtaken Geraint he said to him, "Tell me, chieftain, whether it is through ignorance or through presumption that thou seekest to insult my dignity and to infringe my rules." "Nay," answered Geraint, "I knew not that this road was forbidden to any." "Thou didst know it," said the other: "come with me to my court, to do me satisfaction." "That will I not, by my faith," said Geraint; "I would not go even to thy lord's court, excepting Arthur were thy lord." "By the hand of Arthur himself," said the knight, "I will have satisfaction of thee, or receive my overthrow at thy hands." And immediately they charged one another. And a squire of his came to serve him with lances as he broke them. And they gave each other such hard and severe

strokes, that their shields lost all their color. But it was very difficult for Geraint to fight with him on account of his small size, for he was hardly able to get a full aim at him with all the efforts he could make. And they fought thus until their horses were brought down upon their knees; and at length Geraint threw the knight headlong to the ground, and then they fought on foot, and they gave one another blows so boldly fierce, so frequent, and so severely powerful, that their helmets were pierced, and their skull-caps were broken, and their arms were shattered, and the light of their eyes was darkened by sweat and blood. At the last Geraint became enraged, and he called to him all his strength; and boldly angry, and swiftly resolute, and furiously determined, he lifted up his sword, and struck him on the crown of his head a blow so mortally painful, so violent, so fierce, and so penetrating, that it cut through all his head armor, and his skin, and his flesh, until it wounded the very bone, and the sword flew out of the hand of the Little King to the farthest end of the plain, and he besought Geraint that he would have mercy and compassion upon him. "Though thou hast been neither courteous or just," said Geraint, "thou shalt have mercy, upon condition that thou wilt become my ally, and engage never to fight against me again, but to come to my assistance whenever thou hearest of my being in trouble."

"This will I do gladly, lord," said he. So he pledged him his faith thereof. "And now, lord, come with me," said he, "to my court yonder, to recover from thy weariness and fatigue." "That will I not, by Heaven," said he. Then Gwiffert Petit beheld Enid where she stood, and it grieved him to see one of her noble mien appear so deeply afflicted. And he said to Geraint: "My lord, thou doest wrong not to take repose, and refresh thyself awhile; for, if thou meetest with any difficulty in thy present condition, it will not be easy for thee to surmount it." But Geraint would do no other than proceed on his journey, and he mounted his horse in pain, and all covered with blood. And the maiden went on first, and they proceeded toward the wood which they saw before them. And the heat of the sun was very great, and through the blood and sweat, Geraint's armor cleaved to his flesh; and when they came into the wood, he stood under a tree to avoid the sun's heat; and his wounds pained him more than they had done at the time when he received them. And the maiden stood under another tree. And lo! they heard the

sound of horns, and a tumultuous noise, and the occasion of it was that Arthur and his company had come down to the wood. And while Geraint was considering which way he should go to avoid them, behold, he was espied by a foot-page, who was an attendant on the steward of the household, and he went to the steward, and told him what kind of a man he had seen in the wood. Then the steward caused his horse to be saddled, and he took his lance and his shield, and went to the place where Geraint was. "Ah, knight!" said he, "what dost thou here?" "I am standing under a shady tree, to avoid the heat and the rays of the sun." "Wherefore is thy journey, and who art thou?" "I seek adventures, and go where I list." "Indeed," said Kai, "then come with me to see Arthur, who is here hard by." "That will I not, by Heaven," said Geraint. "Thou must needs come," said Kai. Then Geraint knew who he was, but Kai did not know Geraint. And Kai attacked Geraint as best he could. And Geraint became wroth, and he struck him with the shaft of his lance, so that he rolled headlong to the ground. But chastisement worse than this would he not inflict on him.

Scared and wildly Kai rose, and he mounted his horse and went back to his lodging. And thence he proceeded to Gwalchmai's tent. "Oh, sir," said he to Gwalchmai, "I was told by one of the attendants that he saw in the wood above a wounded knight, having on battered armor, and if thou dost right thou wilt go and see if this be true." "I care not if I do so," said Gwalchmai. "Take, then, thy horse, and some of thy armor," said Kai, "for I hear that he is not over courteous to those who approach him." So Gwalchmai took his spear and his shield, and mounted his horse, and came to the spot where Geraint was. "Sir knight," said he, "wherefore is thy journey?" "I journey for my own pleasure, and to seek the adventures of the world." "Wilt thou tell me who thou art, or wilt thou come and visit Arthur, who is near at hand?" "I will make no alliance with thee, nor will I go and visit Arthur," said he. And he knew that it was Gwalchmai, but Gwalchmai knew him not. "I purpose not to leave thee," said Gwalchmai, "till I know who thou art." And he charged him with his lance, and struck him on his shield, so that the shaft was shivered into splinters, and their horses were front to front. Then Gwalchmai gazed fixedly upon him, and he knew him. "Ah, Geraint," said he, "is it thou that art here?" "I am not Geraint," said

he. "Geraint thou art, by Heaven," he replied, "and a wretched and insane expedition is this." Then he looked around and beheld Enid, and he welcomed her gladly. "Geraint," said Gwalchmai, "come thou and see Arthur, he is thy lord and thy cousin." "I will not," said he, "for I am not in a fit state to go and see any one." Thereupon, behold, one of the pages came after Gwalchmai, to speak to him. So he sent him to apprise Arthur that Geraint was there wounded, and that he would not go to visit him; and that it was pitiable to see the plight that he was in. And this he did without Geraint's knowledge, inasmuch as he spoke in a whisper to the page. "Entreat Arthur," said he, "to have his tent brought near to the road, for he will not meet him willingly, and it is not easy to compel him in the mood he was in." So the page came to Arthur and told him this. And he caused his tent to be removed unto the side of the road. And the maiden rejoiced in her heart. And Gwalchmai led Geraint onward along the road till they came to the place where Arthur was encamped, and the pages were pitching his tent by the roadside. "Lord," said Geraint, "all hail unto thee." "Heaven prosper thee, and who art thou?" said Arthur. "It is Geraint," said Gwalchmai, "and of his own free will would he not come to meet thee." "Verily," said Arthur, "he is bereft of his reason." Then came Enid and saluted Arthur. "Heaven protect thee," said he. And thereupon he caused one of the pages to take her from her horse. "Alas! Enid," said Arthur, "what expedition is this?" "I know not, lord," said she, "save that it behooves me to journey by the same road that he journeys." "My lord," said Geraint, "with thy permission we will depart." "Whither wilt thou go?" said Arthur. "Thou canst not proceed now, unless it be unto thy death." "He will not suffer himself to be invited by me," said Gwalchmai. "But by me he will," said Arthur; "and, moreover, he does not go from here until he is healed." "I had rather, lord," said Geraint, "that thou wouldest let me go forth." "That will I not, I declare to Heaven," said he. Then he caused a maiden to be sent for to conduct Enid to the tent where Gwenhwyvar's chamber was. And Gwenhwyvar and all her women were joyful at her coming, and they took off her riding-dress, and placed other garments upon her. Arthur also called Kadyrieith, and ordered him to pitch a tent for Geraint, and the physicians and he enjoined him to provide him with abundance of all that might

be requisite for him. And Kadyrieith did as he had commanded him. And Morgan Tud and his disciples were brought to Geraint. And Arthur and his hosts remained there nearly a month, whilst Geraint was being healed. And when he was fully recovered, Geraint came to Arthur and asked his permission to depart. "I know not if thou art quite well." "In truth I am, lord," said Geraint. "I shall not believe thee concerning that, but the physicians that were with thee." So Arthur caused the physicians to be summoned to him, and asked them if it were true. "It is true, lord," said Morgan Tud. So the next day Arthur permitted him to go forth, and he pursued his journey. And on the same day Arthur removed thence. And Geraint desired Enid to go on and to keep before him, as she had formerly done. And she went forward along the highroad. And as they journeyed thus, they heard an exceeding loud wailing near to them. "Stay thou here," said he, "and I will go and see what is the cause of this wailing." "I will," said she. Then he went forward unto an open glade that was near the road. And in the glade he saw two horses, one having a man's saddle and the other a woman's saddle upon it. And, behold, there was a knight lying dead in his armor, and a young damsel in a riding-dress standing over him lamenting. "Ah! lady," said Geraint, "what hath befallen thee?" "Behold," she answered, "I journeyed here with my beloved husband, when, lo! three giants came upon us, and without any cause in the world they slew him." "Which way went they hence?" said Geraint. "Yonder by the highroad," she replied. So he returned to Enid. "Go," said he, "to the lady that is below yonder, and await me there till I come." She was sad when he ordered her to do thus, but nevertheless she went to the damsel, whom it was ruth to hear, and she felt certain that Geraint would never return. Meanwhile, Geraint followed the giants, and overtook them. And each of them was greater in stature than three other men, and a huge club was on the shoulder of each. Then he rushed upon one of them, and thrust his lance through his body. And having drawn it forth again, he pierced another of them through likewise. But the third turned upon him, and struck him with his club, so that he split his shield, and crushed his shoulder, and opened his wounds anew, and all his blood began to flow from him. But Geraint drew his sword, and attacked the giant, and gave him a blow on the crown of his head so severe and fierce

and violent that his head and his neck were split down to his shoulders, and he fell dead. So Geraint left him thus, and returned to Enid. And when he saw her, he fell down lifeless from his horse. Piercing and loud and thrilling was the cry that Enid uttered. And she came and stood over him where he had fallen. And at the sound of her cries came the Earl of Limours and the host that journey with him, whom her lamentations brought out of their road. And the earl said to Enid, "Alas, lady, what hath befallen thee?" "Ah! good sir," said she, "the only man I have loved, or ever shall love, is slain." Then he said to the other, "And what is the cause of thy grief?" "They have slain my beloved husband also," said she. "And who was it that slew them?" "Some giants," she answered, "slew my best beloved, and the other knight went in pursuit of them. and came back in the state thou seest, his blood flowing excessively; but it appears to me that he did not leave the giants without killing some of them, if not all." The earl caused the knight that was dead to be buried, but he thought that there still remained some life in Geraint; and to see if he yet would live, he had him carried with him in the hollow of his shield and upon a bier. And the two damsels went to the court, and when they arrived there, Geraint was placed upon a litter-couch in front of the table that was in the hall. Then they all took off their traveling gear, and the earl besought Enid to do the same, and to clothe herself in other garments. "I will not, by Heaven," said she. "Ah! lady," said he, "be not so sorrowful for this matter." "It were hard to persuade me to be otherwise," said she. "I will act toward thee in such wise that thou needest not be sorrowful, whether yonder knight live or die. Behold, a good earldom, together with myself, will I bestow on thee; be, therefore, happy and joyful." "I declare to Heaven," said she, "that henceforth I shall never be joyful while I live." "Come, then," said he, "and eat." "No, by Heaven, I will not," she answered. "But, by Heaven, thou shalt," said he. So he took her with him to the table against her will, and many times desired her to eat. "I call Heaven to witness," said she, "that I will not eat until the man that is upon yonder bier shall eat likewise." "Thou canst not fulfill that," said the earl, "yonder man is dead already." "I will prove that I can," said she. Then he offered her a goblet of liquor. "Drink this goblet," he said, "and it will cause thee to change thy mind." "Evil betide me," she answered, "if I

drink ought until he drink also." "Truly," said the earl, "it is of no more avail for me to be gentle with thee than ungentle." And he gave her a box in the ear. Thereupon she raised a loud and piercing shriek, and her lamentations were much greater than they had been before, for she considered in her mind that had Geraint been alive he durst not have struck her thus. But, behold, at the sound of her cry Geraint revived from his swoon, and he sat up on the bier, and finding his sword in the hollow of his shield, he rushed to the place where the earl was, and struck him a fiercely wounding, severely venomous, and sternly smiting blow upon the crown of his head, so that he clove him in twain, until his sword was stayed by the table. Then all left the board and fled away. And this was not so much through fear of the living as through the dread they felt at seeing the dead man rise up to slay them. And Geraint looked upon Enid, and he was grieved for two causes; one was, to see that Enid had lost her color and her wonted aspect, and the other, to know that she was in the right. "Lady," said he, "knowest thou where our horses are?" "I know, lord, where thy horse is," she replied, "but I know not where is the other. Thy horse is in the house yonder." So he went to the house, and brought forth his horse and mounted him, and took up Enid from the ground and placed her upon the horse with him. And he rode forward. And their road lay between two hedges. And the night was gaining on the day. And, lo! they saw behind them the shafts of spears betwixt them and the sky, and they heard the trampling of horses and the noise of a host approaching. "I hear something following us," said he, "and I will put thee on the other side of the hedge." And thus he did. And thereupon, behold, a knight pricked toward him, and couched his lance. When Enid saw this, she cried out, saying, "Oh! chieftain, whoever thou art, what renown wilt thou gain by slaying a dead man?" "Oh! Heaven," said he, "is it Geraint?" "Yes, in truth," said she. "And who art thou?" "I am the Little King," he answered, "coming to thy assistance, for I heard thou wast in trouble. And if thou hadst followed my advice, none of these hardships would have befallen thee." "Nothing can happen," said Geraint, "without the will of Heaven, though much good results from counsel." "Yes," said the Little King, "and I know good counsel for thee now. Come with me to the court of a son-in-law of my sister, which is near here, and thou shalt have the best medical assistance in

the kingdom." "I will do so gladly," said Geraint. And Enid was placed upon the horse of one of the Little King's squires, and they went forward to the baron's palace. And they were received there with gladness, and they met with hospitality and attention. And the next morning they went to seek physicians; and it was not long before they came, and they attended Geraint until he was perfectly well. And while Geraint was under medical care, the Little King caused his armor to be repaired until it was as good as it had ever been. And they remained there a fortnight and a month.

Then the Little King said to Geraint, "Now will we go toward my own court, to take rest, and amuse ourselves." "Not so," said Geraint, "we will first journey for one day more, and return again." "With all my heart," said the Little King, "do thou go then." And early in the day they set forth. And more gladly and more joyfully did Enid journey with them that day than she had ever done. And they came to the main road. And when they reached a place where the road divided in two, they beheld a man on foot coming toward them along one of these roads, and Gwiffert asked the man whence he came. "I come," said he, "from an errand in the country." "Tell me," said Geraint, "which is the best for me to follow of these two roads?" "That is the best for thee to follow," answered he, "for if thou goest by this one, thou wilt never return. Below us," said he, "there is a hedge of mist, and within it are enchanted games, and no one who has gone there has ever returned. And the court of the Earl Owain is there, and he permits no one to go to lodge in the town except he will go to his court." "I declare to Heaven," said Geraint, "that we will take the lower road." And they went along it until they came to the town. And they took the fairest and pleasantest place in the town for their lodging. And while they were thus, behold, a young man came to them, and greeted them. "Heaven be propitious to thee," said they. "Good sirs," said he, "what preparations are you making here?" "We are taking up our lodging," said they, "to pass the night." "It is not the custom with him who owns the town," he answered, "to permit any of gentle birth, unless they come to stay in his court, to abide here; therefore, come you to the court." "We will come, gladly," said Geraint. And they went with the page, and they were joyfully received. And the earl came to the hall to meet them, and he commanded the tables to be laid. And they

washed and sat down. And this is the order in which they sat, Geraint on one side of the earl, and Enid on the other side, and next to Enid the Little King, and then the countess next to Geraint; and all after that as became their rank. Then Geraint recollected the games, and thought that he should not go to them; and on that account he did not eat.

Then the earl looked upon Geraint, and considered, and he bethought him that his not eating was because of the games, and it grieved him that he had ever established those games, were it only on account of losing such a youth as Geraint. And if Geraint had asked him to abolish the games, he would gladly have done so. Then the earl said to Geraint: "What thought occupies thy mind, that thou dost not eat? If thou hesitatest about going to the games, thou shalt not go, and no other of thy rank shall ever go either." "Heaven reward thee," said Geraint, "but I wish nothing better than to go to the games, and to be shown the way thither." "If that is what thou dost prefer, thou shalt obtain it willingly." "I do prefer it, indeed," said he. Then they ate, and they were amply served, and they had a variety of gifts and abundance of liquor. And when they had finished eating, they arose. And Geraint called for his horse and his armor, and he accoutered both himself and his horse. And all the hosts went forth until they came to the side of the hedge, and the hedge was so lofty that it reached as high as they could see in the air, and upon every stake in the hedge, except two, there was the head of a man, and the number of stakes throughout the hedge was very great. Then said the Little King, "May no one go in with the chieftain?" "No one may," said Earl Owain. "Which way can I enter?" inquired Geraint. "I know not," said Owain, "but enter by the way that thou wilt and that seemeth easiest to thee."

Then fearlessly and unhesitatingly Geraint dashed forward into the mist. And on leaving the mist, he came to a large orchard, and in the orchard he saw an open space, wherein was a tent of red satin, and the door of the tent was open, and an apple tree stood in front of the door of the tent, and on a branch of the apple tree hung a huge hunting-horn. Then he dismounted, and went into the tent, and there was no one in the tent save one maiden sitting in a golden chair, and another chair was opposite to her, empty. And Geraint went to the empty chair and sat down therein. "Ah! chieftain," said the maiden, "I would not counsel thee to sit in that chair."

“Wherefore?” said Geraint. “The man to whom that chair belongs has never suffered another to sit in it.” “I care not,” said Geraint, “though it displease him that I sit in the chair.” And thereupon they heard a mighty tumult around the tent; and Geraint looked to see what was the cause of the tumult. And he beheld without a knight mounted upon a war-horse, proudly snorting, high-mettled, and large of bone, and a robe of honor in two parts was upon him and upon his horse, and beneath it was plenty of armor. “Tell me, chieftain,” said he to Geraint, “who it was that bade thee sit there?” “Myself,” answered he. “It was wrong of thee to do me this shame and disgrace. Arise, and do me satisfaction for thine insolence.” Then Geraint arose, and they encountered immediately, and they broke a set of lances; and a second set; and a third; and they gave each other fierce and frequent strokes, and at last Geraint became enraged, and he urged on his horse and rushed upon him, and gave him a thrust on the center of his shield so that it was split, and so that the head of his lance went through his armor, and his girths were broken, and he himself was borne headlong to the ground the length of Geraint’s lance and arm, over his horse’s crupper. “Oh, my lord!” said he, “thy mercy, and thou shalt have what thou wilt.” “I only desire,” said Geraint, “that this game shall no longer exist here, nor the hedge of mist, nor magic, nor enchantment.” “Thou shalt have this gladly, lord,” he replied. “Cause, then, the mist to disappear from this place,” said Geraint. “Sound yonder horn,” said he, “and when thou soundest it the mist will vanish; but it will not go hence unless the horn be blown by the knight by whom I am vanquished.” And sad and sorrowful was Enid where she remained, through anxiety concerning Geraint. Then Geraint went and sounded the horn. And at the first blast he gave, the mist vanished. And all the hosts came together, and they all became reconciled to each other. And the earl invited Geraint and the Little King to stay with him that night. And the next morning they separated. And Geraint went toward his own dominions; and thenceforth he reigned prosperously, and his warlike fame and splendor lasted with renown and honor both to him and to Enid from that time forward.

THE MONKS AND THE GIANTS.

BY JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

[JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE, English diplomat, poet, and humorist, was born in London, 1769, and educated at Cambridge; died January 7, 1846. He filled important positions in public life at home and abroad, till 1809, when he retired in offense at the unjust blame for his conduct as minister to Spain. He was one of the collaborators in the famous *Anti-Jacobin*, a Tory periodical, with Canning, Ellis, and others. His best works are the unmatched translations from Aristophanes (see Vols. 3 and 4 of this work) and the unfinished poem from which the following extract is made.]

CANTO I.

THE Great King Arthur made a sumptuous Feast,
 And held his Royal Christmas at Carlisle,
 And thither came the Vassals, most and least,
 From every corner of this British Isle;
 And all were entertained, both man and beast,
 According to their rank, in proper style;
 The steeds were fed and littered in the stable,
 The ladies and the knights sat down to table.

The bill of fare (as you may well suppose)
 Was suited to those plentiful old times,
 Before our modern luxuries arose,
 With truffles and ragouts, and various crimes;
 And therefore, from the original in prose
 I shall arrange the catalogue in rhymes:
 They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars
 By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.

Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
 Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine;
 Herons and bitterns, peacock, swan, and bustard,
 Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine
 Plum puddings, pancakes, apple pies, and custard:
 And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
 With mead, and ale, and cider of our own;
 For porter, punch, and negus were not known.

The noise and uproar of the scullery tribe,
 All pilfering and scrambling in their calling,
 Was past all powers of language to describe—
 The din of manful oaths and female squalling:

The sturdy porter, huddling up his bribe,
 And then at random breaking heads and bawling,
 Outcries, and cries of order, and contusions,
 Made a confusion beyond all confusions ;

Beggars and vagabonds, blind, lame, and sturdy,
 Minstrels and singers with their various airs,
 The pipe, the tabor, and the hurdy-gurdy,
 Jugglers and mountebanks with apes and bears,
 Continued from the first day to the third day,
 An uproar like ten thousand Smithfield fairs ;
 There were wild beasts and foreign birds and creatures,
 And Jews and Foreigners with foreign features.

All sorts of people there were seen together,
 All sorts of characters, all sorts of dresses ;
 The fool with fox's tail and peacock's feather,
 Pilgrims, and penitents, and grave burgesses ;
 The country people with their coats of leather,
 Vintners and victualers with cans and messes ;
 Grooms, archers, varlets, falconers, and yeomen,
 Damsels and waiting maids, and waiting women.

But the profane, indelicate amours,
 The vulgar, unenlightened conversation,
 Of minstrels, menials, and courtesans, and boors
 (Although appropriate to their meaner station),
 Would certainly revolt a taste like yours ;
 Therefore I shall omit the calculation
 Of all the curses, oaths, and cuts and stabs,
 Occasioned by their dice, and drink, and drabs.

We must take care in our poetic cruise,
 And never hold a single tack too long ;
 Therefore my versatile ingenious Muse
 Takes leave of this illiterate, low-bred throng,
 Intending to present superior views,
 Which to genteeler company belong,
 And show the higher orders of society
 Behaving with politeness and propriety.

And certainly they say, for fine behaving
 King Arthur's Court has never had its match ;
 True point of honor, without pride or braving,
 Strict etiquette forever on the watch :

Their manners were refined and perfect — saving
 Some modern graces, which they could not catch,
 As spitting through the teeth, and driving stages,
 Accomplishments reserved for distant ages.

They looked a manly, generous generation ;
 Beards, shoulders, eyebrows, broad and square and thick,
 Their accents firm and loud in conversation,
 Their eyes and gestures eager, sharp, and quick,
 Showed them prepared, on proper provocation,
 To give the lie, pull noses, stab, and kick ;
 And for that very reason, it is said,
 They were so very courteous and well-bred.

The ladies looked of an heroic race :
 At first a general likeness struck your eye, —
 Tall figures, open features, oval face,
 Large eyes, with ample eyebrows arched and high ;
 Their manners had an odd, peculiar grace,
 Neither repulsive, affable, nor shy,
 Majestical, reserved, and somewhat sullen ;
 Their dresses partly silk, and partly woolen.

In form and figure far above the rest,
 Sir Launcelot was chief of all the train,
 In Arthur's Court an ever-welcome guest ;
 Britain will never see his like again.
 Of all the Knights she ever had the best,
 Except, perhaps, Lord Wellington in Spain :
 I never saw his picture nor his print, —
 From Morgan's Chronicle I take my hint.

For Morgan says (at least as I have heard,
 And as a learned friend of mine assures),
 Beside him all that lordly train appeared
 Like courtly minions, or like common boors,
 As if unfit for knightly deeds, and reared
 To rustic labors or to loose amours ;
 He moved amidst his peers without compare,
 So lofty was his stature, look, and air.

Yet oftentimes his courteous cheer forsook
 His countenance, and then returned again,
 As if some secret recollection shook
 His inward heart with unacknowledged pain ;

And something haggard in his eyes and look
 (More than his years or hardships could explain)
 Made him appear, in person and in mind,
 Less perfect than what nature had designed.

Of noble presence, but of different mien,
 Alert and lively, voluble and gay,
 Sir Tristram at Carlisle was rarely seen,
 But ever was regretted while away ;
 With easy mirth, an enemy to spleen,
 His ready converse charmed the wintry day ;
 No tales he told of sieges or of fights,
 Of foreign marvels, like the foolish Knights,

But with a playful imitative tone
 (That merely seemed a voucher for the truth)
 Recounted strange adventures of his own,
 The chances of his childhood and his youth,
 Of churlish Giants he had seen and known,
 Their rustic phrase and courtesies uncouth,
 The dwellings, and the diet, and the lives
 Of savage Monarchs and their monstrous Wives :

Song, music, languages, and many a lay
 Asturian or Armoric, Irish, Basque,
 His ready memory seized and bore away ;
 And ever when the Ladies chose to ask,
 Sir Tristram was prepared to sing and play,
 Not like a minstrel earnest at his task,
 But with a sportive, careless, easy style,
 As if he seemed to mock himself the while.

His ready wit and rambling education,
 With the congenial influence of his stars,
 Had taught him all the arts of conversation,
 All games of skill and stratagems of wars ;
 His birth, it seems, by Merlin's calculation,
 Was under Venus, Mercury, and Mars ;
 His mind with all their attributes was mixt,
 And, like those planets, wandering and unfixt.

From realm to realm he ran — and never stayed ;
 Kingdoms and crowns he won — and gave away ;
 It seemed as if his labors were repaid
 By the mere noise and movement of the fray :

No conquests nor acquirements had he made ;
 His chief delight was on some festive day
 To ride triumphant, prodigal, and proud,
 And shower his wealth amidst the shouting crowd.

His schemes of war were sudden, unforeseen,
 Inexplicable both to friend and foe ;
 It seemed as if some momentary spleen
 Inspired the project and impelled the blow ;
 And most his fortune and success were seen
 With means the most inadequate and low ;
 Most master of himself, and least encumbered,
 When overmatched, entangled, and outnumbered.

Strange instruments and engines he contrived
 For sieges, and constructions for defense,
 Inventions some of them that have survived,
 Others were deemed too cumbrous and immense :
 Minstrels he loved and cherished while he lived,
 And patronized them both with praise and pence ;
 Somewhat more learned than became a Knight,
 It was reported he could read and write.

Sir Gawain may be painted in a word —
 He was a perfect loyal Cavalier ;
 His courteous manners stand upon record,
 A stranger to the very thought of fear.
 The proverb says, “ As brave as his own sword ; ”
 And like his weapon was that worthy Peer,
 Of admirable temper, clear and bright,
 Polished yet keen, though pliant yet upright.

On every point, in earnest or in jest,
 His judgment, and his prudence, and his wit,
 Were deemed the very touchstone and the test
 Of what was proper, graceful, just, and fit ;
 A word from him set everything at rest,
 His short decisions never failed to hit ;
 His silence, his reserve, his inattention,
 Were felt as the severest reprehension :

His memory was the magazine and hoard,
 Where claims and grievances, from year to year,
 And confidences and complaints were stored,
 From dame and knight, from damsel, boor, and peer :

Loved by his friends, and trusted by his lord,
 A generous courtier, secret and sincere,
 Adviser general to the whole community,
 He served his friend, but watched his opportunity.

One riddle I could never understand —
 But his success in war was strangely various;
 In executing schemes that others planned,
 He seemed a very Cæsar or a Marius:
 Take his own plans, and place him in command,
 Your prospect of success became precarious;
 His plans were good, but Launcelot succeeded
 And realized them better far than he did.

His discipline was steadfast and austere,
 Unalterably fixed, but calm and kind;
 Founded on admiration, more than fear,
 It seemed an emanation from his mind;
 The coarsest natures that approached him near
 Grew courteous for the moment and refined;
 Beneath his eye the poorest, weakest wight
 Felt full of point of honor like a knight.

In battle he was fearless to a fault,
 The foremost in the thickest of the field;
 His eager valor knew no pause nor halt,
 And the red rampant Lion in his Shield
 Scaled Towns and Towers, the foremost in assault,
 With ready succor where the battle reeled:
 At random like a thunderbolt he ran,
 And bore down shields, and pikes, and horse, and man.

CANTO II.

Before the Feast was ended, a Report
 Filled every soul with horror and dismay;
 Some Ladies, on their journey to the Court,
 Had been surprised, and were conveyed away
 By the Aboriginal Giants, to their Fort —
 An unknown Fort — for Government, they say,
 Had ascertained its actual existence,
 But knew not its direction, nor its distance.

A waiting damsel, crooked and misshaped,
 Herself the witness of a woful scene,

From which, by miracle, she had escaped,
 Appeared before the Ladies and the Queen;
 Her figure was funereal, veiled and crape'd,
 Her voice convulsed with sobs and sighs between,
 That with the sad recital, and the sight,
 Revenge and rage inflamed each worthy knight.

Sir Gawain rose without delay or dallying,
 "Excuse us, madam, — we've no time to waste ——"
 And at the palace gate you saw him sallying,
 With other knights equipped and armed in haste;
 And there was Tristram making jests, and rallying
 The poor misshapen damsel, whom he placed
 Behind him on a pillion, pad, or pannel;
 He took, besides, his falcon and his spaniel.

But what with horror, and fatigue, and fright,
 Poor soul, she could not recollect the way.
 They reached the mountains on the second night,
 And wandered up and down till break of day,
 When they discovered, by the dawning light,
 A lonely glen, where heaps of embers lay;
 They found unleavened fragments, scorched and toasted,
 And the remains of mules and horses roasted.

Sir Tristram understood the Giants' courses;
 He felt the embers, but the heat was out:
 He stood contemplating the roasted horses,
 And all at once, without suspense or doubt,
 His own decided judgment thus enforces: —
 "The Giants must be somewhere here about!"
 Demonstrating the carcasses, he shows
 That they remained untouched by kites or crows;

"You see no traces of their sleeping here,
 No heap of leaves or heath, no Giant's nest:
 Their usual habitation must be near —
 They feed at sunset and retire to rest —
 A moment's search will set the matter clear."
 The fact turned out precisely as he guessed;
 And shortly after, scrambling through a gully,
 He verified his own conjecture fully.

He found a Valley, closed on every side,
 Resembling that which Rasselas describes;

Six miles in length, and half as many wide,
 Where the descendants of the Giant tribes
 Lived in their ancient Fortress undescried :
 (Invaders tread upon each other's kibes)
 First came the Britons, afterwards the Roman,
 Our patrimonial lands belong to no man :

So Horace said — and so the Giants found,
 Expelled by fresh invaders in succession ;
 But they maintained tenaciously the ground
 Of ancient, indefeasible possession,
 And robbed and ransacked all the country round ;
 And ventured on this horrible transgression,
 Claiming a right reserved to waste and spoil,
 As lords and lawful owners of the soil.

Huge mountains of immeasurable height
 Encompassed all the level Valley round,
 With mighty slabs of rock, that sloped upright,
 An insurmountable, enormous mound ;
 The very River vanished out of sight,
 Absorbed in secret channels underground ;
 That Vale was so sequestered and secluded,
 All search for ages past it had eluded.

High overhead was many a Cave and Den,
 That with its strange construction seemed to mock
 All thought of how they were contrived, or when —
 Hewn inward in the huge suspended Rock,
 The Tombs and Monuments of mighty men :
 Such were the patriarchs of this ancient stock.
 Alas ! what pity that the present race
 Should be so barbarous, and depraved, and base !

For they subsisted (as I said) by pillage,
 And the wild beasts which they pursued and chased :
 Nor house, nor herdsman's hut, nor farm, nor village
 Within the lonely Valley could be traced,
 Nor roads, nor bounded fields, nor rural tillage,
 But all was lonely, desolate, and waste.
 The Castle which commanded the domain
 Was suited to so rude and wild a Reign :

A Rock was in the center, like a Cone,
 Abruptly rising from a miry pool,

Where they beheld a Pile of massy stone,
 Which masons of the rude primeval school
 Had reared by help of Giant hands alone,
 With rocky fragments unreduced by rule,
 Irregular, like Nature more than Art,
 Huge, rugged, and compact in every part.

But on the other side a River went,
 And there the craggy Rock and ancient Wall
 Had crumbled down with shelving deep descent;
 Time and the wearing stream had worked its fall:
 The modern Giants had repaired the Rent,
 But, poor, reduced, and ignorant withal,
 They patched it up, contriving as they could
 With stones, and earth, and palisades of wood.

Sir Gawain tried a parley, but in vain,—
 A true-bred Giant never trusts a Knight;
 He sent a Herald, who returned again
 All torn to rags and perishing with fright;
 A Trumpeter was sent, but he was slain,—
 To Trumpeters they bear a mortal spite:
 When all conciliatory measures failed,
 The Castle and the Fortress were assailed.

But when the Giants saw them fairly under,
 They shoveled down a cataract of stones,
 A hideous volley like a peal of thunder,
 Bouncing and bounding down, and breaking bones,
 Rending the earth, and riving rocks asunder;
 Sir Gawain inwardly laments and groans,
 Retiring last, and standing most exposed;—
 Success seemed hopeless, and the combat closed.

A Council then was called, and all agreed
 To call in succor from the Country round;
 By regular approaches to proceed,
 Intrenching, fortifying, breaking ground.
 That morning Tristram happened to secede:
 It seems his Falcon was not to be found;
 He went in search of her, but some suspected
 He went lest his advice should be neglected.

At Gawain's summons all the Country came;
 At Gawain's summons all the people aided;

They called upon each other in his name,
 And bid their neighbors work as hard as they did.
 So well beloved was he, for very shame
 They dug, they delved, intrenched, and palisaded,
 Till all the Fort was thoroughly blockaded,
 And every Ford where Giants might have waded.

Sir Tristram found his Falcon, bruised and lame,
 After a tedious search, as he averred,
 And was returning back the way he came
 When in the neighboring thicket something stirred,
 And flashed across the path, as bright as flame;
 Sir Tristram followed it, and found a Bird
 Much like a Pheasant, only crimson-red,
 With a fine tuft of feathers on his head.

Sir Tristram's mind — invention — powers of thought,
 Were occupied, abstracted, and engaged,
 Devising ways and means to have it caught
 Alive — entire — to see it safely caged:
 The Giants and their siege he set at naught
 Compared with this new warfare that he waged.
 He gained his object after three days wandering,
 And three nights watching, meditating, pondering.

And to the Camp in triumph he returned:
 He makes them all admire the creature's crest,
 And praise and magnify the prize he earned.
 Sir Gawain rarely ventured on a jest,
 But here his heart with indignation burned:—
 "Good Cousin, yonder stands an Eagle's nest!
 A Prize for Fowlers such as you and me."—
 Sir Tristram answered mildly, "We shall see."

Good humor was Sir Tristram's leading quality,
 And in the present case he proved it such;
 If he forbore, it was that in reality
 His conscience smote him with a secret touch,
 For having shocked his worthy friend's formality—
 He thought Sir Gawain had not said too much;
 He walks apart with him — and he discourses
 About their preparation and their forces —

Approving everything that had been done:
 "It serves to put the Giants off their guard —

Less hazard and less danger will be run —
 I doubt not we shall find them unprepared —
 The Castle will more easily be won,
 And many valuable lives be spared;
 The Ladies else, while we blockade and threaten,
 Will most infallibly be killed and eaten."

Sir Tristram talked incomparably well;
 His reasons were irrefragably strong.
 As Tristram spoke Sir Gawain's spirits fell,
 For he discovered clearly before long
 (What Tristram never would presume to tell)
 That his whole system was entirely wrong;
 In fact, his confidence had much diminished
 Since all the preparations had been finished.

"Indeed!" Sir Tristram said, "for aught we know —
 For aught that we can tell — this very night
 The valley's entrance may be closed with snow,
 And we may starve and perish here outright.
 'Tis better risking a decided blow —
 I own this weather puts me in a fright."
 In fine, this tedious conference to shorten,
 Sir Gawain trusted to Sir Tristram's fortune.

'Twas twilight, ere the wintry dawn had kist
 With cold salute the mountain's chilly brow;
 The level lawns were dark, a lake of mist
 Inundated the vales and depths below,
 When valiant Tristram, with a chosen list
 Of bold and hardy men, prepared to go,
 Ascending through the vapors dim and hoar,
 A secret track, which he descried before.

If ever you attempted, when a boy,
 To walk across the playground or the yard
 Blindfolded, for an apple or a toy,
 Which, when you reached the spot, was your reward,
 You may conceive the difficult employ
 Sir Tristram had, and that he found it hard,
 Deprived of landmarks and the power of sight,
 To steer their dark and doubtful course aright.

They climbed an hour or more with hand and knee
 (The distance of a fathom or a rood

Was farther than the keenest eye could see);
 At last the very ground on which they stood,
 The broken turf, and many a battered tree —
 The crushed and shattered shrubs and underwood —
 Apprised them that they were arrived once more
 Where they were overwhelmed the time before.

Sir Tristram saw the people in a fluster;
 He took them to a sheltered hollow place:
 They crowded round like chickens in a cluster,
 And Tristram, with an unembarrassed face,
 Proceeded quietly to take a muster —
 To take a muster, and to state the case:
 "It was," he said, "an unexpected error,
 Enough to strike inferior minds with terror;

"But since they were assembled and collected"
 (All were assembled except nine or ten),
 He thought that their design might be effected;
 All things were easy to determined men.
 If they would take the track which he directed,
 "And try their old adventure once again,"
 He slapped his breast, and swore within an hour
 That they should have the Castle in their power.

This mountain was like others I have seen;
 There was a stratum or a ridge of stone
 Projecting high beyond the sloping green,
 From top to bottom, like a spinal bone,
 Or flight of steps, with gaps and breaks between —
 A Copperplate would make my meaning known
 Better than words, and therefore with permission,
 I'll give a Print of it the next Edition.

Thither Sir Tristram with his comrades went;
 For now the misty cloud was cleared away,
 And they must risk the perilous ascent,
 Right in the Giants' front, in open day:
 They ran to reach the shelter which it lent,
 Before the battery should begin to play.
 Their manner of ascending up that ridge
 Was much like climbing by a broken bridge;

For there you scramble on from pier to pier,
 Always afraid to lose your hold halfway;

And as they clambered each successive tier
 Of rugged upright rocks, I dare to say,
 It was not altogether without fear —
 Just fear enough to make brave people gay :
 According to the words of Mr. Gray,
 "They wound with toilsome march their long array."

The more alert and active upward sprung,
 And let down ropes to drag their comrades after ;
 Those ropes were their own shirts together strung,
 Stripped off and twisted with such mirth and laughter,
 That with their jokes the rocky echoes rung :
 Like countrymen that on a beam or rafter
 Attempt to pass a raging wintry flood,
 Such was the situation where they stood :

A wild tumultuous torrent raged around,
 Of fragments tumbling from the mountain's height ;
 The whirling clouds of dust, the deafening sound,
 The hurried motion that amazed the sight,
 The constant quaking of the solid ground,
 Environed them with phantoms of affright ;
 Yet with heroic hearts they held right on,
 Till the last point of their ascent was won.

The Giants saw them on the topmost crown
 Of the last rock, and threatened and defied —
 "Down with the mangy dwarfs there! Dash them down!
 Down with the dirty pismires!" Thus they cried.
 Sir Tristram, with a sharp sarcastic frown,
 In their own Giant jargon thus replied : —
 "Mullinger! Cacamole! and Mangonell!
 You cursed cannibals — I know you well —

"I'll see that pate of yours upon a post,
 And your left-handed squinting brother's too —
 By Heaven and Earth, within an hour at most
 I'll give the crows a meal of him and you —
 The wolves shall have you, either raw or roast —
 I'll make an end of all your cursed crew."
 These words he partly said, and partly sang,
 As usual with the Giants in their slang.

He darted forward to the mountain's brow ;
 The Giants ran away — they knew not why ;

ir Tristram gained the point — he knew not how ;
 He could account for it no more than I.
 Such strange effects we witness often now ;
 Such strange experiments true Britons try
 In sieges, and in skirmishes afloat,
 In storming heights, and boarding from a boat.

True Courage bears about a Charm or Spell —
 It looks, I think, like an instinctive Law
 By which superior natures daunt and quell
 Frenchmen and foreigners with fear and awe.
 I wonder if Philosophers can tell —
 Can they explain the thing with all their jaw ?
 I can't explain it — but the fact is so,
 A fact which every midshipman must know.

Then instantly the signal was held out,
 To show Sir Gawain that the coast was clear :
 They heard his Camp reëcho with a shout —
 “ In half an hour Sir Gawain will be here.”
 But still Sir Tristram was perplex with doubt —
 The crisis of the Ladies' fate drew near —
 He dreaded what those poor defenseless creatures
 Might suffer from such fierce and desperate natures.

The Giants, with their brutal want of sense,
 In hurling stones to crush them with the fall,
 And in their hurry taking them from thence,
 Had half dismantled all the new-built Wall.
 They left it here and there, a naked fence
 Of stakes and palisades, upright and tall.
 Sir Tristram formed a sudden resolution,
 And recommended it for execution.

“ My Lads,” he cried, “ an effort must be made
 To keep those Monsters half an hour in play,
 While Gawain is advancing to our aid,
 Or else the Ladies will be made away.
 By mounting close within the palisade,
 You'll parry their two-handed, dangerous sway —
 Their Clubs and Maces: recollect my words,
 And use your daggers rather than your swords.”

That service was most gallantly performed:
 The Giants still endeavored to repel

And drive them from the breach that they had stormed :
 The foremost of the Crew was Mangonell.
 At sight of him Sir Tristram's spirit warmed ;
 With aim unerring Tristram's falchion fell,
 Lopt off his Club and fingers at the knuckle,
 And thus disabled that stupendous Chuckle.

The Giant ran, outrageous with the wound,
 Roaring and bleeding, to the palisade ;
 Sir Tristram swerved aside, and reaching round,
 Probed all his entrails with his poniard's blade :
 His Giant limbs fall thundering on the ground,
 His goggling eyes eternal slumbers shade ;
 Then by the head or heels, I know not which,
 They dragged him forth, and tost him in the Ditch.

Sir Tristram, in the warfare that he waged,
 Strove to attract the Giants' whole attention :
 To keep it undivided and engaged,
 He racked his fiery brain and his invention ;
 And taunted and reviled, and stormed and raged,
 In terms far worse and more than I can mention.
 In the mean while, in a more sober manner,
 Sir Gawain was advancing with his banner.

But first I must commemorate in rhyme
 Sir Tristram's dextrous swordsmanship and might ;
 This incident appears to me sublime :
 He struck a Giant's head off in the fight :
 The head fell down of course, but for some time
 The stupid, headless trunk remained upright ;
 For more than twenty seconds there it stood,
 But ultimately fell from loss of blood.

Behold Sir Gawain with his valiant band ;
 He enters on the work with warmth and haste,
 And slays a brace of Giants out of hand,
 Sliced downward from the shoulder to the waist.
 But our ichnography must now be planned,
 The Keep or Inner Castle must be traced.
 I wish myself at the concluding distich,
 Although I think the thing characteristic.

Facing your Entrance, just three yards behind,
 There was a Mass of Stone of moderate height.

It stood before you like a screen or blind :
 And there — on either hand to left and right —
 Were sloping Parapets or Planes inclined,
 On which two massy Stones were placed upright,
 Secured by Staples and by leathern Ropes,
 Which hindered them from sliding down the slopes.

“Cousin, those Dogs have some device or gin! —
 I'll run the gantlet — and I'll stand a knock ——”
 He dashed into the Gate through thick and thin —
 He hewed away the bands which held the block —
 It rushed along the slope with rumbling din,
 And closed the entrance with a thundering shock
 (Just like those famous old Symplegades
 Discovered by the Classics in their seas).

This was Sir Tristram (as you may suppose):
 He found some Giants wounded, others dead —
 He shortly equalizes these with those ;
 But one poor Devil there was sick in bed,
 In whose behalf the Ladies interpose ;
 Sir Tristram spared his life, because they said
 That he was more humane, and mild, and clever,
 And all the time had had an ague fever.

The Ladies? — They were tolerably well,
 At least as well as could have been expected :
 Many details I must forbear to tell ;
 Their toilet had been very much neglected ;
 But by supreme good luck it so befell
 That when the Castle's capture was effected,
 When those vile cannibals were overpowered
 Only two fat Duennas were devoured.

Sir Tristram having thus secured the Fort,
 And seen all safe, was climbing to the Wall
 (Meaning to leap into the outer Court) ;
 But when he came, he saved himself the fall :
 Sir Gawain had been spoiling all the sport,
 The Giants were demolished one and all :
 He pulled them up the Wall — they climb and enter —
 Such was the winding up of this adventure.

The only real sufferer in the fight
 Was a poor neighboring Squire of little fame,

That came and joined the party overnight ;
 He hobbled home, disabled with a maim
 Which he received in tumbling from a height :
 The Knights from Court had never heard his name,
 Nor recollected seeing him before—
 Two leopards' faces were the arms he bore.

Thus Tristram, without loss of life or limb,
 Conquered the Giants' Castle in a day ;
 But whether it were accident or whim
 That kept him in the Woods so long away,
 In any other mortal except him
 I should not feel a doubt of what to say ;
 But he was wholly guided by his humor,
 Indifferent to report and public rumor.

It was besides imagined and suspected
 That he had missed his course by deep design,
 To take the track which Gawain had neglected—
 I speak of others' notions, not of mine :
 I question even if he recollected—
 He might have felt a moment's wish to shine :
 I only know that he made nothing of it,
 Either for reputation or for profit.

The Ladies, by Sir Gawain's kind direction,
 Proceeded instantaneously to Court,
 To thank their Majesties for their protection.
 Sir Gawain followed with a grand escort,
 And was received with favor and affection.
 Sir Tristram remained loitering in the Fort ;
 He thought the building and the scenery striking,
 And that poor captive Giant took his liking.

THE GILLA DACKER.

(From "Old Celtic Romances," by P. W. Joyce.)

ONE day in the beginning of summer, Finn, the son of Cumal, the son of Trenmore O'Baskin, feasted the chief people of Erin at Allen of the broad hill-slopes. And when the feast was over the Fena reminded him that it was time to begin the chase through the plains and the glens and the wildernesses of Erin.

Now it chanced at one time during the chase, while they were hunting over the plain of Cliach, that Finn went to rest on the hill of Collkilla, which is now called Knockainy; and he had his hunting-tents pitched on a level spot near the summit. Some of his chief heroes tarried with him; namely, his son Oisin; the valiant Oscar, the son of Oisin; Gaul Mac Morna of the Mighty Deeds; Finn's shieldbearer, Skeabrac; Kylta Mac Rowan; Dermot O'Dyna of the Bright Face; Ligan Lumina the Swift-footed; Conan Mail of the Foul Tongue; and Finn Ban Mac Bresal.

When the King and his companions had taken their places on the hill the Fena unleashed their gracefully shaped, sweet-voiced hounds through the woods and sloping glens. And it was sweet music to Finn's ear, the cry of the long-snouted dogs as they routed the deer from their covers and the badgers from their dens; the pleasant, emulating shouts of the youths; the whistling and signaling of the huntsmen; and the encouraging cheers of the mighty heroes as they spread themselves through the glens and woods and over the broad green plain of Cliach. Then did Finn ask who of all his companions would go to the highest point of the hill directly over them, to keep watch and ward, and to report how the chase went on. For he said the Dedannans were ever on the watch to work the Fena mischief by their Druidical spells, and more so during the chase than at other times.

Finn Ban Mac Bresal stood forward and offered to go; and, grasping his broad spears, he went to the top and sat viewing the plain to the four points of the sky. And the King and his companions brought forth the chessboard and chessmen, and sat them down to a game. Finn Ban Mac Bresal had been watching only a little time when he saw on the plain to the

east a Fomor of vast size coming toward the hill, leading a horse. As he came nearer, Finn Ban observed that he was the ugliest looking giant his eyes ever lighted on. He had a large, thick body, bloated and swollen out to a great size; clumsy, crooked legs; and broad, flat feet, turned inwards. His hands and arms and shoulders were bony and thick and very strong looking; his neck was long and thin; and while his head was poked forward, his face was turned up, as he stared straight at Finn Mac Bresal. He had thick lips, and long, crooked teeth; and his face was covered all over with bushy hair.

He was fully armed; but all his weapons were rusty and soiled and slovenly looking. A broad shield of a dirty, sooty color, rough and battered, hung over his back; he had a long, heavy, straight sword at his left hip, and he held in his left hand two thick-handled, broad-headed spears, old and rusty, and seeming as if they had not been handled for years. In his right hand he held an iron club, which he dragged after him with its end on the ground, and, as it trailed along, it tore up a track as deep as the furrow a farmer plows with a team of oxen. The horse he led was even larger in proportion than the giant himself, and quite as ugly. His great carcass was covered all over with tangled, scraggy hair, of a sooty black; you could count his ribs and all the points of his big bones through his hide; his legs were crooked and knotty; his neck was twisted; and as for his jaws, they were so long and heavy that they made his head look twice too large for his body.

The giant held him by a thick halter, and seemed to be dragging him forward by main force, the animal was so lazy and so hard to move. Every now and then, when the beast tried to stand still, the giant would give him a blow on the ribs with his big iron club, which sounded as loud as the thundering of a great billow against the rough-headed rocks of the coast. When he gave him a pull forward by the halter, the wonder was that he did not drag the animal's head away from his body; and, on the other hand, the horse often gave the halter such a tremendous tug backward that it was equally wonderful how the arm of the giant was not torn away from his shoulder.

Now it was not an easy matter to frighten Finn Ban Mac Bresal; but when he saw the giant and his horse coming straight towards him in that wise, he was seized with such fear and horror that he sprang from his seat, and snatching up his arms, he ran down the hill-slope with his utmost speed towards

the king and his companions, whom he found sitting round the chessboard, deep in their game. They started up when they saw Finn Ban looking so scared; and, turning their eyes towards where he pointed, they saw the big man and his horse coming up the hill. They stood gazing at him in silent wonder, waiting till he should arrive; but although he was no great way off when they first caught sight of him, it was a long time before he reached the spot where they stood, so slow was the movement of himself and his horse.

When at last he had come up, he bowed his head, and bended his knee, and saluted the king with great respect. Finn addressed him, and after having given him leave to speak, he asked who he was and what was his name; from which of the three chief divisions of the world he had come, and whether he belonged to one of the noble or ignoble races; also, what was his profession or craft, and why he had no servant to attend to his horse—if, indeed, such an ugly old specter of an animal could be called a horse at all.

The big man made answer and said: “King of the Fena, I will answer everything you ask me, as far as lies in my power. Whether I come of a noble or of an ignoble race, that, indeed, I cannot tell, for I know not who my father and mother were. As to where I came from, I am a Fomor of Lochlann in the north; but I have no particular dwelling-place, for I am continually traveling about from one country to another, serving the great lords and nobles of the world, and receiving wages for my service.

“In the course of my wanderings I have often heard of you, O king, and of your greatness and splendor and royal beauty; and I have come now to visit you, and to ask you to take me into your service for one year; and at the end of that time I shall fix my own wages, according to my custom.

“You ask me also why I have no servant for this great horse of mine. The reason of that is this: at every meal I eat, my master must give me as much food and drink as would be enough for a hundred men; and whosoever the lord or chief may be that takes me into his service, it is quite enough for him to have to provide for me, without having also to feed my servant.

“Moreover, I am so very heavy and lazy that I should never be able to keep up with a company on march if I had to walk; and this is my reason for keeping a horse at all.

“My name is the Gilla Dacker, and it is not without good reason that I am so called. For there never was a lazier, a worse servant than I am, or one that grumbles more at doing a day’s work for his master. And I am the hardest person in the whole world to deal with; for, no matter how fond or noble I may think my master, or how kindly he may treat me, it is hard words and foul reproaches I am likely to give him for thanks in the end.

“This, O Finn, is the account I have to give of myself, and these are my answers to your questions.”

“Well,” answered Finn, “according to your own account, you are not a very pleasant fellow to have anything to do with; and of a truth there is not much to praise in your appearance. But things may not be so bad as you say, and, anyhow, as I have never yet refused any man service and wages, I will not refuse you.”

Whereupon, Finn and the Gilla Dacker made covenants, and the Gilla Dacker was taken into service for a year.

Then the big man turned to Conan Mail, and asked him whether the foot-service or the horse-service had the better pay among the Fena; and Conan answered that the horsemen had twice as much pay as the footmen.

“If that be so,” replied the Gilla Dacker, “I will join the horse-service, as I have a fine steed of my own; and indeed, if I had known this before, I would certainly have come hither on horseback, instead of walking.

“And now, as to this same horse of mine, I find I must attend to him myself, as I see no one here worthy of putting a hand near him. So I will lead him to the nearest stud, as I am wont to do, and let him graze among your horses. I value him greatly, however, and it would grieve me very much if any harm were to befall him; so,” continued he, turning to the king, “I put him under your protection, O king, and under the protection of all the Fena that are here present.”

At this speech the Fena all burst out laughing, to see the Gilla Dacker showing such concern for his miserable, worthless skeleton of a horse.

Howbeit, the big man, giving not the least heed to their merriment, took the halter off the horse’s head, and turned him loose among the horses of the Fena.

But now, this same wretched-looking old animal, instead of beginning to graze, as every one thought he would, ran in among

the horses of the Fena, and began straightway to work all sorts of mischief. He cocked his long, hard, switchy tail straight out like a rod, and throwing up his hind legs, he kicked about on this side and on that, maiming and disabling several of the horses. Sometimes he went tearing through the thickest of the herd, butting at them with his hard, bony forehead; and he opened out his lips with a vicious grin, and tore all he could lay hold on with his sharp, crooked teeth, so that none were safe that came in his way either before or behind. And the end of it was, that not an animal of the whole herd escaped without having a leg broken, or an eye knocked out, or his ribs fractured, or his ear bitten off, or the side of his face torn open, or without being in some other way cut or maimed beyond cure.

At last he left them, and was making straight across to a small field where Conan Mail's horses were grazing by themselves, intending to play the same tricks among them. But Conan, seeing this, shouted in great alarm to the Gilla Dacker, to bring away his horse, and not let him work any more mischief; and threatening, if he did not do so at once, to go himself and knock the brains out of the vicious old brute on the spot.

But the Gilla Dacker took the matter quite cool; and he told Conan that he saw no way of preventing his horse from joining the others, except some one put the halter on him and hold him, which would, of course, he said, prevent the poor animal from grazing, and would leave him with a hungry belly at the end of the day.

He said, moreover, that as he had no horse-boy and must needs do everything for himself, he thought it quite time enough to look after his horse when he had to make ready for a journey. "But," said he to Conan, "there is the halter; and if you are in any fear for your own animals, you may go yourself and bring him away from the field."

Conan was in a mighty rage when he heard this; and as he saw the big horse just about to cross the fence, he snatched up the halter, and running forward with long strides, he threw it over the animal's head and thought to lead him back. But in a moment the horse stood stock still, and his body and legs became as stiff as if they were made of wood; and though Conan pulled and tugged with might and main, he was not able to stir him an inch from his place. He gave up pulling at last, when

he found it was no use ; but he still kept on holding the halter, while the big horse never made the least stir, but stood as if he had been turned into stone ; the Gilla Dacker all the time looking on quite unconcernedly, and the others laughing at Conan's perplexity. But no one offered to relieve him.

At last Fergus Finnvel, the poet, spoke to Conan, and said :

"I never would have believed, Conan Mail, that you could be brought to do horse-service for any knight or noble in the whole world ; but now, indeed, I see that you have made yourself a horse-boy to an ugly foreign giant, so hateful-looking and low-born that not a man of the Fena would have anything to say to him. As you have, however, to mind this old horse in order to save your own, would it not be better for you to mount him, and revenge yourself for all the trouble he is giving you, by riding him across the country, over the hill-tops and down into the deep glens and valleys, and through stones and bogs and all sorts of rough places, till you have broken the heart in his big, ugly body?"

Conan, stung by the cutting words of the poet and by the jeers of his companions, jumped upon the horse's back, and began to beat him mightily with his heels and with his two big, heavy fists to make him go ; but the horse seemed not to take the least notice and never stirred.

"I know the reason he does not go," said Fergus Finnvel. "He has been accustomed to carry a horseman far heavier than you, that is to say, the Gilla Dacker ; and he will not move till he has the same weight on his back."

At this Conan Mail called out to his companions, and asked which of them would mount with him and help to avenge the damage done their horses.

"I will go," said Coil Croda the Battle Victor, son of Criffin ; and up he went. But the horse never moved.

Dara Donn Mac Morna next offered to go, and mounted behind the others, and after him Angus Mac Art Mac Morna. And the end of it was that fourteen men of the Clann Baskin and Clann Morna got up along with Conan ; and all began to thrash the horse together, with might and main. But they were none the better of it, for he remained standing stiff and immovable as before. They found, moreover, that their seat was not at all an easy one—the animal's back was so sharp and bony.

When the Gilla Dacker saw the Fena beating his horse at such a rate, he seemed very angry, and addressed the king in these words:—

“King of the Fena, I now see plainly that all the fine accounts I heard about you and the Fena are false, and I will not stay in your service—no, not another hour. You can see for yourself the ill usage these men are giving my horse without cause; and I leave you to judge whether any one could put up with it—any one who had the least regard for his horse. The time is, indeed, short since I entered your service, but I now think it a great deal too long; so pay me my wages and let me go my ways.”

But Finn said: “I do not wish you to go; stay on until the end of your year, and then I will pay you all I promised you.”

“I swear,” answered the Gilla Dacker, “that if this were the very last day of my year, I would not wait till morning for my wages, after this insult. So, wages or no wages, I will now seek another master; but from this time forth, I shall know what to think of Finn Mac Cumal and his Fena!”

With that the Gilla Dacker stood up as straight as a pillar, and, turning his face toward the southwest, he walked slowly away.

When the horse saw his master leaving the hill, he stirred himself at once and walked quietly after him, bringing the fifteen men away on his back.

And when the Fena saw this, they raised a loud shout of laughter, mocking them.

The Gilla Dacker, after he had walked some little way, looked back, and, seeing that his horse was following, he stood for a moment to tuck up his skirts. Then, all at once changing his pace, he set out with long, active strides; and if you know what the speed of a swallow is, flying across a mountain side, or the dry, fairy wind of a March day sweeping over the plains, then you can understand the swiftness of the Gilla Dacker as he ran down the hillside toward the southwest.

Neither was the horse behindhand in the race; for, though he carried a heavy load, he galloped like the wind after his master, plunging and bounding forward with as much freedom as if he had nothing at all on his back.

The men now tried to throw themselves off; but this, indeed, they were not able to do, for the good reason that they

found themselves fastened firmly, hands and feet and all, to the horse's back.

And now Conan, looking round, raised his big voice and shouted to Finn and the Fena, asking them were they content to let their friends be carried off in that manner by such a horrible, foul-looking old specter of a horse.

Finn and the others, hearing this, seized their arms and started off in pursuit. Now the way the Gilla Dacker and his horse took was first through Fermore, which is at the present day called Hy Conall Gavre; next over the wide, healthy summit of Slieve Lougher; from that to Corca Divna; and they ran along by Slieve Mish till they reached Cloghan Kincat, near the deep, green sea.

During all this time Finn and his people kept them in view, but were not able to overtake them; and Ligan Lumina, one of the swiftest of the Fena, kept ahead of the others.

The horse now passed by Cloghan Kincat without in the least abating his speed; and when he had arrived on the beach, even at the very water's edge, Ligan overtook him, and caught him by the tail with his two hands, intending to hold him till the rest of the Fena came up. He gave a mighty pull back; but the horse, not in the least checked by this, made no more ado, but plunged forward through the waves, dragging Ligan after him hanging at his tail.

And Ligan now found that he could neither help his friends nor free himself, for his two hands clung fast to the tail of the horse.

And so the great horse continued his course without stop or stay, bringing the sixteen Fena with him through the sea. Now this is how they fared in the sea, while the horse was rushing swiftly farther and farther to the west: they had always a dry, firm strand under them, for the waters retired before the horse while behind them was a wild, raging sea which followed close after, and seemed ready every moment to topple over their heads. But, though the billows were tumbling and roaring all round, neither horse nor riders were wetted by as much as a drop of brine or a dash of spray.

Now as to Finn and the others. They stood on the bank over the beach, watching the horse and men till they lost sight of them in the sea afar off; and then they sat them down, weary after their long chase, and full of sadness for the loss of their companions.

After a long silence, Finn spoke and asked the chiefs what they thought best to be done. But they replied that he was far beyond them all in knowledge and wisdom ; and they told him they would follow whatsoever counsel he and Fergus Finnvel, the poet, gave them. Then Finn told Fergus to speak his mind ; and Fergus said :—

“ My counsel is that we go straightway to Ben Edgar, where we shall find a ship ready to sail. For our forefathers, when they wrested the land from the gifted, bright-complexioned Dedaunans, bound them by covenant to maintain this ship forever, fitted with all things needful for a voyage, even to the smallest article, as one of the privileges of Ben Edgar ; so that if at any time one of the noble sons of Gael Glas wished to sail to distant lands from Erin, he should have a ship lying at hand in the harbor ready to begin his voyage.”

They agreed to this counsel, and turned their steps without delay northward toward Ben Edgar. They had not gone far when they met two noble-looking youths, fully armed, and wearing over their armor beautiful mantles of scarlet silk, fastened by brooches of gold. The strangers saluted the king with much respect ; and the king saluted them in return. Then, having given them leave to converse, he asked them who they were, whither they had come, and who the prince or chief was that they served. And the elder answered :—

“ My name is Feradach and my brother’s name is Foltlebar ; and we are the two sons of the king of Innia. Each of us professes an art ; and it has long been a point of dispute between us, which art is the better, my brother’s or mine. Hearing that there is not in the world a wiser or more far-seeing man than thou art, O king, we have come to ask thee to take us into thy service among thy household troops for a year, and at the end of that time to give judgment between us in this matter.”

Finn asked them what were the two arts they professed.

“ My art,” answered Feradach, “ is this : If at any time a company of warriors need a ship, give me only my joiner’s ax and my crann-tavall, and I am able to provide a ship for them without delay. The only thing I ask them to do is this—to cover their heads close, and keep them covered, while I give the crann-tavall three blows of my ax. Then I tell them to uncover their heads ; and lo, there lies the ship in harbor ready to sail ! ”

Then Foltlebar spoke and said : " This, O King, is the art I profess : On land I can track the wild duck over nine ridges and nine glens, and follow her without being once thrown out, till I drop upon her in her nest. And I can follow up a track on sea quite as well as on land, if I have a good ship and crew."

Finn replied : " You are the very men I want ; and I now take you both into my service. At this moment I need a good ship and a skillful pilot more than any two things in the whole world. And though our own track-men, namely, the Clann Navin, are good, yet we now need some one still more skillful, to follow the Gilla Dacker through unknown seas."

Then the two brothers asked Finn what strait he was in at that moment, and why he wanted a ship and pilot so much. Whereupon Finn told them the whole story of the Gilla Dacker's doings from beginning to end. " And we are now," said he, " on our way to Ben Edgar, to seek a ship, that we may follow this giant and his horse, and rescue our companions."

Then Feradach said, " I will get you a ship — a ship that will sail as swiftly as a swallow can fly !"

And Foltlebar said, " I will guide your ship in the track of the Gilla Dacker till we lay hands on him, in whatsoever quarter of the world he may have hidden himself !"

And so they turned back to Cloghan Kincat. And when they had come to the beach, Feradach told them to cover their heads; and they did so. Then he struck three blows of his ax on the crann-tavall ; after which he bade them look. And lo, they saw a ship, fully fitted out with oars and sails, and with all things needed for a long voyage, riding before in the harbor !

Then Kylta Mac Ronan went to the top of a high hill, and, turning his face inland, he uttered three mighty shouts, which were taken up by the people of the next valley, and after them by those of the next valley beyond. And so the signal spread, till a shout of alarm was heard in every plain and hillside, glen and valley, wood and wilderness, in the two provinces of Munster. And when the Fena heard these shouts, they ceased anon from their sports and pastimes ; for they knew their king was in danger or strait of some kind. And they formed themselves into ranks and troops and battalions, and began their march ; and it is not told how they fared till they reached Cloghan Kincat.

Finn told them the whole story of the Gilla Dacker and his horse, and how he had carried away Conan and fifteen others to

some far-off island in the western ocean. He also showed them the ship, and told them that he himself and a chosen band of the Fena were about to sail westward in quest of their friends.

And Oisín asked him how many of the chief men of the Fena he wished to take with him.

Finn replied: "I foresee that this will be a perilous quest; and I think all the chiefs here present few enough to bring with me."

"Say not so, O king," said Oisín; "too many have gone already, and some must be left behind to guard the country, and to keep order. If fifteen good men go with you, and that you find the others, the whole party will be a match for any foe you are like to meet in these western lands."

And Oscar and Gaul Mac Morna spoke in like manner.

To this Finn agreed. Then he picked out fifteen men, the bravest and best, the most dexterous at the sword, and the swiftest of foot among the Fena.

The question then arose, who should lead the Fena in the king's absence; and what they agreed on was that Oisín should remain behind and take command, as he was the eldest and bravest and wisest of the king's sons.

Of those who were chosen to go with Finn, the chief men were Dermot O'Dyna, Gaul Mac Morna, Oscar the son of Oisín, Aed Beg the son of Finn, Fergus Finnvel the poet, the three sons of Encarda, and Feradach and Foltlebar the two sons of the king of Innia.

So the king and his party took leave of Oisín and the rest. And sad indeed were they on both sides, for no one knew how far the king might have to sail among unknown seas and islands, or how long he should be away from Erin, or the spells and dangers he and his men might encounter in this pursuit.

Then they went on board and launched their ship on the cold, bright sea; and Foltlebar was their pilot and steersman. And they set their sail and plied their slender oars, and the ship moved swiftly westward till they lost sight of the shores of Erin; and they saw nothing all round them but a wide girdle of sea. After some days' sailing, a great storm came from the west, and the black waves rose up against them, so that they had much ado to keep their vessel from sinking. But through all the roaring of the tempest, through the rain and blinding spray, Foltlebar never stirred from the helm or changed his course, but still kept close on the track of the Gilla Dacker.

At length the storm abated, and the sea grew calm. And when the darkness had cleared away, they saw to the west, a little way off, a vast, rocky cliff, towering over their heads to such a height that its head seemed hidden away among the clouds. It rose up sheer from the very water, and looked at that distance as smooth as glass, so that at first sight there seemed no way to reach the top.

Foltlebar, after examining to the four points of the sky, found the track of the Gilla Dacker as far as the cliff, but no farther. And he accordingly told the heroes that he thought it was on the top of that rock the giant lived; and that anyhow, the horse must have made his way up the face of the cliff with their companions.

When the heroes heard this they were greatly cast down and puzzled what to do, for they saw no way of reaching the top of the rock, and they feared they should have to give up the quest and return without their companions. And they sat down and looked up the cliff with sorrow and vexation in their hearts.



THE DREAM OF RHONABWY.

(From the "Mabinogion," edited by Lady Charlotte Guest.)

MADAWC, the son of Maredudd, possessed Powys within its boundaries, from Porfœd to Gwauan in the uplands of Arwystli. And at that time he had a brother, Iorwerth, the son of Maredudd, in rank not equal to himself. And Iorwerth had great sorrow and heaviness because of the honor and power that his brother enjoyed, which he shared not. And he sought his fellows and his foster-brothers, and took counsel with them what he should do in this matter. And they resolved to dispatch some of their number to go and seek a maintenance for him. Then Madawc offered him to become Master of the Household and to have horses, and arms, and honor, and to fare like as himself. But Iorwerth refused this.

And Iorwerth made an inroad into England, slaying the inhabitants, and burning houses, and carrying away prisoners. And Madawc took counsel with the men of Powys, and they

determined to place an hundred men in each of the three Commots of Powys to seek for him. And thus did they in the plains of Powys from Aber Ceirawe, and in Allictwn Ver, and in Rhyd Wilure, on the Vyrnwy, the three best Commots of Powys. So he was none the better, he nor his household, in Powys, nor in the plains thereof. And they spread these men over the plains as far as Nillystwn Trevan.

Now one of the men who was upon this quest was called Rhonabwy. And Rhonabwy and Kynwrig Vrychgoch, a man of Mawddwy, and Cadwgan Vras, a man of Moelvre in Kynlleith, came together to the house of Heilyn Goch, the son of Cadwgan, the son of Iddon. And when they came near to the house they saw an old hall, very black and having an upright gable, whence issued a great smoke; and on entering they found the floor full of puddles and mounds; and it was difficult to stand thereon, so slippery was it with the mire of cattle. And where the puddles were, a man might go up to his ankles in water and dirt. And there were boughs of holly spread over the floor, whereof the cattle had browsed the sprigs. When they came to the hall of the house, they beheld cells full of dust and very gloomy, and on one side an old hag making a fire. And whenever she felt cold, she cast a lapful of chaff upon the fire, and raised such a smoke that it was scarcely to be borne as it rose up the nostrils. And on the other side was a yellow calfskin on the floor. A main privilege was it to any one who should get upon that hide.

And when they had sat down, they asked the hag where were the people of the house. And the hag spoke not but muttered. Thereupon behold the people of the house entered; a ruddy, clownish, curly-headed man, with a burthen of fagots on his back, and a pale, slender woman, also carrying a bundle under her arm. And they barely welcomed the man, and kindled a fire with the boughs. And the woman cooked something, and gave them to eat, barley bread and cheese and milk and water.

And there arose a storm of wind and rain, so that it was hardly possible to go forth with safety. And being weary with their journey, they laid themselves down and sought to sleep. And when they looked at the couch, it seemed to be made but of a little coarse straw full of dust and vermin, with the stems of boughs sticking up therethrough, for the cattle had eaten all the straw that was placed at the head and the foot. And upon it was stretched an old russet-colored rug,

threadbare and ragged; and a coarse sheet, full of slits, was upon the rug, and an ill-stuffed pillow, and a worn-out cover upon the sheet. And after much suffering from the vermin, and from the discomfort of their couch, a heavy sleep fell on Rhonabwy's companions. But Rhonabwy, not being able to either sleep or to rest, thought he should suffer less if he went to lie on the yellow calfskin that was stretched out on the floor. And there he slept.

As soon as sleep had come upon his eyes, it seemed to him that he was journeying with his companions across the plain of Argyngroeg, and he thought that he went towards Rhyd y Groes on the Severn. As he journeyed he heard a mighty noise, the like whereof heard he never before; and looking behind him, he beheld a youth with yellow, curling hair, and with his beard newly trimmed, mounted on a chestnut horse, whereof the legs were gray from the top of the fore legs, and from the bend of the hind legs downwards. And the rider wore a coat of yellow satin sewn with green silk, and on his thigh was a gold-hilted sword with a scabbard of new leather of Cordova, belted with the skin of the deer, and clasped with gold. And over this was a scarf of yellow satin wrought with green silk, the borders whereof were likewise green. And the green of the caparison of the horse and of his rider was as green as the leaves of the fir tree, and the yellow was as yellow as the blossom of the broom. So fierce was the aspect of the knight that fear seized upon them, and they began to flee. And the knight pursued them. And when the horse breathed forth the men became distant from him, and when he drew in his breath they were drawn near to him, even to the horse's chest. And when he had overtaken them they besought his mercy. "You have it gladly," said he; "fear naught." "Ha, chieftain, since thou hast mercy upon me, tell me also who thou art," said Rhonabwy. "I will not conceal my lineage from thee. I am Iddawc the son of Mynyddog; yet not by my name, but by my nickname am I best known." "And wilt thou tell us what thy nickname is?" "I will tell you; it is Iddawc Cordd Prydain." "Ha, chieftain," said Rhonabwy, "why art thou called thus?" "I will tell thee. I was one of the messengers between Arthur and Medrawd, his nephew, at the battle of Camlan; and I was then a reckless youth, and through my desire for battle I kindled strife between them, and stirred up wrath, when I was sent by Arthur, the emperor, to reason with Medrawd, and to

show him that he was his foster-father and his uncle, and to seek for peace, lest the sons of the kings of the Island of Britain and of the nobles should be slain. And whereas Arthur charged me with the fairest sayings he could think of, I uttered unto Medrawd the harshest I could devise. And therefore am I called Iddawc Cordd Prydain, for from this did the battle of Camlan ensue. And three nights before the end of the battle of Camlan I left them, and went to the Llech Las in North Britain to do penance. And there I remained doing penance seven years, and after that I gained pardon."

Then lo! they heard a mighty sound which was much louder than that which they had heard before; and when they looked round towards the sound, behold a ruddy youth, without beard or whiskers, noble of mien, and mounted on a stately courser. And from the shoulders and the front of the knees downwards the horse was bay. And upon the man was a dress of red satin wrought with yellow silk, and yellow were the borders of his scarf. And such parts of his apparel and of the trappings of his horse as were yellow, as yellow were they as the blossom of the broom, and such as were red, were as ruddy as the ruddiest blood in the world.

Then behold the horseman overtook them, and he asked of Iddawc a share of the little men that were with him. "That which is fitting for me to grant I will grant, and thou shalt be a companion to them as I have been." And the horseman went away. "Iddawc," inquired Rhonabwy, "who was that horseman?" "Rhuvawn Pebyr, the son of Prince Deorthach."

And they journeyed over the plain of Argyngroeg as far as the ford of Rhyd y Groes on the Severn. And for a mile around the ford on both sides of the road they saw tents and encampments, and there was the clamor of a mighty host. And they came to the edge of the ford, and there they beheld Arthur sitting on a flat island below the ford, having Bedwini, the bishop, on one side of him, and Gwarthegydd, the son of Kaw, on the other. And a tall, auburn-haired youth stood before him, with his sheathed sword in his hand, and clad in a coat and a cap of jet black satin. And his face was white as ivory, and his eyebrows black as jet, and such part of his wrist as could be seen between his glove and his sleeve was whiter than the lily and thicker than a warrior's ankle.

Then came Iddawc and they that were with him, and stood before Arthur and saluted him. "Heaven grant thee good,"

said Arthur. "And where, Iddawe, didst thou find these little men?" "I found them, lord, up yonder on the road." Then the emperor smiled. "Lord," said Iddawe, "wherefore dost thou laugh?" "Iddawe," replied Arther, "I laugh not; but it pitieth me that men of such stature as these should have this island in their keeping, after the men that guarded it of yore." Then said Iddawe, "Rhonabwy, dost thou see the ring with a stone set in it, that is upon the emperor's hand?" "I see it," he answered. "It is one of the properties of that stone to enable thee to remember that thou seest here to-night, and hadst thou not seen the stone, thou wouldst never have been able to remember aught thereof."

After this they saw a troop coming towards the ford. "Iddawe," inquired Rhonabwy, "to whom does yonder troop belong?" "They are the fellows of Rhuvawn Pebyr, the son of Prince Deorthach. And these men are honorably served with mead and bragget, and are freely beloved by the daughters of the kings of the Island of Britain. And this they merit, for they were ever in the front and the rear in every peril." And he saw but one hue upon the men and the horses of this troop, for they were all as red as blood. And when one of the knights rode forth from the troop, he looked like a pillar of fire glancing athwart the sky. And this troop encamped above the ford.

Then they beheld another troop coming towards the ford, and these from their horse's chests upwards were whiter than a lily, and below blacker than jet. And they saw one of these knights go before the rest, and spur his horse into the ford in such a manner that the water dashed over Arthur and the bishop and those holding counsel with them, so that they were as wet as if they had been drenched in the river. And as he turned the head of his horse, the youth who stood before Arthur struck the horse over the nostrils with his sheathed sword, so that had it been with the bare blade it would have been a marvel if the bone had not been wounded as well as the flesh. And the knight drew his sword half out of the scabbard, and asked of him: "Wherefore didst thou strike my horse? Whether was it in insult or in counsel unto me?" "Thou didst indeed laek counsel. What madness caused thee to ride so furiously as to dash the water of the ford over Arthur and the consecrated bishop and their counselors, so that they were as wet as if they had been dragged out of the river?" "As counsel then will

I take it." So he turned his horse's head round towards his army.

"Iddawc," said Rhonabwy, "who was yonder knight?" "The most eloquent and the wisest youth that is in this island; Adaon, the son of Taliesin." "Who was the man that struck his horse?" "A youth of froward nature; Elphin, the son of Gwyddno."

Then spake a tall and stately man, of noble and flowing speech, saying that it was a marvel that so vast a host should be assembled in so narrow a space, and that it was a still greater marvel that those should be there at that time who had promised to be by mid-day in the battle of Badon, fighting with Osla Gyllellvawr. "Whether thou mayest choose to proceed or not, I will proceed." "Thou sayest well," said Arthur, "and we will go all together." "Iddawc," said Rhonabwy, "who was the man who spoke so marvelously unto Arthur ere-while?" "A man who may speak as boldly as he listeth, Caradawc Vreichvras, the son of Llyr Marini, his chief counselor and his cousin."

Then Iddawc took Rhonabwy behind him on his horse, and that mighty host moved forward, each troop in its order, towards Cevndigoll. And when they came to the middle of the ford of the Severn, Iddawc turned his horse's head, and Rhonabwy looked along the valley of the Severn. And he beheld two fair troops coming towards the ford. One troop there came of brilliant white, whereof every one of the men had a scarf of white satin with jet black borders. And the knees and the tops of the shoulders of their horses were jet black, though they were of a pure white in every other part. And their banners were pure white, with black points to them all.

"Iddawc," said Rhonabwy, "who are yonder pure white troop?" "They are the men of Norway; and March, the son of Meirchion, is their prince. And he is cousin unto Arthur."

And further on he saw a troop, whereof each man wore garments of jet black, with borders of pure white to every scarf; and the tops of the shoulders and the knees of their horses were pure white. And their banners were jet black with pure white at the point of each.

"Iddawc," said Rhonabwy, "who are the jet black troop yonder?" "They are the men of Denmark, and Edeyrn, the son of Nudd, is their prince."

And when they had overtaken the host, Arthur and his

army of mighty ones dismounted below Caer Badon, and he perceived that he and Iddawc journeyed the same road as Arthur. And after they had dismounted, he heard a great tumult and confusion amongst the host, and such as were then at the flanks turned to the center, and such as had been in the center moved to the flanks. And then, behold, he saw a knight coming, clad, both he and his horse, in mail, of which the rings were whiter than the whitest lily, and the rivets redder than the ruddiest blood. And he rode amongst the host.

"Iddawc," said Rhonabwy, "will yonder host flee?" "King Arthur never fled, and if this discourse of thine were heard, thou wert a lost man. But as to the knight whom thou seest yonder, it is Kai. The fairest horseman is Kai in all Arthur's court; and the men who are at the front of the army hasten to the rear to see Kai ride, and the men who are in the center flee to the side, from the shock of his horse. And this is the cause of the confusion of the host."

Thereupon they heard a call made for Kadwr, Earl of Cornwall, and behold he arose with the sword of Arthur in his hand. And the similitude of two serpents was upon the sword in gold. And when the sword was drawn from its scabbard, it seemed as if two flames of fire burst forth from the jaws of the serpents, and then so wonderful was the sword that it was hard for any one to look upon it. And the host became still, and the tumult ceased, and the earl returned to the tent.

"Iddawc," said Rhonabwy, "who is the man who bore the sword of Arthur?" "Kadwr, the Earl of Cornwall, whose duty is to arm the king on the days of battle and warfare."

And they heard a call made for Eirywnych Amheibyn, Arthur's servant, a red, rough, ill-favored man, having red whiskers with bristly hairs. And behold he came upon a tall red horse with the mane parted on each side, and he brought with him a large and beautiful sumpter pack. And the huge red youth dismounted before Arthur, and he drew a golden chair out of the pack, and a carpet of diapered satin. And he spread the carpet before Arthur, and there was an apple of ruddy gold at each corner thereof, and he placed the chair upon the carpet. And so large was the chair that three armed warriors might have sat therein. Gwenn was the name of the carpet, and it was one of its properties, that whoever was upon it no one could see him, and he could see every one. And it would retain no color but its own.

And Arthur sat within the carpet, and Owain, the son of Urien, was standing before him. "Owain," said Arthur, "wilt thou play chess?" "I will, Lord," said Owain. And the red youth brought the chess for Arthur and Owain; golden pieces and a board of silver. And they began to play.

And while they were thus, and when they were best amused with their game, behold they saw a white tent with a red canopy, and the figure of a jet black serpent on the top of the tent, and red, glaring, venomous eyes in the head of the serpent, and a red, flaming tongue. And there came a young page with yellow, curling hair and blue eyes, and a newly springing beard, wearing a coat and a surcoat of yellow satin, and hose of thin, greenish-yellow cloth upon his feet, and over his hose, shoes of party-colored leather; fastened at the insteps with golden clasps. And he bore a heavy three-edged sword with a golden hilt, in a scabbard of black leather tipped with fine gold. And he came to the place where the emperor and Owain were playing at chess.

And the youth saluted Owain. And Owain marveled that the youth should salute him and should not have saluted the Emperor Arthur. And Arthur knew what was in Owain's thought. And he said to Owain: "Marvel not that the youth salutes thee now, for he saluted me erewhile; and it is unto thee that his errand is." Then said the youth unto Owain: "Lord, is it with thy leave that the young pages and attendants of the emperor harass and torment and worry thy ravens? And if it be not with thy leave, cause the emperor to forbid them." "Lord," said Owain, "thou hearest what the youth says; if it seem good to thee, forbid them from my ravens." "Play thy game," said he. Then the youth returned to the tent.

That game did they finish, and another they began, and when they were in the midst of the game, behold, a ruddy young man with auburn, curling hair and large eyes, well grown, and having his beard new shorn, came forth from a bright yellow tent, upon the summit of which was the figure of a bright red lion. And he was clad in a coat of yellow satin, falling as low as the small of his leg, and embroidered with threads of red silk. And on his feet were hose of fine white buckram, and buskins of black leather were over his hose, whereon were golden clasps. And in his hand a huge, heavy, three-edged sword, with a scabbard of red deerhide, tipped

with gold. And he came to the place where Arthur and Owain were playing at chess. And he saluted him. And Owain was troubled at his salutation, but Arthur minded it no more than before. And the youth said unto Owain: "Is it not against thy will that the attendants of the emperor harass thy ravens, killing some and worrying others? If against thy will it be, beseech him to forbid them." "Lord," said Owain, "forbid thy men, if it seem good to thee." "Play thy game," said the emperor. And the youth returned to the tent.

And that game was ended and another begun. And as they were beginning the first move of the game, they beheld at a small distance from them a tent speckled yellow, the largest ever seen, and the figure of an eagle of gold upon it, a precious stone on the eagle's head. And coming out of the tent, they saw a youth with thick, yellow hair upon his head, fair and comely, and a scarf of blue satin upon him, and a brooch of gold in the scarf upon his right shoulder as large as a warrior's middle finger. And upon his feet were hose of fine Totness, and shoes of party-colored leather, clasped with gold, and the youth was of noble bearing, fair of face, with ruddy cheeks and large hawk's eyes. In the hand of the youth was a mighty lance, speckled yellow, with a newly sharpened head; and upon the lance a banner displayed.

Fiercely angry, and with rapid pace, came the youth to the place where Arthur was playing at chess with Owain. And they perceived that he was wroth. And thereupon he saluted Owain, and told him that his ravens had been killed, the chief part of them, and that such of them as were not slain were so wounded and bruised that not one of them could raise its wings a single fathom above the earth. "Lord," said Owain, "forbid thy men." "Play," said he, "if it please thee." Then said Owain to the youth, "Go back, and wherever thou findest the strife at the thickest, there lift up the banner, and let come what pleases Heaven."

So the youth returned back to the place where the strife bore hardest upon the ravens, and he lifted up the banner; and as he did so they all rose up in the air wrathful and fierce and high of spirit, clapping their wings in the wind, and shaking off the weariness that was upon them. And recovering their energy and courage, furiously and with exultation did they, with one sweep, descend upon the heads of the men, who had erewhile caused them anger and pain and damage, and they

seized some by the heads, and others by the eyes, and some by the ears, and others by the arms, and carried them up into the air; and in the air there was a mighty tumult with the flapping of the wings of the triumphant ravens, and with their croaking; and there was another mighty tumult with the groaning of the men that were being torn and wounded, and some of whom were slain.

And Arthur and Owain marveled at the tumult as they played at chess; and, looking, they perceived a knight upon a dun-colored horse coming towards them. And marvelous was the hue of the dun horse. Bright red was his right shoulder, and from the top of his legs to the center of his hoof was bright yellow. Both the knight and his horse were fully equipped with heavy foreign armor. The clothing of the horse from the front opening upwards was of bright red sendal, and from thence opening downwards was of bright yellow sendal. A large, gold-hilted, one-edged sword had the youth upon his thigh, in a scabbard of light blue, and tipped with Spanish laton. The belt of the sword was of dark green leather with golden slides and a clasp of ivory upon it, and a buckle of jet black upon the clasp. A helmet of gold was on the head of the knight, set with precious stones of great virtue, and at the top of the helmet was the image of a flame-colored leopard with two ruby stones in its head, so that it was astounding for a warrior, however stout his heart, to look at the face of the leopard, much more at the face of the knight. He had in his hand a blue-shafted lance, but from the haft to the point it was stained crimson red, with the blood of the ravens and their plumage.

The knight came to the place where Arthur and Owain were seated at chess. And they perceived that he was harassed and vexed and weary as he came towards them. And the youth saluted Arthur, and told him that the ravens of Owain were slaying his young men and attendants. And Arthur looked at Owain and said, "Forbid thy ravens." "Lord," answered Owain, "play thy game." And they played. And the knight returned back towards the strife, and the ravens were not forbade any more than before.

And when they had played awhile, they heard a mighty tumult, and a wailing of men, and a croaking of ravens, as they carried the men in their strength into the air, and, tearing them betwixt them, let them fall piecemeal to the earth. And

during the tumult they saw a knight coming towards them, on a light gray horse, and the left foreleg of the horse was jet black to the center of his hoof. And the knight and the horse were fully accoutered with huge, heavy blue armor. And a robe of honor of yellow diapered satin was upon the knight, and the borders of the robe were blue. And the housings of the horse were jet black, with borders of bright yellow. And on the thigh of the youth was a sword, long, and three-edged, and heavy. And the scabbard was of red cut leather, and the belt of new red deerskin, having upon it many golden slides and a buckle of the bone of the sea-horse, the tongue of which was jet black. A golden helmet was upon the head of the knight, wherein were set sapphire stones of great virtue. And at the top of the helmet, was the figure of a flame-colored lion, with a fiery-red tongue, issuing above a foot from his mouth, and with venomous eyes, crimson red, in his head. And the knight came, bearing in his hand a thick ashen lance, the head whereof, which had been newly steeped in blood, was overlaid with silver.

And the youth saluted the emperor: "Lord," said he, "carest thou not for the slaying of thy pages, and thy young men, and the sons of the nobles of the Island of Britain, whereby it will be difficult to defend this island from henceforward forever?" "Owain," said Arthur, "forbid thy ravens." "Play this game, lord," said Owain.

So they finished the game and began another; and as they were finishing that game, lo, they heard a great tumult and a clamor of armed men, and a croaking of ravens, and a flapping of wings in the air, as they flung down the armor entire to the ground, and the men and the horses piecemeal. Then they saw coming a knight on a lofty-headed piebald horse. And the left shoulder of the horse was of bright red, and its right leg from the chest to the hollow of the hoof was pure white. And the knight and horse were equipped with arms of speckled yellow, variegated with Spanish laton. And there was a robe of honor upon him and upon his horse, divided in two parts, white and black, and the borders of the robe of honor were of golden purple. And above the robe he wore a sword, three-edged and bright with a golden hilt. And the belt of the sword was of yellow goldwork, having a clasp upon it of the eyelid of a black sea-horse, and a tongue of yellow gold to the clasp. Upon the head of the knight was a bright helmet of yellow laton, with sparkling stones of crystal in it, and at the

crest of the helmet was the figure of a griffin, with a stone of many virtues in its head. And he had an ashen spear in his hand, with a round shaft, colored with azure blue. And the head of the spear was newly stained with blood, and was overlaid with fine silver.

Wrathfully came the knight to the place where Arthur was, and he told him that the ravens had slain his household and the sons of the chief men of this island, and he besought him to cause Owain to forbid his ravens. And Arthur besought Owain to forbid them. Then Arthur took the golden chessmen that were upon the board, and crushed them until they became as dust. Then Owain ordered Gwres, the son of Rheged, to lower his banner. So it was lowered, and all was peace.

“Iddawc,” said Rhonabwy, “who was the auburn-haired man to whom they came just now?” “Rhun, the son of Maelgwn Gwynedd, a man whose prerogative it is, that he may join in counsel with all.” “And wherefore did they admit into counsel with men of such dignity as are yonder a strippling so young as Kadyriaith, the son of Saidi?” “Because there is not throughout Britain a man better skilled in counsel than he.”

Thereupon, behold, bards came and recited verses before Arthur, and no man understood those verses, but Kadyriaith only, save that they were in Arthur’s praise.

And, lo, there came four and twenty asses with their burdens of gold and of silver, and a tired, wayworn man with each of them, bringing tribute to Arthur from the Islands of Greece. Then Kadyriaith, the son of Saidi, besought that a truce might be granted to Osla Gyllellvawr for the space of a fortnight and a month, and that the asses and the burdens they carried might be given to the bards, to be to them as the reward for their stay and that their verse might be recompensed, during the time of the truce. And thus it was settled.

“Rhonabwy,” said Iddawc, “would it not be wrong to forbid a youth who can give counsel so liberal as this from coming to the councils of his lord?”

Then Kai arose, and he said, “Whosoever will follow Arthur, let him be with him to-night in Cornwall, and whosoever will not, let him be opposed to Arthur even during the truce.” And through the greatness of the tumult that ensued, Rhonabwy awoke. And when he awoke, he was upon the yellow calfskin, having slept three nights and three days.

THE VOYAGE OF MAELDUNE.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

I WAS the chief of the race — he had stricken my father dead —
But I gathered my fellows together, I swore I would strike off his
head.

Each one of them looked like a king, and was noble in birth as in
worth,

And each of them boasted he sprang from the oldest race upon
earth.

Each was as brave in the fight as the bravest hero of song,
And each of them liefer had died than have done one another a wrong.
He lived on an isle in the ocean — we sailed on a Friday morn —
He that had slain my father the day before I was born.

II.

And we came to the isle in the ocean, and there on the shore was he.
But a sudden blast blew us out and away thro' a boundless sea.

III.

And we came to the Silent Isle that we never had touched at before,
Where a silent ocean always broke on a silent shore,
And the brooks glittered on in the light without sound, and the long
waterfalls

Poured in a thunderless plunge to the base of the mountain walls,
And the poplar and cypress unshaken by storm flourished up beyond
sight,

And the pine shot aloft from the crag to an unbelievable height,
And high in the heaven above it there flickered a songless lark,
And the cock couldn't crow, and the bull couldn't low, and the dog
couldn't bark.

And round it we went, and thro' it, but never a murmur, a breath —
It was all of it fair as life, it was all of it quiet as death,

And we hated the beautiful Isle, for whenever we strove to speak
Our voices were thinner and fainter than any flittermouse shriek;
And the men that were mighty of tongue and could raise such a
battle cry

That a hundred who heard it would rush on a thousand lances and
die —

O they to be dumb'd by the charm! — so flustered with anger were
they

They almost fell on each other; but after we sailed away.

IV.

And we came to the Isle of Shouting, we landed, a score of wild
birds
Cried from the topmost summit with human voices and words;
Once in an hour they cried, and whenever their voices pealed
The steer fell down at the plow and the harvest died from the field,
And the men dropt dead in the valleys and half of the cattle went
lame,
And the roof sank in on the hearth, and the dwelling broke into
flame;
And the shouting of these wild birds ran into the hearts of my crew,
Till they shouted along with the shouting and seized one another and
slew;
But I drew them the one from the other; I saw that we could not
stay,
And we left the dead to the birds and we sailed with our wounded
away.

V.

And we came to the Isle of Flowers: their breath met us out on the
seas,
For the Spring and the middle Summer sat each on the lap of the
breeze;
And the red passion flower to the cliffs, and the dark blue clematis,
clung,
And starred with a myriad blossom the long convolvulus hung;
And the topmost spire of the mountain was lilies in lieu of snow,
And the lilies like glaciers winded down, running out below
Thro' the fire of the tulip and poppy, the blaze of gorse, and the
blush
Of millions of roses that sprang without leaf or a thorn from the
bush;
And the whole isle side flashing down from the peak without ever a
tree
Swept like a torrent of gems from the sky to the blue of the sea;
And we rolled upon capes of crocus and vaunted our kith and our
kin,
And we wallowed in beds of lilies, and chanted the triumph of Finn,
Till each like a golden image was pollened from head to feet
And each was as dry as a cricket, with thirst in the middle-day heat.
Blossom and blossom, and promise of blossom, but never a fruit!
And we hated the Flowering Isle, as we hated the isle that was mute,
And we tore up the flowers by the million and flung them in bight
and bay,
And we left but a naked rock, and in anger we sailed away.

VI.

And we came to the Isle of Fruits: all round from the cliffs and
 the capes,
 Purple or amber, dangled a hundred fathom of grapes,
 And the warm melon lay like a little sun on the tawny sand,
 And the fig ran up from the beach and rioted over the land,
 And the mountain arose like a jeweled throne thro' the fragrant air,
 Glowing with all-colored plums and with golden masses of pear,
 And the crimson and scarlet of berries that flamed upon bine and
 vine,
 But in every berry and fruit was the poisonous pleasure of wine;
 And the peak of the mountain was apples, the hugest that ever
 were seen,
 And they prest, as they grew, on each other, with hardly a leaflet
 between,
 And all of them redder than rosiest health or than utterest shame,
 And setting, when Even descended, the very sunset aflame;
 And we stayed three days, and we gorged and we maddened, till
 every one drew
 His sword on his fellow to slay him, and ever they struck and they
 slew;
 And myself, I had eaten but sparely, and fought till I sundered the
 fray,
 Then I bade them remember my father's death, and we sailed away.

VII.

And we came to the Isle of Fire: we were lured by the light from
 afar,
 For the peak sent up one league of fire to the Northern Star;
 Lured by the glare and the blare, but scarcely could stand upright,
 For the whole isle shuddered and shook like a man in a mortal
 affright:
 We were giddy besides with the fruits we had gorged, and so crazed
 that at last
 There were some leaped into the fire; and away we sailed, and we
 past
 Over that under-sea isle, where the water is clearer than air:
 Down we looked: what a garden! O bliss, what a Paradise there!
 Towers of a happier time, low down in a rainbow deep
 Silent palaces, quiet fields of eternal sleep!
 And three of the gentlest and best of my people, whate'er I could
 say,
 Plunged head down in the sea, and the Paradise trembled away.

VIII.

And we came to the Bounteous Isle, where the heavens lean low on
 the land,
 And ever at dawn from the cloud glittered o'er us a sun-bright hand,
 Then it opened and dropt at the side of each man, as he rose from
 his rest,
 Bread enough for his need till the laborless day dipt under the
 West;
 And we wandered about it and thro' it. O never was time so good!
 And we sang of the triumphs of Finn, and the boast of our ancient
 blood,
 And we gazed at the wandering wave as we sat by the gurgle of
 springs,
 And we chanted the songs of the Bards and the glories of fairy
 kings;
 But at length we began to be weary, to sigh, and to stretch and
 yawn,
 Till we hated the Bounteous Isle and the sun-bright hand of the
 dawn,
 For there was not an enemy near, but the whole green Isle was our
 own,
 And we took to playing at ball, and we took to throwing the stone,
 And we took to playing at battle, but that was a perilous play,
 For the passion of battle was in us, we slew and we sailed away.

IX.

And we came to the Isle of Witches and heard their musical cry —
 "Come to us, O come, come," in the stormy red of a sky
 Dashing the fires and the shadows of dawn on the beautiful shapes,
 For a wild witch naked as heaven stood on each of the loftiest
 capes,
 And a hundred ranged on the rock like white sea birds in a row,
 And a hundred gamboled and pranced on the wrecks in the sand
 below,
 And a hundred splashed from the ledges, and bosomed the burst
 of the spray,
 But I knew we should fall on each other, and hastily sailed away.

X.

And we came in an evil time to the Isle of the Double Towers,
 One was of smooth-cut stone, one carved all over with flowers,
 But an earthquake always moved in the hollows under the dells,
 And they shocked on each other and butted each other with clashing
 of bells,

And the daws flew out of the Towers and jangled and wrangled in
vain,
And the clash and boom of the bells rang into the heart and the
brain.
Till the passion of battle was on us, and all took sides with the
Towers,
There were some for the clean-cut stone, there were more for the
carven flowers,
And the wrathful thunder of God pealed over us all the day,
For the one half slew the other and after we sailed away.

XI.

And we came to the Isle of a Saint who had sailed with St. Brendan
of yore,
He had lived ever since on the Isle and his winters were fifteen
score,
And his voice was low as from other worlds, and his eyes were
sweet,
And his white hair sank to his heels and his white beard fell to
his feet,
And he spake to me, "O Maeldune, let be this purpose of thine!
Remember the words of the Lord when he told us 'Vengeance is
mine!'
His fathers have slain thy fathers in war or in single strife,
Thy fathers have slain his fathers, each taken a life for a life,
Thy father had slain his father, how long shall the murder last?
Go back to the Isle of Finn and suffer the Past to be Past."
And we kissed the fringe of his beard and we prayed as we heard
him pray,
And the Holy man he assoiled us, and sadly we sailed away.

XII.

And we came to the Isle we were blown from, and there on the
shore was he,
The man that had slain my father. I saw him and let him be.
O weary was I of the travel, the trouble, the strife and the sin,
When I landed again, with a tithe of my men, on the Isle of Finn.

THE BATTLE OF CATTRAETH.

BY ANEURIN.

[ANEURIN was a Welsh bard who may have lived about A.D. 600. His epic, "Y Gododin," is one of the few remains of early British literature. The date of the battle, if it ever occurred, is as uncertain as that when Arthur died.]

I.

HE WAS a man in mind, in years a youth,
 And gallant in the din of war;
 Fleet, thick-maned chargers
 Were ridden by the illustrious hero;
 A shield, light and broad,
 Hung on the flank of his swift and slender steed;
 His sword was blue and gleaming,
 His spurs were of gold, his raiment was woolen.
 It will not be my part
 To speak of thee reproachfully,
 A more choice act of mine will be
 To celebrate thy praise in song;
 Thou hast gone to a bloody bier
 Sooner than to a nuptial feast;
 Thou hast become a meal for ravens
 Ere thou didst reach the front of conflict.
 Alas, Owain! my beloved friend!
 It is not meet that he should be devoured by ravens!
 There is swelling sorrow in the plain,
 Where fell in death the only son of Marro.

II.

Adorned with his wreath, leader of rustic warriors, whenever he
 came
 By his troop unattended, before maidens would he serve the mead;
 But the front of his shield would be pierced, if ever he heard
 The shout of war; no quarter would he give to those whom he
 pursued;
 Nor would he retreat from the combat until blood flowed;
 And he cut down like rushes the men who would not yield.
 The Gododin relates, that on the coast of Mordei,
 Before the tents of Madog, when he returned,
 But one man in a hundred with him came.

III.

Adorned with his wreath, the chief of toil, his country's rod of
 power,

Darted like an eagle to our harbors, when allured
 To the compact that had been formed; his ensign was beloved,
 More nobly was his emblazoned resolution performed, for he re-
 treated not,
 With a shrinking mind, before the host of Gododin.
 Manawyd, with confidence and strength thou pressest upon the
 tumultuous fight,
 Nor dost thou regard either spear or shield;
 No habitation rich in dainties can be found
 That has been kept out of the reach of thy warriors' charge.

IV.

Adorned with a wreath was the leader, the wolf of the holme,
 Amber beads in ringlets encircled his temples;
 Precious was the amber, worth a banquet of wine.
 He repelled the violence of men, as they glided along;
 For Venedotia and the North would have come to his share,
 By the advice of the son of Ysgyran,
 The hero of the broken shield.

V.

Adorned with his wreath was the leader, and armed in the noisy
 conflict;
 Chief object of observation was the hero, and powerful in the gory
 field,
 Chief fighter in the advanced division, in front of the hosts;
 Five battalions fell before his blades;
 Even of the men of Deivyr and Bryneich, uttering groans,
 Twenty hundred perished in one short hour;
 Sooner did he feed the wolf with his carcass than go to the nuptial
 feast;
 He sooner became the raven's prey than approached the altar;
 He had not raised the spear ere his blood streamed to the ground;
 This was the price of mead in the hall, amidst the throng;
 Hyveidd Hir shall be celebrated whilst there remains a minstrel.

VI.

The heroes marched to Gododin, and Gognaw laughed,
 But bitter were they in the battle, when they stood arranged ac-
 cording to their several banners;
 Few were the years of peace which they had enjoyed;
 The son of Botgad caused a throbbing by the energy of his hand;
 They should have gone to churches to do penance,
 The old and the young, the bold and the mighty;
 The inevitable strife of death was about to pierce them.

VII.

The heroes marched to Gododin, Gwanar laughed,
 As his jeweled army went down to the terrific toil.
 Thou slayest them with blades, when there is not much chattering;
 Thou, powerful supporter of the living law, producest the silence of
 death.

VIII.

The heroes marched to Cattraeth, loquacious was the host;
 Blue mead was their liquor, and it proved their poison;
 In marshaled array they cut through the engines of war;
 And after the joyful cry, silence ensued!
 They should have gone to churches to perform penance;
 The inevitable strife of death was about to pierce them.

IX.

The heroes marched to Cattraeth, filled with mead and drunk,
 Compact and vigorous; I should wrong them were I to neglect their
 fame;
 Around the mighty, red, and murky blades,
 Obstinate and fiercely the dogs of war would fight;
 If I had judged you to be of the tribe of Bryneich,
 Not the phantom of a man would I have left alive.
 I lost a friend, myself being unhurt,
 As he openly withstood the terror of the parental chief;
 Magnanimously did he refuse the dowry of his father-in-law;
 Such was the son of Cian from the stone of Gwyngwn.

X.

The heroes marched to Cattraeth with the dawn;
 Their peace was disturbed by those who feared them;
 A hundred thousand with three hundred engaged in mutual over-
 throw;
 Drenched in gore, they marked the fall of the lances;
 The post of war was most manfully and with gallantry maintained,
 Before the retinue of Mynyddawg the Courteous.

XI.

The heroes marched to Cattraeth with the dawn;
 Feelingly did their relatives regret their absence;
 Mead they drank, yellow, sweet, ensnaring;
 That year is the point to which many a minstrel turns;
 Redder were their swords than their plumes,
 Their blades were white as lime, and into four parts were their
 helmets cloven,
 Even those of the retinue of Mynyddawg the Courteous.

XII.

The heroes marched to Cattræth with the day ;
 Was not the most celebrated of battles disgraced ?
 They put to death Gelorwydd
 With blades. The gem of baptism was thus widely taunted :—
 “ Better that you should, ere you join your kindred,
 Have a gory unction and death far from your native homes,
 At the hand of the host of Gododin, when the day arrives.”
 Is not a hero's power best when tempered with discretion ?

XIII.

The hero marched to Cattræth with the day ;
 Truly he quaffed the white mead on serene nights ;
 Miserable, though success had been predicted,
 Proved his mission, which he undertook through soaring ambition ;
 There hastened not to Cattræth
 A chief, with such a magnificent design of enterprise
 Blazoned on his standard ;
 Never was there such a host
 From the fort of Eiddin,
 That would scatter abroad the mounted ravagers.
 Tudvwlech Hir, deprived of his land and towns.
 Slaughtered the Saxons for seven days ;
 His valor should have protected him in freedom ;
 His memory is cherished by his fair associates ;
 When Tudvelch arrived, the supporter of the land,
 The post of the son of Kilydd became a plain of blood.

XIV.

The heroes marched to Cattræth with the dawn,
 But none of them received protection from their shields,
 To blood they resorted, being assembled in gleaming armor ;
 In the van was, loud as thunder, the din of targets.
 The envious, the fickle, and the base,
 Would he tear and pierce with halberts ;
 From an elevated position he slew, with a blade,
 In iron affliction, their steel-clad commander ;
 He subdued the Mordei that owed him homage ;
 Before Erthai even an army groaned.

XV.

When the tale shall be told of the battle of Cattræth,
 The people will utter sighs ; long has been their grief on account
 of the warriors' absence ;
 There will be a dominion without a sovereign, and a smoking land.
 The sons of Godebog, an upright clan,

Bore the furrower on a long bier.
 Miserable was the fate, though just the necessity,
 Decead for Tudwlech and Cywlech the Tall;
 Together they drank the bright mead by the light of torches,
 Though pleasant to the taste, it proved a lasting foe.

XVI.

Before, above the splendid fort of Eching he showed a frowning
 aspect;
 Whilst young and forward men composed his retinue;
 Before, on the Bludwe, would the horn cheer his heart,
 Making all the Mordei full of joy;
 Before, his beverage would be bragget;
 Before, he displayed the grandeur of gold and rich purple;
 Before, pampered steeds would bear him safe away,
 Even Gwarthley, who deserved a comely name;
 Before, the victorious chief would turn aside the ebbing tide;
 His command was ever to go forward, loath was he to skulk.

XVII.

And now the early leader,
 The sun, is about to ascend,
 Sovereign of the revolving lights,
 In the heaven of Britain's isle.
 Direful was the flight before the shaking
 Of the shield of the pursuing victor;
 Bright was the horn
 In the hall of Eiddin;
 With pomp was he bidden
 To the feast of intoxicating mead;
 He drank the beverage of wine
 At the meeting of reapers;
 He drank transparent wine
 With a battle-daring purpose.
 The reapers sang of war,
 War with the shining wing;
 The minstrels sang of war,
 Of harnessed war,
 Of winged war.
 No shield was unexpanded
 In the conflict of spears;
 Of equal age they fell
 In the struggle of battle.
 Unshaken in the tumult,
 Without dishonor did he retaliate on the foe;
 Buried was whoever he willed,

Ere the grave of the gigantic Gwrveling
Itself became a green sword.

XVIII.

The complement of the surrounding country
Were, three forward chiefs of the Novantæ;
Five battalions of five hundred men each;
Three levies of three hundred each;
Three hundred knights of battle
From Eiddin, arrayed in golden armor;
Three loricated hosts,
With three kings wearing the golden torques;
Three bold knights,
With three hundred of equal quality;
Three of the same order, mutually jealous,
Bitterly would they chase the foe,
Three dreadful in the toil;
They would kill a lion flat as lead.
There was in the war a collection of gold.
Three sovereigns of the people
Came from amongst the Brython,
Cynrig and Cynon
And Cynrain from Aeron,
To greet the ashen lances
Of the men who dropped from Deivyr.
Came there from the Brython,
A better man than Cynon,
Who proved a serpent to his sullen foes?

XIX.

I drank of the wine and the mead of the Mordei;
Great was the quantity of spears,
In the assembly of the warriors;
He was solemnizing a banquet for the eagle.
When Cydywal hurried forth to battle, he raised
The shout with the green dawn, and dealt out tribulation,
And splintered shields about the ground he left,
And darts of awful tearing did he hew down;
In the battle, the foremost in the van he wounded,
The son of Syvno, the astronomer, knew,
That he who sold his life,
In the face of warning,
With sharpened blades would slaughter,
But would himself be slain by spears and crosses.
According to the compact, he meditated a convenient attack,
And would boast of a pile of carcasses

Of gallant men of toil,
Whom in the upper part of Gwynedd he pierced.

XX.

I drank of the wine and the mead of the Mordei,
And because I drank, I fell by the edge of a gleaming sword,
Not without desiring a hero's prowess;
And when all fell, thou didst also fall.
Thus when the issue comes, it were well not to have sinned.
Present, in his thrusting course, showed a bold and mighty arm.

XXI.

The heroes who marched to Cattraeth were renowned,
Wine and mead out of golden goblets was their beverage,
That year was to them one of exalted solemnity,
Three hundred and sixty-three chieftains, wearing the golden
torques;
Of those who hurried forth after the excess of reveling,
But three escaped by valor from the funeral fosse,
The war-dogs of Aeron, and Cynon the dauntless,
And myself, from the spilling of blood, the reward of my candid
song.

* * * * *

LXXXII.

I could wish to have been the first to shed my blood in Cattraeth,
As the price of the mead and beverage of wine in the hall;
I could wish to have been hurt by the blade of the sword,
Ere he was slain on the green plain of Uphin.
I loved the son of renown, who sustained the bloody fight,
And made his sword descend upon the violent.
Can a tale of valor be related before Gododin,
In which the son of Ceidian has not his fame as a man of war?

LXXXIII.

Sad it is for me, after all our toil,
To suffer the pang of death through indiscretion;
And doubly grievous and sad for me to see
Our men falling headlong to the ground,
Breathing the lengthened sigh, and covered with reproaches,
After the strenuous warriors have extended their country's bounds,
Rhuvawn and Gwgawn, Gwiawn and Gwlyged,
Men at their post most gallant, valiant in difficulties.
May their souls, now that their conflict is ended,
Be received into the heavenly region, the abode of tranquillity.

THE DEVIL'S FIRES TO BURN THE WORLD.

BY THE VENERABLE BEDE.

[BEDE OR BÆDA, English church historian, was born in the diocese of Durham about 673, studied in the abbey of Wearmouth while Benedict Biscop was abbot, and was ordained priest about 703, already famed for learning and devotion. He spent his life in the monastery at Jarrow, studying, teaching, and writing. His chief work was the "Ecclesiastical History of England," published about 734. He died in 735.]

WHILST Sigebert still governed the kingdom, there came out of Ireland a holy man called Fursey, renowned both for his words and actions, and remarkable for singular virtues, being desirous to live a stranger for our Lord, wherever an opportunity should offer. On coming into the province of the East Saxons, he was honorably received by the aforesaid king, and performing his usual employment of preaching the Gospel, by the example of his virtue and the efficacy of his discourse, converted many unbelievers to Christ, and confirmed in his faith and love those that already believed.

Here he fell into some infirmity of body, and was thought worthy to see a vision from God; in which he was admonished diligently to proceed in the ministry of the word which he had undertaken, and indefatigably to continue his usual watching and prayers; inasmuch as his end was certain, but the hour of it would be uncertain, according to the saying of our Lord, "Watch ye therefore, because ye know not the day nor the hour." Being confirmed by this vision, he applied himself with all speed to build a monastery on the ground which had been given him by King Sigebert, and to establish regular discipline therein. This monastery was pleasantly situated in the woods, and with the sea not far off; it was built within the area of a castle, which in the English language is called Cnobheresburg, that is, Cnobher's Town; afterward Anna, king of that province, and the nobility, embellished it with more stately buildings and donations. This man was of noble Scottish blood, but much more noble in mind than in birth. From his boyish years he had particularly applied himself to reading sacred books and following monastic discipline, and, as is most becoming to holy men, he carefully practiced all that he learned was to be done.

He built himself the monastery wherein he might with

more freedom indulge his heavenly studies. There, falling sick, as the book about his life informs us, he fell into a trance, and quitting his body from the evening till the cock crew, he was found worthy to behold the choirs of angels and to hear the praises which are sung in heaven. He was wont to declare that among other things he distinctly heard this: "The saints shall advance from one virtue to another." And again, "The God of gods shall be seen in Sion." Being restored to his body at that time, and again taken from it three days after, he not only saw the greater joys of the blessed, but also extraordinary combats of evil spirits, who by frequent accusations wickedly endeavored to obstruct his journey to heaven; but the angels protecting him, all their endeavors were in vain. Concerning which particulars, if any one desires to be more fully informed, that is, with what subtle fraud the devils represented both his actions and superfluous words, and even his thoughts, as if they had been written down in a book; and what pleasing or disagreeable things he was informed of by the angels and saints, or just men who appeared to him among the angels; let him read the little book of his life which I have mentioned, and I believe he will thereby reap much spiritual profit.

But there is one thing among the rest, which we have thought may be beneficial to many if inserted in this history. When he had been lifted up on high, he was ordered by the angels that conducted him to look back upon the world. Upon which, casting his eyes downward, he saw, as it were, a dark and obscure valley underneath him. He also saw four fires in the air, not far distant from each other. Then asking the angels what fires those were, he was told they were the fires which would kindle and consume the world. One of them was of falsehood, when we do not fulfill that which we promised in baptism, to renounce the devil and all his works. The next of covetousness, when we prefer the riches of the world to the love of heavenly things. The third of discord, when we make no difficulty to offend the minds of our neighbors even in needless things. The fourth of iniquity, when we look upon it as no crime to rob and to defraud the weak. These fires, increasing by degrees, extended so as to meet one another, and being joined became an immense flame. When it drew near, fearing for himself, he said to the angel, "Lord, behold the fire draws near me." The angel answered, "That which you did not kindle shall not burn you; for though this appears to be a

terrible and great fire, yet it tries every man according to the merits of his works; for every man's concupiscence shall burn in the fire; for as every one burns in the body through unlawful pleasure, so when discharged of the body, he shall burn in the punishment which he has deserved."

Then he saw one of the three angels, who had been his conductors throughout both visions, go before and divide the flame of fire, whilst the other two, flying about on both sides, defended him from the danger of that fire. He also saw devils flying through the fire, raising conflagrations of wars against the just. Then followed accusations of the wicked spirits against him, the defense of the good angels in his favor, and a more extended view of the heavenly troops; as, also, of holy men of his own nation, who, as he had long since been informed, had been deservedly advanced to the degree of priesthood, from whom he heard many things that might be very salutary to himself, or to all others that would listen to them. When they had ended their discourse and returned to heaven with the angelic spirits, the three angels remained with the blessed Fursey, of whom we have spoken before, and who were to bring him back to his body. And when they approached the aforesaid immense fire, the angel divided the flame, as he had done before; but when the man of God came to the passage so opened amidst the flames, the unclean spirits, laying hold of one of those whom they tormented in the fire, threw him at him, and, touching his shoulder and jaw, burned them. He knew the man, and called to mind that he had received his garment when he died; and the angel, immediately laying hold, threw him back into the fire, and the malignant enemy said, "Do not reject him whom you before received; for as you accepted the goods of him who was a sinner, so you must partake of his punishment." The angel replying, said, "He did not receive the same through avarice, but in order to save his soul." The fire ceased, and the angel, turning to him, added, "That which you kindled burned in you; for had you not received the money of this person that died in his sins, his punishment would not burn in you." And proceeding in his discourse, he gave him wholesome advice for what ought to be done towards the salvation of such as repented.

Being afterwards restored to his body, throughout the whole course of his life he bore the mark of the fire which he had felt in his soul, visible to all men on his shoulder and jaw; and the

flesh publicly showed, in a wonderful manner, what the soul had suffered in private. He always took care, as he had done before, to persuade all men to the practice of virtue, as well by his example as by preaching. But as for the matter of his visions, he would only relate them to those who from holy zeal and desire of reformation wished to learn the same. An ancient brother of our monastery is still living, who is wont to declare that a very sincere and religious man told him that he had seen Fursey himself in the province of the East Angles, and heard those visions from his mouth; adding, that though it was in most sharp winter weather, and a hard frost, and the man was sitting in a thin garment when he related it, yet he sweated as if it had been in the greatest heat of summer, either through excessive fear, or spiritual consolation.



LETTER FROM ALCUIN TO CHARLEMAGNE.

[ALCUIN, the greatest educator of his age, was born near York about 735. He was pupil in, and finally master of, the cathedral school founded by Archbishop Egbert, then curator of its library, the chief one in Western Europe. Meeting Charlemagne on his journeys abroad, — especially in 781, on his way to Rome to bring the pallium to the new Archbishop of York, — he was invited to that monarch's court, and went there in 782. He taught the entire royal family, reformed the palace school and those of the monasteries, and established new ones throughout Charlemagne's realm. Returning to York in 790 bearing Charlemagne's olive-branch to Offa, king of Mercia, he returned to Aachen in 792. In 796 he became abbot of the Benedictine house of St. Martin at Tours, and soon rendered it a famous seat of learning. He found time also to combat "Adoptionism" vigorously, and secured its condemnation by the Council of Frankfort in 794. He died in 804.]

I, YOUR Flaccus, according to your request and your gracious kindness, am busy under the roof of St. Martin's in conferring the honey of the Holy Scriptures on my many pupils. I am anxious to have others imbibe the old wine of ancient learning; I shall soon begin to nourish yet others on the fruits of grammatical delving; and I am most desirous of illuminating some with a knowledge of the order of the heavenly bodies, which seem painted, so to speak, on the dome of some magnificent palace. I have become all things to all men (1 Cor. i. 22), in order that I may train multitudes to the

power of God's holy Church and the glory of your imperial kingdom, lest the grace of Almighty God in me should be without fruit (1 Cor. xv. 10), and your munificent bounty unavailing. But your servant lacks the scarcer books of scholarly learning, which I was wont to have in my own country (thanks to the generosity and devoted care of my teacher, and to my own humble efforts); and I call your Majesty's attention to it in order that it may perchance please you, who are so anxiously concerned about all branches of study, to have me commission some of our youths to procure certain needful works for us, and bring the flowers of England with them to France; so that an elegant garden may not be confined to York, but at Tours also may be found the blooming of Paradise and its plentiful fruitage; so that the south wind when it comes may make the gardens on the Loire burst into flower, and their perfumed breath exhale, and finally, what follows in the *Canticle*, from which I have taken this metaphor, may be brought about (*Cant.* v. 1, 2). "I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk: Eat, O friends; drink, yea drink abundantly, O beloved. I sleep, but my heart waketh; it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night." Or even this exhortation of the prophet Isaiah, urging us to acquire knowledge: "All ye who thirst, come to the waters; and ye who have no money, hearken, buy and eat; come, without money and without price, and buy wine and milk" (*Isaiah* iv. 1).

And here is one matter that your gracious zeal will not pass over: how on every page of the Holy Scriptures we are urged to the acquirement of knowledge; how nothing is finer for assuring a happy life, nothing more pleasant in the carrying out, nothing more effective against sin, nothing more praiseworthy in high position, than for men to live according to the teaching of philosophers. Furthermore, nothing is more essential to well governance of the people, nothing better for the guidance of life in the ways of upright character, than the grace given by wisdom, and the glory of discipline and the might of learning. It is for this reason that Solomon, the

wisest of men, declares in its praise, "Better is wisdom than all precious things, and more to be desired" (Prov. viii. 11). To secure this by every possible effort, and to obtain possession of it by daily endeavor, do you, lord King, exhort the youth in your Majesty's palace to strive after this in the flower of their youth, so that they may be esteemed worthy to live through an honored old age, and by means of this attain to eternal happiness. I myself, as my nature is, shall not be idle in sowing the seeds of wisdom among your servants in the realm, remembering the injunction, "Sow thy seed in the morning, and at eventide let not thy hand cease; since thou knowest not what will spring up, whether these or those, and if both together, still better is it" (Eccles. xi. 6). In the morning of my life, and in the fruitful season of my studies, I sowed seed in Britain; and now that my blood has grown cool in the evening of life, I still do not cease, but sow the seed in France, trusting that by the grace of God both may spring up.

And though my body has become infirm, I find consolation in the utterance of St. Jerome, who says in his letter to Nepotianus, "Nearly all the bodily powers are changed in the old, and only wisdom can grow, while the others must decay." And a little farther on he says, "The old age of those who have adorned their youth with noble accomplishments, and have meditated day and night upon the law of God, grows ever more accomplished with years, more cultivated through experience, wiser by the passage of time; and it plucks the finest fruit of ancient learning." Any one who desires may read, in this epistle devoted to the praise of wisdom, much concerning the philosophic studies of antiquity, and can understand how zealous the ancients were to abound in the grace of wisdom. I have noted that your zeal, which is laudable and pleasing to God, is ever progressing towards this wisdom, and finds pleasure in it; and that you adorn the splendor of your material empire with still greater intellectual splendor. May our Lord Jesus Christ, Himself the supreme type of divine wisdom, guard and magnify you in this, and lift you to the attainment of His own holy and eternal insight.

THE HORN OF ROLAND.

(From "The Song of Roland": translated by John O'Hagan.)

As ROLAND gazed on his slaughtered men,
 He bespake his gentle compeer agen :
 " Ah, dear companion, may God thee shield !
 Behold, our bravest lie dead on field !
 Well may we weep for France the fair,
 Of her noble barons despoiled and bare.
 Had he been with us, our king and friend !
 Speak, my brother, thy counsel lend, —
 How unto Karl shall we tidings send ?"
 Olivier answered, " I wist not how.
 Liefer death than be recreant now."

" I will sound," said Roland, " upon my horn.
 Karl, as he passeth the gorge, to warn.
 The Franks, I know, will return apace."
 Said Olivier, " Nay, it were foul disgrace
 On your noble kindred to wreak such wrong ;
 They would bear the stain their lifetime long.
 Erewhile I sought it and sued in vain ;
 But to sound thy horn thou wouldst not deign.
 Not now shall mine assent be won,
 Nor shall I say it is knightly done.
 Lo ! both your arms are streaming red."
 " In sooth," said Roland, " good strokes I sped."

Said Roland, " Our battle goes hard, I fear ;
 I will sound my horn that Karl may hear."
 " 'Twere a deed unknighly," said Olivier ;
 " Thou didst disdain when I sought and prayed :
 Saved had we been with our Karl to aid ;
 Unto him and his host no blame shall be :
 By this my beard, might I hope to see
 My gentle sister Alda's face,
 Thou shouldst never hold her in thine embrace."

" Ah, why on me doth thine anger fall ?"
 " Roland, 'tis thou who hast wrought it all.
 Valor and madness are scarce allied, —
 Better discretion than daring pride.
 All of thy folly our Franks lie slain,
 Nor shall render service to Karl again,
 As I implored thee, if thou hadst done,
 The king had come and the field were won ;

Marsil captive, or slain, I trow.
 Thy daring, Roland, hath wrought our woe.
 No service more unto Karl we pay,
 That first of men till the judgment day;
 Thou shalt die, and France dishonored be,
 Ended our loyal company —
 A woful parting this eve shall see.”
 Archbishop Turpin their strife hath heard,
 His steed with the spurs of gold he spurred,
 And thus rebuked them, riding near:
 “Sir Roland, and thou, Sir Olivier,
 Contend not, in God’s great name, I crave.
 Not now availeth the horn to save;
 And yet behooves you to wind its call, —
 Karl will come to avenge our fall,
 Nor hence the foemen in joyance wend.
 The Franks will all from their steeds descend;
 When they find us slain and martyred here,
 They will raise our bodies on mule and bier,
 And, while in pity aloud they weep,
 Lay us in hallowed earth to sleep;
 Nor wolf nor boar on our limbs shall feed.”
 Said Roland, “Yea, ’tis a goodly rede.”

Then to his lips the horn he drew,
 And full and lustily he blew.
 The mountain peaks soared high around;
 Thirty leagues was borne the sound.
 Karl hath heard it, and all his band.
 “Our men have battle,” he said, “on hand.”
 Ganelon rose in front and cried,
 “If another spake, I would say he lied.”

With deadly travail, in stress and pain,
 Count Roland sounded the mighty strain.
 Forth from his mouth the bright blood sprang,
 And his temples burst for the very pang.
 On and onward was borne the blast,
 Till Karl hath heard as the gorge he passed,
 And Naimés and all his men of war.
 “It is Roland’s horn,” said the Emperor,
 “And, save in battle, he had not blown.”
 “Battle,” said Ganelon, “is there none.
 Old are you grown — all white and hoar;
 Such words bespeak you a child once more.
 Have you, then, forgotten Roland’s pride,
 Which I marvel God should so long abide,

How he captured Naples without your hest?
 Forth from the city the heathen pressed,
 To your vassal Roland they battle gave, —
 He slew them all with the trenchant glaive,
 Then turned the waters upon the plain,
 That trace of blood might none remain.
 He would sound all day for a single hare:
 'Tis a jest with him and his fellows there;
 For who would battle against him dare?
 Ride onward — wherefore this chill delay?
 Your mighty land is yet far away."

On Roland's mouth is the bloody stain,
 Burst asunder his temple's vein;
 His horn he soundeth in anguish drear;
 King Karl and the Franks around him hear.
 Said Karl, "That horn is long of breath."
 Said Naimes, "'Tis Roland who travaileth.
 There is battle yonder by mine avow.
 He who betrayed him deceives you now.
 Arm, sire; ring forth your rallying cry,
 And stand your noble household by;
 For you hear your Roland in jeopardy."
 The king commands to sound the alarm.
 To the trumpet the Franks alight and arm;
 With casque and corselet and gilded brand,
 Buckler and stalwart lance in hand,
 Pennons of crimson and white and blue,
 The barons leap on their steeds anew,
 And onward spur the passes through;
 Nor is there one but to other saith,
 "Could we reach but Roland before his death,
 Blows would we strike for him grim and great."
 Ah! what availeth! — 'tis all too late.

The evening passed into brightening dawn.
 Against the sun their harness shone;
 From helm and hauberk glanced the rays,
 And their painted bucklers seemed all ablaze.
 The Emperor rode in wrath apart.
 The Franks were moody and sad of heart;
 Was none but dropped the bitter tear,
 For they thought of Roland with deadly fear. —
 Then bade the Emperor take and bind
 Count Gan, and had him in scorn consigned
 To Besgun, chief of his kitchen train.

"Hold me this felon," he said, "in chain."
 Then full a hundred round him pressed,
 Of the kitchen varlets the worst and best;
 His beard upon lip and chin they tore,
 Cuffs of the fist each dealt him four,
 Roundly they beat him with rods and staves;
 Then around his neck those kitchen knaves
 Flung a fetterlock fast and strong,
 As ye lead a bear in a chain along;
 On a beast of burthen the count they cast,
 Till they yield him back to Karl at last.

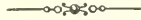
Dark, vast, and high the summits soar,
 The waters down through the valleys pour.
 The trumpets sound in front and rear,
 And to Roland's horn make answer clear.
 The Emperor rideth in wrathful mood,
 The Franks in grievous solicitude;
 Nor one among them can stint to weep,
 Beseeching God that He Roland keep,
 Till they stand beside him upon the field,
 To the death together their arms to wield.
 Ah, timeless succor, and all in vain!
 Too long they tarried, too late they strain.
 Onward King Karl in his anger goes;
 Down on his harness his white beard flows.
 The barons of France spur hard behind;
 But on all there presseth one grief of mind —
 That they stand not beside Count Roland then,
 As he fronts the power of the Saracen.
 Were he hurt in fight, who would then survive?
 Yet threescore barons around him strive.
 And what a sixty! Nor chief nor king
 Had ever such gallant following.

Roland looketh to hill and plain,
 He sees the lines of his warriors slain,
 And he weeps like a noble cavalier.
 "Barons of France, God hold you dear,
 And take you to Paradise's bowers,
 Where your souls may lie on the holy flowers;
 Braver vassals on earth were none,
 So many kingdoms for Karl ye won;
 Years a-many your ranks I led,
 And for end like this were ye nurturèd.

Land of France, thou art soothly fair;
 To-day thou liest bereaved and bare;
 It was all for me your lives you gave,
 And I was helpless to shield or save.
 May the great God save you who cannot lie.
 Olivier, brother, I stand thee by;
 I die of grief, if I 'scape unslain:
 In, brother, in to the fight again."
 Once more pressed Roland within the fight,
 His Durindana he grasped with might;
 Faldron of Pui did he cleave in two,
 And twenty-four of their bravest slew.
 Never was man on such vengeance bound;
 And, as flee the roe deer before the hound,
 So in face of Roland the heathen flee.
 Saith Turpin, "Right well this liketh me.
 Such prowess a cavalier befits,
 Who harness wears, and on charger sits;
 In battle shall he be strong and great,
 Or I prize him not at four deniers' rate;
 Let him else be monk in a cloister cell,
 His daily prayers for our souls to tell."
 Cries Roland, "Smite them, and do not spare."
 Down once more on the foe they bear,
 But the Christian ranks grow thinned and rare. . . .

Not far was Roland, and loud he cried,
 "Be thou forever in God's disgrace,
 Who hast slain my fellows before my face;
 Before we part thou shalt blows essay,
 And learn the name of my sword to-day."
 Down, at the word, came the trenchant brand,
 And from Marsil severed his good right hand:
 With another stroke the head he won
 Of the fair-haired Jurfalez, Marsil's son.
 "Help us, Mahound!" say the heathen train,
 "May our gods avenge us on Carlemaine!
 Such daring felons he hither sent,
 Who will hold the field till their lives be spent."
 "Let us flee and save us," cry one and all,
 Unto flight a hundred thousand fall,
 Nor can aught the fugitives recall.
 But what availeth? though Marsil fly,
 His uncle, the Algalif, still is nigh;
 Lord of Carthagena is he,

Of Alferna's shore and Garmalie,
 And of Ethiopia, accursed land :
 The black battalions at his command,
 With nostrils huge and flattened ears,
 Outnumber fifty thousand spears ;
 And on they ride in haste and ire,
 Shouting their heathen war cry dire.
 "At last," said Roland, "the hour is come,
 Here receive we our martyrdom ;
 Yet strike with your burnished brands — accursed
 Who sells not his life right dearly first ;
 In life or death be your thought the same,
 That gentle France be not brought to shame.
 When the Emperor hither his steps hath bent,
 And he sees the Saracens' chastisement,
 Fifteen of their dead against our one,
 He will breathe on our souls his benison."



ANGLO-SAXON POETRY.

THE SEA-DRAGON'S VISIT.

(From "Beowulf.")

(Translated by A. D. Wackerbarth.)

CAME Grendel from his marshy lair,
 When misty shadows fall ;
 God's wrath upon his brow he bare,
 And thought some mortal to ensnare
 Within the lofty hall.
 He 'neath the welkin went till he
 The banquet-palace wide,
 The treasure-hall of men, could see,
 With vessels beautified.
 Not for the first time now his road
 He went to Hroth-gar's fair abode,
 Nor in his life in castle-ward
 Before or since found starker guard.
 Before the morning house he halts,
 The iron-bound gates he quick assaults
 Confined with strong fire-hardened bands ;
 He seized the portals in his hands,

In rage the hall's mouth open tore,
 And stalks along the marble floor.
 In wrath he moved, and flame-like bright,
 Stood in his eyes a horrid light,
 For many a chief he there descries,
 A kindred band in peaceful wise
 Of warriors sleeping round him lies
 Together in the hall.
 Then laughed monster, as ere day
 He thought each hero there to slay,
 And on him hope did fall
 Of full repast; — but never more,
 After that awful night was o'er,
 Of human kind to taste the gore
 Was for his fate decreed.
 The valiant thane of Higelac
 Saw how in sudden-made attack
 The man-scathe would proceed;
 Recks no delay the demon curst,
 But quick one slumbering thane at first
 He seizes on his seat,
 Rends, bites asunder joints, drains
 The life's blood from the throbbing veins,
 And doth in cursed morsels draw,
 As down his darksome hollow maw,
 And soon from off the dead remains
 Devours the hands and feet.
 Then forth where, stretched in calm repose,
 The chieftain of the Géatic band
 Full wakeful lay, the monster goes,
 And laid on him his baleful hand.
 The chief stretched out his arm, in thought
 Of vengeance, and the demon caught
 With sudden grasp, on elbow set,
 And soon the monster found
 That 'mongst the sons of men as yet
 So dread a grasp he ne'er had met
 The world's wide regions round.
 His craven soul with terrors caught,
 (Though 'scape mote not be found,)
 Would fain in flight have safety sought,
 And hidden him in his lurking place
 Midst tumults of the demon race,
 For never in his life as yet
 So stern reception had he met.

THE SEAFARER.

(Translated by Stopford Brooke.)

Seafarer.

SOOTH the song that I of myself can sing,
 Telling of my travels; how in troublous days,
 Hours of hardship oft I've borne!
 With a bitter breast-care I have been abiding:
 Many seats of sorrow in my ship have known!
 Frightful was the whirl of waves, when it was my part
 Narrow watch at night to keep, on my vessel's prow
 When it rushed the rocks along. By the rigid cold
 Fast my feet were pinched, fettered by the frost,
 By the chains of cold. Care was sighing then
 Hot my heart around; hunger rent to shreds
 Courage in me, me sea-wearied! This the man knows not,
 He to whom it happens, happiest on earth,
 How I, carked with care, on the ice-cold sea,
 Overwent the winter on my wanderways,
 All forlorn of happiness, all bereft of loving kinsmen,
 Hung about with icicles: flew the hail in showers.
 Nothing heard I there save the howling of the sea,
 And the ice-chilled billow, whiles the crying of the swan!
 All the glee I got me was the gannet's scream,
 And the swoughing of the seal, 'stead of mirth of men;
 'Steard of the mead-drinking, moaning of the sea-mew.
 There the storms smote on the crags, there the swallow of the sea
 Answered to them, icy-plumed; and that answer oft the earn—
 Wet his wings were—barked aloud.
 None of all my kinsmen
 Could this sorrow-laden soul stir to any joy.
 Little then does he believe who life's pleasure owns,
 While he tarried in the towns, and but trifling ills,
 Proud and insolent with wine—how outwearied I
 Often must outstay on the ocean path!
 Somber grew the shade of night, and it snowed from northward,
 Frost the field enchained, fell the hail on earth,
 Coldest of all grains.

Youth.

Wherefore now then crash together
 Thoughts my soul within that I should myself adventure

The high streamings of the sea, and the sport of the salt waves!
 For a passion of the mind every moment pricks me on
 All my life to set a-faring; so that far from hence
 I may seek the shore of the strange outlanders.

Seafarer.

Yes, so haughty of his heart is no hero on the earth,
 Nor so good in all his giving, nor so generous in youth,
 Nor so daring in his deed, nor so dear unto his lord,
 That he has not always yearning unto his seafaring,
 To whatever work his Lord may have will to make for him.
 For the harp he has no heart, nor for having of the rings,
 Nor in woman is his weal, in the world he's no delight,
 Nor in anything whatever save the tossing o'er the waves!
 Oh, forever he has longing who is urged towards the sea.

Youth.

Trees rebloom with blossoms, burghs are fair again,
 Winsome are the wide plains, and the world is gay:
 All doth only challenge the impassioned heart
 Of his courage to the voyage, whosoever thus bethinks him,
 O'er the ocean billows, far away to go.

Seafarer.

Every cuckoo calls a warning, with his chant of sorrow!
 Sings the Summer's watchman, sorrow is he boding,
 Bitter in the bosom's hoard. This the brave man wots not of —
 Not the warrior rich in welfare — what the wanderer endures
 Who his paths of banishment widest places on the sea.

Youth.

For behold, my thought hovers now above my heart;
 O'er the surging flood of sea now my spirit flies,
 O'er the homeland of the whale — hovers then afar
 O'er the foldings of the earth! Now again it flies to me
 Full of yearning, greedy! Yells that lonely flier;
 Whets upon the whale-way irresistibly my heart,
 O'er the storming of the seas!

THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

[Constantinus, King of the Scots, after having sworn allegiance to Athelstan, allied himself with the Danes of Ireland under Anlaf, and invading England, was defeated by Athelstan and his brother Edmund with great slaughter at Brunanburh in the year 937.]

I.

ATHELSTAN King,
 Lord among Earls,
 Bracelet-bestower and
 Baron of Barons,
 He with his brother,
 Edmund Atheling,
 Gaining a lifelong
 Glory in battle,
 Slew with the sword-edge
 There by Brunanburh,
 Brake the shield-wall,
 Hewed the linden-wood,
 Hacked the battle-shield,
 Sons of Edward with hammered brands.

II.

Theirs was a greatness
 Got from their Grandsires —
 Theirs that so often in
 Strife with their enemies
 Struck for their hoards and their hearths and their homes.

III.

Bowed the spoiler,
 Bent the Scotsman,
 Fell the ship-crews
 Doomed to the death.
 All the field with blood of the fighters
 Flowed, from when first the great
 Sun-star of morningtide,
 Lamp of the Lord God,
 Lord everlasting,
 Glode over earth till the glorious creature
 Sank to his setting.

IV.

There lay many a man
 Marred by the javelin,
 Men of the Northland
 Shot over shield.
 There was the Scotsman
 Weary of war.

V.

We the West-Saxons,
 Long as the daylight
 Lasted, in companies
 Troubled the track of the host that we hated,
 Grimly with swords that were sharp from the grindstone,
 Fiercely we hacked at the flyers before us.

VI.

Mighty the Mercian,
 Hard was his hand-play,
 Sparing not any of
 Those that with Anlaf,
 Warriors over the
 Weltering waters
 Borne in the bark's bosom,
 Drew to this island:
 Doomed to the death.

VII.

Five young kings put asleep by the sword-stroke,
 Seven strong Earls of the army of Anlaf
 Fell on the war-field, numberless numbers,
 Shipmen and Scotsmen.

VIII.

Then the Norse leader,
 Dire was his need of it,
 Few were his following,
 Fled to his war-ship:
 Fleeted his vessel to sea with the king in it,
 Saving his life on the fallow flood.

IX.

Also the crafty one,
 Constantinus,
 Crept to his North again,
 Hoar-headed hero!

X.

Slender warrant had
He to be proud of
 The welcome of war-knives —
 He that was reft of his
 Folk and his friends that had
 Fallen in conflict,
 Leaving his son too
 Lost in the carnage,
 Mangled to morsels,
 A youngster in war!

XI.

Slender reason had
He to be glad of
 The clash of the war-glaive —
 Traitor and trickster
 And spurner of treaties —
 He nor had Anlaf
 With armies so broken
 A reason for bragging
 That they had the better
 In perils of battle
 On places of slaughter —
 The struggle of standards,
 The rush of the javelins,
 The crash of the charges,
 The wielding of weapons —
 The play that they played with
 The children of Edward.

XII.

Then with their nailed prows
 Parted the Norsemen, a

Blood-reddened relic of
 Javelins over
 The jarring breaker, the deep sea billow,
 Shaping their way toward Dyefln [Dublin] again,
 Shamed in their souls.

XIII.

Also the brethren,
 King and Atheling,
 Each in his glory,
 Went to his own in his own West-Saxonland,
 Glad of the war.

XIV.

Many a carcass they left to be carrion,
 Many a livid one, many a sallow-skin —
 Left for the white-tailed eagle to tear it, and
 Left for the horny-nibbed raven to rend it, and
 Gave to the garbaging war-hawk to gorge it, and
 That gray beast, the wolf of the weald.

XV.

Never had huger
 Slaughter of heroes
 Slain by the sword-edge —
 Such as old writers
 Have writ of in histories —
 Hapt in this isle, since
 Up from the East hither
 Saxon and Angle from
 Over the broad billow
 Broke into Britain with
 Haughty war-workers who
 Harried the Welshman, when
 Earls that were lured by the
 Hunger of glory gat
 Hold of the land.

WRITINGS OF ALFRED THE GREAT.

[Born 849, died 901. King of the West Saxons, 871-901. Son of Æthelwulf, and brother of Æthelred I. His early career was a constant war against the Danes, whom he decisively defeated at Ethandun; but by the treaty of Wedmore he left King Guthrum (who was to be baptized) all north of Watling Street. He again waged war with them 894-897, but forced them to withdraw by his improved fleet and reformed military service. He made great reforms also in the courts, compiled a code of laws, founded and rebuilt schools, called scholars to the court and collaborated with them in popular works of history, geography, etc.; and though he has been credited with many institutions not of his creation, he was quite as great in reality as in romance. He translated Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," Orosius' "Universal History," and Boethius' "Consolations of Philosophy," besides revising a translation of Gregory the Great's "Dialogues."]

INTRODUCTION TO BOETHIUS.

Thus to us did Alfred sing
 A spell of old;
 Songcraft the West Saxon king
 Did thus unfold:

Long and much he longed to teach
 His people then
 These mixt-sayings of sweet speech,
 The joys of men;

That no weariness forsooth, —
 As well it may, —
 Drive away delight from truth,
 But make it stay.

So, he can but little seek
 For his own pride:
 A fytte of song I fitly speak,
 And naught beside:

A folk-beknown and world-read thing
 I have to say;
 To all the best of men I sing, —
 List, ye that may.

A SORROWFUL FYTTE.

[Of Boethius.]

Lo! I sang cheerily
 In my bright days,
 But now all wearily
 Chaunt I my lays;
 Sorrowing tearfully,
 Saddest of men,
 Can I sing cheerfully,
 As I could then?

Many a verity
 In those glad times
 Of my prosperity
 Taught I in rhymes;
 Now from forgetfulness
 Wanders my tongue,
 Wasting in fretfulness,
 Meters unsung.

Worldliness brought me here
 Foolishly blind,
 Riches have wrought me here
 Sadness of mind;
 When I rely on them
 Lo! they depart, —
 Bitterly, fie on them!
 Rend they my heart.

Why did your songs to me,
 World-loving men,
 Say joy belongs to me
 Ever as then?
 Why did ye lyingly
 Think such a thing,
 Seeing how flyingly
 Wealth may take wing?

USES OF ADVERSITY.

[Boethius.]

Whoso wills to till a field,
Will to bear a fruitful yield,
Let him first pluck up and burn
Thorns and thistles, furze and fern,
Which are wont clean wheat to hurt
Lying lifeless in the dirt.

And this other likeness too
Well behooves us all to view,
Namely, that to those who eat
Honeycomb, it seems more sweet
If a man, before the tear
Of honey, taste of bitter cheer.

So, it falls that all men are
With fine weather happier far
If a little while before
Storms were spread the welkin o'er,
And the stark wind east by north
Lately rushed in anger forth.

None would think the daylight dear
If dim night they did not fear ;
So, to every one of us,
On the broad earth dwelling thus,
Joy more joyous still is seen
After troubles once have been.

Also, thine own mind to please,
Thou shalt gain the greater ease,
And shalt go where true joys grow
If all false joys thou forego,
As ill weeds are pulled with toil
By the land-churl from the soil.

And hereafter, thee I tell,
True joys there await thee well ;
Aye and here, if these be first,
Thou for nought beside wilt thirst,
But all else shall fail to please
If thou truly knowest these.

WHERE TO FIND TRUE JOYS.

[Boethius.]

Oh! it is a fault of weight,
 Let him think it out who will,
 And a danger passing great
 Which can thus allure to ill
 Careworn men from the right way,
 Swiftly ever led astray.

Will ye seek within the wood
 Red gold on the green trees tall?
 None, I wot, is wise that could,
 For it grows not there at all:
 Neither in wine gardens green
 Seek they gems of glittering sheen.

Would ye on some hilltop set,
 When ye list to catch a trout
 Or a carp, your fishing net?
 Men, methinks, have long found out
 That it would be foolish fare,
 For they know they are not there.

In the salt sea can ye find,
 When ye list to start and hunt
 With your hounds, the hart or hind?
 It will sooner be your wont
 In the woods to look, I wot,
 Than in seas where they are not.

Is it wonderful to know
 That for crystals red or white
 One must to the sea beach go,
 Or for other colors bright,
 Seeking by the river side
 Or the shore at ebb of tide?

Likewise, men are well aware
 Where to look for river fish;
 And all other worldly ware
 Where to seek them when they wish;
 Wisely careful men will know
 Year by year to find them so.

But of all things 'tis most sad
 That they foolish are, so blind,
 So besotted, and so mad
 That they cannot surely find
 Where the ever good is nigh
 And true pleasures hidden lie.

Therefore, never is their strife
 After those true joys to spur;
 In this lean and little life
 They half witted deeply err,
 Seeking here their bliss to gain,
 That is, God himself, in vain.

Ah! I know not in my thought
 How enough to blame their sin,
 Nor so clearly as I ought
 Can I show their fault within;
 For, more bad and vain are they
 And more sad than I can say.

All their hope is to acquire
 Worship, goods, and worldly weal;
 When they have their mind's desire,
 Then such witless joy they feel,
 That in folly they believe
 Those true joys they then receive.

INTRODUCTION TO GREGORY'S "PASTORAL CARE."

King Alfred bids greet Bishop Waerferth, lovingly and friendly in his words; and I bid thee to make it known that it hath very often come into my mind what wise men formerly were throughout the English race, both of the spiritual and of the secular condition, and how happy the times then were through the English race, and how the kings, who then had the government of this folk, obeyed God and his messengers, and how they held both their peace, their customs, and their government at home, and also increased their country abroad, and how they then sped both in war and in wisdom, and also the religious orders, how earnest they were, both about their doctrine and about their learning, and about all the services that they should do to God, and how men from abroad sought

wisdom and instruction in this land, and how we must now get them from without, if we would have them. So clean was it (learning) now fallen off among the English race that there were very few on this side of the Humber that were able to understand their service in English, or even to turn a sent writing (an epistle) from Latin into English: and I think that there were not many beyond the Humber. So few there were of them that I cannot think of even one on the south of the Thames, when I first took to the kingdom. To God Almighty be thanks that we now have any teacher in the stall, and therefore I have commanded thee that thou do as I believe thou wilt—that thou, who from the things of this world art at leisure for this, as thou often mayest, that thou bestow the wisdom that God has given thee wherever thou mayest bestow it. Think what punishment shall come upon us for this world, when we have not ourselves loved it in the least degree, and also have not left it to other men to do so. We have had the name alone that we were Christians, and very few the virtues.

When I then called to mind all this, then I remembered how I saw, ere that all in them was laid waste and burnt up, how the churches throughout all the English race stood filled with treasures and books, and also a great multitude of God's servants, but they knew very little use of those books, for that they could not understand anything of them, for that they were not written in their own language, such as they, our elders, spoke, who erewhile held these places; they loved wisdom, and through that got wealth, and left it to us. Here men may yet see their path, but we know not how to tread in their footsteps, inasmuch as we have both lost that wealth and wisdom, for that we would not with our minds stoop to their tracks.

When I then called to mind all this, I then wondered greatly about those good and wise men that have been of old among the English race, and who had fully learned all the books, that they have not been willing to turn any part of them into their own language. But then I soon again answered myself and said: "They did not think that men would ever become so reckless, and that learning should fall off in such a way. Of set purpose, then, they let it alone, and wished that there should be more wisdom in this land the more languages we knew."

Then I remembered how the law was first found in the Hebrew tongue, and again, when the Greeks learnt it, then they turned the whole of it into their own language, and also all the other books. And again the Latins also, in the same way, when they had learned it, turned it all through wise interpreters into their own language, and likewise all other Christian nations have translated some part into their own speech. Wherefore I think it better, if it also appears so to you, that we too should translate some books, which are the most necessary for all men to understand—that we should turn these into that tongue which we all can know, and so bring it about, as we very easily may, with God's help, if we have rest, that all the youth that now is among the English race, of free men, that have poverty, so that they can apply themselves to these things, may be committed to others for the sake of instruction, so long as they have no power for any other employments, until the time that they may know well how to read English writing. Let men afterwards further teach them Latin, those whom they are willing further to teach, and whom they wish to advance to a higher state.

When I then called to mind how the learning of the Latin tongue before this was fallen away throughout the English race, though many knew how to read writing in English—then began I, among other unlike and manifold businesses of this kingdom, to turn into English the book that is named in Latin “*Pastoralis*,” and in English the “*Hind's Book*,” one-while word for word, another-while meaning for meaning, so far as I learned it with Phlegmund, my archbishop, and with Asser, my bishop, and with Grimbold, my mass-priest, and with John, my mass-priest.

After I had then learned them, so that I understood them, and so that I might read them with the fullest comprehension, I turned them into English, and to each bishop's see in my kingdom will send one, and on each is an “*aestel*” that is, of (the value of) fifty mancuses, and I bid, in God's name, that no man undo the *aestel* from the books, nor the books from the minister. It is unknown how long there may be so learned bishops as now, thank God, are everywhere. For this, I would that they always should be at their place, unless the bishop will have them with him, or they be anywhere lent, or some one write others by them.

This sent writing
 Augustine
 Over the salt sea
 From the south brought,
 To the island dwellers,
 As to him before
 The Lord's soldier
 Appointed
 Rome's Pope.
 Many a true story,
 Gregory, of prudent mind,
 Went through
 In his sagacious breast,
 Of wise thoughts the treasure;
 Because he of mankind
 From the sky's guardian
 Most acquired,
 Of Romans the best,
 Of men richest in mind,
 In glory most famous,
 After that into English,
 Alfred the king
 Turned each word
 And then in his writings
 Sent south and north,
 For he let him
 Of such the more
 Bring for example;
 That he to his bishops
 Might send:
 Because they of it
 Some might want,
 Who the Latin tongue
 Least knew.

KING ALFRED'S WILL.

1. Aelfred king, with God's grace, and with the counsel of Aetherede archbishop, and all the West Saxon witan's witness, have considered about my soul's health, and about my inheritance that God and my elders gave me, and about that inheritance which King Athulf, my father, bequeathed to us three brothers, Athelbolde and Aetherede and me; and which of us soever were longest, that he should take to all.

2. But it came to pass that Athelbolde died; and we two, Aethered (and I), with all the West Saxon witan's witness, our part did give in trust to Ethelbyrhte king our brother, on the condition that he should redeliver it to us as entire as it then was when we did make it over to him. And he then did so, both by that estate, and that which he by our joint concurrence had obtained, and what he himself had acquired.

3. When it so happened that Aethered succeeded, then prayed I him before our nobles all, that we two the inheritance might divide; and he would give to me my share. Then said he to me, that he might not easily divide, for that he had, at many different times, formerly taken possession. And he said concerning that which he enjoyed of our joint property, and (that which he) had acquired, after his days, he would give it to no man rather than to me. And I therewith, at that time, was well satisfied.

4. But it came to pass that we all by the heathen folk despoiled were. Then discoursed we concerning our children that they would need some support to be given by us out of these estates, as to us was given. Then were we in council at Swinbeorg; when we two declared, in the West Saxon nobles' presence, that which soever of us two were longest liver, that he should give to the other's children those lands that we two ourselves had acquired, and those lands that Athulf the king gave to us two while Athelbolde was living; except those that he to us three brothers bequeathed. And of this, each of us two to the other his security did give, that whether of us two should live longest, he should take both to the land and to the treasures; and to all his possessions, except that part, which either of us to his children should bequeath.

5. But it came to pass that Aethered, the king, deceased, when no man communicated to me no title deed, nor no evidence, that it was any other than as we before had agreed it before witness. Then heard we now of many inheritance-suits. Now therefore brought I Athulf the king's will into our council at Langadenc; and they read it before all the West-Saxon nobles. When it was read, then prayed I them all for my love (and to them my security gave, that I would never bear ill will to none of them for that they should speak right) that none of them would neglect, neither for my love nor for my fear, that they should declare the common right; lest any man should say that I had wrongfully excluded my kinsfolk, whether elder

or younger. And they then all for right pronounced and declared, that they could conceive no more rightful title nor hear of in a title deed. "Now (said they) it is all delivered there into thy hand: Wherefore thou mayest bequeath and give it either to a relation or a stranger, as may be to thee most eligible." And they all thereupon gave their security to me and their hand-setting, that, during their life, no man ever should pervert it in none other wise but so as I myself should direct it on the next day.

6. I Alfred, of the West Saxons King, by God's grace, and before this company of witnesses, declare how I will concerning my estates after my day.

7. First I give Eadweard, my eldest son, the land at Straetneat in Tricon-shire, and Heortigtune, and the book-land, all that Leofheah holds, and the land at Carumtume, and at Cylfantune, and at Burnhamme, and at Wedmor. And I am a petitioner to the families at Ceodre, that they would chuse him on the condition that we had formerly expressed; with the land of Ciwtune, and that which thereto belongeth. And I to him give the land at Cantictune, and at Bedewind, and at Pefesigge, and Hysseburn, and at Suttune, and at Leodride, and at Aweltune.

8. And all the book-land that I in Cent (Kent) have, and at the Nether Hysseburn, and at Cyseldene, let it be given to Wintanceastre (Winchester) on the condition on which my Father formerly gave it; and that my private estate which I gave to Ecgulf in trust at the Nether Hysseburn.

9. And to my younger son the land at Eaderingtune and that at Dene, and at Meone, and at Ambresbyry, and at Deone, and at Sturemynster, and at Gifle, and at Cruærn, and at Whitchurch, and at Axanmouth, and at Brancescumbe, and at Columtune, and at Twyfyrd, and at Mylenburn, and at Exanmynster, and at Sutheswyrrh, and at Liwtune, and the lands that thereto belong: which are all that I in Weal district have, except Triconshire.

10. And to my eldest daughter the manor at Welewe.

11. And to the middlemost (that) at Cleare and Cenderfer.

12. And to the youngest, the Manor at Welig and Æsc-tune, and at Cippanhamme.

13. And to Aethelme, my brother's son, the Manor at Ealdingburn, and at Cumtune, and at Crundell, and at Beading,

and at Beadinghamme, and at Burnham, and at Thunresfield, and at Aesceng.

14. And to Athelwold, my brother's son, the Manor at Godelmung, and at Gyldeford, and at Stening.

15. And to Osferthe, my cousin, the Manor at Beccanlea, and at Rytherfield, and at Dicceling, and at Suthtune, and at Lullingminster, and at Angmering, and at Felham, and the lands that thereto belong.

16. And to Ealhswith, the Manor at Lamburn, and at Waneting, and at Ethandune.

17. And to my two sons, one thousand pounds; to each five hundred pounds.

18. And to my eldest daughter, and to the middlemost, and to the youngest, and to Ealhswith, to them four, four hundred pounds; to each one hundred pounds.

19. And to each of my Aldermen one hundred Mancuses; and to Æthelme and Athelwolde, and Osferthe also.

20. And to Aetherede the Alderman, a sword of an hundred Mancuses.

21. And to the men that follow me, to whom I now at Eastertide gave money, two hundred pounds. Let them give to them, and divide between them, to each as they shall judge to him to belong; after the manner that I have now distributed to them.

22. And to the Archbishop, one hundred Mancuses, and to Esne Bishop, and to Werferthe Bishop, and to the (Bishop) at Schireburn.

23. Also, let them distribute for me and for my father, and for the friends that he interceded for, and I intercede for, two hundred pounds; fifty to the Mass-priests over all my kingdom; fifty to the poor Ministers of God; fifty to the distressed poor; fifty to the Church that I shall rest at. And I know not certainly whether of the money is so much; nor I know not but that may be more thereof; but so I suppose. If it be more, be it all common to them to whom I have bequeathed money. And I will that my Alderman and my Ministers all be there together and thus distribute this.

24. When I had formerly in otherwise disposed in writing of my inheritance, then I had more estate, and more relations: and had intrusted to many men the writings; and in the same company of witnesses they were written. But I have now burned those old ones that I might by inquiry recover. If of

these any should be found, let it stand for nothing ; for that I will that it now thus be by my God's assistance.

25. And I will the men that shall have the lands, to fulfill the words that do stand in my Father's Testament, so as they soonest may.

26. And I will, if I to any man have not paid any money, that my relations at least repay that.

27. And I will the men to whom I have bequeathed my book-land, that they do not give it from my kindred after their day : But I will (after) their day, that it go unto the highest hand to me ; unless any one of them have children ; then it is to me most eligible that it go to that issue on the male side, the while that any of it be worthy. My grandfather hath bequeathed his land to the spear-side, and not to the spindle-side. Wherefore, if I have given to any female what he had acquired, then let my relations redeem it, if they will have it while she is living : if it otherwise be, let it go after their day, so as we have before determined. For this reason I ordain that they pay for it, because they will succeed to my (estate) that I may give, or to female hand, or to male hand, whether I will.

28. And I beseech, in God's name, and in his Saints', that none of my relations, nor none of my heirs, do obstruct none of the freedom of those that I have redeemed. And for me the West-Saxon nobles have pronounced as lawful that I may leave them either free or bond, whether I will. But I, for God's love, and for my soul's advantage, will that they be masters of their freedom and of their will ; and I, in the living God's name, intreat that no men do not disturb them, neither by money exaction, nor by no manner of means, that they may not choose such men as they will.

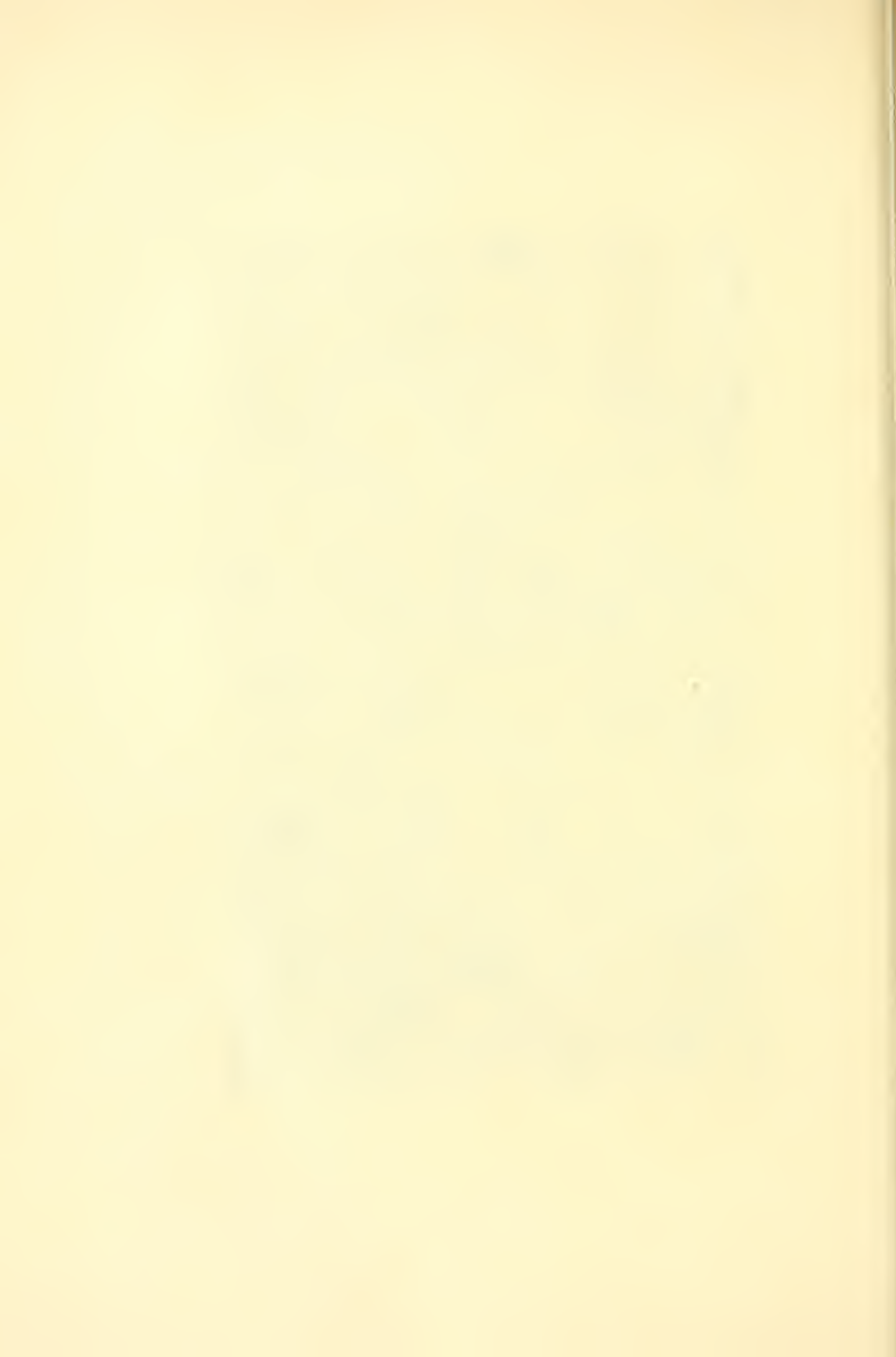
29. And I will that they restore to the families at Domerham their land deeds, and their free liberty such person to chuse, as to them may be most agreeable ; for me, and for Elfreda, and for the friends that she did intercede for, and I do intercede for.

30. And seek they also, with a living price, for my soul's health, as it may be, and as it also is fitting ; and as ye to forgive me shall be disposed.

King Alfred Inciting the Anglo-Saxons to
Repel the Invasion of the Danes

From the painting by G. F. Watts, R. A., in the new Palace
of Westminster





CHRONICLES OF ALFRED'S TIME.

(From the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.")

880. THIS year the [Danish] army went from Cirencester to East Anglia, and settled in the land, and apportioned it. And that same year the army, which previously had sat down at Fulham, went over sea to Ghent in France, and sat there one year.

882. This year the army went up along the banks of the Maese far into France, and there sat one year. And that same year king Alfred went out to sea with his ships, and fought against the forces of four ships of Danish-men, and took two of the ships, and the men were slain that were in them; and the forces of two ships surrendered to him, and they were sorely distressed and wounded before they surrendered to him.

888. This year Beeke the ealdorman carried the alms of the West-Saxons and of king Alfred to Rome; and queen Ethelwith, who was king Alfred's sister, died on the way to Rome, and her body lies at Pavia. And that same year Athelred archbishop of Canterbury, and Ethelwold the ealdorman died in the same month.

889. In this year there was no journey to Rome, except the king Alfred sent two couriers with letters.

893. In this year the great army, about which we formerly spoke, came again from the eastern kingdom westward to Boulogne, and there was shipped; so that they came over in one passage, horses and all; and they came to land at Limne-mouth with two hundred and fifty ships. On this river they towed up their ships as far as the weald, four miles from the outward harbour, and there stormed a fortress: within the fortress a few churls were stationed, and it was in part only constructed. Then soon after that Hasten with eighty ships landed at the mouth of the Thames, and wrought himself a fortress at Milton; and the other army did the like at Appledore.

894. In this year, that was about a twelve-month after these had wrought the fortress in the eastern district, the North-humbrians and the East-Angles had given oaths to king Alfred, and the East-Angles six hostages; and nevertheless, contrary to their plighted troth, as oft as the other armies went out with all their force, they also went out, either with them or on their

own part. On this king Alfred gathered together his forces, and proceeded until he encamped between the two armies, as near as he could for the wood fastnesses, and for the water fastnesses, so that he might be able to reach either of them in case they should seek any open country. From this time the enemy always went out along the weald in bands and troops, by whichever border was at the time without forces: and they also were sought out by other bands, almost every day, either by day or night, as well from the king's force as also from the towns.

The king had divided his forces into two, so that one half was constantly at home, the other half in the field; besides those men whose duty it was to defend the towns. The army did not come out of their stations with their whole force oftener than twice: once when they first came to land, before the forces were assembled; a second time when they would go away from their stations. Then had they taken much booty, and would at that time go northward over the Thames into Essex towards their ships. Then the king's forces outrode and got before them, and fought against them at Farnham, and put the army to flight, and retook the booty; and they fled over the Thames, where there was no ford; then up along the Colne into an island. Then the forces there beset them about so long as they there had any provisions: but at length they had stayed their term of service, and had consumed their provisions; and the king was then on his way thitherwards with the division which warred under him.

While he was on his way thither, and the other force was gone homewards, and the Danish-men remained there behind, because their king had been wounded in the battle, so that they could not carry him away, then those who dwell among the North-humbrians and among the East-Anglians gathered some hundred ships and went about south; and some forty ships about to the north, and besieged a fortress in Devonshire by the north sea; and those who went about to the south besieged Exeter. When the king heard that, then turned he westward towards Exeter with all his force, except a very strong body of the people eastward. These went onwards until they came to London; and then with the townsmen, and the aid which came to them from the west, they went east to Bamfleet.

Hasten was then come there with his band which before sat at Milton; and the great army was also come thereto, which

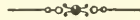
before sat at Appledore near Limne-mouth. The fortress at Bamfleet had been ere this constructed by Hasten, and he was at that time gone out to plunder; and the great army was therein. Then came they thereto, and put the army to flight, and stormed the fortress, and took all that was within it, as well the property, as the women, and the children also, and brought the whole to London; and all the ships they either broke in pieces or burned, or brought to London or to Rochester; and they brought the wife of Hasten and his two sons to the king: and he afterwards gave them up to him again, because one of them was his godson, and the other, Ethered the ealdorman's.

But as soon as they came to Bamfleet, and the fortress was constructed, then plundered he that very part of the king's realm which was in the keeping of Ethered his compeer; and again, this second time, he had gone out to plunder that very same district when his fortress was stormed. Now the king with his forces had turned westward towards Exeter, as I said before, and the army had beset the city; but when he arrived there, then went they to their ships. While the king was thus busied with the army there, in the west, and both the other armies had drawn together at Shoebury in Essex, and there had constructed a fortress, then both together went up along the Thames, and a great addition came to them, as well from the East-Anglians as from the North-humbrians. They then went up along the Thames till they reached the Severn; then up along the Severn.

Then Ethered the ealdorman, and Ethelm the ealdorman, and Ethelnoth the ealdorman, and the king's thanes who were then at home in the fortified places, gathered forces from every town east of the Parret, and as well west as east of Selwood, and also north of the Thames, and west of the Severn, and also some part of the North-Welsh people. When they had all drawn together, then they came up with the army at Buttington on the banks of the Severn, and there beset them about, on either side, in a fastness. When they had now sat there many weeks on both sides of the river, and the king was in the west in Devon, against the fleet, then were the enemy distressed for want of food; and having eaten a great part of their horses, the others being starved with hunger, then went they out against the men who were encamped on the east bank of the river, and fought against them: and the Christians had the victory. And

Ordhelm a king's thane was there slain, and also many other king's thanes were slain; and of the Danish-men there was very great slaughter made; and that part which got away thence was saved by flight.

When they had come into Essex to their fortress and to their ships, then the survivors again gathered a great army from among the East-Angles and the North-humbrians before winter, and committed their wives and their ships and their wealth to the East-Angles, and went at one stretch, day and night, until they arrived at a western city in Wirall, which is called Legaceaster [Chester]. Then were the forces unable to come up with them before they were within the fortress: nevertheless, they beset the fortress about for some two days, and took all the cattle that was there without, and slew the men whom they were able to overtake without the fortress, and burned all the corn, and with their horses ate it every evening.



THE HUNS AT REICHENAU.

BY JOSEPH VICTOR VON SCHEFFEL.

(From "Ekkehard: a Tale of the Tenth Century." Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole. With the permission of the publishers, T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

[JOSEPH VICTOR VON SCHEFFEL, a German poet and novelist, was born at Karlsruhe, Baden, February 16, 1826, and educated for the law; but after five years' practice left it for literary pursuits. He died April 9, 1886. His first book, which he never surpassed, was "The Trumpeter of Sakkingen" (1852), a tale in verse of the Thirty Years' War. It has been widely read, and in 1895 passed through its 216th edition. His other works include: "Ekkehard," an historical novel; "Gaudemus," a collection of songs and ballads, known to all German students; and the romances, "Juniperus" and "Hugideo."]

ON THE island of Reichenau it was silent and lonely after the inhabitants of the monastery had taken their departure. The weak-minded Heribald was lord and master of the whole place; he was much pleased with his solitude. For hours, he sat on the shore, skipping flat pebbles over the waves. When they sank at once he scolded them.

With the poultry in the yard he held many a dialogue; he fed them regularly.

"If you are very good, and the brothers do not return," he once said, "Heribald will preach you a sermon."

In the monastery he found plenty of amusement : — in one day of solitude a man can hatch a good many useful ideas.

The camerarius had angered him by refusing to give him the necessary shoe leather : so Heribald went up to the cell of the camerarius, smashed his large stone water jug, as well as his three flowerpots, cut open the straw mattress on his bed, and filled it up with the broken crockery ; then he lay down on it to see how it would feel, and the fragments were hard and sharp, so he smiled contentedly and betook himself to Abbot Watzman's apartments.

Against the abbot he also bore a grudge, as he was indebted to him for many a sound whipping ; but he found everything locked up and in excellent order, so nothing was left to him but to break off one of the legs of the cushioned easy-chair. He cunningly put it back in its old place, as if nothing had happened.

“ That will break down nicely with him, when he comes home and sits comfortably on it. ‘ Thou shalt castigate the flesh,’ says St. Benedict. But Heribald has not broken off the leg of the chair. The Huns have done it.”

Prayer, devotion, and psalm singing he performed, as the rules of the order prescribed. The seven daily times for prayer the solitary strictly adhered to, as if he might be punished for missing them ; even the midnight vigil he descended into the cloister church to hold.

At the very hour when his brothers were carousing in the hall of the ducal castle with the monks of St. Gall, Heribald was standing in the choir. The uncanny shadows of the night enveloped the aisle, dimly flickered the everlasting lamp ; but fearlessly, and with a clear voice, Heribald intoned the introductory verse : —

Lord, I cry unto thee : make haste unto me ; give ear unto my voice when I cry unto thee. And he sang the third psalm, the one which David sang when he fled before Absalom his son.

When he reached the place where the antiphonal response usually came, according to custom, he stopped and waited for the other choir to take it up, but everything remained silent and still ; then Heribald passed his hand over his forehead. “ Ah,” said he, “ I forgot ! They are all gone, and Heribald is alone.”

Then as he was about to sing the ninety-fourth psalm, as the nightly service required, the everlasting lamp went out, — a bat

flew into it. Outside, storm and rain. Heavy drops fell on the roof of the church, and beat against the windows. A strange feeling came over Heribald.

"Holy Benedict," exclaimed he, "be pleased to see that it is not Heribald's fault that the antiphon was not sung."

He walked through the darkness out of the choir. A shrill wind whistled through a little window of the crypt under the high altar, producing a howling sound; as Heribald advanced, a draught caught his garment.

"Art thou come back, thou hellish tempter?" said he. "Must I fight thee once more?"

Unhesitatingly he stepped back to the altar, and seized a wooden crucifix which the abbot had not had taken away.

"In the name of the Holy Trinity, come on, specter of Satan! Heribald awaits thee!"

With undaunted courage he thus stood on the altar steps; the wind continued to howl; the Devil did not appear.

"He had enough of it the last time," smilingly said the idiot. About a year before, the Evil One had appeared to him in the shape of a big dog, barking furiously at him; but Heribald had resisted him with a pole, and had plied him with such doughty blows that the pole broke.

Then Heribald screamed out a number of choice invectives in the direction where the wind was moaning; and when even after this nothing came to tempt him, he replaced the crucifix on the altar, bent his knees before it, and went back to his cell murmuring the *Kyrie eleison*. There he slept the sleep of the just until late in the morning.

The sun was high in the heavens, as Heribald complacently walked up and down before the monastery. Since the time when he had enjoyed an occasional holiday at school, he had seldom had an opportunity of idling. "Idleness is the soul's worst enemy," St. Benedict had said, and in consequence strictly ordered his disciples to fill up with the work of their hands the time which was not claimed by devotional tasks.

Heribald knew not art or handicraft, and so they employed him in splitting wood and in rendering similar useful services; but now he paced up and down with folded arms before the heaped-up logs of wood and looked up smilingly at one of the cloister windows.

"Why don't you come down, Father Rudimann," he cried, "and make Heribald cut the wood? You used to keep such

excellent watch over the brothers ; and so often called Heribald a useless servant of the Lord, when he was cloud gazing instead of handling the ax. Why don't you attend to your duty ?”

Not even an echo gave answer to the half-witted creature's query ; then he drew out some of the under logs, noisily the whole pile rolled down. “Tumble if you like,” continued he in his soliloquy, “Heribald is having a holiday, and is not going to pile you up again. The abbot has run away, and the brothers have run away also ; so it serves them right, if everything tumbles down.”

After this laudable enterprise, Heribald directed his steps to the monastery garden. Another project now occupied his mind. He intended to cut a few delicate heads of lettuce for his dinner, and to dress them a good deal better than they would ever have been done if the father head cook had been present. Temptingly the vision was just rising before him, how he would not spare the oil jug, and would pitilessly cut to pieces some of the biggest onions, when a cloud of dust whirled up on the white sandy shore opposite ; the forms of horses and riders became visible.

“Are you there, already ?” said the monk, and he made the sign of the cross ; his lips mumbled a hasty prayer, but his face quickly resumed its customary smile of contentment.

“Strange wanderers and pilgrims are to meet with a Christian reception at the gate of any house of the Lord,” he murmured. “I will receive them.”

A new idea now crossed his brain ; he passed his hand over his forehead.

“Have I not studied the history of the ancients in the cloister school, and learned how the Roman senators received the invading Gauls ? — Wrapped in their mantles, the ivory scepter in their hands, the old graybeards sat in their chairs, without winking, like bronze idols. Not for nothing is the Latin teacher going to tell us that was a most worthy reception. Heribald can do the same !”

A mild imbecility may now and then be an enviable dower in life. What appears black to others, seems to the half-witted as blue or green ; his path may be zigzag but he does not notice the serpents hidden in the grass ; and the abysses into which the wise man inevitably falls, he stumbles over, without a suspicion of danger.

A curule chair not being just then in the monastery, Heribald pushed a huge oak log toward the gate which led into the

courtyard. "For what end have we studied secular history if we cannot take counsel by it?" said he, and seated himself quietly on his block, in expectation of what was to come.

Opposite, on the near shore, a troop of horsemen had stopped. With their reins slung round their arms, and their arrows ready on their bowstrings, they had gone on ahead,—the scouts of the Hunnish horde. When no ambuscade was discovered behind the willows bordering the lake, they stopped awhile to rest their horses. Then the arrows were put back into their quivers, the crooked sabers taken between the teeth, and pressing the spurs into the horses' sides, they went into the lake. Quickly the horses crossed the blue waves. Now the foremost had touched the land, and sprang from his saddle, and shook himself three times, like a poodle coming out of a cold bath! With piercing, triumphant shouts they approached the silent Reichenau.

Like an image of stone sat Heribald, gazing undauntedly at the strange figures. Never as yet had he passed a sleepless night musing over the perfection of human beauty; but the faces which now met his view struck him as being so very ugly that he could not suppress a long-drawn "Have mercy upon us, O Lord!"

With crooked backs the strange guests sat in their saddles. Their dress was the skin of wild beasts; their bodies lean and small; their skulls square-shaped; black shaggy hair hung down in wild disorder; and their unshapely yellow faces glistened as if they had been anointed with tallow. One of the foremost had of his own accord enlarged his coarse-lipped mouth considerably, slitting it out toward the ears; from their small, deep-set eyes they looked out suspiciously at the world.

"To make a Hun, one need only give a square shape to a lump of clay, stick on a smaller lump for a nose, and drive in the chin," Heribald was just thinking, when they stood before him. He did not understand their hissing language, and smiled complacently, as if the whole gang had no concern for him.

For a while they stared in astonishment at the half-witted fellow, as professional critics do at a new poet, when they are as yet undecided in what pigeonhole of ready-made judgments they are to put him. At last one of them caught sight of the bald spot on Heribald's pate, and pointed at it with his crooked saber. They raised a sneering laugh; one seized his bow and

arrow to aim at the monk. But now Heribald's patience had come to an end ; a feeling of Allemannic pride came over him as he confronted this rabble.

"By St. Benedict's tonsure," he cried, leaping to his feet, "no heathenish dog shall mock at the crown of my head !"

He snatched the reins of one of the foremost riders, tore away his crooked saber, and was just going to assume an aggressive attitude, when, quicker than lightning, one of the Huns threw a noose over his head and pulled him down. Then they leaped on him, tied his hands to his back, and were already raising their death-bringing arms, when a distant rumble and tumult was heard, like the approach of a mighty army. This drew their attention from the idiot. They threw him like a sack against his oak trunk, and galloped off down to the water's edge.

A great cavalcade of the Hunnic forces had now arrived on the opposite shore. The vanguard, by a shrill whistle, gave the signal that all was safe. At one of the extremities of the island, overgrown with reeds, they had discovered a ford, which could be crossed on horseback with dry feet. This they showed to their comrades ; many hundred horsemen of them now swarmed over like hornets.

Their united forces had availed nothing against the walls of Augsburg and the bishop's prayers ; so, in hordes, they were now ravaging the land.

In face, figure, and manner of sitting on horseback they were all alike, for with uncultivated races the features are as if cast in one mold, indicating that the vocation of the individual lies in conforming itself to the mass, instead of contrasting with it.

In the orchards and gardens where the monks used to walk back and forth reciting their breviaries, the strange Hunnic arms now glistened for the first time. Winding in a serpentine line came the mounted train along the narrow path from the mainland ; a wild din of music, like the clanging of cymbals and the cry of violins, accompanied them ; but the sounds were shrill and sharp as vinegar, for the ears of the Huns were large, but not sensitive, and only those who were unfit for cavalry service were allowed to cultivate music.

High over their heads floated the standard, with the green cat in a red field ; around it rode some of the chieftains, Ellak and Hornebog towering above the rest.

Ellak had a straight un-Hunnic nose ; a Circassian was his mother, and to her he was indebted for his pale, intelligent face and penetrating eyes. He represented the ruling intellect of the mass. It was his deep-rooted conviction that the old world must be plowed afresh with fire and sword, and that it was better to be plowman than manure.

Hornbog, lean and lank, wore his long black hair twisted into two solitary curls, one at each side of his face. Above towered the glittering helmet, adorned with two widespread eagles' wings ; he was the very prototype of Hunnic horsemanship. To him the saddle served as home, tent, and palace. He shot the bird on the wing, and with his crooked saber could sever the head of an enemy from its trunk while galloping past. From his holster hung the six-corded whip, a significant symbol of executive power.

On the backs of the horses belonging to the chieftains hung beautifully embroidered altar cloths, as well as chasubles, a living witness that they had already paid visits to other monasteries. Their booty was transported in many wagons ; a great rabble of followers closed the train.

In a cart drawn by mules, amongst copper camp kettles and other kitchen utensils, sat an old wrinkled woman. She was shading her eyes with her hand, and looking toward the sun ; in that direction rose the mountain peaks of the Hegau. She knew them well ; the old hag was the Forest woman. Banished by Ekkehard, she had departed for foreign lands ; revenge was her first thought when she awoke in the morning, and her last as she fell asleep in the evening. Thus she came as far as Augsburg. At the foot of the mountain on which the wooden temple of the Suabian goddess Zisa had once stood, the camp fires of the Huns were burning ; with them she remained.

On a magnificent steed, by the side of the old Forest woman, rode a young maiden full of the unbounded spirits caused by a healthy out-of-doors life. Under her little short nose there was a seductive pair of red lips ; her eyes were sparkling ; her hair hung down in a long tossing braid, interwoven with a red ribbon which floated in the air like the pennant of a ship. Her skirts were looped up. Over her loose bodice hung bow and quiver, and thus she managed her horse, — a Hunnic Artemis.

This was Erica, the Flower-of-the-heath. She was not of Hunnic origin. She had been picked up as an abandoned child

by some horsemen on the steppes of Pannonia, and had accompanied the Huns, and grown up, hardly knowing how. Those whom she liked, she caressed; those who displeased her, she bit in the arm.

Botund, the old Hunnic chieftain, had loved her. Irkund the young one killed Botund because of the Flower-of-the-heath. But when Irkund wanted to enjoy her love, Zobolsu came along, and with his sharp lance did him the same service without his asking for it. Thus Erica's fate had been varied, — new ways! new countries! new loves! — and she had become part and parcel of the horde, as if she were its good spirit, and she was held in superstitious veneration.

“So long as the Flower-of-the-heath blooms in our ranks, we shall conquer the world,” said the Huns; “Forward!”

Meanwhile, poor Heribald was still lying bound at the monastery gate. His meditations were melancholy. A big gadfly was buzzing round his head. He could not drive it away with his hands fastened behind his back.

“Heribald has behaved with dignity,” thought he. “Like one of the old Romans he sat at the gate to receive the enemy; and now he is lying bound on the stones, and the gadfly sits with impunity on his nose. That is the reward of dignified behavior. Heribald will never again be dignified! Amongst hedgedogs, dignity is a very superfluous thing.”

Like a mountain torrent when the flood gate has been raised, the Hunnic tide was now streaming into the cloister yard.

The good Heribald began to feel really uncomfortable.

“Oh, Camerarius,” he continued in his meditation, “even if thou shouldst refuse me, the next time, shirt and habit, as well as shoe leather, I would fly, nevertheless, a naked man!”

Some of the van reported to Ellak how they had found the solitary monk. He made a sign for them to bring the prisoner up before him; they loosened his cords, set him on his feet in the courtyard, and with heavy blows drove him toward their leader. Slowly marched the poor wretch, emitting grunts of indignation.

An unspeakably satirical smile played round the Hunnic chieftain's lips when the idiot at last stood before him. Negligently dropping the reins on the horse's neck, he turned round.

“See what a representative of German art and science looks like,” he said, addressing Erica.

On his numerous piratical expeditions, Ellak had acquired a slight knowledge of the German language.

“Where are the inhabitants of the island?” asked he in a commanding voice.

Heribald pointed to the distant Hegau.

“Armed?”

“The servants of God are always armed; the Lord is their shield and sword.”

“Well said,” laughed the Hun. “Why didst thou remain behind?”

Heribald became embarrassed. He had too much pride to betray the true reason: that is to say, his torn shoes. “Heribald,” he replied, “is curious, and wanted to see what the sons of the Devil are like.”

Ellak translated the monk’s polite speech to his companions, who struck up a loud guffaw.

“You need not laugh,” cried Heribald, angrily. “We know very well what you are! Abbot Wazmann has told us.”

“I shall have thee killed,” said Ellak, carelessly.

“That will only serve me right,” returned Heribald. “Why did I not escape with the others?”

Ellak cast a searching look at the queer fellow, and another idea struck him. He beckoned to the standard bearer, who approached, swinging in the air his flag with the green cat.

This was the cat which had once appeared to King Etzel in his youth. In a dreamy mood, he was sitting in his uncle Rugila’s tent; he was melancholy, and was deliberating whether he had not better become a Christian, and serve God and science; just then the cat came in. Among Rugila’s treasures she had found the golden imperial globe which had made part of the booty at Byzantium; this she held in her paws and played with it and rolled it back and forth. And an inward voice said to Etzel:—

“Thou shalt not become a monk, but thou shalt play with the round earth, as the cat plays with that golden bauble.”

Then he became aware that Kutka, the God of the Huns, had appeared to him, and so he brandished his sword toward the four quarters of the world, let his finger nails grow, and became what he was destined to become, Attila, king of the Huns, the scourge of God!

“Kneel down, miserable monk,” cried Ellak from his horse, “and worship him whom thou seest painted on this flag !”

But Heribald stood immovable.

“I don't know him,” said he, with a hollow laugh.

“'Tis the God of the Huns !” angrily cried the chieftain. “Down on thy knees, cowl bearer, or ——” He pointed to his crooked sword.

Heribald laughed once more, and, putting his forefinger to his forehead, said : —

“If you think that Heribald is so easily imposed upon, you are vastly mistaken. It is written : when God created heaven and earth, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, he said : ‘Let there be light !’ If God were a cat, he would not have said : ‘Let there be light !’ Heribald will not kneel down.”

A Hunnic rider stealthily approached, pulled the monk's garment, and whispered in excellent Suabian in his ear : —

“Friend, I would kneel down, if I were in your place. They are dangerous people.”

The warner's real name was Snewelin, and his birthplace was Ellwangen in the Riesgau ; by birth he was a genuine Suabian, but in the course of time he had become a Hun, and done well by it. And he spoke with a peculiar windy tone in his voice, for he had lost four of his front teeth, besides several molars ; and this was the real reason why he was to be found among the Huns.

In his younger days, as it happened, when he was still earning a peaceful livelihood at home as cart driver of the little Salvator monastery, he had been sent with a strong convoy, under imperial protection, with a cart load of bright-colored Neckar wine, north to the great market at Magdeburg. To that town resorted the priests of the heathenish Pomeranians and Wends, to buy their libation wine ; and Snewelin made an excellent bargain when he sold his wine to the white-bearded chief priest of the three-headed God Triglaf, for the great temple at Stettin.

But afterwards he remained sitting over the wine with the white-bearded heathen, who enjoyed the Suabian nectar and became enthusiasti and began to praise his native land and said that the world was infinitely more advanced in their parts, between the Oder and the Spree. And he tried to convert Snewelin to the worship of Triglaf the three-headed, and of the black and white Sun God Radegast, and of Radomysl, the God-

ness of joyous thoughts ; but this was rather too much for the man of Ellwangen.

“ You are an abominable Wendish swindler,” he exclaimed, and upset the wine table, and flew at him, like the young hero Siegfried when he attacked the wild, long-bearded dwarf Alberich ; he had a hand-to-hand contest with him, and at one strong tug pulled out the half of his gray beard ! But his antagonist called on Triglaf the three-headed to help him, dealt him a blow on the jaw with his iron-mounted staff, which forever destroyed the beauty of his teeth ; and before the toothless Suabian cart driver had recovered from the blow, his white-bearded antagonist had taken his departure, so that he could not wreak his revenge on him.

But when Snewelin walked out of the gates of Magdeburg, he shook his fist northwards, and said : —

“ We two shall meet again, some day ! ”

At his home he was greatly ridiculed on account of his lost teeth ; so, in sheer spite, he went amongst the Huns, hoping that when these should ride northwards, he would be able to settle a heavy account with the three-headed Triglaf and all his worshipers.

Heribald heeded not the curious horseman. The Forest woman had got down from her cart, and approached Ellak. With a grimace she looked at the monk.

“ I have read in the stars,” she cried, “ that evil threatens us at the hands of bald-shaven men. To prevent the coming danger, you ought to hang up this miserable creature before the monastery gate, with his face turned toward yon mountains ! ”

“ Hang him up,” shouted many in the crowd, the old woman’s pantomime having been understood.

Ellak had once more turned toward Erica.

“ And so this monster has principles,” said he, scornfully. “ It would save his life, and yet he refuses to bend his knees. Shall we have him hanged, Flower-of-the-heath ? ”

Heribald’s life hung on a slender thread. Round about he saw sinister faces ; his courage began to fail him, he was ready to weep ; but in the hour of danger, even the most foolish are often guided by a happy instinct. Like a star shone Erica’s rosy face before him, and with timid steps he sprang to her through the throng. To kneel before her was not such a diffi-

cult task for him; her sweet looks inspired him with confidence. With outstretched arms he implored her protection.

"There!" cried the Flower-of-the-heath, "the man of the island is not so foolish as he looks. He prefers kneeling to Erica, instead of the green and red flag."

She smiled graciously on the pitiful suppliant, leaped from her saddle, and patted him as if he were some half-wild animal.

"Don't be afraid," said she; "thou shalt live, poor old black coat!" and Heribald read in her eyes that she meant what she said. He pointed to the Forest woman, who had frightened him most. Erica shook her head: "She shall not harm thee."

Then Heribald ran joyously to the wall: lilacs and wild roses were already blooming there; hastily he tore off some of their branches, and presented them to the Hunnic maiden.

Loud shouts of delight rang through the monastery yard.

"Hail to the Flower-of-the-heath," cried they all, clashing their arms together.

"Shout with them," whispered the man from Ellwangen into Heribald's ear. So he also raised his voice and cried a hoarse "Hurrah!" Tears stood in his eyes.

The Huns unsaddled their horses. As a pack of hounds, at evening, after the chase is over, wait for the moment when the entrails of the deer are thrown to them as their portion,—here one pulls at the cord that restrains him, there another is barking fiercely with impatience,—so stood the Huns before the monastery. At last Ellak gave the signal that the pillage might begin. In wild disorder they dashed along the corridors, up the staircase, into the church. Confused cries resounded—of expected booty and disappointed hopes. The cells of the brotherhood were searched, but nothing was found except the scanty furniture.

"Show us the treasury," said they to Heribald, who did so willingly; he knew that whatever was the most precious had been taken away. Only plated candlesticks and the big emerald of colored glass were still there.

"Miserable monastery! The beggars!" cried one, and with his mailed boot he stamped on the false jewel, so that a great crack shot through it. They rewarded Heribald with heavy blows; so he stole sorrowfully away.

In the cross passage Snewelín met him.

"Friend," he cried, "I am an old wine carrier; tell me where is your cellar?"

Heribald led him down, and chuckled contentedly when he saw that the chief entrance had been walled up. With a knowing look he winked at the fresh lime, as if to say that he well knew its secret.

The man of Ellwangen without much ado cut off the seals on one of the tuns, tapped it, and filled his helmet. It was a long, long draught that he took.

“O Hahnenkamm and Heidenheim!” exclaimed he, shivering as with the ague, “for this beverage I verily need not have joined the Huns!”

He ordered his companions to carry up the butts, but Heribald stepped anxiously forwards and pulled one of the desecrators by his gown: “Allow me, good man,” said he, in pathetic accents, “but what am I to drink when you are gone away?”

Snewelin laughingly reported the monk’s anxiety to the others.

“The fool must have something,” they said, putting back the smallest tun unopened. Such kindness touched Heribald, and he shook hands with them.

Out in the courtyard arose a wild din. Some had been searching the church, and had also lifted a gravestone, from under which a bleached skull grinned at them out of its dark cowl. This frightened even the Huns back. Two of the gang mounted the church tower, the spire of which was adorned with a gilt weathercock, according to custom. Whether they took it to be the protecting God of the monastery, or imagined it to be real gold, they climbed up the roof of the tower, and audaciously sitting there, tried to bring the cock down with their lances.

Then a sudden giddiness came over them. One let his raised arm sink, — a false step — a cry; and down he fell, the other after him. With broken necks they lay in the cloister yard.

“A bad omen,” said Ellak to himself.

The Huns uttered a howl, but a few moments later the accident was entirely forgotten. The sword had already snatched away so many of their companions — what mattered two more or less?

The bodies were carried into the cloister garden. With the logs which Heribald had upset in the early morning, a funeral pile was erected; the books left in the libraries had been

thrown down into the court; these were brought as kindling, and were used in filling up the gaps between the logs.

Ellak and Hornebog were walking together through the ranks. Squeezed in between the logs sadly looked a neatly written manuscript; the shining golden initials glittered on the broken pages. Hornebog, drawing his crooked sword, pierced the parchment with it, and held it out to his companion, stuck on the point of the blade.

“What do these hooks and chickens’ feet mean, brother?” asked he.

Ellak took the punctured book, and glanced over some of its pages. He also knew Latin.

“Western wisdom,” replied he. “A man named Boethius wrote it, and there are many fine things in it about the comfort of Philosophy.”

“Phi—lo—so—phy,” slowly repeated Hornebog; “what kind of comfort is that, brother?”

“It does not mean a pretty woman, nor yet fire water, either,” was Ellak’s reply. “It is difficult to describe it in Hunnish. — If a man does not know why he is in the world, and stands on his head to find out the reason, that is about what they call Philosophy in these western lands. He who comforted himself with it in his water tower at Pavia was after all beaten to death on that very account.”

“It served him right!” exclaimed Hornebog. “He who holds a sword in his hand, and has a horse between his thighs, knows why he is in the world; and if we did not know the reason better than those who scratch such hooks on asses’ skins, then *they* would be on our heels at the Danube, and we should not be watering our horses in the Suabian sea.”

“Don’t you know that it is lucky that such trash is made?” continued Ellak, throwing back the Boethius on the funeral pile.

“Why so?” asked Hornebog.

“Because the hand which guides the pen is never fit to wield the sword so as to make a good gash in the flesh; and when the nonsense which one single head hatched is once written down, then at least a hundred others will muddle their brains with it. A hundred blockheads more make a hundred soldiers less, which is clearly enough our advantage, whenever we choose to make an invasion. So long as they in the West write books and hold synods my children may safely carry their camp forward! that’s what the great Etzel himself said.”

“Praised be the great Etzel !” said Hornebog, reverently. Then a voice cried, “Let the dead rest !”

With dancing steps Erica came toward the two chieftains. She had examined the monastery booty ; an altar cloth of red silk found grace in her eyes, and she put it on like a mantle, — the corners lightly thrown back over her shoulders.

“How do you like me so ?” she asked, turning her little head complacently about.

“The Flower-of-the-heath requires no finery of Suabian idolaters to please us,” sternly replied Ellak.

Then she jumped up at him, stroked his lank black hair, and called out : —

“Come, the meal is ready.”

They went to the courtyard. The Huns had strewn about all the hay supply of the monastery, and were lying down on it waiting for the repast.

With folded arms, Heribald stood in the background, looking down at them.

“The Devil’s curs cannot even sit down like Christians, when they are about to eat their daily bread.” These were his thoughts, but he took good care not to utter them aloud. Experience of frequent blows teaches silence.

“Lie down, black coat ; thou mayst eat also,” cried Erica, and signed to him to follow the example of the others. He looked at the man of Ellwangen, who was lying there with crossed legs, as if he had never known what it was to sit otherwise. So Heribald tried to follow his example ; but he soon got up again : this position seemed to him too undignified. So he fetched a chair out of the monastery, and sat down with the rest.

An ox had been roasted on a spit ; whatever else the cloister kitchen provided was utilized ; and they fell to with ravenous hunger. The meat was cut off with their short sabers, the fingers serving as knife and fork. On end in the courtyard stood the big wine tun ; every one dipped out as much as he liked. Here and there a finely wrought chalice was used as a drinking cup.

They gave Heribald also as much wine as he wished for, but when with silent contentment he was sipping it, a half-gnawed bone flew at his head. He looked up sorrowfully, but saw that many another of the feasters met with the same fate. To throw bones at one another was a Hunnic custom instead of dessert.

Wine-warm, they began a rough and unmelodious singing. Two of the younger horsemen sang an old song in honor of King Etzel, in which it was said that he had been a conqueror not only with the sword, but also with his charms of person. Then followed a satirical stanza on a Roman emperor's sister, who fell in love with him from a distance and offered him her heart and hand, which, however, he refused.

Like the screeching of owls and the croaking of toads rang the chorus. Then some of them came to Heribald, and made him understand that he also was expected to give them a song. He tried to avoid it; but to no avail. So he sang in an almost sobbing voice the antiphon in honor of the holy cross, beginning with the "*Sanctifica nos.*"

With astonishment the drunken men listened to the long whole notes of the old church chant; the strange melody sounded like a voice in the wilderness.

With rising anger the Forest woman, sitting beside the copper kettle, also heard it. With her knife she stole over, seized Heribald by his hair, and was going to cut off his locks, — the greatest insult that could be offered to a tonsured priest's consecrated head.

But Heribald pushed her back, and chanted on undaunted. This pleased the assembly; they shouted with delight. Cymbals and violins again resounded, and now the Flower-of-the-heath approached the monk; the monotonous chant had become tiresome to her; with mocking pity she seized him.

"After song comes dancing!" she cried, and drew him into the whirl of the wild dance.

Heribald knew not what happened to him. Erica's swelling bosom pressed up to him.

"Whether Heribald dances or not, it will be only another small link in the great chain of abominations," he reasoned; so he bravely stamped the ground with his sandal-clad feet; his cowl flew about him. Tighter and tighter he pressed the Hunnic maiden, and who knows what might still have happened. — With heightened color she finally stopped, gave her partner a little parting slap in the face, and ran off to the chieftains, who, with serious faces, were looking on at the frenzied throng.

The festivities were coming to an end; the effects of the wine were passing away. Then Ellak gave the order to burn the dead. In a moment's time, the whole troop were on horse-

back, and riding in closed ranks to the funeral pile. The two dead men's horses were stabbed by the oldest of the Huns, and laid beside their late masters' bodies. The gray-haired Hun repeated an impressive conjuration over the assembly, then he lifted the firebrand and lighted the pile. Boethius' "Comfort of Philosophy," pine logs, manuscripts, and corpses vied with one another in burning the brightest, and a mighty pillar of smoke rose up to the sky.

With wrestling, warlike exercises and races, the memory of the dead was celebrated. The sun was sinking in the west. The whole body of Huns passed the night in the monastery.

It was on the Thursday before Easter, when all this happened on the island of Reichenau. The tidings of this invasion soon reached the fishermen's huts around Radolfzell. When Moengal, the parish priest, held the early morning service, he still counted six of his pious flock; in the afternoon there were only three, including himself.

Angrily he was sitting in the little room in which he had once hospitably entertained Ekkehard; then the pillar of smoke from the Hunnic funeral pile rose into the air. He stepped to the window. It was dense and black as if the whole monastery were in flames; the scent of burning came over the lake.

"Hihahoi!" cried Moengal; "*jam proximus ardet Ucalegon*, — already it is burning at neighbor Ucalegon's! Then I must also get my house ready. Out with ye now, my old Cambutta!"

Cambutta was no serving maid, but a huge bludgeon, a genuine Irish shillelah, Moengal's favorite weapon.

He packed the chalice and the ciborium into his doeskin game bag. Nothing else of gold or silver did he possess. Then he called together his hounds, his hawk, and two falcons; he flung to them all the meat and fish his pantry boasted.

"Eat as much as ever you can, children," said he, "so that nothing be left for those cursed plagues!"

The butt in the cellar he knocked to pieces, so that the sparkling wine streamed forth.

"Not a drop of wine shall the devils drink in Moengal's parsonage."

Only the jug containing the vinegar was left intact. On the crystal-clear butter in the wooden cask he emptied a bas-

ketful of ashes. His fishing tackle and sporting utensils he buried; then he smashed the windows, and carefully strewed the fragments about in the rooms. Some he even put into the chinks of the floor, with the points turned up, — all in honor of the Huns! He let the hawk and falcons fly away.

“Farewell!” he cried, “and keep near; for soon there will be dead heathen to pick!”

So his house was put in order. Hanging the game bag, as well as a Hibernian leather canteen, over his shoulders, with two spears in his hands, and Cambutta the shillelah fastened on his back, — thus, a valiant champion of the Lord, old Moengal walked out of his parsonage, which had been his home for so many years.

He had already gone quite a distance; the sky was darkened with smoke and ashes. “Wait a bit!” he cried. “I have forgotten something.”

He retraced his steps: —

“The yellow-faced rascals deserve at least a word of welcome.”

He drew a piece of red chalk from his pocket, and therewith wrote in large Irish characters a few words on the gray sandstone slab over the door. Later rains have washed them away, and no one ever deciphered them; but no doubt it was a significant greeting which old Moengal left behind him, in Irish runes.

He struck off at a swift pace, and turned toward the Hohentwiel.

THE BATTLE WITH THE HUNS.

Good Friday had come; but the anniversary of our Savior's death was not kept on the Hohentwiel this time in the silent way which the prescriptions of the church require. Old Moengal's arrival had dissipated all doubts as to the enemy's approach. Late in the night they held a war council and determined unanimously to go out to meet the Huns in open battle.

The sun rose drearily; soon it was hidden again in mist. A fierce gale blew over the land, chasing the clouds along, so that they sank down on the distant Bodensee, as if water and air were striving to mingle. Now and then a sunbeam strug-

gled through. It was the as yet undecided battle which Spring was waging against the powers of Winter.

The men had already risen, and were preparing for a serious day's work.

In his watchtower room Ekkehard was silently pacing up and down, his hands folded in prayer. . . .

Now from the tower was suddenly heard the cry:—

“To arms! to arms! the enemy! A dark mass is coming! coming toward us from the lake. Riders and horses! the enemy!”

Now there was no more restraint and no quiet. The men stormed toward the gate as if driven by the Spirit. Abbot Wazmann had scarcely time to pronounce the blessing.

So in our days the Wendic fisherman rushes from Sunday church, which his priest holds on the Rugianic sea sands at the time when the shoals of herring are approaching. “The fish are coming!” cries the watchman on the white sandy shore, and the next moment there is a dash for the boats. Forsaken stands the clergyman, gazing at the tumult; then he also cuts short the threads of his devotions, and he seizes his nets, and hastens to his dory to wage war upon the scaly tribe.

Thirsting for battle, they marched out of the courtyard, each heart swelling with the soul-stirring conviction that a great moment was at hand. The monks of St. Gall mustered sixty-four, those of the Reichenau ninety, and of the arriereban men there were above five hundred.

Close by the standard of the brotherhood of St. Gall strode Ekkehard. It was a crucifix, veiled in crape, with long black streamers, as the monastery banner had been left behind.

On the balcony stood the duchess, waving her white handkerchief. Ekkehard turned around and looked up at her; but her eyes evaded his, and her parting salutation was not meant for him.

Some of the serving brothers had carried St. Mark's coffin down to the lower castle gate. All who passed by touched it with sword and lance point, then with heavy tread moved down the castle road.

In the wide plain stretching out toward the lake Simon Bardo drew up his troops. Hei! how pleased the old field marshal was that his scar-covered breast again wore the accustomed mail, instead of the monk's habit! He rode along in a strangely shaped, pointed steel morion; his broad, jewel-set

girdle and the golden hilt of his sword indicated the former general.

“*You* read the classics on account of the *grammar*,” he had said to the abbots, who, mounted on fine horses, rode at his side; “but *I* have learnt my handicraft from them. With the good advice of Frontinus and Vegetius something may still be achieved even nowadays. First we will try the battle array of the Roman legions; for in that position one can best await the enemy and see what he means to do. Afterwards we are still at liberty to change our tactics; the affair will not be settled between us in half an hour.”

He ordered the light corps of the archers and sling bearers to take the lead; they were to occupy the border of the wood, where they would be sheltered by the fir trees against attack on horseback.

“Aim low,” said he; “even if you hit the horse instead of the rider, it is always something.”

At the sound of the horns the troop hastened forwards. As yet, nothing was to be seen of the enemy.

The men of the *arriere-ban* he arrayed in two columns. In close ranks, with leveled lances, they slowly advanced,—a space of a few steps remaining between the two files. The Baron of Randegg and the gaunt Fridinger commanded them.

The monks Simon Bardo collected into one compact body, and placed them in the rear.

“Why this?” asked Abbot Wazmann; he was offended because the honor of heading the attack was not granted them. But Bardo, experienced in war, smilingly replied:—

“Those are my *Triarians*; not because they are veteran soldiers, but because they are fighting for their own warm nests. To be driven out of house and home and bed makes swords cut keenest and spears thrust deepest. Have no anxiety; the tug of war will come soon enough to the disciples of St. Benedict.”

The Huns had left the monastery of Reichenau at early dawn. The provisions were all consumed, the wine drunk, the church pillaged; their day's work was done.

Many a wrinkle on Heribald's forehead grew smooth when the last of the horsemen rode out of the gate. He threw after them a gold coin which the man from Ellwangen had confidentially thrust into his hand.

“Friend, if thou shouldst hear that a mishap had befallen me,” said Snewelin, “then let a dozen masses be read for my poor soul. I have always had a friendly feeling for you and your fellow-monks, and how it was that I fell amongst the heathens, I myself can scarcely understand. The soil of Ellwangen is unfortunately too rough and stony for producing saints.”

Heribald, however, would have nothing to do with him. In the garden, he shoveled up the bones and ashes of the burnt Huns and their horses, and scattered them into the lake, even while the Huns were in the act of crossing to the other side.

“No heathen dust shall remain on the island,” said he.

Then he went to the monastery yard, and thoughtfully stared at the place where he had been forced to dance on the day before.

The course taken by the Huns led them through the dark fir wood toward the Hohentwiel. But, as they went carelessly cantering along, here and there a horse began to stagger; arrows and missiles from slings flew into their ranks, sent by invisible hands. The vanguard showed signs of hesitation. “Why do you care for the stinging of gnats?” cried Ellak, and he spurred his horse. “Forward! the plain is the field for cavalry battle!”

A dozen of his men were ordered to stay behind with the baggage in order to skirmish with those in the forest. The ground echoed with the tramp of the swiftly advancing horde. On the plain they opened their ranks, and with wild howls galloped out against the approaching column of the *arriere-ban*.

Far ahead rode Ellak, with the Hunnic standard bearer, who waved the green and red flag over his head. Then the chieftain lifted himself high in the saddle, and uttered a piercing cry, and shot off the first arrow, that the battle might be opened according to old custom.

Now the bloody fight began in good earnest. Little avail was it to the Suabian warriors that they stood firm and immovable like a forest of lances; for though the horses recoiled, a shower of arrows came flying at them from the distance. Half standing in the stirrups, with the reins hanging over their horses' necks, even while they were dashing at full speed the Huns took aim; their arrows lit.

Others came swarming in from the sides; woe to the wounded, if his brethren did not take him into the center.

Then the light-armed troops planned to dash out from the fir wood and outflank the Huns. The sound of the horn collected them together; they started out; but, quick as thought, the enemies' horses were turned round, a shower of arrows greeted them. They hesitated; a few advanced; these also were thrown back; only Audifax was left bravely marching along. The arrows whizzed about him; but, without looking up or looking back, he blew his bagpipe, as was his duty. Thus he came right into the midst of the Hunnic riders.

Suddenly his piping stopped; for, in passing, one of the Huns had thrown the lasso over his head and dragged him away with him. Resisting with all his might, Audifax looked around; not a single man of his troop was to be seen.

"O Hadumoth!" cried he, mournfully.

The rider took pity on the brave fair-haired boy; instead of splitting his head, he lifted him up on the horse and galloped back. The Hunnic baggage train had stopped under the shelter of a hill. With erect figure the Forest woman was standing on her cart, intently gazing at the raging battle. She had cared for the first who were wounded, and chanted powerful charms over the flowing blood.

"Here I bring you some one to clean the camp kettles!" cried the Hunnic rider, and he threw the shepherd boy from the horse so that he fell right into the straw-woven body of the cart, at the old woman's feet.

"Welcome, thou venomous little toad," cried she, fiercely; "thou shalt get thy reward for showing that cowl bearer the way up to my house!"

She recognized him at once, and, dragging him toward her by the lasso, tied him fast to the cart.

Audifax remained silent, but bitter tears stood in his eyes. He did not weep because he was taken prisoner, but he wept because his hopes were again disappointed. "O Hadumoth!" sighed he again.

The midnight before he had sat with the young goose driver, hidden in a corner of the fireplace.

"Thou shalt be safe," Hadumoth had said; "here is a charm against all wounds!"

She had boiled a brown snake, and anointed his forehead, shoulders, and breast with its fat.

“To-morrow evening I shall wait for thee in this same corner; thou wilt come back to me safe and sound. No metal can do anything against the fat of a snake.”

Audifax had given her his hand, and had gone out with his bagpipe so joyously into battle, — and now!

The battle was still raging on in the valley plain. The Suabian ranks were on the point of giving way, already weary from the unaccustomed fighting. Anxiously Simon Bardo looked on and shook his head.

“The finest strategy,” he grumbled, “is lost on these Centaurs, who dash back and forth, and shoot from a distance, as if my threefold array were there for nothing. It would really be well if one were to add to Emperor Leo’s book on tactics a special chapter treating of the attack of the Huns.”

He rode up to the monks, and divided them again into two bodies; he ordered the men of St. Gall to advance on the right of the *arriere-ban* and those of Reichenau on the left; then to wheel about so that the enemy, having the wood at his back, might be shut in by a wide semicircle. “If we do not surround them, they will not make a stand,” he cried, and flourished his broad sword. “Up and at them, then!”

A wild fire flashed in all eyes. In marching order stood the ranks. Now they all dropt down on their knees; each took up a clod of earth, and threw it over his head, that he might be consecrated and blessed by his native earth; then they rushed on to battle.

Those of St. Gall struck up the pious war song of “*media vita*.”

Notker the stutterer once passed through the ravines of the Martistobel, in his native land; they were building a bridge across. The workmen were hanging over the giddy height. Then it came into his mind like a picture, how, at every moment in our life, the abyss of Death is yawning, and so he composed the song.

Now it served as a sort of magic song, a protection to their own lives, and death to their enemies.

Solemn sounded its strains from the lips of the men as they went into battle: —

In the midst of life we are in death: of whom may we seek
for succor, but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins art
justly displeasèd.

In thee did our fathers put their trust, they put their trust in
 thee, and thou didst set them free.
 O Lord God most holy !

And from the other wing the monks of the Reichenau were
 singing : —

On thee our fathers called, they called and were not confounded.
 O Lord most mighty !

And from both sides was then heard together : —

Despise us not in the days of decrepitude ; when our strength
 faileth, spare us.
 Holy and most merciful Savior, deliver us not into the bitter
 pangs of eternal death.

Thus they stood in close combat. With amazement the
 Huns had beheld the dark columns approaching. Howls, and
 the hissing, devilish cry of “ hui ! hui ! ” was their response to
 the “ *media vita*.” Ellak likewise now divided his horsemen
 for the attack, and the fighting raged fiercer than ever.

The Huns, spurring their horses, broke through the feeble
 force of the monks of St. Gall ; a dire single combat then be-
 gan. Strength wrestled with swiftness, German awkwardness
 with Hunnic cunning.

The soil of the Hegau then drank the blood of many a
 pious man. Tutilo the strong was slain. He had tripped
 up a Hun’s horse and pulled the rider down by the feet, and,
 swinging the wry-faced wretch through the air, split his skull
 against a stone ; but an arrow pierced the hoary warrior’s
 temple. A sound like the victorious hymns of the heavenly
 host rang through his wounded brain, then he fell down on his
 slain foe.

Sindolt the wicked atoned by the death wound in his breast
 for many a bad trick which he had played on his brothers in
 former times, and nothing did it avail Dubslan the Scot that
 he had made a vow to St. Minvaloius to go barefoot to Rome,
 if he would protect him in this battle, — for he also was carried
 out of the tumult with an arrow shot through his body.

When the blows were raining down on the helmets like
 hailstones on loose slate roofs, old Moengal drew his hood over
 his head, so that he could look neither to the right nor to the
 left ; he had thrown away his spear. “ Out with thee now,

my old Cambutta," he cried spitefully, and unbuckled his shillelah, which had accompanied him fastened to his back. He now stood in the whirl like a thrasher on the barn floor.

For some time a horseman had been capering around him. "*Kyrie eleison*," sang out the old man, and smashed the horse's skull at one blow. On both feet the rider leaped to the ground: a light stroke from the crooked saber grazed Moengal's arm.

"Hoiho!" exclaimed he. "In spring 'tis a good thing to be bled; but take care, little surgeon!" and he aimed a blow as if he would strike his opponent ten fathoms deep into the ground.

The Hun evaded the blow, but the helmet fell off, and the club wielder saw a rosy face, framed in by long wavy tresses interwoven with a red ribbon.

Before Moengal could aim another blow, his antagonist jumped up at him like a tiger cat. The young fresh face approached his as if to afford him, in his old days, the opportunity of getting a kiss; but the next moment he received a sharp bite on his cheek. He clasped his assailant:—it was like a woman's form!

"Avaunt from me, demon!" cried he. "Has hell spewed out her she-devils also?"

Then came another bite on the left cheek to restore symmetry. He started back; she laughed at him; a riderless horse came dashing by; before old Moengal had raised his bludgeon again, Erica was in the saddle, and rode away like a dream of the night that vanishes at cockerow.

In the main body of the *arriere-ban* fought Herr Spazzo the chamberlain, heading a troop. The slow advance had pleased him; but when the fight seemed to come to no conclusion, and men were flying at one another like the hounds and the deer in a chase, then it became rather too much for him. An idyllic mood came over him in the midst of battle and death, and only when a passing rider pulled off his helmet, as an acceptable booty, was he roused from his meditations; and when the same, renewing the experiment, tried to drag off his mantle also, he cried out angrily, "Is it not yet enough, thou marksman of the Devil?" at the same time he dealt at him a thrust with his long sword, which pinned the Hun's thigh to his horse.

Herr Spazzo then thought of giving him the deathblow;

but on looking into his face, he found it so very ugly that he resolved to bring him home to his mistress, as a living memento of the day. So he made the wounded man prisoner. His name was Cappan, and putting his head under Herr Spazzo's arm, in token of submission, he grinned with his white teeth, because his life had been spared.

Hornebog had led his troops against the brothers of the Reichenau. Here Death reaped a rich harvest. The cloister walls glistened in the distance across the lake, like an appeal to the combatants to exert their utmost strength; and many a Hun who came within reach of their swords found that he was treading on Suabian ground, where the most telling blows grow wild like strawberries in the wood. But the ranks of the brothers also were considerably thinned. Quirinius the scrivener was resting forever from the writer's cramp, which had caused the spear in his right hand to tremble. There fell Wiprecht the astronomer, and Kerimold the master of trout fishing, and Witigowo the architect; — who knows them all? the nameless heroes, who died a joyful death!

To one only did a Hunnic arrow bring relief; that was brother Pilgeram. He was born at Cologne, on the Rhine, and had carried his thirst of knowledge, as well as a mighty goiter, to St. Pirmin's isle, where he was one of the most learned and most pious of the monks; but his goiter increased, and he became hypochondriac over the ethics of Aristotle, so that Heribald had often said to him: "Pilgeram, I pity thee."

Now an arrow pierced the excrescence on his throat.

"Farewell, friend of my youth!" he cried, and sank down; but the wound was not dangerous, and when his consciousness returned, his throat felt light and his head felt light, and as long as he lived he never opened his Aristotle again.

Round the standard of St. Gall a select body of men had rallied. The black streamers still floated in the air from the image on the crucifix; but the contest was doubtful. With word and action Ekkehard encouraged his companions to hold their own; but it was Ellak himself who fought against them.

The bodies of slain men and horses cumbered the ground in wild disorder. He who survived had done his duty; and when all are brave, no single heroic deed can claim its special share of glory.

Herr Burkhard's sword had received a new baptism of blood

in Ekkehard's hands, but in vain had he fiercely attacked Ellak the chieftain; after they had exchanged a few blows and thrusts, they were separated again by the billows of battle.

Already the cross, towering on high, was beginning to waver under the rain of unceasing arrows, when a loud cry of surprise ran through the ranks. From the hill on which stood the tower of Hohenfridingen two unknown horsemen in strange-looking armor came galloping down. Heavy and of mighty bulk sat one of them on his steed; of antiquated shape were shield and harness, but the faded golden ornaments indicated the high birth of the warrior. A golden band encircled his helmet, from which waved a tuft of red feathers. With mantle fluttering in the wind and lance leveled, he looked like a picture of the olden times; like King Saul in Folkard's psalm book, when he rode out to meet David. Close by his side rode his companion, a faithful vassal, ready to succor and protect him.

"'Tis the archangel Michael!" rang the cry through the Christian ranks, and with this their strength rallied.

The sun shone brightly on the strange knight's arms, like an omen of victory,—and now the two were in the midst of the battle. He in the gilt armor seemed to be looking about for a worthy antagonist; one was not lacking, for, as soon as the Hunnic chieftain's keen eyes spied him out, his horse's head was turned toward him. The stranger knight's spear flew by him; Ellak was already raising his sword to deal the deathblow, when the vassal threw himself between the two. His broadsword merely struck the enemy's horse; so he bent his head forwards, and caught the blow meant for his master; cut through the neck, the faithful shield bearer found his death.

With a noisy clattering Ellak's horse fell to the ground; but before the din had quite died out the Hun was on his feet again. The unknown knight raised his mace to break his enemy's head; but Ellak, with his left foot braced against the body of his dead courser, pressed back the raised arm with his sinewy hand, and strove at the same time to pull him from his steed. Then, face to face, the two mighty ones engaged in such a wrestling that those around them ceased fighting to look on.

Now, by a crafty movement, Ellak seized his short sword, which, like all Huns, he wore at his right side; but just as he

was lifting his arm to use it, his antagonist's mace came down slowly but heavily on his head. Yet his hand still dealt the thrust! Then he raised it to his forehead; the blood streamed over it; the Hunnic chieftain fell back over his war horse, and reluctantly breathed out his life.

"Here! sword of the Lord and St. Michael!" now rose triumphantly the cry of monk and *arriere-ban*! They rushed on to one last desperate attack. The knight in the gilt armor was still the foremost in the fight. The death of their leader caused a panic to the Huns; they turned, and sped away in mad flight.

The Forest woman had already perceived the issue of the battle. Her horses were ready harnessed; she cast one last angry glance at the approaching monks and her rocky home, then she drove the horses at a swift pace toward the Rhine, followed by the rest of the train.

"To the Rhine!" was the watchword of the flying Huns.

Last of all, and unwillingly, Hornebog turned his back on the battlefield and the Hohentwiel.

"Farewell, till next year!" cried he, tauntingly.

The victory was gained; but he whom they believed to be the archangel Michael, sent from heaven to the field of Hegau, bowed his heavy head down to his horse's neck. Reins and mace fell from his hands; whether it was the Hunnic chieftain's last thrust, or suffocation in the heat of the battle, he was lifted down from his horse a dead man. On opening his visor, a happy smile was still visible on his wrinkled old face.—From that hour the headache of the old man of the Heidenhöhlen had ceased forever. Dying as an honorable champion should, he had atoned for the sins of bygone days; this gave him joy in the hour of death.

A black dog ran about searching on the battlefield till he found the old man's body. Dismally howling, he licked his forehead; and Ekkehard stood near, with tears in his eyes, and repeated a prayer for the welfare of his soul.

With helmets adorned with green fir twigs the conquerors returned to the Hohentwiel. Twelve of the brothers they left in the valley to watch the dead on the battlefield.

Of the Huns, one hundred and eighty-four had fallen in battle,—of the Suabian *arriere-ban*, ninety-six; those of the

Reichenau had lost eighteen, and those of St. Gall twenty, besides the old man and Rauching his bondsman.

With a handkerchief tied round his face, Moengal stalked over the field, leaning on his shillelah instead of a staff. One by one he examined the dead.

"Hast thou not seen amongst them a Hun who in reality is a Hunnic woman?" he asked of one of the watch-keeping brothers.

"No," was the reply.

"Then I may as well go home," said Moengal.



THE FINDING OF WINELAND THE GOOD.

The Norse discovery of America, A.D. 1000: being all that part of the Saga of Eric the Red relating to the discovery of the east coast of North America.

TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR MIDDLETON REEVES.

LEIF ERICSSON SAILS TO GREENLAND.

LEIF and his companions sailed away from the Hebrides, and arrived in Norway in the autumn. Leif went to the court of King Olaf Tryggvason. He was well received by the king, who felt that he could see that Lief was a man of great accomplishments. Upon one occasion the king came to speech with Leif, and asks him, "Is it thy purpose to sail to Greenland in the summer?" "It is my purpose," said Leif, "if it will be your will." "I believe it will be well," answers the king, "and thither thou shalt go upon my errand, to proclaim Christianity there." Leif replied that the king should decide, but gave it as his belief that it would be difficult to carry this mission to a successful issue in Greenland. The king replied that he knew of no man who would be better fitted for this undertaking, "and in thy hands the cause will surely prosper." "This can only be," said Leif, "if I enjoy the grace of your protection." Leif put to sea when his ship was ready for the voyage. For a long time he was tossed about upon the ocean, and came upon lands of which he had previously had no knowl-

edge. There were self-sown wheat fields and vines growing there. There were also those trees there which are called "mausur," and of all these they took specimens. Some of the timbers were so large that they were used in building. Leif found men upon a wreck, and took them home with him, and procured quarters for them all during the winter. In this wise he showed his nobleness and goodness, since he introduced Christianity into the country, and saved the men from the wreck; and he was called Leif the Lucky ever after. Leif landed in Ericsfirth, and then went home to Brattahlid; he was well received by every one. He soon proclaimed Christianity throughout the land, and the Catholic faith, and announced King Olaf Tryggvason's messages to the people, telling them how much excellence and how great glory accompanied this faith. Eric was slow in forming the determination to forsake his old belief, but Thiodhild embraced the faith promptly, and caused a church to be built at some distance from the house. This building was called Thiodhild's Church, and there she and those persons who had accepted Christianity, and they were many, were wont to offer their prayers. Thiodhild would not have intercourse with Eric after that she had received the faith, whereat he was sorely vexed.

At this time there began to be much talk about a voyage of exploration to that country which Leif had discovered. The leader of this expedition was Thorstein Ericsson, who was a good man and an intelligent, and blessed with many friends. Eric was likewise invited to join them, for the men believed that his luck and foresight would be of great furtherance. They thereupon equipped that snip in which Thorbiorn had come out, and twenty men were selected for the expedition. They took little cargo with them, naught else save their weapons and provisions. On that morning when Eric set out from his home he took with him a little chest containing gold and silver; he hid this treasure, and then went his way. He had proceeded but a short distance, however, when he fell from his horse and broke his ribs and dislocated his shoulder, whereat he cried "Ai, ai." By reason of this accident he sent his wife word that she should procure the treasure which he had concealed, for to the hiding of the treasure he attributed his misfortune. Thereafter they sailed cheerily out of Ericsfirth in high spirits over their plan. They were long tossed about upon the ocean, and could not lay the course they wished.

They came in sight of Iceland, and likewise saw birds from the Irish coast. Their ship was, in sooth, driven hither and thither over the sea. In the autumn they turned back, worn out by toil and exposure to the elements, and exhausted by their labors, and arrived at Eric's firth at the very beginning of winter. Then said Eric, "More cheerful were we in the summer, when we put out of the firth, but we still live, and it might have been much worse." Thorstein answers, "It will be a princely deed to endeavor to look well after the wants of all these men who are now in need, and to make provision for them during the winter." Eric answers, "It is ever true, as it is said, that 'it is never clear ere the answer comes,' and so it must be here. We will act now upon thy counsel in this matter." All of the men who were not otherwise provided for accompanied the father and son. They landed thereupon, and went home to Brattahlid, where they remained throughout the winter.

THORSTEIN ERICSSON WEDS GUDRID, APPARITIONS.

Now it is to be told that Thorstein Ericsson sought Gudrid, Thorbiorn's daughter, in wedlock. His suit was favorably received both by herself and by her father, and it was decided that Thorstein should marry Gudrid, and the wedding was held at Brattahlid in the autumn. The entertainment sped well, and was very numerously attended. Thorstein had a home in the Western Settlement at a certain farmstead, which is called Lysufirth. A half-interest in this property belonged to a man named Thorstein, whose wife's name was Sigrid. Thorstein went to Lysufirth, in the autumn, to his namesake, and Gudrid bore him company. They were well received, and remained there during the winter. It came to pass that sickness appeared in their home early in the winter. Gard was the name of the overseer there; he had few friends; he took sick first, and died. It was not long before one after another took sick and died. Then Thorstein, Eric's son, fell sick, and Sigrid, the wife of Thorstein, his namesake; and one evening Sigrid wished to go to the house, which stood over against the outer door, and Gudrid accompanied her; they were facing the outer door when Sigrid uttered a loud cry. "We have acted thoughtlessly," exclaimed Gudrid, "yet thou needest not cry, though the cold strikes thee; let us go in again as speedily as possible."

Sigrid answers, "This may not be in this present plight. All of the dead folk are drawn up here before the door now; among them I see thy husband, Thorstein, and I can see myself there, and it is distressful to look upon." But directly this had passed she exclaimed, "Let us go now, Gudrid; I no longer see the band!" The overseer had vanished from her sight, whereas it had seemed to her before that he stood with a whip in his hand and made as if he would scourge the flock. So they went in, and ere the morning came she was dead, and a coffin was made ready for the corpse; and that same day the men planned to row out to fish, and Thorstein accompanied them to the landing place, and in the twilight he went down to see their catch. Thorstein, Eric's son, then sent word to his namesake that he should come to him, saying that all was not as it should be there, for the housewife was endeavoring to rise to her feet, and wished to get in under the clothes beside him, and when he entered the room she was come up on the edge of the bed. He thereupon seized her hands and held a poleax before her breast. Thorstein, Eric's son, died before nightfall. Thorstein, the master of the house, bade Gudrid lie down and sleep, saying that he would keep watch over the bodies during the night; thus she did, and early in the night, Thorstein, Eric's son, sat up and spoke, saying that he desired Gudrid to be called thither, for that it was his wish to speak with her: "It is God's will that this hour be given me for my own and for the betterment of my condition." Thorstein, the master, went in search of Gudrid, and waked her, and bade her cross herself, and pray God to help her: "Thorstein, Eric's son, has said to me that he wishes to see thee; thou must take counsel with thyself now, what thou wilt do, for I have no advice to give thee." She replies, "It may be that this is intended to be one of those incidents which shall afterward be held in remembrance, this strange event, and it is my trust that God will keep watch over me; wherefore, under God's mercy, I shall venture to go to him, and learn what it is that he would say, for I may not escape this if it be designed to bring me harm. I will do this, lest he go further, for it is my belief that the matter is a grave one." So Gudrid went and drew near to Thorstein, and he seemed to her to be weeping. He spoke a few words in her ear, in a low tone, so that she alone could hear them; but this he said so that all could hear, that those persons would be blessed who kept well the faith, and that it

carried with it all help and consolation, and yet many there were, said he, who kept it but ill. "This is no proper usage, which has obtained here in Greenland since Christianity was introduced here, to inter men in unconsecrated earth, with naught but a brief funeral service. It is my wish that I be conveyed to the church, together with the others who have died here; Gard, however, I would have you burn upon a pyre, as speedily as possible, since he has been the cause of all the apparitions which have been seen here during the winter." He spoke to her also of her own destiny, and said that she had a notable future in store for her, but he bade her beware of marrying any Greenlander; he directed her also to give their property to the church and to the poor, and then sank down again a second time. It had been the custom in Greenland, after Christianity was introduced there, to bury persons on the farmsteads where they died, in unconsecrated earth; a pole was erected in the ground, touching the breast of the dead, and subsequently, when the priests came thither, the pole was withdrawn and holy water poured in (the orifice), and the funeral service held there, although it might be long thereafter. The bodies of the dead were conveyed to the church at Ericsfirth, and the funeral services held there by the clergy. Thorbiorn died soon after this, and all of his property then passed into Gudrid's possession. Eric took her to his home and carefully looked after her affairs.

CONCERNING THORD OF HOFDI.

There was a man named Thord, who lived at Hofdi on Hofdi-strands. He married Fridgerd, daughter of Thori the Loiterer and Fridgerd, daughter of Kiarval the King of the Irish. Thord was a son of Biorn Chestbutter, son of Thorvald Spine, Alseik's son, the son of Biorn Iron-side, the son of Ragnar Shaggy-breeks. They had a son named Snorri. He married Thorhild Ptarmigan, daughter of Thord the Yeller. Their son was Thord Horse-head. Thorfinn Karlsefni was the name of Thord's son. Thorfinn's mother's name was Thorunn. Thorfinn was engaged in trading voyages, and was reputed to be a successful merchant. One summer Karlsefni equipped his ship, with the intention of sailing to Greenland. Snorri, Thorbrand's son, of Alptafirth, accompanied him, and there were forty men on board the ship with them.

There was a man named Biarni, Grimolf's son, a man from Breidafirth, and another named Thorhall, Gamli's son, an East-firth man. They equipped their ship, the same summer as Karlsefni, with the intention of making a voyage to Greenland; they had also forty men in their ship. When they were ready to sail, the two ships put to sea together. It has not been recorded how long a voyage they had; but it is to be told that both of the ships arrived at Ericsfirth in the autumn. Eric and other of the inhabitants of the country rode to the ships, and a goodly trade was soon established between them. Gudrid was requested by the skippers to take such of their wares as she wished, while Eric, on his part, showed great munificence in return, in that he extended an invitation to both crews to accompany him home for winter quarters at Brattahlid. The merchants accepted this invitation, and went with Eric. Their wares were then conveyed to Brattahlid; nor was there lack there of good and commodious storehouses, in which to keep them; nor was there wanting much of that which they needed, and the merchants were well pleased with their entertainment at Eric's home during that winter. Now as it drew toward Yule, Eric became very taciturn, and less cheerful than had been his wont. On one occasion Karlsefni entered into conversation with Eric, and said: "Hast thou aught weighing upon thee, Eric? The folk have remarked that thou art somewhat more silent than thou hast been hitherto. Thou hast entertained us with great liberality, and it behooves us to make such return as may lie within our power. Do thou now but make known the cause of thy melancholy." Eric answers: "Ye accept hospitality gracefully, and in manly wise, and I am not pleased that ye should be the sufferers by reason of our intercourse; rather am I troubled at the thought that it should be given out elsewhere that ye have never passed a worse Yule than this, now drawing nigh, when Eric the Red was your host at Brattahlid in Greenland." "There shall be no cause for that," replies Karlsefni; "we have malt, and meal, and corn in our ships, and you are welcome to take of these whatsoever you wish, and to provide as liberal an entertainment as seems fitting to you." Eric accepts this offer, and preparations were made for the Yule feast, and it was so sumptuous that it seemed to the people they had scarcely ever seen so grand an entertainment before. And after Yule, Karlsefni broached the subject of a marriage with Gudrid to Eric,

for he assumed that with him rested the right to bestow her hand in marriage. Eric answers favorably, and says that she would accomplish the fate in store for her, adding that he had heard only good reports of him. And, not to prolong this, the result was that Thorfinn was betrothed to Thurid, and the banquet was augmented, and their wedding was celebrated; and this befell at Brattahlid during the winter.

BEGINNING OF THE WINELAND VOYAGES.

About this time there began to be much talk at Brattahlid, to the effect that Wineland the Good should be explored, for, it was said, that country must be possessed of many goodly qualities. And so it came to pass that Karlsefni and Snorri fitted out their ship, for the purpose of going in search of that country in the spring. Biarni and Thorhall joined the expedition with their ship, and the men who had borne them company. There was a man named Thorvard; he was wedded to Freydis, a natural daughter of Eric the Red. He also accompanied them, together with Thorvald, Eric's son, and Thorhall, who was called the Huntsman. He had been for a long time with Eric as his hunter and fisherman during the summer, and as his steward during the winter. Thorhall was stout and swarthy, and of giant stature; he was a man of few words, though given to abusive language, when he did speak, and he ever incited Eric to evil. He was a poor Christian; he had a wide knowledge of the unsettled regions. He was on the same ship with Thorvard and Thorvald. They had that ship which Thorbiorn had brought out. They had in all one hundred and sixty men, when they sailed to the Western Settlement, and thence to Bear Island. Thence they bore away to the southward two "doegr." Then they saw land, and launched a boat, and explored the land, and found there large flat stones (hellur), and many of these were twelve ells wide; there were many Arctic foxes there. They gave a name to the country, and called it Helluland (the land of flat stones). Then they sailed with northerly winds two "doegr," and land then lay before them, and upon it was a great wood and many wild beasts; an island lay off the land to the southeast, and there they found a bear, and they called this Biarney (Bear Island), while the land where the wood was they called Markland (Forest-land). Thence they sailed southward along the land for a long time, and came to a

cape ; the land lay upon the starboard ; there were long strands and sandy banks there. They rowed to the land and found upon the cape there the keel of a ship, and they called it there Kialarnes (Keelness) ; they also called the strands Furdustrandir (Wonder-strands), because they were so long to sail by. Then the country became indented with bays, and they steered their ships into a bay. It was when Leif was with King Olaf Tryggvason, and he bade him proclaim Christianity to Greenland, that the king gave him two Gaels ; the man's name was Haki, and the woman's Haekia. The king advised Leif to have recourse to these people, if he should stand in need of fleetness, for they were swifter than deer. Eric and Leif had tendered Karlsefni the services of this couple. Now when they had sailed past Wonder-strands, they put the Gaels ashore, and directed them to run to the southward, and investigate the nature of the country, and return again before the end of the third half-day. They were each clad in a garment which they called "kiafal," which was so fashioned that it had a hood at the top, was open at the sides, was sleeveless, and was fastened between the legs with buttons and loops, while elsewhere they were naked. Karlsefni and his companions cast anchor, and lay there during their absence ; and when they came again, one of them carried a bunch of grapes, and the other an ear of new-sown wheat. They went on board the ship, whereupon Karlsefni and his followers held on their way, until they came to where the coast was indented with bays. They stood into a bay with their ships. There was an island out at the mouth of the bay, about which there were strong currents, wherefore they called it Straumey (Stream Isle). There were so many birds there, that it was scarcely possible to step between the eggs. They sailed through the firth, and called it Straumfird (Stream-firth), and carried their cargoes ashore from the ships, and established themselves there. They had brought with them all kinds of live stock. It was a fine country there. There were mountains thereabouts. They occupied themselves exclusively with the exploration of the country. They remained there during the winter, and they had taken no thought for this during the summer. The fishing began to fail, and they began to fall short of food. Then Thorhall the Huntsman disappeared. They had already prayed to God for food, but it did not come as promptly as their necessities seemed to demand. They searched for Thorhall for three half-days, and found him on a projecting

crag. He was lying there, and looking up at the sky, with mouth and nostrils agape, and mumbling something. They asked him why he had gone thither; he replied that this did not concern any one. They asked him then to go home with them, and he did so. Soon after this a whale appeared there, and they captured it, and flensed it, and no one could tell what manner of whale it was; and when the cooks had prepared it, they ate of it, and were all made ill by it. Then Thorhall, approaching them, says: "Did not the Red-beard prove more helpful than your Christ? This is my reward for the verses which I composed to Thor, the Trustworthy; seldom has he failed me." When the people heard this, they cast the whale down into the sea, and made their appeals to God. The weather then improved, and they could now row out to fish, and thenceforward they had no lack of provisions, for they could hunt game on the land, gather eggs on the island, and catch fish from the sea.

CONCERNING KARLSEFNI AND THORHALL.

It is said that Thorhall wished to sail to the northward beyond Wonder-strands, in search of Wineland, while Karlsefni desired to proceed to the southward, off the coast. Thorhall prepared for his voyage out below the island, having only nine men in his party, for all of the remainder of the company went with Karlsefni. And one day when Thorhall was carrying water aboard his ship, and was drinking, he recited this ditty:—

"When I came, these brave men told me,
Here the best drink I'd get,
Now with water pail behold me,—
Wine and I are strangers yet.
Stooping at the spring, I've tested
All the wine this land affords;
Of its vaunted charms divested,
Poor indeed are its rewards."

And when they were ready, they hoisted sail; whereupon Thorhall recited this ditty:—

"Comrades, let us now be faring
Homeward to our own again!
Let us try the sea steed's daring,
Give the chafing courser rein."

Those who will may bide in quiet,
Let them praise their chosen land,
Feasting on a whale-steak diet,
In their home by Wonder-strand."

Then they sailed away to the northward past Wonder-strands and Keelness, intending to cruise to the westward around the cape. They encountered westerly gales, and were driven ashore in Ireland, where they were grievously maltreated and thrown into slavery. There Thorhall lost his life, according to that which traders have related.

It is now to be told of Karlsefni that he cruised southward off the coast, with Snorri and Biarni, and their people. They sailed for a long time, and until they came at last to a river, which flowed down from the land into a lake, and so into the sea. There were great bars at the mouth of the river, so that it could only be entered at the height of the flood tide. Karlsefni and his men sailed into the mouth of the river, and called it there Hop (a small landlocked bay). They found self-sown wheat fields on the land there, wherever there were hollows; and wherever there was hilly ground, there were vines. Every brook was full of fish. They dug pits on the shore, where the tide rose highest, and when the tide fell, there were halibut in the pits. There were great numbers of wild animals of all kinds in the woods. They remained there half a month, and enjoyed themselves, and kept no watch. They had their live stock with them. Now one morning early, when they looked about them, they saw a great number of skin canoes, and staves were brandished from the boats, with a noise like flails, and they were revolved in the same direction in which the sun moves. Then said Karlsefni: "What may this betoken?" Snorri, Thorbrand's son, answers him: "It may be that this is a signal of peace; wherefore let us take a white shield and display it." And thus they did. Thereupon the strangers rowed toward them, and went upon the land, marveling at those whom they saw before them. They were swarthy men, and ill looking, and the hair of their heads was ugly. They had great eyes, and were broad of cheek. They tarried there for a time looking curiously at the people they saw before them, and then rowed away, and to the southward around the point.

Karlsefni and his followers had built their huts above the lake, some of their dwellings being near the lake, and others farther away. Now they remained there that winter. No snow came there, and all of their live stock lived by grazing. And when spring opened, they discovered, early one morning, a great number of skin canoes, rowing from the south past the cape, so numerous that it looked as if coals had been scattered broadcast out before the bay; and on every boat staves were waved. Thereupon Karlsefni and his people displayed their shields, and when they came together, they began to barter with each other. Especially did the strangers wish to buy red cloth, for which they offered in exchange peltries and quite gray skins. They also desired to buy swords and spears, but Karlsefni and Snorri forbade this. In exchange for perfect unsullied skins, the Skrellings would take red stuff a span in length, which they would bind around their heads. So their trade went on for a time, until Karlsefni and his people began to grow short of cloth, when they divided it into such narrow pieces that it was not more than a finger's breadth wide; but the Skrellings still continued to give just as much for this as before, or more.

It so happened that a bull which belonged to Karlsefni and his people ran out from the woods, bellowing loudly. This so terrified the Skrellings that they sped out to their canoes, and then rowed away to the southward along the coast. For three entire weeks nothing more was seen of them. At the end of this time, however, a great multitude of Skrelling boats was discovered approaching from the south, as if a stream were pouring down, and all of their staves were waved in a direction contrary to the course of the sun, and the Skrellings were all uttering loud cries. Thereupon Karlsefni and his men took red shields and displayed them. The Skrellings sprang from their boats, and they met then, and fought together. There was a fierce shower of missiles, for the Skrellings had war slings. Karlsefni and Snorri observed that the Skrellings raised up on a pole a great bell-shaped body, almost the size of a sheep's belly, and nearly black in color, and this they hurled from the pole up on the land above Karlsefni's followers, and it made a frightful noise where it fell. Whereat a great fear seized Karlsefni, and all his men, so that they could think of naught but flight, and of making their escape up along the river bank,

for it seemed to them that the troop of the Skrellings was rushing towards them from every side, and they did not pause until they came to certain jutting crags, where they offered a stout resistance. Freydis came out, and seeing that Karlsefni and his men were fleeing, she cried: "Why do ye flee from these wretches, such worthy men as ye, when, meseems, ye might slaughter them like cattle? Had I but a weapon, methinks I would fight better than any one of you!" They gave no heed to her words. Freydis sought to join them, but lagged behind, for she was not hale; she followed them, however, into the forest, while the Skrellings pursued her; she found a dead man in front of her; this was Thorbrand, Snorri's son, his skull cleft by a flat stone; his naked sword lay beside him; she took it up, and prepared to defend herself with it. The Skrellings then approached her, whereupon she stripped down her shift, and slapped her breast with the naked sword. At this the Skrellings were terrified and ran down to their boats, and rowed away. Karlsefni and his companions, however, joined her and praised her valor. Two of Karlsefni's men had fallen, and a great number of the Skrellings. Karlsefni's party had been overpowered by dint of superior numbers. They now returned to their dwellings, and bound up their wounds, and weighed carefully what throng of men that could have been which had seemed to descend upon them from the land; it now seemed to them that there could have been but the one party, that which came from the boats, and that the other troop must have been an ocular delusion. The Skrellings, moreover, found a dead man, and an ax lay beside him. One of their number picked up the ax, and then struck at a tree with it, and one after another (they tested it), and it seemed to them to be a treasure, and to cut well; then one of their number seized it, and hewed at a stone with it, so that the ax broke, whereat they concluded that it could be of no use, since it would not withstand stone, and they cast it away.

It now seemed clear to Karlsefni and his people that although the country thereabouts was attractive, their life would be one of constant dread and turmoil by reason of the (hostility of the) inhabitants of the country, so they forthwith prepared to leave, and determined to return to their own country. They sailed to the northward off the coast, and found five Skrellings, clad in skin doublets, lying asleep near the sea. There were

vessels beside them, containing animal marrow, mixed with blood. Karlsefni and his company concluded that they must have been banished from their own land. They put them to death.

They afterwards found a cape, upon which there was a great number of animals, and this cape looked as if it were one cake of dung, by reason of the animals which lay there at night. They now arrived again at Streamfirth, where they found great abundance of all those things of which they stood in need. Some men say that Biarni and Freydis remained behind here with a hundred men, and went no further; while Karlsefni and Snorri proceeded to the southward with forty men, tarrying at Hop barely two months, and returning again the same summer. Karlsefni then set out with one ship, in search of Thorhall the Huntsman, but the greater part of the company remained behind. They sailed to the northward around Keelness, and then bore to the westward, having land to the larboard. The country there was a wooded wilderness, as far as they could see, with scarcely an open space; and when they had journeyed a considerable distance, a river flowed down from the east toward the west. They sailed into the mouth of the river, and lay to by the southern bank.

THE SLAYING OF THORVALD, ERIC'S SON.

It happened one morning that Karlsefni and his companions discovered in an open space in the woods above them a speck, which seemed to shine toward them, and they shouted at it; it stirred, and it was a Uniped, who skipped down to the bank of the river by which they were lying. Thorvald, a son of Eric the Red, was sitting at the helm, and the Uniped shot an arrow into his inwards. Thorvald drew out the arrow, and exclaimed: "There is fat around my paunch; we have hit upon a fruitful country, and yet we are not like to get much profit of it." Thorvald died soon after from this wound. Then the Uniped ran away back toward the north. Karlsefni and his men pursued him, and saw him from time to time. The last they saw of him he ran down into a creek. Then they turned back; whereupon one of the men recited this ditty:—

"Eager, our men, up hill, down dell,
Hunted a Uniped;

Hearken, Karlsefni, while they tell
How swift the quarry fled!"

Then they sailed away back toward the north, and believed they had got sight of the land of the Unipeds; nor were they disposed to risk the lives of their men any longer. They concluded that the mountains of Hop, and those which they had now found, formed one chain, and this appeared to be so because they were about an equal distance removed from Streamfirth, in either direction. They sailed back and passed the third winter at Streamfirth. Then the men began to divide into factions, of which the women were the cause; and those who were without wives endeavored to seize upon the wives of those who were married, whence the greatest trouble arose. Snorri, Karlsefni's son, was born the first autumn, and he was three winters old when they took their departure. When they sailed away from Wineland, they had a southerly wind, and so came upon Markland, where they found five Skrellings, of whom one was bearded, two were women, and two were children. Karlsefni and his people took the boys, but the others escaped, and these Skrellings sank down into the earth. They bore the lads away with them, and taught them to speak, and they were baptized. They said that their mother's name was Vaetildi, and their father's Uvaegi. They said that kings governed the Skrellings, one of whom was called Avalldamon, and the other Valldidida. They stated that there were no houses there, and that the people lived in caves or holes. They said that there was a land on the other side over against their country, which was inhabited by people who wore white garments, and yelled loudly, and carried poles before them, to which rags were attached; and people believe that this must have been Hvitramanna-land (White-men's-land), or Ireland the Great. Now they arrived in Greenland, and remained during the winter with Eric the Red.

THE GRETTIS SAGA.

(Translated by William Morris and A. Magnusson.)

Now the summer before these things Earl Eric Hakonson made ready to go from his land west to England, to see King Knut the Mighty, his brother-in-law; but left behind him in the rule of Norway Hakon, his son, and gave him into the hands of Earl Svein, his brother, for the watching and warding of his realm, for Hakon was a child in years.

But before Earl Eric went away he called together lords and rich bonders, and many things they spoke on laws and the rule of the land. Earl Eric did away with all holm gangs, and outlawed all berserks who fared with raids and riots.

In the making of this law, the chief of all, with Earl Eric, was Thorfinn Karrson, from Haramsey; for he was a wise man, and a dear friend of the Earl's.

Two brothers are named as being of the worst in these matters, one hight Thorir Paunch, the other Ogmund the Evil; they were of Halogaland kin, bigger and stronger than other men. They wrought the berserks' gang and spared nothing in their fury; they would take away the wives of men and hold them for a week or a half-month, and then bring them back to their husbands; they robbed wheresoever they came, or did some other ill deeds. Now Earl Eric made them outlaws through the length and breadth of Norway, and Thorfinn was the eagerest of men in bringing about their outlawry, therefore they deemed that they owed him ill will enow.

Thorfinn went home to his house, and sat at home till just up to Yule, as is aforesaid; but at Yule he made ready to go to his farm called Slysfirth, which is on the mainland, and thither he had bidden many of his friends. Thorfinn's wife could not go with her husband, for her daughter of ripe years lay ill abed, so they both abode at home. Grettir was at home too, and eight housecarls. Now Thorfinn went with thirty freedmen to the Yule feast, whereat there was the greatest mirth and joyance among men.

Now Yule eve comes on, and the weather was bright and calm; Grettir was mostly abroad this day, and saw how ships fared north and south along the land, for each one sought the other's home where the Yule drinking was settled to come off. By this time the goodman's daughter was so much better

that she could walk about with her mother, and thus the day wore on.

Now Grettir sees how a ship rows up toward the island; it was not right big, but shield-hung it was from stem to stern, and stained all above the sea: these folk rowed smartly, and made for the boat stands of goodman Thorfinn, and when the keel took land, those who were therein sprang overboard. Grettir cast up the number of the men, and they were twelve altogether; he deemed their guise to be far from peaceful. They took up their slip and bore it up from the sea; thereafter they ran up to the boat stand, and therein was that big boat of Thorfinn, which was never launched to sea by less than thirty men, but these twelve shot it in one haul down to the shingle of the fore shore; and thereon they took up their own bark and bore it into the boat stand.

Now Grettir thought that he could see clear enough that they would make themselves at home. But he goes down to meet them, and welcomes them merrily, and asks who they were and what their leader was hight; he to whom these words were spoken answered quickly, and said that his name was Thorir, and that he was called Paunch, and that his brother was Ogmund, and that the others were fellows of theirs.

"I deem," said Thorir, "that thy master Thorfinn has heard tell of us; is he perchance at home?"

Grettir answered, "Lucky men are ye, and hither have come in a good hour, if ye are the men I take you to be; the goodman is gone away with all his home folk who are freemen, and will not be home again till after Yule; but the mistress is at home, and so is the goodman's daughter; and if I thought that I had some ill will to pay back, I should have chosen above all things to have come just thus; for here are all matters in plenty whereof ye stand in need, both beer, and all other good things."

Thorir held his peace, while Grettir let this tale run on; then he said to Ogmund:—

"How far have things come to pass other than as I guessed? and now I am well enough minded to take revenge on Thorfinn for having made us outlaws; and this man is ready enough of tidings, and no need have we to drag the words out of him."

"Words all may use freely," said Grettir, "and I shall give you such cheer as I may; and now come home with me."

They bade him have thanks therefor, and said they would take his offer.

But when they came home to the farm, Grettir took Thorir by the hand and led him into the hall; and now was Grettir mighty full of words. The mistress was in the hall, and had had it decked with hangings, and made all fair and seemly; but when she heard Grettir's talk, she stood still on the floor, and asked whom he welcomed in that earnest wise.

He answered, "Now, mistress, is it right meet to welcome these guests merrily, for here is come goodman Thorir Paunch and the whole twelve of them, and are minded to sit here Yule over, and a right good hap it is, for we were few enough before."

She answered, "Am I to number these among bonders and goodmen, who are the worst of robbers and ill doers? A large share of my goods had I given that they had not come here as at this time; and ill dost thou reward Thorfinn, for that he took thee a needy man from shipwreck and has held thee through the winter as a free man."

Grettir said, "It would be better to take the wet clothes off these guests than to scold at me; since for that thou mayst have time long enough."

Then said Thorir, "Be not crossgrained, mistress; naught shalt thou miss thy husband's being away, for a man shall be got in his place for thee, yea, and for thy daughter a man, and for each of the home women."

"That is spoken like a man," said Grettir, "nor will they thus have any cause to bewail their lot."

Now all the women rushed forth from the hall smitten with huge dread and weeping; then said Grettir to the berserks, "Give into my hands what it pleases you to lay aside of weapons and wet clothes, for the folk will not be yielding to us while they are scared."

Thorir said he heeded not how women might squeal; "But," said he, "thee indeed we may set apart from the other home folk, and methinks we may well make thee our man of trust."

"See to that yourselves," said Grettir, "but certes I do not take to all men alike."

Thereupon they laid aside the more part of their weapons, and thereafter Grettir said:—

"Methinks it is a good rede now that ye sit down to table and drink somewhat, for it is right likely that ye are thirsty after the rowing."

They said they were ready enough for that, but knew not

where to find out the cellar ; Grettir asked if they would that he should see for things and go about for them. The berserks said they would be right fain of that ; so Grettir fetched beer and gave them to drink ; they were mightily weary, and drank in huge draughts, and still he let them have the strongest beer that there was, and this went on for a long time, and meanwhile he told them many merry tales. From all this there was din enough to be heard among them, and the home folk were nowise fain to come to them.

Now Thorir said, "Never yet did I meet a man unknown to me, who would do us such good deeds as this man ; now, what reward wilt thou take of us for thy work ?"

Grettir answered, "As yet I look to no reward for this ; but if we be even such friends when ye go away, as it looks like we shall be, I am minded to join fellowship with you ; and though I be of less might than some of you, yet shall I not let any man of big redes."

Hereat they were well pleased, and would settle the fellowship with vows.

Grettir said that this they should not do, "For true is the old saw, *Ale is another man*, nor shall ye settle this in haste any further than as I have said, for on both sides are we men little meet to rule our tempers."

They said that they would not undo what they had said.

Withal the evening wore on till it grew quite dark ; then sees Grettir that they were getting very heavy with drink, so he said : —

"Do ye not find it time to go to sleep ?"

Thorir said, "Time enough forsooth, and sure shall I be to keep to what I have promised the mistress."

Then Grettir went forth from the hall, and cried out loudly : —

"Go ye to your beds, women all, for so is goodman Thorir pleased to bid."

They cursed him for this, and to hear them was like hearkening to the noise of many wolves. Now the berserks came forth from the hall, and Grettir said : —

"Let us go out, and I will show you Thorfinn's cloth bower."

They were willing to be led there ; so they came to an out-bower exceeding great ; a door there was to it, and a strong lock thereon, and the storehouse was very strong withal ; there

too was a closet good and great, and a shield paneling between the chambers ; both chambers stood high, and men went up by steps to them. Now the berserks got riotous and pushed Grettir about, and he kept tumbling away from them, and when they least thought thereof, he slipped quickly out of the bower, seized the latch, slammed the door to, and put the bolt on. Thorir and his fellows thought at first that the door must have got locked of itself, and paid no heed thereto ; they had light with them, for Grettir had showed them many choice things which Thorfinn owned, and these they now noted awhile. Meantime Grettir made all speed home to the farm, and when he came in at the door he called out loudly, and asked where the goodwife was ; she held her peace, for she did not dare to answer.

He said, "Here is somewhat of a chance of a good catch ; but are there any weapons of avail here ?"

She answers, "Weapons there are, but how they may avail thee I know not."

"Let us talk thereof anon," says he ; "but now let every man do his best, for later on no better chance shall there be."

The goodwife said, "Now God were in garth if our lot might better : over Thorfinn's bed hangs the barbed spear, the big one that was owned by Karr the Old ; there, too, is a helmet and a byrni, and the short sword, the good one ; and the arms will not fail if thine heart does well."

Grettir seizes the helmet and spear, girds himself with the short sword, and rushed out swiftly ; and the mistress called upon the housecarls, bidding them follow such a dauntless man. Four of them rushed forth and seized their weapons, but the other four durst come nowhere nigh. Now it is to be said of the berserks that they thought Grettir delayed his coming back strangely ; and now they began to doubt if there were not some guile in the matter. They rushed against the door and found it was locked, and now they try the timber walls so that every beam creaked again ; at last they brought things so far that they broke down the shield paneling, got into the passage, and thence out to the steps. Now berserks' gang seized them, and they howled like dogs. In that very nick of time Grettir came up and with both hands thrust his spear at the midst of Thorir, as he was about to get down the steps, so that it went through him at once. Now the spearhead was both long and broad, and Ogmund the Evil ran on to Thorir and pushed him on to

Grettir's thrust, so that all went up to the barb ends ; then the spear stood out through Thorir's back and into Ogmund's breast, and they both tumbled dead off the spear ; then of the others each rushed down the steps as he came forth ; Grettir set on each one of them, and in turn hewed with the sword, or thrust with the spear ; but they defended themselves with logs that lay on the green, and whatso thing they could lay hands on ; therefore the greatest danger it was to deal with them, because of their strength, even though they were weaponless.

Two of the Halogalanders Grettir slew on the green, and then came up the housecarls ; they could not come to one mind as to what weapons each should have ; now they set on whenever the berserks gave back, but when they turned about on them, then the housecarls slunk away up to the houses. Six vikings fell there, and of all of them was Grettir the bane. Then the six others got off and came down to the boat stand, and so into it, and thence they defended themselves with oars. Grettir now got great blows from them, so that at all times he ran the risk of much hurt ; but the housecarls went home, and had much to say of their stout onset ; the mistress bade them espy what became of Grettir, but that was not to be got out of them. Two more of the berserks Grettir slew in the boat stand, but four slipped out by him ; and by this, dark night had come on ; two of them ran into a corn barn, at the farm of Windham, which is aforenamed : here they fought for a long time, but at last Grettir killed them both ; then was he beyond measure weary and stiff, the night was far gone, and the weather got very cold with drift of the snow. He was fain to leave the search of the two vikings who were left now, so he walked home to the farm. The mistress had lights lighted in the highest lofts at the windows, that they might guide him on his way ; and so it was that he found his road home whereas he saw the light.

But when he was come into the door, the mistress went up to him and bade him welcome.

"Now," she said, "thou hast reaped great glory, and freed me and my house from a shame of which we should never have been healed, but if thou hadst saved us."

Grettir answered, "Methinks I am much the same as I was this evening, when thou didst cast ill words on me."

The mistress answered, "We wotted not that thou wert a

man of such prowess as we have now proved thee ; now shall all things in the house be at thy will which I may bestow on thee, and which it may be seeming for thee to take ; but methinks that Thorfinn will reward thee better still when he comes home."

Grettir answered, "Little of reward will be needed now, but I keep thine offer till the coming of the master ; and I have some hope now that ye will sleep in peace as for the berserks."

Grettir drank little that evening, and lay with his weapons about him through the night. In the morning, when it began to dawn, people were summoned together throughout the island, and a search was set on foot for the berserks who had escaped the night before ; they were found far on in the day under a rock, and were by then dead from cold and wounds ; then they were brought into a tide-washed heap of stones and buried thereunder.

After that folk went home, and the men of that island deemed themselves brought unto fair peace.

Now when Grettir came back to the mistress, he sang this stave : —

"By the sea's wash have we made
Graves, where twelve spear groves are laid ;
I alone such speedy end,
Unto all these folk did send.
O fair giver-forth of gold,
Whereof can great words be told,
'Midst the deeds one man has wrought,
If this deed should come to naught ?"

The goodwife said, "Surely thou art like unto very few men who are now living on the earth."

So she set him in the high seat, and all things she did well to him, and now time wore on till Thorfinn's coming home was looked for.

After Yule Thorfinn made ready for coming home, and he let those folk go with good gifts whom he had bidden to his feast. Now he fares with his following till he comes hard by his boat stands ; they saw a ship lying on the strand, and soon knew it for Thorfinn's bark, the big one. Now Thorfinn had as yet had no news of the vikings ; he bade his men hasten

landward, "For I fear," said he, "that friends have not been at work here."

Thorfinn was the first to step ashore before his men, and forthwith he went up to the boat stand; he saw a keel standing there, and knew it for the berserks' ship. Then he said to his men, "My mind misgives me much that here things have come to pass, even such as I would have given the whole island, yea, every whit of what I have herein, that they might never have happed."

They asked why he spake thus. Then he said, "Here have come the vikings, whom I know to be the worst of all Norway, Thorir Paunch and Ogmund the Evil; in good sooth they will hardly have kept house happily for us, and in an Icelander I have but little trust."

Withal he spoke many things hereabout to his fellows.

Now Grettir was at home, and so brought it about that folk were slow to go down to the shore; and said he did not care much if the goodman Thorfinn had somewhat of a shake at what he saw before him; but when the mistress asked him leave to go, he said she should have her will as to where she went, but that he himself should stir nowhither. She ran swiftly to meet Thorfinn, and welcomed him cheerily. He was glad thereof, and said, "Praise be to God that I see thee whole and merry, and my daughter in like wise. But how have ye fared since I went from home?"

She answered, "Things have turned out well, but we were near being overtaken by such a shame as we should never have had healing of, if thy winter guest had not holpen us."

Then Thorfinn spake, "Now shall we sit down, but do thou tell us these tidings."

Then she told all things plainly even as they had come to pass, and praised greatly Grettir's stoutness and great daring; meanwhile Thorfinn held his peace, but when she had made an end of her tale, he said, "How true is the saw, *Long it takes to try a man*. But where is Grettir now?"

The goodwife said, "He is at home in the hall."

Thereupon they went home to the farm.

Thorfinn went up to Grettir and kissed him, and thanked him with many fair words for the great heart which he had shown to him; "And I will say to thee what few say to their friends, that I would thou shouldst be in need of men, that then thou mightest know if I were to thee in a man's stead or

not; but for thy good deed I can never reward thee unless thou comest to be in some troublous need; but as to thy abiding with me, that shall ever stand open to thee when thou willest it; and thou shalt be held the first of all my men."

Grettir bade him have much thank therefor. "And," quoth he, "this should I have taken even if thou hadst made me proffer thereof before."

Now Grettir sat there the winter over, and was in the closest friendship with Thorfinn; and for this deed he was now well renowned all over Norway, and there the most, where the berserks had erst wrought the greatest ill deeds.

This spring Thorfinn asked Grettir what he was about to busy himself with: he said he would go north to Vogar while the fair was. Thorfinn said there was ready for him money as much as he would. Grettir said that he needed no more money at that time than faring silver: this, Thorfinn said, was full well due to him, and thereupon went with him to ship.

Now he gave him the short sword, the good one, which Grettir bore as long as he lived, and the choicest of choice things it was. Withal Thorfinn bade Grettir come to him whenever he might need aid.

But Grettir went north to Vogar, and a many folk were there; many men welcomed him there right heartily who had not seen him before, for the sake of that great deed of prowess which he had done when he saw the vikings; many highborn men prayed him to come and abide with them, but he would fain go back to his friend Thorfinn. Now he took ship in a bark that was owned of a man hight Thorkel, who dwelt in Salft in Halogaland, and was a highborn man. But when Grettir came to Thorkel he welcomed him right heartily, and bade Grettir abide with him that winter, and laid many words thereto.

This offer Grettir took, and was with Thorkel that winter in great joyance and fame.

There was a man, hight Biorn, who was dwelling with Thorkel; he was a man of rash temper, of good birth, and somewhat akin to Thorkel; he was not well loved of men, for he would slander much those who were with Thorkel, and in this wise he sent many away. Grettir and he had little to do together; Biorn thought him of little worth weighed against

himself, but Grettir was unyielding, so that things fell athwart between them. Biorn was a mightily boisterous man, and made himself very big; many young men got into fellowship with him in these things, and would stray abroad by night. Now it befell that early in winter a savage bear ran abroad from his winter lair, and got so grim that he spared neither man nor beast. Men thought he had been roused by the noise that Biorn and his fellows had made. The brute got so hard to deal with that he tore down the herds of men, and Thorkel had the greatest hurt thereof, for he was the richest man in the neighborhood.

Now one day Thorkel bade his men to follow him, and search for the lair of the bear. They found it in sheer sea rocks; there was a high rock and a cave before it down below, but only one track to go up to it; under the cave were scarped rocks, and a heap of stones down by the sea, and sure death it was to all who might fall down there. The bear lay in his lair by day, but went abroad as soon as night fell; no fold could keep sheep safe from him, nor could any dogs be set on him: and all this men thought the heaviest trouble. Biorn, Thorkel's kinsman, said that the greatest part had been done, as the lair had been found. "And now I shall try," said he, "what sort of play we namesakes shall have together." Grettir made as if he knew not what Biorn said on this matter.

Now it happened always when men went to sleep anights that Biorn disappeared: and one night when Biorn went to the lair, he was aware that the beast was there before him, and roaring savagely. Biorn lay down in the track, and had over him his shield, and was going to wait till the beast should stir abroad as his manner was. Now the bear had an inkling of the man, and got somewhat slow to move off. Biorn waxed very sleepy where he lay, and cannot wake up, and just at this time the beast betakes himself from his lair; now he sees where the man lies, and, hooking at him with his claw, he tears from him the shield and throws it down over the rocks. Biorn started up suddenly awake, takes to his legs and runs home, and it was a near thing that the beast got him not. This his fellows knew, for they had spies about Biorn's ways; in the morning they found the shield, and made the greatest jeering at all this.

At Yule, Thorkel went himself, and eight of them alto-

gether, and there was Grettir and Biorn and other followers of Thorkel. Grettir had on a fur cloak, which he laid aside while they set on the beast. It was awkward for an onslaught there, for thereat could folk come but by spear thrusts, and all the spear points the bear turned off him with his teeth. Now Biorn urged them on much to the onset, yet he himself went not so nigh as to run the risk of any hurt. Amid this, when men looked least for it, Biorn suddenly seized Grettir's coat, and cast it into the beast's lair. Now naught they could wreak on him, and had to go back when the day was far spent. But when Grettir was going, he misses his coat, and he could see that the bear has it cast under him. Then he said, "What man of you has wrought the jest of throwing my cloak into the lair?"

Biorn says, "He who is like to dare to own to it."

Grettir answers, "I set no great store on such matters."

Now they went on their way home, and when they had walked awhile, the thong of Grettir's leggings brake. Thorkel bade them wait for him; but Grettir said there was no need of that. Then said Biorn, "Ye need not think that Grettir will run away from his coat; he will have the honor all to himself, and will slay that beast all alone, wherefrom we have gone back all eight of us; thus would he be such as he is said to be: but sluggishly enow has he fared forth to-day."

"I know not," said Thorkel, "how thou wilt fare in the end, but men of equal prowess I deem you not: lay as few burdens on him as thou mayst, Biorn."

Biorn said that neither of them should pick and choose words from out his mouth.

Now, when a hill's brow was between them, Grettir went back to the pass, for now there was no striving with others for the onset. He drew the sword, Jokul's gift, but had a loop over the handle of the short sword, and slipped it up over his hand, and this he did in that he thought he could easier have it at his will if his hand were loose. He went up into the pass forthwith, and when the beast saw a man, it rushed against Grettir exceeding fiercely, and smote at him with that paw which was furthest off from the rock; Grettir hewed against the blow with the sword, and therewith smote the paw above the claws, and took it off; then the beast was fain to smite at Grettir with the paw that was whole, and dropped down therewith on to the docked one, but it was shorter than he

wotted of, and withal he tumbled into Grettir's arms. Now he griped at the beast between the ears and held him off, so that he got not at him to bite. And, so Grettir himself says, that herein he deemed he had had the hardest trial of his strength, thus to hold the brute. But now as it struggled fiercely, and the space was narrow, they both tumbled down over the rock; the beast was the heaviest of the two, and came down first upon the stone heap below, Grettir being the uppermost, and the beast was much mangled on its nether side. Now Grettir seized the short sword and thrust it into the heart of the bear, and that was his bane. Thereafter he went home, taking with him his cloak all tattered, and withal what he had cut from the paw of the bear. Thorkel sat a drinking when he came into the hall, and much men laughed at the rags of the cloak Grettir had cast over him. Now he threw on the table what he had chopped off the paw.

Then said Thorkel, "Where is now Biorn my kinsman? Never did I see thy irons bite the like of this, Biorn, and my will it is, that thou make Grettir a seemly offer for this shame thou hast wrought on him."

Biorn said that was like to be long about, "and never shall I care whether he likes it well or ill."

Then Grettir sang:—

"Oft that war god came to hall
Frighted, when no blood did fall,
In the dusk; who ever cried
On the bear last autumn tide;
No man saw me sitting there
Late at eve before the lair;
Yet the shaggy one to-day
From his den I drew away."

"Sure enough," said Biorn, "thou hast fared forth well to-day, and two tales thou tellest of us twain therefor; and well I know that thou hast had a good hit at me."

Thorkel said, "I would, Grettir, that thou wouldst not avenge thee on Biorn, but for him I will give a full man-gild if thereby ye may be friends."

Biorn said he might well turn his money to better account, than to boot for this; "And, methinks it is wisest that in my dealings with Grettir *one oak should have what from the other it shaves.*"

Grettir said that he should like that very well.

EPIISODES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

By DAVID HUME.

[DAVID HUME, a Scotch philosopher and historian, was born in Edinburgh, April 26, 1711. At first a merchant's clerk, he went to France to write in seclusion his "Treatise of Human Nature," which fell flat, but is now a classic. He published "Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary," in 1742 and 1752; in the latter year also his "Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals," from 1754 to 1761, "The History of England," and in the meantime the "Natural History of Religion." In 1763-1766 he was in France; 1767-1769 an under-secretary of state. He died August 25, 1776.]

HAROLD AND WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

HAROLD had so well prepared matters before the death of Edward, that (January, 1066) he immediately stepped into the vacant throne; and his accession was attended with as little opposition and disturbance as if he had succeeded by the most undoubted hereditary title. The citizens of London were his zealous partisans; the bishops and clergy had adopted his cause; and all the powerful nobility, connected with him by alliance or friendship, willingly seconded his pretensions. If any were averse to this measure, they were obliged to conceal their sentiments. The whole nation seemed joyfully to acquiesce in his elevation. . . .

The Duke of Normandy, when he first received intelligence of Harold's intrigues and accession, had been moved to the highest pitch of indignation; but that he might give the better color to his pretensions, he sent an embassy to England, upbraiding that prince with his breach of faith, and summoning him to resign immediately possession of the kingdom. Harold replied to the Norman ambassadors, that the oath with which he was reproached had been extorted by the well-grounded fear of violence, and could never, for that reason, be regarded as obligatory: that he had had no commission, either from the late king, or the states of England, who alone could dispose of the crown, to make any tender of the succession to the Duke of Normandy; and if he, a private person, had assumed so much authority, and had even voluntarily sworn to support the duke's pretensions, the oath was unlawful, and it was his duty to seize the first opportunity of breaking it: that he had obtained the crown by the unanimous suffrages of the people; and should prove himself totally unworthy of their favor, did he not strenuously maintain those national liberties, with whose protection they had intrusted him: and that the duke, if he made

any attempt by force of arms, should experience the power of an united nation, conducted by a prince who, sensible of the obligations imposed on him by his royal dignity, was determined that the same moment should put a period to his life and to his government.

This answer was no other than William expected; and he had previously fixed his resolution of making an attempt upon England. Consulting only his courage, his resentment, and his ambition, he overlooked all the difficulties inseparable from an attack on a great kingdom by such inferior force, and he saw only the circumstances which would facilitate his enterprise. He considered that England, ever since the accession of Canute, had enjoyed profound tranquillity during a period of near fifty years; and it would require time for its soldiers, enervated by long peace, to learn discipline, and its generals experience. He knew that it was entirely unprovided with fortified towns, by which it could prolong the war; but must venture its whole fortune in one decisive action against a veteran enemy, who, being once master of the field, would be in a condition to overrun the kingdom. He saw that Harold, though he had given proofs of vigor and bravery, had newly mounted a throne which he had acquired by faction, from which he had excluded a very ancient royal family, and which was likely to totter under him by its own instability, much more if shaken by any violent external impulse; and he hoped that the very circumstance of his crossing the sea, quitting his own country, and leaving himself no hopes of retreat, as it would astonish the enemy by the boldness of the enterprise, would inspirit his soldiers by despair, and rouse them to sustain the reputation of the Norman arms.

The Normans, as they had long been distinguished by valor among all the European nations, had at this time attained to the highest pitch of military glory. Besides acquiring by arms such a noble territory in France, besides defending it against continual attempts of the French monarch and all his neighbors, besides exerting many acts of vigor under their present sovereign, they had, about this very time, revived their ancient fame, by the most hazardous exploits, and the most wonderful successes in the other extremity of Europe. A few Norman adventurers in Italy had acquired such an ascendant, not only over the Italians and Greeks, but the Germans and Saracens, that they expelled those foreigners,

procured to themselves ample establishments, and laid the foundation of the opulent kingdom of Naples and Sicily. These enterprises of men who were all of them vassals in Normandy, many of them banished for faction and rebellion, excited the ambition of the haughty William, who disdained, after such examples of fortune and valor, to be deterred from making an attack on a neighboring country, where he could be supported by the whole force of his principality.

The situation also of Europe inspired William with hopes that besides his brave Normans he might employ against England the flower of the military force which was dispersed in all the neighboring states. France, Germany, and the Low Countries, by the progress of the feudal institutions, were divided and subdivided into many principalities and baronies; and the possessors, enjoying the civil jurisdiction within themselves, as well as the right of arms, acted, in many respects, as independent sovereigns, and maintained their properties and privileges, less by the authority of laws than by their own force and valor. A military spirit had universally diffused itself throughout Europe; and the several leaders, whose minds were elevated by their princely situation, greedily embraced the most hazardous enterprises; and being accustomed to nothing from their infancy but recitals of the success attending wars and battles, they were prompted by a natural ambition to imitate those adventures, which they heard so much celebrated, and which were so much exaggerated by the credulity of the age. United, however loosely, by their duty to one superior lord, and by their connections with the great body of the community to which they belonged, they desired to spread their fame each beyond his own district; and in all assemblies, whether instituted for civil deliberations, for military expeditions, or merely for show and entertainment, to outshine each other by the reputation of strength and prowess. Hence their genius for chivalry; hence their impatience of peace and tranquillity; and hence their readiness to embark in any dangerous enterprise, how little soever interested in its failure or success.

William, by his power, his courage, and his abilities, had long maintained a preëminence among those haughty chieftains; and every one who desired to signalize himself by his address in military exercises, or his valor in action, had been ambitious of acquiring a reputation in the court and in the armies of Normandy. Entertained with that hospitality and

courtesy which distinguished the age, they had formed attachments with the prince, and greedily attended to the prospects of the signal glory and elevation which he promised them in return for their concurrence in an expedition against England. The more grandeur there appeared in the attempt, the more it suited their romantic spirit; the fame of the intended invasion was already diffused everywhere; multitudes crowded to tender to the duke their service, with that of their vassals and retainers; and William found less difficulty in completing his levies than in choosing the most veteran forces, and in rejecting the offers of those who were impatient to acquire fame under so renowned a leader. . . .

William had now assembled a fleet of three thousand vessels, great and small, and had selected an army of sixty thousand men from among those numerous supplies which from every quarter solicited to be received into his service. The camp bore a splendid yet a martial appearance, from the discipline of the men, the beauty and vigor of the horses, the luster of the arms, and the accouterments of both; but above all, from the high names of nobility who engaged under the banners of the Duke of Normandy. The most celebrated were Eustace Count of Boulogne, Aimeri de Thouars, Hugh d'Estaples, William d'Evreux, Geoffrey de Routrou, Roger de Beaumont, William de Warenne, Roger de Montgomery, Hugh de Grantmesnil, Charles Martel, and Geoffrey Giffard. To these bold chieftains William held up the spoils of England as the prize of their valor; and pointing to the opposite shore, called to them that *there* was the field on which they must erect trophies to their name, and fix their establishments.

While he was making these mighty preparations, the duke, that he might increase the number of Harold's enemies, excited the inveterate rancor of Tosti, and encouraged him, in concert with Harold Halfagar, King of Norway, to infest the coasts of England. Tosti, having collected about sixty vessels in the ports of Flanders, put to sea; and after committing some depredations on the south and east coasts, he sailed to Northumberland, and was there joined by Halfagar, who came over with a great armament of three hundred sail. The combined fleets entered the Humber, and disembarked the troops, who began to extend their depredations on all sides; when Morcar, Earl of Northumberland, and Edwin, Earl of Mercia, the king's brother-in-law, having hastily collected some forces, ventured to give

them battle. The action ended in the defeat and flight of these two noblemen.

Harold, informed of this defeat, hastened with an army to the protection of his people; and expressed the utmost ardor to show himself worthy of the crown which had been conferred upon him. This prince, though he was not sensible of the full extent of his danger, from the great combination against him, had employed every art of popularity to acquire the affections of the public; and he gave so many proofs of an equitable and prudent administration, that the English found no reason to repent the choice which they had made of a sovereign. They flocked from all quarters to join his standard; and as soon as he reached the enemy at Stamford, he found himself in a condition to give them battle. The action was bloody; but the victory was decisive on the side of Harold, and ended in the total rout of the Norwegians, together with the death of Tosti and Halfagar. Even the Norwegian fleet fell into the hands of Harold, who had the generosity to give Prince Olave, the son of Halfagar, his liberty, and allow him to depart with twenty vessels. But he had scarcely time to rejoice for this victory, when he received intelligence that the Duke of Normandy was landed with a great army in the south of England.

The Norman fleet and army had been assembled early in the summer, at the mouth of the small river Dive, and all the troops had been instantly embarked; but the winds proved long contrary, and detained them in that harbor. The authority, however, of the duke, the good discipline maintained among the seamen and soldiers, and the great care in supplying them with provisions had prevented any disorder; when at last the wind became favorable, and enabled them to sail along the coast, till they reached St. Valori. There were, however, several vessels lost in this short passage; and as the wind again proved contrary, the army began to imagine that Heaven had declared against them, and that, notwithstanding the pope's benediction, they were destined to certain destruction. These bold warriors, who despised real dangers, were very subject to the dread of imaginary ones; and many of them began to mutiny, some of them even to desert their colors; when the duke, in order to support their drooping hopes, ordered a procession to be made with the relics of St. Valori, and prayers to be said for more favorable weather. The wind instantly changed; and as this incident happened on the eve of the feast of St. Michael, the

tutelar saint of Normandy, the soldiers, fancying they saw the hand of Heaven in all these concurring circumstances, set out with the greatest alacrity: they met with no opposition on their passage: a great fleet, which Harold had assembled, and which had cruised all summer off the Isle of Wight, had been dismissed, on his receiving false intelligence that William, discouraged by contrary winds and other accidents, had laid aside his preparations. The Norman armament, proceeding in great order, arrived, without any material loss, at Pevensey, in Sussex; and the army quietly disembarked. The duke himself, as he leaped on shore, happened to stumble and fall; but had the presence of mind, it is said, to turn the omen to his advantage, by calling aloud that he had taken possession of the country. And a soldier running to a neighboring cottage, plucked some thatch, which, as if giving him seisin of the kingdom, he presented to his general. The joy and alacrity of William and his whole army were so great, that they were nowise discouraged, even when they heard of Harold's great victory over the Norwegians: they seemed rather to wait with impatience the arrival of the enemy.

The victory of Harold, though great and honorable, had proved in the main prejudicial to his interests, and may be regarded as the immediate cause of his ruin. He lost many of his bravest officers and soldiers in the action; and he disgusted the rest by refusing to distribute the Norwegian spoils among them: a conduct which was little agreeable to his usual generosity of temper, but which his desire of sparing the people, in the war that impended over him from the Duke of Normandy, had probably occasioned. He hastened, by quick marches, to reach this new invader; but though he was reënforced at London and other places with fresh troops, he found himself also weakened by the desertion of his old soldiers, who, from fatigue and discontent, secretly withdrew from their colors. His brother Gurth, a man of bravery and conduct, began to entertain apprehensions of the event; and remonstrated with the king, that it would be better policy to prolong the war,—at least, to spare his own person in the action. He urged to him, that the desperate situation of the Duke of Normandy made it requisite for that prince to bring matters to a speedy decision and put his whole fortune on the issue of a battle; but that the King of England, in his own country, beloved by his subjects, provided with every supply, had more certain and less danger-

ous means of insuring to himself the victory ; that the Norman troops, elated on the one hand with the highest hopes, and seeing, on the other, no resource in case of a discomfiture, would fight to the last extremity ; and being the flower of all the warriors of the continent, must be regarded as formidable to the English : that if their first fire, which is always the most dangerous, were allowed to languish for want of action ; if they were harassed with small skirmishes, straitened in provisions, and fatigued with the bad weather and deep roads during the winter season which was approaching, they must fall an easy and a bloodless prey to their enemy : that if a general action were delayed, the English, sensible of the imminent danger to which their properties, as well as liberties, were exposed from those rapacious invaders, would hasten from all quarters to his assistance, and would render his army invincible : that at least, if he thought it necessary to hazard a battle, he ought not to expose his own person, but reserve, in case of disastrous accidents, some resource to the liberty and independence of the kingdom : and that having once been so unfortunate as to be constrained to swear, and that upon the holy relics, to support the pretensions of the Duke of Normandy, it were better that the command of the army should be intrusted to another, who, not being bound by those sacred ties, might give the soldiers more assured hopes of a prosperous issue to the combat.

Harold was deaf to all these remonstrances : elated with his past prosperity, as well as stimulated by his native courage, he resolved to give battle in person ; and for that purpose he drew near to the Normans, who had removed their camp and fleet to Hastings, where they fixed their quarters. He was so confident of success, that he sent a message to the duke, promising him a sum of money if he would depart the kingdom without effusion of blood : but his offer was rejected with disdain ; and William, not to be behind with his enemy in vaunting, sent him a message by some monks, requiring him either to resign the kingdom, or to hold it of him in fealty, or to submit their cause to the arbitration of the pope, or to fight him in single combat. Harold replied, that the God of battles would soon be the arbiter of all their differences.

The English and Normans now prepared themselves for this important decision ; but the aspect of things on the night before the battle was very different in the two camps. The English spent the night in riot, and jollity, and disorder ; the

Normans in silence, and in prayer, and in the other functions of their religion. On the morning, the duke called together the most considerable of his commanders, and made them a speech suitable to the occasion. He represented to them that the event which they and he had long wished for was approaching; the whole fortune of the war now depended on their swords, and would be decided in a single action: that never army had greater motives for exerting a vigorous courage, whether they considered the prize which would attend their victory, or the inevitable destruction which must ensue upon their discomfiture: that if their martial and veteran bands could once break those raw soldiers, who had rashly dared to approach them, they conquered a kingdom at one blow, and were justly entitled to all its possessions as the reward of their prosperous valor: that, on the contrary, if they remitted in the least their wonted prowess, an enraged enemy hung upon their rear, the sea met them in their retreat, and an ignominious death was the certain punishment of their imprudent cowardice: that by collecting so numerous and brave a host, he had insured every human means of conquest; and the commander of the enemy, by his criminal conduct, had given him just cause to hope for the favor of the Almighty, in whose hands alone lay the event of wars and battles: and that a perjured usurper, anathematized by the sovereign pontiff, and conscious of his own breach of faith, would be struck with terror on their appearance, and would prognosticate to himself that fate which his multiplied crimes had so justly merited. The duke next divided his army into three lines: the first, led by Montgomery, consisted of archers and light-armed infantry: the second, commanded by Martel, was composed of his bravest battalions, heavy armed, and ranged in close order: his cavalry, at whose head he placed himself, formed the third line; and were so disposed, that they stretched beyond the infantry, and flanked each wing of the army. He ordered the signal of battle to be given; and the whole army, moving at once, and singing the hymn or song of Roland, the famous peer of Charlemagne, advanced, in order, and with alacrity, towards the enemy.

Harold had seized the advantage of a rising ground, and having likewise drawn some trenches to secure his flanks, he resolved to stand upon the defensive, and to avoid all action with the cavalry, in which he was inferior. The Kentish men were placed in the van, a post which they had always claimed

as their due : the Londoners guarded the standard : and the king himself, accompanied by his two valiant brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, dismounting, placed himself at the head of his infantry, and expressed his resolution to conquer or to perish in the action. The first attack of the Normans was desperate, but was received with equal valor by the English ; and after a furious combat, which remained long undecided, the former, overcome by the difficulty of the ground, and hard pressed by the enemy, began first to relax their vigor, then to retreat ; and confusion was spreading among the ranks, when William, who found himself on the brink of destruction, hastened with a select band to the relief of his dismayed forces. His presence restored the action ; the English were obliged to retire with loss ; and the duke, ordering his second line to advance, renewed the attack with fresh forces, and with redoubled courage. Finding that the enemy, aided by the advantage of ground, and animated by the example of their prince, still made a vigorous resistance, he tried a stratagem, which was very delicate in its management, but which seemed advisable in his desperate situation, where, if he gained not a decisive victory, he was totally undone : he commanded his troops to make a hasty retreat, and to allure the enemy from their ground by the appearance of flight. The artifice succeeded against those inexperienced soldiers, who, heated by the action, and sanguine in their hopes, precipitately followed the Normans into the plain. William gave orders that at once the infantry should face about upon their pursuers, and the cavalry make an assault upon their wings, and both of them pursue the advantage which the surprise and terror of the enemy must give them in that critical and decisive moment. The English were repulsed with great slaughter, and driven back to the hill ; where, being rallied by the bravery of Harold, they were able, notwithstanding their loss, to maintain their post, and continue the combat. The duke tried the same stratagem a second time with the same success ; but even after this double advantage, he still found a great body of the English, who, maintaining themselves in firm array, seemed determined to dispute the victory to the last extremity. He ordered his heavy-armed infantry to make an assault upon them, while his archers placed behind, should gall the enemy, who were exposed by the situation of the ground, and who were intent on defending themselves against the swords and spears of the assailants. By this dis-

position he at last prevailed: Harold was slain by an arrow while he was combating with great bravery at the head of his men: his two brothers shared the same fate: and the English, discouraged by the fall of those princes, gave ground on all sides, and were pursued with great slaughter by the victorious Normans. A few troops, however, of the vanquished had still the courage to turn upon their pursuers; and, attacking them in deep and miry ground, obtained some revenge for the slaughter and dishonor of the day. But the appearance of the duke obliged them to seek their safety by flight; and darkness saved them from any farther pursuit by the enemy.

Thus was gained by William, Duke of Normandy, the great and decisive victory of Hastings, after a battle which was fought from morning till sunset, and which seemed worthy, by the heroic valor displayed by both armies, and by both commanders, to decide the fate of a mighty kingdom. William had three horses killed under him; and there fell near fifteen thousand men on the side of the Normans: the loss was still more considerable on that of the vanquished; besides the death of the king and his two brothers. The dead body of Harold was brought to William, and was generously restored without ransom to his mother. The Norman army left not the field of battle without giving thanks to Heaven in the most solemn manner for their victory; and the prince, having refreshed his troops, prepared to push to the utmost his advantage against the divided, dismayed, and discomfited English.

ENGLAND DURING THE EARLY CRUSADES.

The noise of these petty wars and commotions was quite sunk in the tumult of the crusades, which now engrossed the attention of Europe, and have ever since engaged the curiosity of mankind, as the most signal and most durable monument of human folly that has yet appeared in any age or nation. After Mahomet had, by means of his pretended revelations, united the dispersed Arabians under one head, they issued forth from their deserts in great multitudes; and being animated with zeal for their new religion, and supported by the vigor of their new government, they made deep impression on the eastern empire, which was far in the decline, with regard both to military discipline and to civil policy. Jerusalem, by its situation, became

one of their most early conquests ; and the Christians had the mortification to see the holy sepulcher, and the other places consecrated by the presence of their religious founder, fallen into the possession of infidels. But the Arabians or Saracens were so employed in military enterprises, by which they spread their empire, in a few years, from the banks of the Ganges to the Straits of Gibraltar, that they had no leisure for theological controversy ; and though the Alcoran, the original monument of their faith, seems to contain some violent precepts, they were much less infected with the spirit of bigotry and persecution than the indolent and speculative Greeks, who were continually refining on the several articles of their religious system. They gave little disturbance to those zealous pilgrims who daily flocked to Jerusalem ; and they allowed every man, after paying a moderate tribute, to visit the holy sepulcher, to perform his religious duties, and to return in peace. But the Turcomans or Turks, a tribe of Tartars, who had embraced Mahometanism, having wrested Syria from the Saracens, and having, in the year 1065, made themselves masters of Jerusalem, rendered the pilgrimage much more difficult and dangerous to the Christians. The barbarity of their manners, and the confusions attending their unsettled government, exposed the pilgrims to many insults, robberies, and extortions ; and these zealots, returning from their meritorious fatigues and sufferings, filled all Christendom with indignation against the infidels who profaned the holy city by their presence and derided the sacred mysteries in the very place of their completion. Gregory VII., among the other vast ideas which he entertained, had formed the design of uniting all the western Christians against the Mahometans ; but the egregious and violent invasions of that pontiff on the civil power of princes had created him so many enemies, and had rendered his schemes so suspicious, that he was not able to make great progress in this undertaking. The work was reserved for a meaner instrument, whose low condition in life exposed him to no jealousy, and whose folly was well calculated to coincide with the prevailing principles of the times.

Peter, commonly called the Hermit, a native of Amiens in Picardy, had made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Being deeply affected with the dangers to which that act of piety now exposed the pilgrims, as well as with the instances of oppression under which the eastern Christians labored, he entertained the bold, and in all appearance impracticable, project of leading

into Asia, from the farthest extremities of the West, armies sufficient to subdue those potent and warlike nations which now held the holy city in subjection. He proposed his views to Martin II., who filled the papal chair, and who, though sensible of the advantages which the head of the Christian religion must reap from a religious war, and though he esteemed the blind zeal of Peter a proper means for effecting the purpose, resolved not to interpose his authority, till he saw a greater probability of success. He summoned a council at Placentia, which consisted of four thousand ecclesiastics, and thirty thousand seculars; and which was so numerous that no hall could contain the multitude, and it was necessary to hold the assembly in a plain. The harangues of the pope, and of Peter himself, representing the dismal situation of their brethren in the East, and the indignity suffered by the Christian name, in allowing the holy city to remain in the hands of infidels, here found the minds of men so well prepared, that the whole multitude, suddenly and violently, declared for the war, and solemnly devoted themselves to perform this service, so meritorious, as they believed it, to God and religion.

But though Italy seemed thus to have zealously embraced the enterprise, Martin knew that, in order to insure success, it was necessary to enlist the greater and more warlike nations in the same engagement; and having previously exhorted Peter to visit the chief cities and sovereigns of Christendom, he summoned another council at Clermont in Auvergne. The fame of this great and pious design being now universally diffused, procured the attendance of the greatest prelates, nobles, and princes; and when the pope and the Hermit renewed their pathetic exhortations, the whole assembly, as if impelled by an immediate inspiration, not moved by their preceding impressions, exclaimed with one voice, *It is the will of God! It is the will of God!* Words deemed so memorable, and so much the result of a divine influence, that they were employed as the signal of rendezvous and battle in all the future exploits of those adventurers. Men of all ranks flew to arms with the utmost ardor; and an exterior symbol too, a circumstance of chief moment, was here chosen by the devoted combatants. The sign of the cross, which had been hitherto so much revered among Christians, and which, the more it was an object of reproach among the pagan world, was the more passionately cherished by them, became the badge of union, and was affixed

to the right shoulder, by all who enlisted themselves in this sacred warfare. . . .

Amidst this universal frenzy, which spread itself by contagion throughout Europe, especially in France and Germany, men were not entirely forgetful of their present interests ; and both those who went on this expedition, and those who stayed behind, entertained schemes of gratifying, by its means, their avarice or their ambition. The nobles who enlisted themselves were moved, from the romantic spirit of the age, to hope for opulent establishments in the East, the chief seat of arts and commerce during those ages ; and in pursuit of these chimerical projects, they sold at the lowest price their ancient castles and inheritances, which had now lost all value in their eyes. The greater princes, who remained at home, besides establishing peace in their dominions by giving occupation abroad to the inquietude and martial disposition of their subjects, took the opportunity of annexing to their crown many considerable fiefs, either by purchase, or by the extinction of heirs. The pope frequently turned the zeal of the crusaders from the infidels against his own enemies, whom he represented as equally criminal with the enemies of Christ. The convents and other religious societies bought the possessions of the adventurers, and as the contributions of the faithful were commonly intrusted to their management, they often diverted to this purpose what was intended to be employed against the infidels. But no one was a more immediate gainer by this epidemic fury than the King of England, who kept aloof from all connections with those fanatical and romantic warriors.

Robert, Duke of Normandy, impelled by the bravery and mistaken generosity of his spirit, had early enlisted himself in the crusade ; but being always unprovided with money, he found that it would be impracticable for him to appear in a manner suitable to his rank and station, at the head of his numerous vassals and subjects, who, transported with the general rage, were determined to follow him into Asia. He resolved, therefore, to mortgage, or rather to sell, his dominions, which he had not talents to govern ; and he offered them to his brother William for the very unequal sum of ten thousand marks. The bargain was soon concluded : the king raised the money by violent extortions on his subjects of all ranks, even on the convents, who were obliged to melt their plate in order to furnish the quota demanded of them : he was put in possession

of Normandy and Maine, and Robert, providing himself with a magnificent train, set out for the Holy Land, in pursuit of glory, and in full confidence of securing his eternal salvation.

The smallness of this sum, with the difficulties which William found in raising it, suffices alone to refute the account which is heedlessly adopted by historians, of the enormous revenue of the Conqueror. Is it credible that Robert would consign to the rapacious hands of his brother such considerable dominions, for a sum which, according to that account, made not a week's income of his father's English revenue alone? Or that the King of England could not on demand, without oppressing his subjects, have been able to pay him the money? The Conqueror, it is agreed, was frugal as well as rapacious; yet his treasure, at his death, exceeded not sixty thousand pounds, which hardly amounted to his income for two months: another certain refutation of that exaggerated account.

The fury of the crusades, during this age, less infected England than the neighboring kingdoms; probably because the Norman conquerors, finding their settlement in that kingdom still somewhat precarious, durst not abandon their homes in quest of distant adventures. The selfish interested spirit also of the king, which kept him from kindling in the general flame, checked its progress among his subjects: and as he is accused of open profaneness, and was endued with a sharp wit, it is likely that he made the romantic chivalry of the crusaders the object of his perpetual raillery. As an instance of his irreligion, we are told, that he once accepted of sixty marks from a Jew, whose son had been converted to Christianity, and who engaged him by that present to assist him in bringing back the youth to Judaism. William employed both menaces and persuasion for that purpose; but finding the convert obstinate in his new faith, he sent for the father and told him, that as he had not succeeded, it was not just that he should keep the present; but as he had done his utmost, it was but equitable that he should be paid for his pains; and he would therefore retain only thirty marks of the money. At another time, it is said, he sent for some learned Christian theologians and some rabbis, and bade them fairly dispute the question of their religion in his presence: he was perfectly indifferent between them; had his ears open to reason and conviction; and would embrace that doctrine which upon comparison should be found supported by the most solid arguments. If

this story be true, it is probable that he meant only to amuse himself by turning both into ridicule.

PRINCE WILLIAM'S DEATH, AND THE ANARCHY.

This public prosperity of Henry was much overbalanced by a domestic calamity which befell him. His only son, William, had now reached his eighteenth year; and the king, from the facility with which he himself had usurped the crown, dreading that a like revolution might subvert his family, had taken care to have him recognized successor by the states of the kingdom, and had carried him over to Normandy, that he might receive the homage of the barons of that duchy. The king, on his return, set sail from Barfleur, and was soon carried by a fair wind out of sight of land. The prince was detained by some accident; and his sailors, as well as their captain, Thomas Fitz-Stephens, having spent the interval in drinking, were so flustered, that being in a hurry to follow the king, they heedlessly carried the ship on a rock, where she immediately foundered. William was put into the longboat, and had got clear of the ship, when, hearing the cries of his natural sister, the Countess of Perche, he ordered the seamen to row back in hopes of saving her; but the numbers who then crowded in soon sank the boat, and the prince, with all his retinue, perished. Above a hundred and forty young noblemen, of the principal families of England and Normandy, were lost on this occasion. A butcher of Rouën was the only person on board who escaped. He clung to the mast, and was taken up next morning by fishermen. Fitz-Stephens also took hold of the mast, but being informed by the butcher that Prince William had perished, he said that he would not survive the disaster; and he threw himself headlong into the sea. Henry entertained hopes for three days, that his son had put into some distant port of England; but when certain intelligence of the calamity was brought him, he fainted away; and it was remarked, that he never after was seen to smile, nor ever recovered his wonted cheerfulness.

The death of William may be regarded, in one respect, as a misfortune to the English; because it was the immediate source of those civil wars which, after the demise of the king, caused such confusion in the kingdom; but it is remarkable that the young prince had entertained a violent aversion to

the natives; and had been heard to threaten that when he should be king, he would make them draw the plow, and would turn them into beasts of burden. These prepossessions he inherited from his father, who, though he was wont, when it might serve his purpose, to value himself on his birth, as a native of England, showed, in the course of his government, an extreme prejudice against that people. All hopes of preferment, to ecclesiastical as well as civil dignities, were denied them during this whole reign; and any foreigner, however ignorant or worthless, was sure to have the preference in every competition. As the English had given no disturbance to the government during the course of fifty years, this inveterate antipathy in a prince of so much temper as well as penetration forms a presumption that the English of that age were still a rude and barbarous people even compared to the Normans, and impresses us with no very favorable idea of the Anglo-Saxon manners.

Prince William left no children; and the king had not now any legitimate issue, except one daughter, Matilda, whom, in 1110, he had betrothed, though only eight years of age, to the Emperor Henry V., and whom he had then sent over to be educated in Germany. But as her absence from the kingdom, and her marriage into a foreign family, might endanger the succession, Henry, who was now a widower, was induced to marry, in hopes of having male heirs; and he made his addresses to Adelais, daughter of Godfrey, Duke of Lovaine, and niece of Pope Calixtus, a young princess of an amiable person. But Adelais brought him no children; and the prince who was most likely to dispute the succession, and even the immediate possession of the crown, recovered hopes of subverting his rival, who had successively seized all his patrimonial dominions. William, the son of Duke Robert, was still protected in the French court; and as Henry's connections with the Count of Anjou were broken off by the death of his son, Fulk joined the party of the unfortunate prince, gave him his daughter in marriage, and aided him in raising disturbances in Normandy. But Henry found the means of drawing off the Count of Anjou, by forming anew with him a nearer connection than the former, and one more material to the interests of that count's family. The emperor, his son-in-law, dying without issue, he bestowed his daughter on Geoffrey, the eldest son of Fulk, and endeavored to insure her succession by having her recognized heir to

all his dominions, and obliging the barons, both of Normandy and England, to swear fealty to her. He hoped that the choice of this husband would be more agreeable to all his subjects than that of the emperor; as securing them from the danger of falling under the dominion of a great and distant potentate, who might bring them into subjection, and reduce their country to the rank of a province: but the barons were displeased that a step so material to national interests had been taken without consulting them; and Henry had too sensibly experienced the turbulence of their disposition, not to dread the effects of their resentment. It seemed probable, that his nephew's party might gain force from the increase of the malcontents: an accession of power which that prince acquired a little after, tended to render his pretensions still more dangerous. Charles, Earl of Flanders, being assassinated during the celebration of divine service, King Lewis immediately put the young prince in possession of that country, to which he had pretensions in the right of his grandmother Matilda, wife to the Conqueror. But William survived a very little time this piece of good fortune, which seemed to open the way to still farther prosperity. He was killed in a skirmish with the Landgrave of Alsace, his competitor for Flanders; and his death put an end, for the present, to the jealousy and inquietude of Henry. . . .

In the progress and settlement of the feudal law, the male succession to fiefs had taken place some time before the female was admitted; and estates being considered as military benefices, not as property, were transmitted to such only as could serve in the armies, and perform in person the conditions upon which they were originally granted. But when the continuance of rights, during some generations, in the same family, had, in a great measure, obliterated the primitive idea, the females were gradually admitted to the possession of feudal property; and the same revolution of principles which procured them the inheritance of private estates, naturally introduced their succession to government and authority. The failure, therefore, of male heirs to the kingdom of England and duchy of Normandy seemed to leave the succession open, without a rival, to the Empress Matilda; and as Henry had made all his vassals, in both states, swear fealty to her, he presumed that they would not easily be induced to depart at once from her hereditary right, and from their own reiterated oaths and engagements.

But the irregular manner in which he himself had acquired the crown might have instructed him that neither his Norman nor English subjects were as yet capable of adhering to a strict rule of government ; and as every precedent of this kind seems to give authority to new usurpations, he had reason to dread, even from his own family, some invasion of his daughter's title, which he had taken such pains to establish.

Adela, daughter of William the Conqueror, had been married to Stephen, Count of Blois, and had brought him several sons, among whom Stephen and Henry, the two youngest, had been invited over to England by the late king, and had received great honors, riches, and preferment, from the zealous friendship which that prince bore to every one that had been so fortunate as to acquire his favor and good opinion. Henry, who had betaken himself to the ecclesiastical profession, was created Abbot of Glastonbury and Bishop of Winchester ; and though these dignities were considerable, Stephen had, from his uncle's liberality, attained establishments still more solid and durable. The king had married him to Matilda, who was daughter and heir of Eustace, Count of Boulogne, and who brought him, besides that feudal sovereignty in France, an immense property in England, which, in the distribution of lands, had been conferred by the Conqueror on the family of Boulogne. Stephen also by this marriage acquired a new connection with the royal family of England ; as Mary, his wife's mother, was sister to David, the reigning King of Scotland, and to Matilda, the first wife of Henry, and mother of the empress. The king, still imagining that he strengthened the interests of his family by the aggrandizement of Stephen, took pleasure in enriching him by the grant of new possessions ; and he conferred on him the great estate forfeited by Robert Mallet in England, and that forfeited by the Earl of Mortaigne in Normandy. Stephen, in return, professed great attachment to his uncle ; and appeared so zealous for the succession of Matilda, that when the barons swore fealty to that princess, he contended with Robert, Earl of Gloucester, the king's natural son, who should first be admitted to give her this testimony of devoted zeal and fidelity. Meanwhile he continued to cultivate, by every art of popularity, the friendship of the English nation ; and many virtues, with which he seemed to be endowed, favored the success of his intentions. By his bravery, activity, and vigor, he acquired the esteem of the barons : by his generosity, and by an affable

and familiar address, unusual in that age among men of his high quality, he obtained the affections of the people, particularly of the Londoners. And though he dared not to take any steps towards his farther grandeur, lest he should expose himself to the jealousy of so penetrating a prince as Henry, he still hoped that, by accumulating riches and power, and by acquiring popularity, he might in time be able to open his way to the throne.

No sooner had Henry breathed his last, than Stephen, insensible to all the ties of gratitude and fidelity, and blind to danger, gave full reins to his criminal ambition, and trusted that, even without any previous intrigue, the celerity of his enterprise, and the boldness of his attempt, might overcome the weak attachment which the English and Normans in that age bore to the laws and to the rights of their sovereign. He hastened over to England; and though the citizens of Dover, and those of Canterbury, apprized of his purpose, shut their gates against him, he stopped not till he arrived at London, where some of the lower rank, instigated by his emissaries, as well as moved by his general popularity, immediately saluted him king. His next point was to acquire the good will of the clergy, and by performing the ceremony of his coronation, to put himself in possession of the throne, from which he was confident it would not be easy afterwards to expel him. His brother, the Bishop of Winchester, was useful to him in these capital articles: having gained Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, who, though he owed a great fortune and advancement to the favor of the late king, preserved no sense of gratitude to that prince's family, he applied, in conjunction with that prelate, to William, Archbishop of Canterbury, and required him, in virtue of his office, to give the royal unction to Stephen. The primate, who, as all the others, had shown fealty to Matilda, refused to perform this ceremony; but his opposition was overcome by an expedient equally dishonorable with the other steps by which this revolution was effected. Hugh Bigod, steward of the household, made oath before the primate, that the late king, on his deathbed, had shown a dissatisfaction with his daughter Matilda, and had expressed his intention of leaving the Count of Boulogne heir to all his dominions. William, either believing, or feigning to believe, Bigod's testimony, anointed Stephen, and put the crown upon his head; and from this religious ceremony that prince, without any shadow either

of hereditary title, or consent of the nobility or people, was allowed to proceed to the exercise of sovereign authority. Very few barons attended his coronation; but none opposed his usurpation, however unjust or flagrant. The sentiment of religion, which, if corrupted into superstition, has often little efficacy in fortifying the duties of civil society, was not affected by the multiplied oaths taken in favor of Matilda, and only rendered the people obedient to a prince who was countenanced by the clergy, and who had received from the primate the rite of royal unction and consecration.

Stephen, that he might farther secure his tottering throne, passed a charter, in which he made liberal promises to all orders of men: to the clergy, that he would speedily fill all vacant benefices, and would never levy the rents of any of them during the vacancy; to the nobility, that he would reduce the royal forests to their ancient boundaries, and correct all encroachments; and to the people, that he would remit the tax of Danegelt, and restore the laws of King Edward. The late king had a great treasure at Winchester, amounting to a hundred thousand pounds; and Stephen, by seizing this money, immediately turned against Henry's family the precaution which that prince had employed for their grandeur and security: an event which naturally attends the policy of amassing treasures. By means of this money, the usurper insured the compliance, though not the attachment, of the principal clergy and nobility; but not trusting to this frail security, he invited over from the continent, particularly from Brittany and Flanders, great numbers of those bravoës, or disorderly soldiers, with whom every country in Europe, by reason of the general ill police and turbulent government, extremely abounded. These mercenary troops guarded his throne by the terrors of the sword; and Stephen, that he might also overawe all malcontents by new and additional terrors of religion, procured a bull from Rome, which ratified his title, and which the pope, seeing this prince in possession of the throne, and pleased with an appeal to his authority in secular controversies, very readily granted him.

Matilda, and her husband Geoffrey, were as unfortunate in Normandy as they had been in England. The Norman nobility, moved by an hereditary animosity against the Angevins, first applied to Theobald, Count of Blois, Stephen's elder brother, for protection and assistance; but hearing afterwards that Stephen had got possession of the English crown, and having

many of them the same reasons as formerly for desiring a continuance of their union with that kingdom, they transferred their allegiance to Stephen, and put him in possession of their government. Lewis the younger, the reigning King of France, accepted the homage of Eustace, Stephen's eldest son, for the duchy; and the more to corroborate his connections with that family, he betrothed his sister, Constantia, to the young prince. The Count of Blois resigned all his pretensions, and received, in lieu of them, an annual pension of two thousand marks; and Geoffrey himself was obliged to conclude a truce for two years with Stephen, on condition of the king's paying him, during that time, a pension of five thousand. Stephen, who had taken a journey to Normandy, finished all these transactions in person, and soon after returned to England.

Robert, Earl of Gloucester, natural son of the late king, was a man of honor and abilities; and as he was much attached to the interests of his sister, Matilda, and zealous for the lineal succession, it was chiefly from his intrigues and resistance that the king had reason to dread a new revolution of government. This nobleman, who was in Normandy when he received intelligence of Stephen's accession, found himself much embarrassed concerning the measures which he should pursue in that difficult emergency. To swear allegiance to the usurper appeared to him dishonorable and a breach of his oath to Matilda: to refuse giving this pledge of his fidelity was to banish himself from England, and be totally incapacitated from serving the royal family, or contributing to their restoration. He offered Stephen to do him homage, and to take the oath of fealty,—but with an express condition, that the king should maintain all his stipulations, and should never invade any of Robert's rights or dignities: and Stephen, though sensible that this reserve, so unusual in itself, and so unbefitting the duty of a subject, was meant only to afford Robert a pretense for a revolt on the first favorable opportunity, was obliged, by the numerous friends and retainers of that nobleman, to receive him on those terms. The clergy, who could scarcely, at this time, be deemed subjects to the crown, imitated that dangerous example: they annexed to their oaths of allegiance this condition, that they were only bound so long as the king defended the ecclesiastical liberties, and supported the discipline of the church. The barons, in return for their submission, exacted terms still more destructive of public peace, as well as of royal authority: many of

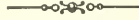
them required the right of fortifying their castles, and of putting themselves in a posture of defense ; and the king found himself totally unable to refuse his consent to this exorbitant demand. All England was immediately filled with those fortresses, which the noblemen garrisoned either with their vassals, or with licentious soldiers, who flocked to them from all quarters. Unbounded rapine was exercised upon the people for the maintenance of these troops ; and private animosities, which had with difficulty been restrained by law, now breaking out without control, rendered England a scene of uninterrupted violence and devastation. Wars between the nobles were carried on with the utmost fury in every quarter ; the barons even assumed the right of coining money, and of exercising, without appeal, every act of jurisdiction ; and the inferior gentry, as well as the people, finding no defense from the laws during this total dissolution of sovereign authority, were obliged, for their immediate safety, to pay court to some neighboring chieftain, and to purchase his protection, both by submitting to his exactions, and by assisting him in his rapine upon others. The erection of one castle proved the immediate cause of building many others ; and even those who obtained not the king's permission, thought that they were entitled, by the great principle of self-preservation, to put themselves on an equal footing with their neighbors, who commonly were also their enemies and rivals. The aristocratical power, which is usually so oppressive in the feudal governments, had now risen to its utmost height, during the reign of a prince who, though endowed with vigor and abilities, had usurped the throne without the pretense of a title, and who was necessitated to tolerate in others the same violence to which he himself had been beholden for his sovereignty.

But Stephen was not of a disposition to submit long to these usurpations, without making some effort for the recovery of royal authority. Finding that the legal prerogatives of the crown were resisted and abridged, he was also tempted to make his power the sole measure of his conduct ; and to violate all those concessions which he himself had made on his accession, as well as the ancient privileges of his subjects. The mercenary soldiers, who chiefly supported his authority, having exhausted the royal treasure, subsisted by depredations ; and every place was filled with the best-grounded complaints against the government. The Earl of Gloucester, having now settled with

his friends the plan of an insurrection, retired beyond sea, sent the king a defiance, solemnly renounced his allegiance, and upbraided him with the breach of those conditions which had been annexed to the oath of fealty sworn by that nobleman. David, King of Scotland, appeared at the head of an army in defense of his niece's title, and penetrating into Yorkshire, committed the most barbarous devastations on that country. The fury of his massacres and ravages enraged the northern nobility, who might otherwise have been inclined to join him; and William, Earl of Albemarle, Robert de Ferrers, William Piercy, Robert de Brus, Roger Moubray, Ilbert Lacey, Walter l'Espece, powerful barons in those parts, assembled an army with which they encamped at North-Allerton, and awaited the arrival of the enemy. A great battle was here fought, called the battle of the *Standard*, from a high crucifix, erected by the English on a wagon, and carried along with the army as a military ensign. The King of Scots was defeated, and he himself, as well as his son Henry, narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the English. This success overawed the malcontents in England, and might have given some stability to Stephen's throne, had he not been so elated with prosperity as to engage in a controversy with the clergy, who were at that time an overmatch for any monarch. . . .

Were we to relate all the military events transmitted to us by contemporary and authentic historians, it would be easy to swell our accounts of this reign into a large volume: but those incidents, so little memorable in themselves, and so confused both in time and place, could afford neither instruction nor entertainment to the reader. It suffices to say that the war was spread into every quarter, and that those turbulent barons, who had already shaken off, in a great measure, the restraint of government, having now obtained the pretense of a public cause, carried on their devastations with redoubled fury, exercised implacable vengeance on each other, and set no bounds to their oppressions over the people. The castles of the nobility were become receptacles of licensed robbers; who, sallying forth day and night, committed spoil on the open country, on the villages, and even on the cities, put the captives to torture, in order to make them reveal their treasures; sold their persons to slavery; and set fire to their houses, after they had pillaged them of everything valuable. The fierceness of their disposition, leading them to commit wanton destruction, frustrated

their rapacity of its purpose; and the property and persons even of the ecclesiastics, generally so much revered, were at last, from necessity, exposed to the same outrage which laid waste the rest of the kingdom. The land was left untilled; the instruments of husbandry were destroyed or abandoned; and a grievous famine, the natural result of those disorders, affected equally both parties, and reduced the spoilers as well as the defenseless people to the most extreme want and indigence.



THE WHITE SHIP.

HENRY I. OF ENGLAND. — NOVEMBER 25, 1120.

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

[GABRIEL CHARLES DANTE ROSSETTI, English poet and artist, was the son of a refugee Italian patriot and poet, and was born in London, May 12, 1828. His early ambitions and efforts were all in the line of pictorial art, and in 1848 he took part in founding the Preraphaelite Brotherhood; and all his life his first thought of himself was as artist. But his larger side in capacity was the poetical; and though not great in bulk, his poetry stands next to the very highest rank in English verse. His great ballads, "Sister Helen," "Rose Mary," "The King's Tragedy," and "The White Ship"; "The Blessed Damozel" (written at nineteen), "A Last Confession," "Jenny," etc., are imperishable. He died April 9, 1882.]

By none but me can the tale be told,
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.

(Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.)

'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.

(The sea hath no King but God alone.)

King Henry held it as life's whole gain
That after his death his son should reign.

'Twas so in my youth I heard men say,
And my old age calls it back to-day.

King Henry of England's realm was he,
And Henry Duke of Normandy.

The times had changed when on either coast
"Clerkly Harry" was all his boast.

Of ruthless strokes full many an one
 He had struck to crown himself and his son;
 And his elder brother's eyes were gone.

And when to the chase his court would crowd,
 The poor flung plowshares on his road.
 And shrieked: "Our cry is from King to God!"

But all the chiefs of the English land
 Had knelt and kissed the Prince's hand.

And next with his son he sailed to France
 To claim the Norman allegiance:

And every baron in Normandy
 Had taken the oath of fealty.

'Twas sworn and sealed, and the day had come
 When the King and the Prince might journey home:

For Christmas cheer is to home hearts dear,
 And Christmas now was drawing near.

Stout Fitz-Stephen came to the King,—
 A pilot famous in seafaring;

And he held to the King, in all men's sight,
 A mark of gold for his tribute's right.

"Liege Lord! my father guided the ship
 From whose boat your father's foot did slip
 When he caught the English soil in his grip,

"And cried: 'By this clasp I claim command
 O'er every rood of English land!'

"He was borne to the realm you rule o'er now
 In that ship with the archer carved at her prow:

"And thither I'll bear, an' it be my due,
 Your father's son and his grandson too.

"The famed White Ship is mine in the bay;
 From Harfleur's harbor she sails to-day,

"With masts fair-pennoned as Norman spears
 And with fifty well-tried mariners."

Quoth the King: "My ships are chosen each one,
But I'll not say nay to Stephen's son.

"My son and daughter and fellowship
Shall cross the water in the White Ship."

The King set sail with the eve's south wind,
And soon he left that coast behind.

The Prince and all his, a princely show,
Remained in the good White Ship to go.

With noble knights and with ladies fair,
With courtiers and sailors gathered there,
Three hundred living souls we were:

And I Berold was the meanest hind
In all that train to the Prince assigned.

The Prince was a lawless shameless youth;
From his father's loins he sprang without ruth:

Eighteen years till then he had seen,
And the devil's dues in him were eighteen.

And now he cried: "Bring wine from below;
Let the sailors revel e'er yet they row:

"Our speed shall o'ertake my father's flight
Though we sail from the harbor at midnight."

The rowers made good cheer without check;
The lords and ladies obeyed his beck;
The night was light, and they danced on the deck.

But at midnight's stroke they cleared the bay,
And the White Ship furrowed the water way.

The sails were set, and the oars kept tune
To the double flight of the ship and the moon:

Swifter and swifter the White Ship sped
Till she flew as the spirit flies from the dead:

As white as a lily glimmered she
Like a ship's fair ghost upon the sea.

And the Prince cried, " Friends, 'tis the hour to sing!
Is a song bird's course so swift on the wing?"

And under the winter stars' still throng,
From brown throats, white throats, merry and strong,
The knights and the ladies raised a song.

A song, — nay, a shriek that rent the sky,
That leaped o'er the deep! — the grievous cry
Of three hundred living that now must die.

An instant shriek that sprang to the shock
As the ship's keel felt the sunken rock.

'Tis said that afar — a shrill strange sigh —
The King's ships heard it and knew not why.

Pale Fitz-Stephen stood by the helm
'Mid all those folk that the waves must whelm.

A great King's heir for the waves to whelm,
And the helpless pilot pale at the helm!

The ship was eager and sucked athirst,
By the stealthy stab of the sharp reef pierced:

And like the moil round a sinking cup,
The waters against her crowded up.

A moment the pilot's senses spin, —
The next he snatched the Prince 'mid the din,
Cut the boat loose, and the youth leaped in.

A few friends leaped with him, standing near.
" Row! the sea's smooth and the night is clear!"

" What! none to be saved but these and I?"
" Row, row as you'd live! All here must die!"

Out of the churn of the choking ship,
Which the gulf grapples and the waves strip,
They struck with the strained oars' flash and dip.

'Twas then o'er the splitting bulwarks' brim
The Prince's sister screamed to him.

He gazed aloft, still rowing apace,
And through the whirled surf he knew her face.

To the toppling decks clave one and all
As a fly cleaves to a chamber wall.

I Berold was clinging anear ;
I prayed for myself and quaked with fear,
But I saw his eyes as he looked at her.

He knew her face and he heard her cry,
And he said, "Put back ! she must not die !"

And back with the current's force they reel
Like a leaf that's drawn to a water wheel.

'Neath the ship's travail they scarce might float,
But he rose and stood in the rocking boat.

Low the poor ship leaned on the tide :
O'er the naked keel as she best might slide,
The sister toiled to the brother's side.

He reached an oar to her from below,
And stiffened his arms to clutch her so.

But now from the ship some spied the boat,
And "Saved !" was the cry from many a throat.

And down to the boat they leaped and fell :
It turned as a bucket turns in a well,
And nothing was there but the surge and swell.

The Prince that was and the King to come,
There in an instant gone to his doom,

Despite of all England's bended knee
And mauger the Norman fealty !

He was a Prince of lust and pride ;
He showed no grace till the hour he died.

When he should be King, he oft would vow,
He'd yoke the peasant to his own plow.
O'er him the ships score their furrows now.

God only knows where his soul did wake,
But I saw him die for his sister's sake.

By none but me can the tale be told,
 The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.
(Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.)

'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,
 Yet the tale can be told by none but me.
(The sea hath no King but God alone.)

And now the end came o'er the waters' world
 Like the last great Day that's yet to come.

With prayers in vain and curses in vain,
 The White Ship sundered on the mid main:

And what were men and what was a ship
 Were toys and splinters in the sea's grip.

I Berold was down in the sea;
 And passing strange though the thing may be,
 Of dreams then known I remember me.

Blithe is the shout on Harfleur's strand
 When morning lights the sails to land:

And blithe is Honfleur's echoing gloam
 When mothers call the children home:

And high do the bells of Rouen beat
 When the Body of Christ goes down the street.

These things and the like were heard and shown
 In a moment's trance 'neath the sea alone;

And when I rose, 'twas the sea did seem,
 And not these things, to be all a dream.

The ship was gone and the crowd was gone,
 And the deep shuddered and the moon shone:

And in a strait grasp my arms did span
 The main yard rent from the mast where it ran;
 And on it with me was another man.

Where lands were none 'neath the dim sea sky,
 We told our names, that man and I.

"O I am Godefroy de l'Aigle hight,
 And son I am to a belted knight."

“And I am Berold the butcher’s son
Who slays the beasts in Rouen town.”

Then cried we upon God’s name, as we
Did drift on the bitter winter sea.

But lo! a third man rose o’er the wave,
And we said, “Thank God! us three may He save!”

He clutched to the yard with panting stare,
And we looked and knew Fitz-Stephen there.

He elung, and “What of the Prince?” quoth he.
“Lost, lost!” we cried. He cried, “Woe on me!”
And loosed his hold and sank through the sea.

And soul with soul again in that space
We two were together face to face:

And each knew each, as the moments sped,
Less for one living than for one dead:

And every still star overhead
Seemed an eye that knew we were but dead.

And the hours passed; till the noble’s son
Sighed, “God be thy help! my strength’s foredone!

“O farewell, friend, for I can no more!”
“Christ take thee!” I moaned; and his life was o’er.

Three hundred souls were all lost but one,
And I drifted over the sea alone.

At last the morning rose on the sea
Like an angel’s wing that beat tow’rds me.

Sore numbed I was in my sheepskin coat;
Half dead I hung, and might nothing note,
Till I woke sun-warmed in a fisher boat.

The sun was high o’er the eastern brim
As I praised God and gave thanks to Him.

That day I told my tale to a priest,
Who charged me, till the shrift were released,
That I should keep it in mine own breast.

And with the priest I thence did fare
To King Henry's court at Winchester.

We spoke with the King's high chamberlain,
And he wept and mourned again and again,
As if his own son had been slain :

And round us ever there crowded fast
Great men with faces all aghast :

And who so bold that might tell the thing
Which now they knew to their lord the King ?
Much woe I learnt in their communing.

The King had watched with a heart sore stirred
For two whole days, and this was the third :

And still to all his court would he say,
"What keeps my son so long away ?"

And they said : "The ports lie far and wide
That skirt the swell of the English tide ;

"And England's cliffs are not more white
Than her women are, and scarce so light
Her skies as their eyes are blue and bright ;

"And in some port that he reached from France
The Prince has lingered for his pleasure."

But once the King asked : "What distant cry
Was that we heard 'twixt the sea and sky ?"

And one said : "With such like shouts, pardie !
Do the fishers fling their nets at sea."

And one : "Who knows not the shrieking quest
When the sea mew misses its young from the nest ?"

'Twas thus till now they had soothed his dread
Albeit they knew not what they said :

But who should speak to-day of the thing
That all knew there except the King ?

Then pondering much they found a way,
And met round the King's high seat that day.

And the King sat with a heart sore stirred,
And seldom he spoke and seldom heard.

'Twas then through the hall the King was 'ware
Of a little boy with golden hair,

As bright as the golden poppy is
That the beach breeds for the surf to kiss:

Yet pale his cheek as the thorn in Spring,
And his garb black like the raven's wing.

Nothing heard but his foot through the hall,
For now the lords were silent all.

And the King wondered, and said, "Alack!
Who sends me a fair boy dressed in black?"

"Why, sweet heart, do you pace through the hall
As though my court were a funeral?"

Then lowly knelt the child at the dais,
And looked up weeping in the King's face.

"O wherefore black, O King, ye may say,
For white is the hue of death to-day.

"Your son and all his fellowship
Lie low in the sea with the White Ship."

King Henry fell as a man struck dead;
And speechless still he stared from his bed
When to him next day my rede I read.

There' : many an hour must needs beguile
A King's high heart that he should smile, —

Full many a lordly hour, full fain
Of his realm's rule and pride of his reign: —

But this King never smiled again.

By none but me can the tale be told,
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.

(Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.)

'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.

(The sea hath no King but God alone.)

THE CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM.

BY EDWARD GIBBON.

(From the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.")

[EDWARD GIBBON, the English historian, was born at Putney, Surrey, April 27, 1737. During his boyhood he lived with his aunt, and at fifteen entered Magdalen College, Oxford, from which he was expelled for his conversion to Catholicism. In consequence of this he was sent to Lausanne, Switzerland, and placed by his father with M. Pavillard, a Calvinistic divine, who reconverted him to Protestantism. Here also he fell in love with Mademoiselle Susanne Curchod (afterwards wife of Necker, the French financier, and mother of Madame de Staël), and would have married her but for his father's opposition. On his return to England he served as captain in the Hampshire militia for several years; revisited Europe (1763-1765); was a member of Parliament for eight sessions, after which he retired for quiet and economy to Lausanne. He died in London, January 15, 1794. It was at Rome in 1764 that the idea of writing the "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" first occurred to him as he "sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol while barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter." The first volume appeared in 1776, and the last in 1788. This monumental work is virtually a history of the civilized world for thirteen centuries, and, in spite of its defects, is one of the greatest of historical compositions. Gibbon also wrote an entertaining autobiography.]

AS THE pilgrims passed over a desert, where a draught of water is exchanged for silver, they were tormented by intolerable thirst; and on the banks of the first rivulet, their haste and intemperance were still more pernicious to the disorderly throng. They climbed with toil and danger the steep and slippery sides of Mount Taurus; many of the soldiers cast away their arms to secure their footsteps; and had not terror preceded their van, the long and trembling file might have been driven down the precipice by a handful of resolute enemies.

Before the Franks could enter Syria, the summer, and even the autumn, were completely wasted: the siege of Antioch, or the separation and repose of the army during the winter season, was strongly debated in their council: the love of arms and the holy sepulchre urged them to advance; and reason perhaps was on the side of resolution, since every hour of delay abates the fame and force of the invader, and multiplies the resources of defensive war. The capital of Syria was protected by the river Orontes; and the iron bridge, of nine arches, derives its name from the massy gates of the two towers which are constructed at either end. They were opened by the sword of the duke of

Normandy : his victory gave entrance to three hundred thousand crusaders, an account which may allow some scope for losses and desertion, but which clearly detects much exaggeration in the review of Nice. In the description of Antioch, it is not easy to define a middle term between her ancient magnificence, under the successors of Alexander and Augustus, and the modern aspect of Turkish desolation. The Tetrapolis, or four cities, if they retained their name and position, must have left a large vacancy in a circumference of twelve miles ; and that measure, as well as the number of four hundred towers, are not perfectly consistent with the five gates, so often mentioned in the history of the siege. Yet Antioch must have flourished as a great and populous capital. At the head of the Turkish emirs, Baghisian, a veteran chief, commanded in the place : his garrison was composed of six or seven thousand horse, and fifteen or twenty thousand foot : one hundred thousand Moslems are said to have fallen by the sword ; and their numbers were probably inferior to the Greeks, Armenians, and Syrians, who had been no more than fourteen years the slaves of the house of Seljuk. From the remains of a solid and stately wall, it appears to have arisen to the height of threescore feet in the valleys ; and wherever less art and labor had been applied, the ground was supposed to be defended by the river, the morass, and the mountains. Notwithstanding these fortifications, the city had been repeatedly taken by the Persians, the Arabs, the Greeks, and the Turks ; so large a circuit must have yielded many pervious points of attack ; and in a siege that was formed about the middle of October, the vigor of the execution could alone justify the boldness of the attempt. Whatever strength and valor could perform in the field was abundantly discharged by the champions of the cross : in the frequent occasions of sallies, of forage, of the attack and defense of convoys, they were often victorious ; and we can only complain that their exploits are sometimes enlarged beyond the scale of probability and truth. The sword of Godfrey divided a Turk from the shoulder to the haunch ; and one half of the infidel fell to the ground, while the rest was transported by his horse to the city gate. As Robert of Normandy rode against his antagonist, " I devote thy head," he piously exclaimed, " to the demons of hell ;" and that head was instantly cloven to the breast by the resistless stroke of his descending falchion. But the reality or report of such gigantic prowess must have taught the Moslems

to keep within their walls : and against those walls of earth or stone, the sword and the lance were unavailing weapons. In the slow and successive labors of a siege, the crusaders were supine and ignorant, without skill to contrive, or money to purchase, or industry to use, the artificial engines and implements of assault. In the conquest of Nice, they had been powerfully assisted by the wealth and knowledge of the Greek emperor : his absence was poorly supplied by some Genoese and Pisan vessels, that were attracted by religion or trade to the coast of Syria : the stores were scanty, the return precarious, and the communication difficult and dangerous. Indolence or weakness had prevented the Franks from investing the entire circuit ; and the perpetual freedom of two gates relieved the wants and recruited the garrison of the city. At the end of seven months, after the ruin of their cavalry and an enormous loss by famine, desertion, and fatigue, the progress of the crusaders was imperceptible and their success remote, if the Latin Ulysses, the artful and ambitious Bohemond, had not employed the arms of cunning and deceit. The Christians of Antioch were numerous and discontented. Phirouz, a Syrian renegado, had acquired the favor of the emir and the command of three towers ; and the merit of his repentance disguised to the Latins, and perhaps to himself, the foul design of perfidy and treason. A secret correspondence, for their mutual interest, was soon established between Phirouz and the prince of Tarento ; and Bohemond declared in the council of the chiefs, that he could deliver the city into their hands. But he claimed the sovereignty of Antioch as the reward of his service ; and the proposal which had been rejected by the envy, was at length extorted from the distress, of his equals. The nocturnal surprise was executed by the French and Norman princes, who ascended in person the scaling ladders that were thrown from the walls : their new proselyte, after the murder of his too scrupulous brother, embraced and introduced the servants of Christ ; the army rushed through the gates ; and the Moslems soon found that, although mercy was hopeless, resistance was impotent. But the citadel still refused to surrender ; and the victors themselves were speedily encompassed and besieged by the innumerable forces of Kerboga, prince of Mosul, who, with twenty-eight Turkish emirs, advanced to the deliverance of Antioch. Five and twenty days the Christians spent on the verge of destruction ; and the proud lieutenant of the caliph and the sultan left

them only the choice of servitude or death. In this extremity they collected the relics of their strength, sallied from the town, and in a single memorable day annihilated or dispersed the host of Turks and Arabians, which they might safely report to have consisted of six hundred thousand men. Their supernatural allies I shall proceed to consider: the human causes of the victory of Antioch were the fearless despair of the Franks; and the surprise, the discord, perhaps the errors, of their unskillful and presumptuous adversaries. The battle is described with as much disorder as it was fought; but we may observe the tent of Kerboga, a movable and spacious palace, enriched with the luxury of Asia, and capable of holding above two thousand persons; we may distinguish his three thousand guards, who were cased, the horses as well as the men, in complete steel.

In the eventful period of the siege and defense of Antioch, the crusaders were alternately exalted by victory or sunk in despair; either swelled with plenty or emaciated with hunger. A speculative reasoner might suppose that their faith had a strong and serious influence on their practice, and that the soldiers of the cross, the deliverers of the holy sepulcher, prepared themselves by a sober and virtuous life for the daily contemplation of martyrdom. Experience blows away this charitable illusion; and seldom does the history of profane war display such scenes of intemperance and prostitution as were exhibited under the walls of Antioch. The grove of Daphne no longer flourished; but the Syrian air was still impregnated with the same vices; the Christians were seduced by every temptation that nature either prompts or reprobates; the authority of the chiefs was despised; the sermons and edicts were alike fruitless against those scandalous disorders, not less pernicious to military discipline, than repugnant to evangelic purity. In the first days of the siege and possession of Antioch, the Franks consumed with wanton and thoughtless prodigality the frugal subsistence of weeks and months: the desolate country no longer yielded a supply; and from that country they were at length excluded by the arms of the besieging Turks. Disease, the faithful companion of want, was envenomed by the rains of winter, the summer heats, unwholesome food, and the close imprisonment of multitudes. The pictures of famine and pestilence were always the same, and always disgusting; and our imagination may suggest the nature of their sufferings and their resources. The remains of treasure or

spoil were eagerly lavished in the purchase of the vilest nourishment ; and dreadful must have been the calamities of the poor, since, after paying three marks of silver for a goat and fifteen for a lean camel, the count of Flanders was reduced to beg a dinner, and Duke Godfrey to borrow a horse. Sixty thousand horses had been reviewed in the camp : before the end of the siege they were diminished to two thousand, and scarcely two hundred fit for service could be mustered on the day of battle. Weakness of body and terror of mind extinguished the ardent enthusiasm of the pilgrims ; and every motive of honor and religion was subdued by the desire of life. Among the chiefs, three heroes may be found without fear or reproach : Godfrey of Bouillon was supported by his magnanimous piety ; Bohemond by ambition and interest ; and Tancred declared, in the true spirit of chivalry, that as long as he was at the head of forty knights, he would never relinquish the enterprise of Palestine. But the count of Tholouse and Provence was suspected of a voluntary indisposition ; the duke of Normandy was recalled from the seashore by the censures of the church ; Hugh the Great, though he led the vanguard of the battle, embraced an ambiguous opportunity of returning to France ; and Stephen, count of Chartres, basely deserted the standard which he bore, and the council in which he presided. The soldiers were discouraged by the flight of William, viscount of Melun, surnamed the Carpenter, from the weighty strokes of his ax ; and the saints were scandalized by the fall of Peter the Hermit, who, after arming Europe against Asia, attempted to escape from the penance of a necessary fast. Of the multitude of recreant warriors, the names (says an historian) are blotted from the book of life ; and the approbrious epithet of the ropedancers was applied to the deserters who dropped in the night from the walls of Antioch. The emperor Alexius, who seemed to advance to the succor of the Latins, was dismayed by the assurance of their hopeless condition. They expected their fate in silent despair ; oaths and punishments were tried without effect ; and to rouse the soldiers to the defense of the walls, it was found necessary to set fire to their quarters.

For their salvation and victory, they were indebted to the same fanaticism which led them to the brink of ruin. In such a cause, and in such an army, visions, prophecies, and miracles were frequent and familiar. In the distress of Antioch they were repeated with unusual energy and success : St. Am-

brose had assured a pious ecclesiastic, that two years of trial must precede the season of deliverance and grace ; the deserters were stopped by the presence and reproaches of Christ himself ; the dead had promised to arise and to combat with their brethren ; the Virgin had obtained the pardon of their sins ; and their confidence was revived by a visible sign, the seasonable and splendid discovery of the *Holy Lance*. The policy of their chiefs has on this occasion been admired, and might surely be excused ; but a pious fraud is seldom produced by the cool conspiracy of many persons ; and a voluntary impostor might depend on the support of the wise and the credulity of the people. Of the diocese of Marseilles, there was a priest of low cunning and loose manners, and his name was Peter Bartholemy. He presented himself at the door of the council chamber, to disclose an apparition of St. Andrew, which had been thrice reiterated in his sleep, with a dreadful menace, if he presumed to suppress the commands of Heaven. "At Antioch," said the apostle, "in the church of my brother St. Peter, near the high altar, is concealed the steel head of the lance that pierced the side of our Redeemer. In three days that instrument of eternal, and now of temporal, salvation will be manifested to his disciples. Search, and ye shall find : bear it aloft in battle ; and that mystic weapon shall penetrate the souls of the miscreants." The pope's legate, the bishop of Puy, affected to listen with coldness and distrust ; but the revelation was eagerly accepted by Count Raymond, whom his faithful subject, in the name of the apostle, had chosen for the guardian of the holy lance. The experiment was resolved ; and on the third day, after a due preparation of prayer and fasting, the priest of Marseilles introduced twelve trusty spectators, among whom were the count and his chaplain, and the church doors were barred against the impetuous multitude. The ground was opened in the appointed place ; but the workmen, who relieved each other, dug to the depth of twelve feet without discovering the object of their search. In the evening, when Count Raymond had withdrawn to his post, and the weary assistants began to murmur, Bartholemy, in his shirt and without his shoes, boldly descended into the pit ; the darkness of the hour and place enabled him to secrete and deposit the head of a Saracen lance ; and the first sound, the first gleam, of the steel was saluted with a devout rapture. The holy lance was drawn from its recess, wrapped in a veil of silk

and gold, and exposed to the veneration of the crusaders; their anxious suspense burst forth in a general shout of joy and hope, and the desponding troops were again inflamed with the enthusiasm of valor. Whatever had been the arts, and whatever might be the sentiments of the chiefs, they skillfully improved this fortunate revolution, by every aid that discipline and devotion could afford. The soldiers were dismissed to their quarters with an injunction to fortify their minds and bodies for the approaching conflict, freely to bestow their last pittance on themselves and their horses, and to expect with the dawn of day the signal of victory. On the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, the gates of Antioch were thrown open: a martial psalm, "Let the Lord arise, and let his enemies be scattered!" was chanted by a procession of priests and monks; the battle array was marshaled in twelve divisions, in honor of the twelve apostles; and the holy lance, in the absence of Raymond, was intrusted to the hands of his chaplain. The influence of this relic or trophy was felt by the servants, and perhaps by the enemies, of Christ; and its potent energy was heightened by an accident, a stratagem, or a rumor, of a miraculous complexion. Three knights, in white garments and resplendent arms, either issued, or seemed to issue, from the hills: the voice of Adhemar, the pope's legate, proclaimed them as the martyrs St. George, St. Theodore, and St. Maurice; the tumult of battle allowed no time for doubt or scrutiny; and the welcome apparition dazzled the eyes or the imagination of a fanatic army. In the season of danger and triumph, the revelation of Bartholemy of Marseilles was unanimously asserted; but as soon as the temporary service was accomplished, the personal dignity and liberal alms which the count of Tholouse derived from the custody of the holy lance provoked the envy, and awakened the reason, of his rivals. A Norman clerk presumed to sift, with a philosophic spirit, the truth of the legend, the circumstances of the discovery, and the character of the prophet; and the pious Bohemond ascribed their deliverance to the merits and intercession of Christ alone. For a while, the Provincials defended their national palladium with clamors and arms; and new visions condemned to death and hell the profane skeptics who presumed to scrutinize the truth and merit of the discovery. The prevalence of incredulity compelled the author to submit his life and veracity to the judgment of God. A pile of dry fagots, four feet high and

fourteen long, was erected in the midst of the camp; the flames burnt fiercely to the elevation of thirty cubits; and a narrow path of twelve inches was left for the perilous trial. The unfortunate priest of Marseilles traversed the fire with dexterity and speed; but his thighs and belly were scorched by the intense heat; he expired the next day; and the logic of believing minds will pay some regard to his dying protestations of innocence and truth. Some efforts were made by the Provincials to substitute a cross, a ring, or a tabernacle, in the place of the holy lance, which soon vanished in contempt and oblivion. Yet the revelation of Antioch is gravely asserted by succeeding historians; and such is the progress of credulity, that miracles, most doubtful on the spot and at the moment, will be received with implicit faith at a convenient distance of time and space.

The prudence or fortune of the Franks had delayed their invasion till the decline of the Turkish empire. Under the manly government of the first three sultans, the kingdoms of Asia were united in peace and justice; and the innumerable armies which they led in person were equal in courage, and superior in discipline, to the barbarians of the West. But at the time of the crusade, the inheritance of Malek Shah was disputed by his four sons; their private ambition was insensible of the public danger; and in the vicissitudes of their fortune, the royal vassals were ignorant, or regardless, of the true object of their allegiance. The twenty-eight emirs who marched with the standard of Kerboga were his rivals or his enemies: their hasty levies were drawn from the towns and tents of Mesopotamia and Syria; and the Turkish veterans were employed or consumed in the civil wars beyond the Tigris. The caliph of Egypt embraced this opportunity of weakness and discord to recover his ancient possessions; and his sultan Aphdal besieged Jerusalem and Tyre, expelled the children of Ortok, and restored in Palestine the civil and ecclesiastical authority of the Fatimites. They heard with astonishment of the vast armies of Christians that had passed from Europe to Asia, and rejoiced in the sieges and battles which broke the power of the Turks, the adversaries of their sect and monarchy. But the same Christians were the enemies of the prophet; and from the overthrow of Nice and Antioch, the motive of their enterprise, which was gradually understood, would urge them forward to the banks of the Jordan, or perhaps of the Nile. An intercourse of epistles and

embassies, which rose and fell with the events of war, was maintained between the throne of Cairo and the camp of the Latins; and their adverse pride was the result of ignorance and enthusiasm. The ministers of Egypt declared in a haughty, or insinuated in a milder, tone that their sovereign, the true and lawful commander of the faithful, had rescued Jerusalem from the Turkish yoke, and that the pilgrims, if they would divide their numbers, and lay aside their arms, should find a safe and hospitable reception at the sepulcher of Jesus. In the belief of their lost condition, the caliph Mostali despised their arms and imprisoned their deputies: the conquest and victory of Antioch prompted him to solicit those formidable champions with gifts of horses and silk robes, of vases, and purses of gold and silver; and in his estimate of their merit or power, the first place was assigned to Bohemond, and the second to Godfrey. In either fortune the answer of the crusaders was firm and uniform; they disdained to inquire into the private claims or possessions of the followers of Mahomet; whatsoever was his name or nation, the usurper of Jerusalem was their enemy; and instead of prescribing the mode and terms of their pilgrimage, it was only by a timely surrender of the city and province, their sacred right, that he could deserve their alliance, or deprecate their impending and irresistible attack.

[A.D. 1098, 1099.] Yet this attack, when they were within the view and reach of their glorious prize, was suspended above ten months after the defeat of Kerboga. The zeal and courage of the crusaders were chilled in the moment of victory: and, instead of marching to improve the consternation, they hastily dispersed, to enjoy the luxury, of Syria. The causes of this strange delay may be found in the want of strength and subordination. In the painful and various service of Antioch, the cavalry was annihilated; many thousands of every rank had been lost by famine, sickness, and desertion: the same abuse of plenty had been productive of a third famine; and the alternative of intemperance and distress had generated a pestilence which swept away above fifty thousand of the pilgrims. Few were able to command, and none were willing to obey; the domestic feuds, which had been stifled by common fear, were again renewed in acts, or at least in sentiments, of hostility; the fortunes of Baldwin and Bohemond excited the envy of their companions; the bravest knights were enlisted for the defense of their new principalities; and Count Raymond ex-

hausted his troops and treasures in an idle expedition into the heart of Syria. The winter was consumed in discord and disorder; a sense of honor and religion was rekindled in the spring; and the private soldiers, less susceptible of ambition and jealousy, awakened with angry clamors the indolence of their chiefs. In the month of May, the relics of this mighty host proceeded from Antioch to Laodicea: about forty thousand Latins, of whom no more than fifteen hundred horse, and twenty thousand foot, were capable of immediate service. Their easy march was continued between Mount Libanus and the seashore; their wants were liberally supplied by the coasting traders of Genoa and Pisa; and they drew large contributions from the emirs of Tripoli, Tyre, Sidon, Acre, and Cæsarea, who granted a free passage and promised to follow the example of Jerusalem. From Cæsarea they advanced into the midland country; their clerks recognized the sacred geography of Lydda, Ramla, Emmaus, and Bethlehem; and as soon as they desecrated the holy city, the crusaders forgot their toil and claimed their reward.

[A.D. 1099.] Jerusalem has derived some reputation from the number and importance of her memorable sieges. It was not till after a long and obstinate contest that Babylon and Rome could prevail against the obstinacy of the people, the craggy ground that might supersede the necessity of fortifications, and the walls and towers that would have fortified the most accessible plain. The obstacles were diminished in the age of the crusades. The bulwarks had been completely destroyed, and imperfectly restored; the Jews, their nation and worship, were forever banished; but nature is less changeable than man, and the site of Jerusalem, though somewhat softened and somewhat removed, was still strong against the assaults of the enemy. By the experience of a recent siege, and a three years' possession, the Saracens of Egypt had been taught to discern, and in some degree to remedy, the defects of a place which religion as well as honor forbade them to resign. Aladin, or Iftikhar, the caliph's lieutenant, was intrusted with the defense: his policy strove to restrain the native Christians by the dread of their own ruin and that of the holy sepulcher; to animate the Moslems by the assurance of temporal and eternal rewards. His garrison is said to have consisted of forty thousand Turks and Arabians; and if he could muster twenty thousand of the inhabitants, it must be confessed that the besieged were more

numerous than the besieging army. Had the diminished strength and number of the Latins allowed them to grasp the whole circumference of four thousand yards (about two English miles and a half), to what useful purpose should they have descended into the valley of Ben Hinnom and torrent of Cedron, or approached the precipices of the south and east, from whence they had nothing either to hope or fear? Their siege was more reasonably directed against the northern and western sides of the city. Godfrey of Bouillon erected his standard on the first swell of the Mount Calvary: to the left, as far as St. Stephen's gate, the line of attack was continued by Tancred and the two Roberts; and Count Raymond established his quarters from the citadel to the foot of Mount Sion, which was no longer included within the precincts of the city. On the fifth day, the crusaders made a general assault, in the fanatic hope of battering down the walls without engines, and of scaling them without ladders. By the dint of brutal force, they burst the first barrier; but they were driven back with shame and slaughter, to the camp: the influence of vision and prophecy was deadened by the too frequent abuse of these pious stratagems; and time and labor were found to be the only means of victory. The time of the siege was indeed fulfilled in forty days, but they were forty days of calamity and anguish. A repetition of the old complaint of famine may be imputed in some degree to the voracious or disorderly appetite of the Franks; but the stony soil of Jerusalem is almost destitute of water; the scanty springs and hasty torrents were dry in the summer season; nor was the thirst of the besiegers relieved, as in the city, by the artificial supply of cisterns and aqueducts. The circumjacent country is equally destitute of trees for the use of shade or building; but some large beams were discovered in a cave by the crusaders: a wood near Sichem, the enchanted grove of Tasso, was cut down: the necessary timber was transported to the camp by the vigor and dexterity of Tancred; and the engines were framed by some Genoese artists, who had fortunately landed in the harbor of Jaffa. Two movable turrets were constructed at the expense, and in the stations, of the duke of Lorraine and the count of Toulouse, and rolled forward with devout labor, not to the most accessible, but to the most neglected, parts of the fortifications. Raymond's tower was reduced to ashes by the fire of the besieged, but his colleague was more vigilant and success-

ful; the enemies were driven by his archers from the rampart; the drawbridge was let down; and on a Friday, at three in the afternoon, the day and hour of the Passion, Godfrey of Bouillon stood victorious on the walls of Jerusalem. His example was followed on every side by the emulation of valor; and about four hundred and sixty years after the conquest of Omar, the holy city was rescued from Mahometan yoke. In the pillage of public and private wealth, the adventurers had agreed to respect the exclusive property of the first occupant; and the spoils of the great mosque, seventy lamps and massy vases of gold and silver, rewarded the diligence and displayed the generosity of Tancred. A bloody sacrifice was offered by his mistaken votaries to the God of the Christians: resistance might provoke, but neither age nor sex could mollify, their implacable rage: they indulged themselves three days in a promiscuous massacre, and the infection of the dead bodies produced an epidemical disease. After seventy thousand Moslems had been put to the sword, and the harmless Jews had been put to death in their synagogue, they could still reserve a multitude of captives, whom interest or lassitude persuaded them to spare. Of these savage heroes of the cross, Tancred alone betrayed some sentiments of compassion; yet we may praise the more selfish lenity of Raymond, who granted a capitulation and safe-conduct of the garrison of the citadel. The holy sepulcher was now free; and the bloody victors prepared to accomplish their vow. Bareheaded and barefoot, with contrite hearts, and in an humble posture, they ascended the hill of Calvary, amidst the loud anthems of the clergy; kissed the stone which had covered the Savior of the world; and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence the monument of their redemption. This union of the fiercest and most tender passions has been variously considered by two philosophers: by the one, as easy and natural; by the other, as absurd and incredible. Perhaps it is too rigorously applied to the same persons and the same hour: the example of the virtuous Godfrey awakened the piety of his companions; while they cleansed their bodies, they purified their minds; nor shall I believe that the most ardent in slaughter and rapine were the foremost in the procession to the holy sepulcher.

ARMIDA'S WILES.

BY TORQUATO TASSO.

(From the "Jerusalem Delivered": translated by Edward Fairfax.)

[TORQUATO TASSO, an Italian poet, was born at Sorrento, March 11, 1544, the son of Bernardo Tasso, a poet of considerable distinction. He received his early education in Naples, Rome, Pesaro, and Venice, and in compliance with his father's wish studied law at Padua, but soon abandoned it after the successful reception of his poem "Rinaldo." He then repaired to Bologna, where he studied philosophy, made the acquaintance of distinguished literary men, and worked upon his great epic "Gerusalemme Liberata" (Jerusalem Delivered). In 1565 he entered the service of Cardinal Luigi d'Este and later that of Alfonso II., reigning duke of Ferrara. During the latter part of his life he suffered from attacks of insanity, and finally became so violent in accusing the duke of a design to poison him that he was placed in a lunatic asylum. Having been released at the intercession of Prince Gonzaga of Mantua, he wandered from city to city, broken in health and spirits. In 1595 he was summoned to Rome by Pope Clement VIII. to receive the honor of a public coronation, but fell ill on his arrival, and died April 22, 1595. His chief production, "Jerusalem Delivered," is a heroic record of the conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders under the command of Godfrey de Bouillon. Other works are: "Aminta," a pastoral drama; "Torrismondo," a tragedy; and several lyric poems.]

As when the sunbeams dive through Tagus' wave,
 To spy the storehouse of his springing gold,
 Love-piercing thought so through her mantle drape,
 And in her gentle bosom wandered bold:
 It viewed the wondrous beauty virgins have,
 And all too fond desire with vantage told:
 Alas! what hope is left to quench the fire,
 That kindled is by sight, blown by desire.

Thus past she, praised, wished, and wond'ring at,
 Among the troops who there encamped lay,
 She smiled for joy, but well dissembled that
 Her greedy eye chose out her wished prey;
 On all her gestures seeming virtue sat,
 Towards th' imperial tent she asked the way:
 With that she met a bold and lovesome knight,
 Lord Godfrey's youngest brother, Eustace hight.

This was the fowl that first fell in the snare,
 He saw her fair, and hoped to find her kind;
 The throne of Cupid hath an easy stair,
 His bark is fit to sail with every wind,

The breach he makes no wisdom can repair.

With rev'rence meet the baron low inclined,
And thus his purpose to the virgin told,
For youth, use, nature, all had made him bold :

Lady, if thee beseem a stile so low,

In whose sweet looks such sacred beauties shine,
For never yet did Heaven such grace bestow

On any daughter born of Adam's line.
Thy name let us, though far unworthy, know ;
Unfold thy will, and whence thou art in fine,
Lest my audacious boldness learn too late,
What honors due become thy high estate.

Sir knight, quoth she, your praises reach too high

Above her merit you commenden so,
A hapless maid I am, both born to die,
And dead to joy, that live in care and woe,
A virgin helpless, fugitive pardie,
My native soil and kingdom thus forego
To seek Duke Godfrey's aid, such store men tell
Of virtuous ruth doth in his bosom dwell.

Conduct me then that mighty Duke before,

If you be courteous, sir, as well you seem. —
Content, quoth he ; since of one womb ybore,
We brothers are, your fortune good esteem
T' encounter me, whose word prevaieth more
In Godfrey's hearing than you haply deem.
Mine aid I grant, and his I promise too,
All that his scepter, or my sword, can do.

He led her eas'ly forth when this was said,

Where Godfrey sat among his lords and peers ;
She rev'rence did, then blushed as one dismayed

To speak, for secret wants and inward fears ;
It seemed a bashful shame her speeches stayed.

At last the courteous Duke her gently cheers ;
Silence was made, and she began her tale.
They sit to hear, thus sung the nightingale :

Victorious prince, whose honorable name

Is held so great among our pagan kings,
That to those lands thou dost by conquest tame,
That thou hast won them some content it brings ;

Well known to all is thy immortal fame,
 The earth thy worth, thy foe thy praises sings,
 And painims wronged come to seek thine aid,
 So doth thy virtue, so thy power persuade.

And I, though bred in Macon's heath'nish lore,
 Which thou oppressest with thy puissant might,
 Yet trust thou wilt an helpless maid restore,
 And repossess her in her father's right :
 Others in their distress do aid implore
 Of kin and friends ; but I in this sad plight
 Invoke thy help my kingdom to invade,
 So doth thy virtue, so my need persuade.

In thee I hope, thy succors I invoke,
 To win the crown whence I am dispossesst ;
 For like renown awaiteth on the stroke
 To cast the haughty down, or raise th' opprest ;
 Nor greater glory brings a scepter broke,
 Than doth deliv'rance of a maid distressed :
 And since thou canst at will perform the thing,
 More is thy praise to make than kill a king.

But if thou wouldst thy succors due excuse,
 Because in Christ I have no hope nor trust,
 Ah! yet for virtue's sake thy virtue use ;
 Who scorneth gold because it lies in dust ?
 Be witness, heaven, if thou to grant refuse,
 Thou dost forsake a maid in cause most just,
 And for thou shalt at large my fortunes know,
 I will my wrongs, and their great treasons show.

Prince Arbilan, that reigned in his life
 On fair Damascus, was my noble sire,
 Born of mean race he was, yet got to wife
 The queen Chariclia, such was the fire
 Of her hot love ; but soon the fatal knife
 Had cut the thread that kept their joys entire,
 For so mishap her cruel lot had cast,
 My birth her death, my first day was her last.

And ere five years had fully come and gone
 Since his dear spouse to hasty death did yield,
 My father also died, consumed with moan,
 And sought his love amid the Elysian field,

His crown and me, poor orphan, left alone.

Mine uncle governed in my tender eild ;
For well he thought, if mortal men have faith,
In brother's breast true love his mansion hath.

He took the charge of me, and of the crown,
And with kind shows of love so brought to pass,
That through Damascus great report was blown
How good, how just, how kind mine uncle was,
Whether he kept his wicked hate unknown,
And hid the serpent in the flow'ring grass,
Or that true faith did in his bosom won,
Because he meant to match me with his son.

Which son, within short while, did undertake
Degree of knighthood, as beseemed him well,
Yet never durst he for his lady's sake
Break sword or lance, advanced in lofty cell :
As fair he was as Citherea's make,
As proud as he that signorizeth hell,
In fashions wayward, and in love unkind,
For Cupid deigns not wound a currish mind.

This paragon should queen Armida wed,
A goodly swain to be a princess' pheer,
A lovely partner of a lady's bed,
A noble head a golden crown to wear !
His glozing sire his errand daily said,
And sugared speeches whisp'red in mine ear,
To make me take this darling in mine arms,
But still the adder stopped her ears from charms.

At last he left me with a troubled grace,
Through which transparent was his inward spite ;
Methought I read the story in his face
Of these mishaps that on me since have light.
Since that, foul spirits haunt my resting place,
And ghastly visions break my sleep by night ;
Grief, horror, fear, my fainting soul did kill,
For so my mind foreshowed my coming ill.

Three times the shape of my dear mother came,
Pale, sad, dismayed, to warn me in my dream :
Alas ! how far transformed from the same,
Whose eyes shone erst like Titan's glorious beam. —

Daughter, she says, fly, fly, behold thy dame
 Foreshows the treasons of thy wretched eame,
 Who poison 'gainst thy harmless life provides. —
 This said, to shapeless air unseen she glides.

But what avail high walls or bulwarks strong,
 Where fainting cowards have the peece to guard ?
 My sex too weak, mine age was all too young,
 To undertake alone a work so hard ;
 To wander wild the desert woods among,
 A banished maid, of wonted ease debarred,
 So grievous seemed, that leifer were my death,
 And there t' expire where first I drew my breath.

I feared deadly evil if long I stayed,
 And yet to fly had neither will nor power ;
 Nor durst my heart declare it waxed afraid,
 Lest so I hasten might my dying hour :
 Thus restless waited I, unhappy maid !
 What hand should first pluck up my springing flower ;
 Even as the wretch, condemned to lose his life,
 Awaits the falling of the murd'ring knife.

In these extremes (for so my fortune would
 Perchance preserve me to my further ill),
 One of my noble father's servants old,
 That for his goodness bore his child good will,
 With store of tears this treason 'gan unfold,
 And said, my guardian would his pupil kill ;
 And that himself, if promise made he kept,
 Should give me poison dire ere next I slept.

And further told me, if I wished to live,
 I must convey myself by secret flight ;
 And offered then all succors he could give
 To aid his mistress, banished from her right.
 His words of comfort fear to exile drive,
 The dread of death made lesser dangers light :
 So we concluded, when the shadows dim
 Obscured the earth, I should depart with him.

Of close escapes the aged patroness,
 Blacker than erst, her sable mantle spread,
 When with two trusty maids, in great distress,
 Both from my uncle and my realm I fled.

Oft looked I back, but hardly could suppress
 Those streams of tears mine eyes uncessant shed ;
 For when I looked on my kingdom lost,
 It was a grief, a death, an hell almost.

My steeds drew on the burden of my limbs,
 But still my looks, my thoughts, drew back as fast :
 So fare the men that, from the haven's brims,
 Far out to sea by sudden storm are cast.
 Swift o'er the grass the rolling chariot swims,
 Through ways unknown, all night, all day, we haste,
 At last, nigh tired, a castle strong we fand,
 The utmost border of my native land ;

The fort Arontes was, for so the knight
 Was called that my deliv'rance thus had wrought.
 But when the tyrant saw, by mature flight
 I had escaped the treasons of his thought,
 The rage increased in the cursed wight,
 'Gainst me, and him that me to safety brought ;
 And us accused, we would have poisoned
 Him ; but descried, to save our lives we fled :

And that, in lieu of his approved truth,
 To poison him I hired had my guide ;
 That he dispatched, mine unbridled youth
 Might range at will, in no subjection tied,
 And that each night I slept (O foul untruth !)
 Mine honor lost, by this Arontes' side : —
 But Heaven I pray send down revenging fire,
 When so base love shall change my chaste desire !

Not that he sitteth on my regal throne,
 Nor that he thirst to drink my lukewarm blood,
 So grieveth me as this despite alone,
 That my renown, which ever blameless stood,
 Hath lost the light wherewith it always shone.
 With forged lies he makes his tale so good,
 And holds my subjects' hearts in such suspense,
 That none take armor for their queen's defense.

And though he doth my regal throne possess,
 Clothed in purple, crowned with burnished gold ;
 Yet is his hate, his rancor, ne'er the less,
 Since naught assuageth malice when 'tis old :

He threatens to burn Arontes' forteress,
 And murder him unless he yield the hold ;
 And me, and mine, threats not with war, but death ;
 This causeless hatred endless is unneath.

And so he trusts to wash away the stain,
 And hide his shameful fact with mine offense
 And saith he will restore the throne again,
 To its late honor and due excellence ;
 And therefore would I should be algates slain,
 For while I live his right is in suspense. —
 This is the cause my guiltless life is sought,
 For on my ruin is his safety wrought.

And let the tyrant have his heart's desire,
 Let him perform the cruelty he meant,
 My guiltless blood must quench the ceaseless fire,
 On which my endless tears were bootless spent,
 Unless thou help. To thee, renowned sire,
 I fly, a virgin, orphan, innocent ;
 And let these tears that on thy feet distill,
 Redeem the drops of blood he thirsts to spill.

By these thy glorious feet that tread secure
 On necks of tyrants, by thy conquests brave,
 By that right hand, and by those temples pure
 Thou seek'st to free from Macon's lore, I crave
 Help for this sickness, none but thou canst cure ;
 My life and kingdom let thy mercy save
 From death and ruin : but in vain I prove thee,
 If right, if truth, if justice cannot move thee.

Thou, who dost all thou wishest at thy will,
 And never willest aught but what is right,
 Preserve this guiltless blood they seek to spill ;
 Thine be my kingdom, save it with thy might.
 Among these captains, lords, and knights of skill,
 Appoint me ten approved most in fight,
 Who, with assistance of my friends and kin,
 May serve my kingdom lost again to win.

For lo, a knight that hath a gate to ward,
 A man of chiefest trust about his king,
 Hath promised so to beguile the guard,
 That me and mine he undertakes to bring

Safe where the tyrant haply sleepeth hard.
 He counseled me to undertake this thing,
 Of thee some little succor to entreat,
 Whose name alone accomplish can the feat. —

This said, his answer did the nymph attend ;
 Her looks, her sighs, her gestures all did pray him ;
 But Godfrey wisely did his grant suspend,
 He doubts the worst, and that awhile did stay him ;
 He knows, who fears no God, he loves no friend,
 He fears the heathen false would thus betray him :
 But yet such ruth dwelt in his princely mind,
 That, 'gainst his wisdom, pity made him kind.

Besides the kindness of his gentle thought,
 Ready to comfort each distressed wight,
 The maiden's offer profit with it brought ;
 For if the Syrian kingdom were her right,
 That won, the way were easy which he sought,
 To bring all Asia subject to his might ;
 There might he raise munition, arms, and treasure,
 To work th' Egyptian king and his displeasure.

Thus was his noble heart long time betwixt
 Fear and remorse, not granting nor denying,
 Upon his eyes the dame her lookings fixed,
 As if her life and death lay on his saying ;
 Some tears she shed, with sighs and sobbings mixed,
 As if her hope were dead through his delaying.
 At last her earnest suit the Duke denyed,
 But with sweet words thus would content the maid : —

If not in service of our God we fought,
 In meaner quarrel if this sword were shaken,
 Well might thou gather in thy gentle thought,
 So fair a Princess should not be forsaken ;
 But since these armies, from the world's end brought,
 To free this sacred town have undertaken,
 It were unfit we turned our strength away,
 And victory, even in her coming, stay.

I promise thee, and on my princely word
 The burden of thy wish and hope repose,
 That when this chosen temple of the Lord
 Her holy doors shall to his saints unclose

In rest and peace, then this victorious sword
 Shall execute due vengeance on thy foes :
 But if, for pity of a worldly dame,
 I left this work, such pity were my shame. —

At this the Princess bent her eyes to ground,
 And stood unmoved, though not unmarked, a space ;
 The secret bleeding of her inward wound
 Shed heavenly dew upon her angel's face. —
 Poor wretch, quoth she, in tears and sorrows drowned,
 Death be thy peace, the grave thy resting place,
 Since such thy hap, that, lest thou mercy find,
 The gentlest heart on earth is proved unkind.

Where none attends what boots it to complain ?
 Men's froward hearts are moved with women's tears,
 As marble stones are pierced with drops of rain ;
 No complaints find passage through unwilling ears.
 The tyrant haply would his wrath restrain,
 Heard he these prayers ruthless Godfrey hears ;
 Yet not thy fault is this ; my chance, I see,
 Hath made even pity pitiless in thee.

So both thy goodness and good hap denayed me,
 Grief, sorrow, mischief, care, hath overthrown me ;
 The star that ruled my birthday hath betrayed me,
 My genius sees his charge, but dares not own me ;
 Of queenlike state my flight hath disarrayed me ;
 My father died ere he five years had known me ;
 My kingdom lost, and lastly resteth now ;
 Down with the tree sith broke is every bough.

And, for the modest lore of maidenhood
 Bids me not sojourn with these armed men,
 O ! whither shall I flie ? What secret wood
 Shall hide me from the tyrant ? Or what den,
 What rock, what vault, what cave can do me good ?
 No, no, where death is sure, it resteth then
 To scorn his power, and be it therefore seen,
 Armida lived, and died, both like a queen. —

With that she looked as if a proud disdain
 Kindled displeasure in her noble mind ;
 The way she came she turned her steps again,
 With gestures sad, but in disdainful kind ;

A tempest railed down her cheeks amain,
 With tears of woe, and sighs of anger's wind;
 The drops her footsteps wash whereon she treads,
 And seems to step on pearls or crystal beads.

Her cheeks on which this streaming nectar fell,
 'Stilled through the linbeck of her diamond eyes,
 The roses white and red resembled well,
 Whereon the rosy May dew sprinkled lies,
 When the fair morn first blusheth from her cell,
 And breatheth balm from opened paradise:
 Thus sighed, thus mourned, thus wept, this lovely queen,
 And in each drop bathed a grace unseen.

Thrice twenty Cupids unperceived flew
 To gather up this liquor, ere it fall,
 And of each drop an arrow forged new;
 Else, as it came, snatched up the crystal ball,
 And at rebellious hearts for wildfire threw.
 O wondrous love! thou makest gain of all;
 For if she weeping sit, or smiling stand,
 She bends thy bow, or kindleth else thy brand.

This forged plaint drew forth unfeigned tears
 From many eyes, and pierced each worthy's heart;
 Each one condoleth with her that her hears,
 And of her grief would help her bear the smart:
 If Godfrey aid her not, not one but swears
 Some tygress gave him suck, on roughest part,
 'Midst the rude crags, on Alpine cliffs aloft:
 Hard is that heart which beauty makes not soft.

But jolly Eustace, in whose breast the brand
 Of love and pity kindled had the flame,
 While others softly whispered under hand,
 Before the Duke, with comely boldness, came:—
 Brother and lord, quoth he, too long you stand
 In your first purpose, yet vouchsafe to frame
 Your thoughts to ours, and lend this virgin aid:
 Thanks are half lost when good turns are delayed.

And think not that Eustace's talk assays
 To turn these forces from this present war,
 Or that I wish you should your armies raise
 From Sion's walls; my speech tends not so far;

But we that venture all for fame and praise,
 That to no charge nor service bounden are,
 Forth of our troop may ten well spared be
 To succor her, which naught can weaken thee.

And know they shall in God's high service fight,
 That virgins innocent save and defend;
 Dear will the spoils be in the Heaven's sight.
 That from a tyrant's hateful head we rend:
 Nor seem I forward in this lady's right,
 With hope of gain or profit in the end;
 But, for I know he arms unworthy bears,
 To help a maiden's cause that shuns or fears.

Ah! be it not pardie declared in France,
 Or elsewhere told where court'sy is in prize,
 That we forsook so fair a chevisance,
 For doubt or fear that might from fight arise:
 Else, here surrender I both sword and lance,
 And swear no more to use this martial guise;
 For ill deserves he to be termed a knight,
 That bears a blunt sword in a lady's right. —

Thus parled he, and with confused sound
 The rest approved what the gallant said.
 Their general the knights encompassed round;
 With humble grace and earnest suit they prayed. —
 I yield, quoth he, and be it happy found
 What I have granted; let her have your aid;
 Yours be the thanks, for yours the danger is
 If aught succeed, as much I fear amiss.

But, if with you my words may credit find,
 Oh! temper then this heat misguides you so. —
 Thus much he said: but they with fancy blind,
 Accept his grant and let his counsel go.
 What works not beauty! man's relenting mind
 Is eath to move with plaints and shows of woe:
 Her lips cast forth a chain of sugared words,
 That captive led most of the Christian lords.

Eustace recalled her, and bespake her thus: —
 Beauty's chief darling, let these sorrows be,
 For such assistance shall you find in us,
 As with your need or will may best agree. —

With that she cheered her forehead dolorous,
 And smiled for joy, that Phœbus blushed to see;
 And had she deigned her veil for to remove,
 The god himself once more had fallen in love.

With that she broke the silence once again,
 And gave the knight great thanks in little speech:
 She said she would his handmaid poor remain,
 So far as honor's laws received no breach.
 Her humble gestures made the res'due plain,
 Dumb eloquence persuading more than speech.
 This women know, and thus they use the guise
 T' enchant the valiant, and beguile the wise.

And when she saw her enterprise had got
 Some wished mean of quick and good proceeding,
 She thought to strike the iron that was hot;
 For every action hath its hour of speeding.
 Medea or false Circe changed not
 So far the shapes of men, as her eyes spreading
 Altered their hearts, and with her siren's sound,
 In lust their minds, their hearts in love, she drowned.

All wily sleights that subtle women know,
 Hourly she used to catch some lover new.
 None kened the bent of her unsteadfast bow,
 For with the time her thoughts her looks renew:
 From some she cast her modest eyes below,
 At some her gazing glances roving flew;
 And while she thus pursued her wanton sport,
 She spurred the slow, and reined the forward short.

If some, as hopeless that she would be won,
 Forbore to love, because they durst not move her,
 On them her gentle looks to smile begun,
 As who say, she is kind, if you dare prove her.
 On every heart thus shone this lustful sun,
 All strove to serve, to please, to woo, to love her;
 And in their hearts that chaste and bashful were,
 Her eye's hot glance dissolved the frost of fear.

On them, who durst with fing'ring bold assay
 To touch the softness of her tender skin,
 She looked as coy as if she list not play,
 And made as things of worth were hard to win;

Yet tempered so her 'dainful looks alway,
 That outward scorn shewed store of grace within :
 Thus with false hope their longing hearts she fired,
 For hardest-gotten things are most desired.

Alone sometimes she walked in secret, where
 To ruminat upon her discontent ;
 Within her eyelids sat the swelling tear,
 Not poured forth, though sprung from sad lament ;
 And with this craft a thousand souls well near
 In snares of foolish ruth and love she hent,
 And kept as slaves ; by which we fitly prove,
 That witless pity breedeth fruitless love.

Sometimes, as if her hope unloosed had
 The chains of grief wherein her thoughts lay fettered,
 Upon her minions looked she blithe and glad ;
 In that deceitful lore so was she lettered.
 Not glorious Titan, in his brightness clad,
 The sunshine of her face in luster bettered ;
 For when she list to cheer her beauties so,
 She smiled away the clouds of grief and woe.

Her double charm of smiles and sugared words
 Lulled on sleep the virtue of their senses ;
 Reason small aid 'gainst those assaults affords,
 Wisdom no warrant from those sweet offenses ;
 Cupid's deep rivers have their shallow fords,
 His griefs bring joys, his losses recompenses ;
 He breeds the sore, and cures us of the pain ;
 Achilles' lance, that wounds and heals again.

While thus she them torments 'twixt frost and fire,
 'Twixt joy and grief, 'twixt hope and restless fear,
 The sly enchantress felt her gain the nigher ;
 These were her flocks that golden fleeces bear :
 But if some one durst utter his desire,
 And by complaining make his griefs appear ;
 He labored hard rocks with plaints to move,
 She had not learned the gamut then of love.

For down she bent her bashful eyes to ground,
 And donned the weed of women's modest grace ;
 Down from her eyes welled the pearles round
 Upon the bright enamel of her face :

Such honey drops on springing flowers are found,
 When Phœbus holds the crimson morn in chace :
 Full seemed her looks of anger and of shame,
 Yet pity shone transparent through the same.

If she perceived by his outward cheer,
 That any would his love by talk bewray,
 Sometimes she heard him, sometimes stopped her ear,
 And played fast and loose the livelong day :
 Thus all her lovers kind deluded were,
 Their earnest suit got neither yea nor nay ;
 But like the sort of weary huntsmen fare,
 That hunt all day and lose at night the hare.

These were the arts by which she captived
 A thousand souls of young and lusty knights ;
 These were the arms wherewith love conquered
 Their feeble hearts subdued in wanton fights.
 What wonder if Achilles were misled,
 Or great Alcides, at their ladies' sights,
 Since these true champions of the Lord above
 Were thralls to beauty, yieldden slaves to love ?

But this false queen of craft and sly invention, —
 Whose looks, love's arrows were ; whose eyes his quivers ;
 Whose beauty matchless, free from reprehension,
 A wonder left by Heaven to after-livers, —
 Among the Christian lords had bred contention
 Who first should quench his flames in Cupid's rivers,
 While all her weapons and her darts rehearsed,
 Had not Godfredo's constant bosom pierced.

To change his modest thought the dame procureth,
 And proffereth heaps of love's enticing treasure ;
 But as the falcon newly gorged endureth
 Her keeper lure her oft, but comes at leisure ;
 So he, whom fullness of delight assureth
 What long repentance comes of love's short pleasure,
 Her crafts, her arts, herself and all despiseth :
 So base affections fall when Virtue riseth.

RICHARD AND SALADIN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From "The Talisman.")

[SIR WALTER SCOTT: The great Scotch novelist and poet; born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, where he attended the university. He practiced as an advocate for a while, then withdrew from the bar and devoted his attention largely to literature. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) brought him into prominence as an author; and in 1814 he published anonymously "Waverley," the first of the "Waverley Novels." He became a partner in Constable's publishing house and the Ballantynes' printing house, in order to realize all sides of the profit from his works; but bad management, and his immense overdrafts on their resources to build up a great feudal estate at Abbotsford, left them so weak that the panic of 1825 ruined both. He wore out his life in the effort to pay up in full the liabilities of £120,000, and the royalties on his books achieved this after his death. His other great poems are "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," and lesser ones in merit are "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Vision of Don Roderick." Among the "Waverleys" may be cited "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," "Quentin Durward," "The Pirate," and "The Talisman."]

THE King [Richard] was about to answer with much anger, when a Carmelite monk entered the apartment hastily, his head and person muffled in the long mantle and hood of striped cloth of the coarsest texture which distinguished his order, and flinging himself on his knees before the King, conjured him, by every holy word and sign, to stop the execution.

"Now, by both sword and scepter," said Richard, "the world are leagued to drive me mad. Fools, women, and monks cross me at every step. How comes he to live still?"

"My gracious liege," said the monk, "I entreated of the Lord of Gilsland to stay the execution until I had thrown myself at your royal ——"

"And he was willful enough to grant thy request?" said the King; "but it is of a piece with his wonted obstinacy. And what is it thou hast to say? Speak, in the fiend's name!"

"My lord, there is a weighty secret — but it rests under the seal of confession — I dare not tell or even whisper it; but I swear to thee by my holy order, by the habit which I wear, by the blessed Elias, our founder, even him who was translated without suffering the ordinary pangs of mortality, that this youth hath divulged to me a secret which, if I might confide it

to thee, would utterly turn thee from thy bloody purpose in regard to him."

"Good father," said Richard, "that I reverence the church, let the arms which I now wear for her sake bear witness. Give me to know this secret, and I will do what shall seem fitting in the matter. But I am no blind Bayard, to take a leap in the dark under the stroke of a pair of priestly spurs. . . . Thou art he, too, as I bethink me, to whom the Christian princes sent this very criminal to open a communication with the Soldan, even while I, who ought to have been first consulted, lay on my sick-bed? Thou and they may content themselves, I will not put my neck into the loop of a Carmelite's girdle. And for your envoy, he shall die, the rather and the sooner that thou dost entreat for him."

"Now God be gracious to thee, Lord King!" said the hermit, with much emotion: "thou art setting that mischief on foot which thou wilt hereafter wish thou hadst stopt, though it had cost thee a limb. Rash, blinded man, yet forbear!"

"Away — away!" cried the King, stamping: "the sun has risen on the dishonor of England, and it is not yet avenged. Ladies and priest, withdraw, if ye would not hear orders which would displease you; for by St. George, I swear —"

"Swear NOT!" said the voice of one who had just then entered the pavilion.

"Ha! my learned Hakim," said the King: "Come, I hope, to tax our generosity?"

"I come to request instant speech with you — instant — and touching matters of deep interest." . . .

"Great King," said El Hakim, making his profound Oriental obeisance, "let thy servant speak one word, and yet live. I would remind thee that thou owest — not to me, their humble instrument — but to the Intelligences, whose benefits I dispense to mortals, a life —"

"And I warrant me thou wouldst have another in requital, ha?" interrupted the King.

"Such is my humble prayer," said the Hakim, "to the great Melech Ric — even the life of this good knight, who is doomed to die, and but for such fault as was committed by the Sultan Adam, surnamed Aboulbeschar, or the father of all men."

"And thy wisdom might remind thee, Hakim, that Adam died for it," said the King, somewhat sternly, and then began to pace the narrow space of his tent with some emotion, and to talk to himself. "Why, God-a-mercy — I knew what he desired

as soon as ever he entered the pavilion! — Here is one poor life justly condemned to extinction, and I, a king and a soldier, who have slain thousands by my command, and scores with my own hand, am to have no power over it, although the honor of my arms, of my house, of my very Queen, hath been attainted by the culprit? — By Saint George, it makes me laugh! — By Saint Louis, it reminds me of Blondel's tale of an enchanted castle, where the destined knight was withstood successively in his purpose of entrance by forms and figures the most dissimilar, but all hostile to his undertaking! — No sooner one sunk than another appeared! — Wife — Kinswoman — Hermit — Hakim — each appears in the lists as soon as the other is defeated! — Why, this is a single knight fighting against the whole *mêlée* of the tournament — ha! ha! ha!” — And Richard laughed aloud; for he had, in fact, begun to change his mood, his resentment being usually too violent to be of long endurance.

The physician meanwhile looked on him with a countenance of surprise, not unmingled with contempt; for the Eastern people make no allowance for those mercurial changes in the temper, and consider open laughter, upon almost any account, as derogatory to the dignity of man, and becoming only to women and children. At length the sage addressed the King, when he saw him more composed.

“A doom of death should not issue from laughing lips. — Let thy servant hope that thou hast granted him this man's life.”

“Take the freedom of a thousand captives instead,” said Richard; “restore so many of thy countrymen to their tents and families, and I will give the warrant instantly. This man's life can avail thee nothing, and it is forfeited.”

“All our lives are forfeited,” said the Hakim, putting his hand to his cap. “But the great Creditor is merciful, and exacts not the pledge rigorously nor untimely.”

“Thou canst show me,” said Richard, “no special interest thou hast to become intercessor betwixt me and the execution of justice, to which I am sworn as a crowned King.”

“Thou art sworn to the dealing forth mercy as well as justice,” said El Hakim: “but what thou seekest, great King, is the execution of thine own will. And, for the concern I have in this request, know that many a man's life depends upon thy granting this boon.”

“Explain thy words,” said Richard; “but think not to impose upon me by false pretexts.”

“Be it far from thy servant!” said Adonbec. “Know, then, that the medicine to which thou, Sir King, and many a one beside, owe their recovery, is a talisman, composed under certain aspects of the heavens, when the Divine Intelligences are most propitious. I am but the poor administrator of its virtues. I dip it in a cup of water, observe the fitting hour to administer it to the patient, and the potency of the draught works the cure.”

“A most rare medicine,” said the King, “and a commodious! and, as it may be carried in the leech’s purse, would save the whole caravan of camels which they require to convey drugs and physic stuff—I marvel there is any other in use.”

“It is written,” answered the Hakim, with imperturbable gravity, “‘Abuse not the steed which hath borne thee from the battle.’ Know, that such talisman might indeed be framed, but rare has been the number of adepts who have dared to undertake the application of their virtue. Severe restrictions, painful observances, fasts, and penance are necessary on the part of the sage who uses this mode of cure; and if, through neglect of these preparations, by his love of ease, or his indulgence of sensual appetite, he omits to cure at least twelve persons within the course of each moon, the virtue of the divine gift departs from the amulet, and both the last patient and the physician will be exposed to speedy misfortune, neither will they survive the year. I require yet one life to make up the appointed number.”

“Go out into the camp, good Hakim, where thou wilt find a-many,” said the King, “and do not seek to rob my headsmen of *his* patients; it is unbecoming a mediciner of thine eminence to interfere with the practice of another. — Besides, I cannot see how delivering a criminal from the death he deserves should go to make up thy tale of miraculous cures.”

“When thou canst show why a draught of cold water should have cured thee, when the most precious drugs failed,” said the Hakim, “thou mayst reason on the other mysteries attendant on this matter. For myself, I am inefficient to the great work, having this morning touched an unclean animal. Ask, therefore, no further questions; it is enough that, by sparing this man’s life at my request, you will deliver yourself, great King, and thy servant, from a great danger.”

“Hark thee, Adonbec,” replied the King, “I have no objection that leeches should wrap their words in mist, and pretend to derive knowledge from the stars; but when you bid Richard Plantagenet fear that a danger will fall upon *him* from some idle omen, or omitted ceremonial, you speak to no ignorant Saxon, or doting old woman, who foregoes her purpose because a hare crosses the path, a raven croaks, or a cat sneezes.”

“I cannot hinder your doubt of my words,” said Adonbec; “but yet, let my Lord the King grant that the truth is on the tongue of his servant—will he think it just to deprive the world, and every wretch who may suffer by the pains which so lately reduced him to that couch, of the benefit of this most virtuous talisman, rather than extend his forgiveness to one poor criminal? Bethink you, Lord King, that though thou canst slay thousands, thou canst not restore one man to health. Kings have the power of Satan to torment, sages that of Allah to heal—beware how thou hinderest the good to humanity, which thou canst not thyself render. Thou canst cut off the head, but not cure the aching tooth.”

“This is over-insolent,” said the King, hardening himself, as the Hakim assumed a more lofty, and almost a commanding tone. “We took thee for our leech, not for our counselor, or conscience keeper.”

“And is it thus the most renowned Prince of Frangistan repays benefit done to his royal person?” said El Hakim, exchanging the humble and stooping posture, in which he had hitherto solicited the King, for an attitude lofty and commanding. “Know, then,” he said, “that through every court of Europe and Asia—to Moslem and Nazarene—to knight and lady—wherever harp is heard and sword worn—wherever honor is loved and infamy detested—to every quarter of the world will I denounce thee, Melech Ric, as thankless and ungenerous; and even the lands—if there be any such—that never heard of thy renown, shall yet be acquainted with thy shame!”

“Are these terms to me, vile infidel!” said Richard, striding up to him in fury. — “Art weary of thy life?”

“Strike!” said El Hakim; “thine own deed shall then paint thee more worthless than could my words, though each had an hornet’s sting.”

Richard turned fiercely from him, folded his arms, traversed the tent as before, and then exclaimed, “Thankless and un-

generous! — as well be termed coward and infidel! — Hakim, thou hast chosen thy boon; and though I had rather thou hadst asked my crown jewels, yet I may not, kinglike, refuse thee. Take this Scot, therefore, to thy keeping — the provost will deliver him to thee on this warrant.”

He hastily traced one or two lines, and gave them to the physician. “Use him as thy bondslave, to be disposed of as thou wilt — only, let him beware how he comes before the eyes of Richard. Hark thee — thou art wise — he hath been overbold among those in whose fair looks and weak judgments we trust our honor, as you of the East lodge your treasures in caskets of silver wire, as fine and as frail as the web of a gossamer.”

“Thy servant understands the word of the King,” said the sage, at once resuming the reverent style of address in which he had commenced. “When the rich carpet is soiled, the fool pointeth to the stain — the wise man covers it with his mantle. I have heard my lord’s pleasure, and to hear is to obey.”

“It is well,” said the King; “let him consult his own safety, and never appear in my presence more. — Is there aught else in which I may do thee pleasure?”

“The bounty of the King hath filled my cup to the brim,” said the sage; “yea, it hath been abundant as the fountain which sprung up amid the camp of the descendants of Israel, when the rock was stricken by the rod of Moussa Ben Amran.”

“Ay, but,” said the King, smiling, “it required, as in the desert, a hard blow on the rock ere it yielded its treasures. I would that I knew something to pleasure thee, which I might yield as freely as the natural fountain sends forth its waters.”

“Let me touch that victorious hand,” said the sage, “in token, that if Adonbec el Hakim should hereafter demand a boon of Richard of England, he may do so, yet plead his command.”

“Thou hast hand and glove upon it, man,” replied Richard; “only, if thou couldst consistently make up thy tale of patients without craving me to deliver from punishment those who have deserved it, I would more willingly discharge my debt in some other form.”

“May thy days be multiplied!” answered the Hakim, and withdrew from the apartment after the usual deep obeisance.

It had been agreed, on account of the heat of the climate,

that the judicial combat, which was the cause of the present assemblage of various nations at the Diamond of the Desert, should take place at one hour after sunrise. The wide lists, which had been constructed under the inspection of the Knight of the Leopard, inclosed a space of hard sand which was one hundred and twenty yards long by forty in width. They extended in length from north to south, so as to give both parties the equal advantage of the rising sun. Saladin's royal seat was erected on the western side of the inclosure, just in the center, where the combatants were expected to meet in mid encounter. Opposed to this was a gallery with closed casements, so contrived that the ladies, for whose accommodation it was erected, might see the fight without being themselves exposed to view. At either extremity of the lists was a barrier, which could be opened or shut at pleasure. Thrones had been also erected, but the Archduke, perceiving that his was lower than King Richard's, refused to occupy it; and Cœur de Lion, who would have submitted to much ere any formality should have interfered with the combat, readily agreed that the sponsors, as they were called, should remain on horseback during the fight. At one extremity of the lists were placed the followers of Richard, and opposed to them were those who accompanied the defender, Conrade. Around the throne destined for the Soldan were ranged his splendid Georgian Guards, and the rest of the inclosure was occupied by Christian and Mohammedan spectators.

Long before daybreak, the lists were surrounded by even a larger number of Saracens than Richard had seen on the preceding evening. When the first ray of the sun's glorious orb arose above the desert, the sonorous call, "To prayer, to prayer!" was poured forth by the Soldan himself, and answered by others, whose rank and zeal entitled them to act as muezzins. It was a striking spectacle to see them all sink to earth, for the purpose of repeating their devotions, with their faces turned to Mecca. But when they arose from the ground, the sun's rays, now strengthening fast, seemed to confirm the Lord of Gilsland's conjecture of the night before. They were flashed back from many a spearhead, for the pointless lances of the preceding day were certainly no longer such. De Vaux pointed it out to his master, who answered with impatience, that he had perfect confidence in the good faith of the Soldan; but if De Vaux was afraid of his bulky body, he might retire.

Soon after this the noise of timbrels was heard, at the sound

of which the whole Saracen cavaliers threw themselves from their horses, and prostrated themselves, as if for a second morning prayer. This was to give an opportunity to the Queen, with Edith and her attendants, to pass from the pavilion to the gallery intended for them. Fifty guards of Saladin's seraglio escorted them, with naked sabers, whose orders were, to cut to pieces whomsoever, were he prince or peasant, should venture to gaze on the ladies as they passed, or even presume to raise his head until the cessation of the music should make all men aware that they were lodged in their gallery, not to be gazed on by the curious eye.

This superstitious observance of Oriental reverence to the fair sex called forth from Queen Berengaria some criticisms very unfavorable to Saladin and his country. But their den, as the royal fair called it, being securely closed and guarded by their sable attendants, she was under the necessity of contenting herself with seeing, and laying aside for the present the still more exquisite pleasure of being seen.

Meantime the sponsors of both champions went, as was their duty, to see that they were duly armed, and prepared for combat. The Archduke of Austria was in no hurry to perform this part of the ceremony, having had rather an unusually severe debauch upon wine of Schiraz the preceding evening. But the Grand Master of the Temple, more deeply concerned in the event of the combat, was early before the tent of Conrade of Montserrat. To his great surprise, the attendants refused him admittance.

"Do you not know me, ye knaves?" said the Grand Master in great anger.

"We do, most valiant and reverend," answered Conrade's squire; "but even *you* may not at present enter — the Marquis is about to confess himself."

"Confess himself!" exclaimed the Templar, in a tone where alarm mingled with surprise and scorn — "and to whom, I pray thee?"

"My master bid me be secret," said the squire; on which the Grand Master pushed past him, and entered the tent almost by force.

The Marquis of Montserrat was kneeling at the feet of the Hermit of Engaddi, and in the act of beginning his confession.

"What means this, Marquis?" said the Grand Master;

“up, for shame — or, if you must needs confess, am not I here?”

“I have confessed to you too often already,” replied Conrade, with a pale cheek and a faltering voice. “For God’s sake, Grand Master, begone, and let me unfold my conscience to this holy man.”

“In what is he holier than I am?” said the Grand Master. — “Hermit, prophet, madman — say, if thou darest, in what thou excellest me?”

“Bold and bad man,” replied the Hermit, “know that I am like the latticed window, and the divine light passes through to avail others, though alas! it helpeth not me. Thou art like the iron stanchions, which neither receive light themselves, nor communicate it to any one.”

“Prate not to me, but depart from this tent,” said the Grand Master; “the Marquis shall not confess this morning, unless it be to me, for I part not from his side.”

“Is this your pleasure?” said the Hermit to Conrade; “for think not I will obey that proud man, if you continue to desire my assistance.”

“Alas!” said Conrade, irresolutely, “what would you have me say? — Farewell for a while — we will speak anon.”

“Oh, procrastination!” exclaimed the Hermit, “thou art a soul murderer! — Unhappy man, farewell — not for a while, but until we both shall meet — no matter where. — And for thee,” he added, turning to the Grand Master, “TREMBLE!”

“Tremble!” replied the Templar, contemptuously, “I cannot if I would.”

The Hermit heard not his answer, having left the tent.

“Come! to this gear hastily,” said the Grand Master, “since thou wilt needs go through the foolery. — Hark thee — I think I know most of thy frailties by heart, so we may omit the detail, which may be somewhat a long one, and begin with the absolution. What signifies counting the spots of dirt that we are about to wash from our hands?”

“Knowing what thou art thyself,” said Conrade, “it is blasphemous to speak of pardoning another.”

“That is not according to the canon, Lord Marquis,” said the Templar — “thou art more scrupulous than orthodox. The absolution of the wicked priest is as effectual as if he were himself a saint — otherwise God help the poor penitent! What wounded man inquires whether the surgeon that tents

his gashes have clean hands or not? — Come, shall we to this toy?"

"No," said Conrade, "I will rather die unconfessed than mock the sacrament."

"Come, noble Marquis," said the Templar, "rouse up your courage, and speak not thus. In an hour's time thou shalt stand victorious in the lists, or confess thee in thy helmet, like a valiant knight."

"Alas, Grand Master!" answered Conrade, "all augurs ill for this affair. The strange discovery by the instinct of a dog — the revival of this Scottish knight, who comes into the lists like a specter — all betokens evil."

"Pshaw!" said the Templar, "I have seen thee bend thy lance boldly against him in sport, and with equal chance of success — think thou art but in a tournament, and who bears him better in the tilt-yard than thou? — Come, squires and armorers, your master must be accoutered for the field."

The attendants entered accordingly, and began to arm the Marquis.

"What morning is without?" said Conrade.

"The sun rises dimly," answered a squire.

"Thou seest, Grand Master," said Conrade, "naught smiles on us."

"Thou wilt fight the more coolly, my son," answered the Templar. "Thank Heaven that hath tempered the sun of Palestine to suit thy occasion."

Thus jested the Grand Master; but his jests had lost their influence on the harassed mind of the Marquis, and, notwithstanding his attempts to seem gay, his gloom communicated itself to the Templar.

"This craven," he thought, "will lose the day in pure faintness and cowardice of heart, which he calls tender conscience. I, whom visions and auguries shake not — who am firm in my purpose as the living rock — I should have fought the combat myself. — Would to God the Scot may strike him dead on the spot — it were next best to his winning the victory. But, come what will, he must have no other confessor than myself — our sins are too much in common, and he might confess my share with his own."

While these thoughts passed through his mind, he continued to assist the Marquis in arming, but it was in silence.

The hour at length arrived, the trumpets sounded, the

knights rode into the lists armed at all points, and mounted like men who were to do battle for a kingdom's honor. They wore their visors up, and riding around the lists three times, showed themselves to the spectators. Both were goodly persons, and both had noble countenances. But there was an air of manly confidence on the brow of the Scot—a radiancy of hope, which amounted even to cheerfulness, while, although pride and effort had recalled much of Conrade's natural courage, there lowered still on his brow a cloud of ominous despondence. Even his steed seemed to tread less lightly and blithely to the trumpet sound than the noble Arab which was bestrode by Sir Kenneth; and the *spruch-sprecher* shook his head while he observed that while the challenger rode around the lists in the course of the sun—that is, from right to left—the defender made the same circuit *widdersins*—that is, from left to right—which is in most countries held ominous.

A temporary altar was erected just beneath the gallery occupied by the Queen, and beside it stood the Hermit in the dress of his order, as a Carmelite friar. Other churchmen were also present. To this altar the challenger and defender were successively brought forward, conducted by their respective sponsors. Dismounting before it, each knight avouched the justice of his cause by a solemn oath on the Evangelists, and prayed that his success might be according to the truth or falsehood of what he then swore. They also made oath, that they came to do battle in knightly guise, and with the usual weapons, disclaiming the use of spells, charms, or magical devices, to incline victory to their side. The challenger pronounced his vow with a firm and manly voice, and a bold and cheerful countenance. When the ceremony was finished, the Scottish Knight looked at the gallery, and bent his head to the earth, as if in honor of those invisible beauties which were inclosed within; then, loaded with armor as he was, sprung to the saddle without the use of the stirrup, and made his courser carry him in a succession of caracoles to his station at the eastern extremity of the lists. Conrade also presented himself before the altar with boldness enough; but his voice, as he took the oath, sounded hollow, as if drowned in his helmet. The lips with which he appealed to Heaven to adjudge victory to the just quarrel, grew white as they uttered the impious mockery. As he turned to remount his horse, the Grand Master approached him closer, as if to rectify something about

the sitting of his gorget, and whispered, — “ Coward and fool ! — recall thy senses, and do me this battle bravely, else, by Heaven, shouldst thou escape him, thou escapest not *me!* ”

The savage tone in which this was whispered perhaps completed the confusion of the Marquis' nerves, for he stumbled as he made to horse ; and though he recovered his feet, sprung to the saddle with his usual agility, and displayed his address in horsemanship as he assumed his position opposite to the challenger's, yet the accident did not escape those who were on the watch for omens which might predict the fate of the day.

The priests, after a solemn prayer that God would show the rightful quarrel, departed from the lists. The trumpets of the challenger then rung a flourish, and a herald at arms proclaimed at the eastern end of the lists, — “ Here stands a good knight, Sir Kenneth of Scotland, champion for the royal King Richard of England, who accuseth Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat, of foul treason and dishonor done to the said King.”

When the words Kenneth of Scotland announced the name and character of the champion, hitherto scarce generally known, a loud and cheerful acclaim burst from the followers of King Richard, and hardly, notwithstanding repeated commands of silence, suffered the reply of the defendant to be heard. He, of course, avouched his innocence, and offered his body for battle. The esquires of the combatants now approached, and delivered to each his shield and lance, assisting to hang the former around his neck, that his two hands might remain free, one for the management of the bridle, the other to direct the lance.

The shield of the Scot displayed his old bearing, the leopard, but with the addition of a collar and broken chain, in allusion to his late captivity. The shield of the Marquis bore, in reference to his title, a serrated and rocky mountain. Each shook his lance aloft, as if to ascertain the weight and toughness of the unwieldy weapon, and then laid it in the rest. The sponsors, heralds, and squires now retired to the barriers, and the combatants sat opposite to each other, face to face, with couched lance and closed visor, the human form so completely inclosed, that they looked more like statues of molten iron, than beings of flesh and blood. The silence of suspense was now general — men breathed thicker, and their very souls seemed seated in their eyes, while not a sound was to be heard save the snorting

and pawing of the good steeds, who, sensible of what was about to happen, were impatient to dash into career. They stood thus for perhaps three minutes, when at a signal given by the Soldan, an hundred instruments rent the air with their brazen clamors, and each champion striking his horse with the spurs, and slackening the rein, the horses started into full gallop, and the knights met in mid space with a shock like a thunderbolt. The victory was not in doubt—no, not one moment. Conrade, indeed, showed himself a practiced warrior; for he struck his antagonist knightly in the midst of his shield, bearing his lance so straight and true that it shivered into splinters from the steel spearhead up to the very gauntlet. The horse of Sir Kenneth recoiled two or three yards and fell on his haunches, but the rider easily raised him with hand and rein. But for Conrade there was no recovery. Sir Kenneth's lance had pierced through the shield, through a plated corselet of Milan steel, through a *secret*, or coat of linked mail, worn beneath the corselet, had wounded him deep in the bosom, and borne him from his saddle, leaving the truncheon of the lance fixed in his wound. The sponsors, heralds, and Saladin himself, descending from his throne, crowded around the wounded man; while Sir Kenneth, who had drawn his sword ere yet he discovered his antagonist was totally helpless, now commanded him to avow his guilt. The helmet was hastily unclosed, and the wounded man, gazing wildly on the skies, replied,—“What would you more?—God hath decided justly—I am guilty—but there are worse traitors in the camp than I.—In pity to my soul, let me have a confessor!”

He revived as he uttered these words.

“The talisman—the powerful remedy, royal brother,” said King Richard to Saladin.

“The traitor,” answered the Soldan, “is more fit to be dragged from the lists to the gallows by the heels, than to profit by its virtues:—and some such fate is in his look,” he added, after gazing fixedly upon the wounded man; “for though his wound may be cured, yet Azrael's seal is on the wretch's brow.”

“Nevertheless,” said Richard, “I pray you do for him what you may, that he may at least have time for confession—slay not soul and body! To him one half-hour of time may be worth more, by ten thousandfold, than the life of the oldest patriarch.”

“My royal brother’s wish shall be obeyed,” said Saladin. — “Slaves, bear this wounded man to our tent.”

“Do not so,” said the Templar, who had hitherto stood gloomily looking on in silence. — “The royal Duke of Austria and myself will not permit this unhappy Christian Prince to be delivered over to the Saracens, that they may try their spells upon him. We are his sponsors, and demand that he be assigned to our care.”

“That is, you refuse the certain means offered to recover him?” said Richard.

“Not so,” said the Grand Master, recollecting himself. — “If the Soldan useth lawful medicines, he may attend the patient in my tent.”

“Do so, I pray thee, good brother,” said Richard to Saladin, “though the permission be ungraciously yielded. — But now to a more glorious work. — Sound trumpets — shout England — in honor of England’s champion!”

Drum, clarion, trumpet, and cymbal rung forth at once, and the deep and regular shout, which for ages has been the English acclamation, sounded amidst the shrill and irregular yells of the Arabs, like the diapason of the organ amid the howling of a storm. There was silence at length.

“Brave Knight of the Leopard,” resumed Cœur de Lion, “thou hast shown that the Ethiopian *may* change his skin and the Leopard his spots, though clerks quote Scripture for the impossibility. Yet I have more to say to you when I have conducted you to the presence of the ladies, the best judges, and best rewarders, of deeds of chivalry.”

The Knight of the Leopard bowed assent.

“And thou, princely Saladin, wilt also attend them. I promise thee our Queen will not think herself welcome, if she lacks the opportunity to thank her royal host for her most princely reception.”

Saladin bent his head gracefully, but declined the invitation.

“I must attend the wounded man,” he said. “The leech leaves not his patient more than the champion the lists, even if he be summoned to a bower like those of Paradise. And further, royal Richard, know that the blood of the East flows not so temperately in the presence of beauty, as that of your land. What saith the Book itself? — Her eye is as the edge of the sword of the Prophet, who shall look upon it? He that would not be burnt avoideth to tread on hot embers — wise

men spread not the flax before a bickering torch — He, saith the sage, who hath forfeited a treasure, doth not wisely to turn back his head to gaze at it.”

Richard, it may be believed, respected the motives of delicacy which flowed from manners so different from his own, and urged his request no further.

“At noon,” said the Soldan, as he departed, “I trust ye will all accept a collation under the black camel-skin tent of a chief of Curdistan.”

The same invitation was circulated among the Christians, comprehending all those of sufficient importance to be admitted to sit at a feast made for princes.

“Hark!” said Richard, “the timbrels announce that our Queen and her attendants are leaving their gallery — and see, the turbans sink on the ground, as if struck down by a destroying angel. All lie prostrate, as if the glance of an Arab’s eye could sully the luster of a lady’s cheek! Come, we will to the pavilion, and lead our conqueror thither in triumph. — How I pity that noble Soldan, who knows but of love as it is known to those of inferior nature!”

Blondel tuned his harp to its boldest measure, to welcome the introduction of the victor into the pavilion of Queen Berengaria. He entered, supported on either side by his sponsors, Richard and William Longsword, and knelt gracefully down before the Queen, though more than half the homage was silently rendered to Edith, who sat on her right hand.

“Unarm him, my mistresses,” said the King, whose delight was in the execution of such chivalrous usages — “let Beauty honor Chivalry! Undo his spurs, Berengaria; Queen though thou be, thou owest him what marks of favor thou canst give. — Unlace his helmet, Edith — by this hand, thou shalt, wert thou the proudest Plantagenet of the line, and he the poorest knight on earth!”

Both ladies obeyed the royal commands, — Berengaria with bustling assiduity, as anxious to gratify her husband’s humor, and Edith blushing and growing pale alternately, as slowly and awkwardly she undid, with Longsword’s assistance, the fastenings which secured the helmet to the gorget.

“And what expect you from beneath this iron shell?” said Richard, as the removal of the casque gave to view the noble countenance of Sir Kenneth, his face glowing with recent exertion, and not less so with present emotion. “What think

ye of him, gallants and beauties?" said Richard. "Doth he resemble an Ethiopian slave, or doth he present the face of an obscure and nameless adventurer? No, by my good sword!— Here terminate his various disguises. He hath knelt down before you, unknown save by his worth—he arises, equally distinguished by birth and fortune. The adventurous knight, Kenneth, arises David, Earl of Huntingdon, Prince Royal of Scotland!"

There was a general exclamation of surprise, and Edith dropped from her hand the helmet which she had just received.

"Yes, my masters," said the King, "it is even so. Ye know how Scotland deceived us when she proposed to send this valiant Earl, with a bold company of her best and noblest, to aid our arms in this conquest of Palestine, but failed to comply with her engagements. This noble youth, under whom the Scottish Crusaders were to have been arrayed, thought foul scorn that his arm should be withheld from the holy warfare, and joined us at Sicily with a small train of devoted and faithful attendants, which was augmented by many of his countrymen to whom the rank of their leader was unknown. The confidants of the Royal Prince had all, saving one old follower, fallen by death, when his secret, but too well kept, had nearly occasioned my cutting off, in a Scottish adventurer, one of the noblest hopes of Europe.— Why did you not mention your rank, noble Huntingdon, when endangered by my hasty and passionate sentence?— Was it that you thought Richard capable of abusing the advantage I possessed over the heir of a King whom I have so often found hostile?"

"I did you not that injustice, royal Richard," answered the Earl of Huntingdon; "but my pride brooked not that I should avow myself Prince of Scotland in order to save my life, endangered for default of loyalty. And, moreover, I had made my vow to preserve my rank unknown till the Crusade should be accomplished; nor did I mention it save *in articulo mortis*, and under the seal of confession, to yonder reverend hermit."

"It was the knowledge of that secret, then, which made the good man so urgent with me to recall my severe sentence?" said Richard. "Well did he say that, had this good knight fallen by my mandate, I should have wished the deed undone though it had cost me a limb. A limb!— I should have wished it undone had it cost me my life—since the world would have said that Richard had abused the condition in

which the heir of Scotland had placed himself, by his confidence in his generosity.”

“Yet may we know of your grace by what strange and happy chance this riddle was at length read?” said the Queen Berengaria.

“Letters were brought to us from England,” said the King, “in which we learnt, among other unpleasant news, that the King of Scotland had seized upon three of our nobles, when on a pilgrimage to Saint Ninian, and alleged as a cause, that his heir, being supposed to be fighting in the ranks of the Teutonic Knights, against the heathen of Borussia, was, in fact, in our camp and in our power; and, therefore, William proposed to hold these nobles as hostages for his safety. This gave me the first light on the real rank of the Knight of the Leopard, and my suspicions were confirmed by De Vaux, who, on his return from Ascalon, brought back with him the Earl of Huntingdon’s sole attendant, a thick-skulled slave, who had gone thirty miles to unfold to De Vaux a secret he should have told to me.”

“Old Strauchan must be excused,” said the Lord of Gilsland. “He knew from experience that my heart is somewhat softer than if I wrote myself Plantagenet.”

“Thy heart soft? thou commodity of old iron — and Cumberland flint that thou art!” exclaimed the King. — “It is we Plantagenets who boast soft and feeling hearts, Edith,” turning to his cousin, with an expression which called the blood into her cheek. — “Give me thy hand, my fair cousin, and, Prince of Scotland, thine.”

“Forbear, my lord,” said Edith, hanging back, and endeavoring to hide her confusion, under an attempt to rally her royal kinsman’s credulity. “Remember you not that my hand was to be the signal of converting to the Christian faith the Saracen and Arab, Saladin and all his turbaned host?”

“Ay, but the wind of prophecy hath chopped about, and sits now in another corner,” replied Richard.

“Mock not, lest your bonds be made strong,” said the Hermit, stepping forward. “The heavenly host write nothing but truth in their brilliant records — it is man’s eyes which are too weak to read their characters aright. Know that when Saladin and Kenneth of Scotland slept in my grotto, I read in the stars, that there rested under my roof a prince, the natural foe of Richard, with whom the fate of Edith Plantagenet was to be

united. Could I doubt that this must be the Soldan, whose rank was well known to me, as he often visited my cell to converse on the revolutions of the heavenly bodies?—Again, the lights of the firmament proclaimed that this Prince, the husband of Edith Plantagenet, should be a Christian; and I—weak and wild interpreter!—argued thence the conversion of the noble Saladin, whose good qualities seemed often to incline him toward the better faith. The sense of my weakness hath humbled me to the dust, but in the dust I have found comfort! I have not read aright the fate of others—who can assure me but that I may have miscalculated mine own? God will not have us break into his council house or spy out his hidden mysteries. We must wait his time with watching and prayer—with fear and with hope. I came hither the stern seer—the proud prophet—skilled, as I thought, to instruct princes, and gifted even with supernatural powers, but burdened with a weight which I deemed no shoulders but mine could have borne. But my bands have been broken! I go hence humble in mine ignorance, penitent—and not hopeless.”

With these words he withdrew from the assembly; and it is recorded that, from that period, his frenzy fits seldom occurred, and his penances were of a milder character, and accompanied with better hopes of the future. So much is there of self-opinion, even in insanity, that the conviction of his having entertained and expressed an unfounded prediction with so much vehemence, seemed to operate like loss of blood on the human frame, to modify and lower the fever of the brain.

It is needless to follow into further particulars the conferences at the royal tent, or to inquire whether David, Earl of Huntingdon, was as mute in the presence of Edith Plantagenet, as when he was bound to act under the character of an obscure and nameless adventurer. It may be well believed that he there expressed, with suitable earnestness, the passion to which he had so often before found it difficult to give words.

The hour of noon now approached, and Saladin waited to receive the Princes of Christendom in a tent which, but for its large size, differed little from that of the ordinary shelter of the common Curdman, or Arab; yet, beneath its ample and sable covering, was prepared a banquet after the most gorgeous fashion of the East, extended upon carpets of the richest stuffs, with cushions laid for the guests. But we cannot stop to describe the cloth of gold and silver—the superb embroidery

in Arabesque — the shawls of Cashmere — and the muslins of India, which were here unfolded in all their splendor; far less to tell the different sweetmeats, ragouts edged with rice colored in various manners, with all the other niceties of Eastern cookery. Lambs roasted whole, and game and poultry dressed in pilaus, were piled in vessels of gold and silver, and porcelain, and intermixed with large mazers of sherbet cooled in snow and ice from the cavern of Mount Lebanon. A magnificent pile of cushions at the head of the banquet seemed prepared for the master of the feast and such dignitaries as he might call to share that place of distinction, while from the roof of the tent in all quarters, but over this seat of eminence in particular, waved many a banner and pennon, the trophies of battles won, and kingdoms overthrown. But amongst and above them all, a long lance displayed a shroud, the banner of Death, with this impressive inscription — “SALADIN, KING OF KINGS — SALADIN, VICTOR OF VICTORS — SALADIN MUST DIE.” Amid these preparations, the slaves who had arranged the refreshments stood with drooped heads and folded arms, mute and motionless as monumental statuary, or as automata, which waited the touch of the artist to put them in motion.

Expecting the approach of his princely guests, the Soldan, imbued, as most were, with the superstitions of his time, paused over a horoscope and corresponding scroll, which had been sent to him by the Hermit of Engaddi when he departed from the camp.

“Strange and mysterious science,” he muttered to himself, “which, pretending to draw the curtain of futurity, misleads those whom it seems to guide, and darkens the scene which it pretends to illuminate! Who would not have said that I was that enemy most dangerous to Richard, whose enmity was to be ended by marriage with his kinswoman? Yet it now appears that a union betwixt this gallant Earl and the lady will bring about friendship betwixt Richard and Scotland, an enemy more dangerous than I, as a wild cat in a chamber is more to be dreaded than a lion in a distant desert. — But then,” he continued to mutter to himself, “the combination intimates that this husband was to be Christian. — Christian?” he repeated, after a pause, — “that gave the insane fanatic stargazer hopes that I might renounce my faith! but me, the faithful follower of our Prophet — me it should have undeceived. Lie there, mysterious scroll,” he added, thrusting it under the pile of

cushions; "strange are thy bodements and fatal, since, even, when true in themselves, they work upon those who attempt to decipher their meaning all the effects of falsehood. — How now, what means this intrusion?"

He spoke to the dwarf Nectabanus, who rushed into the tent fearfully agitated, with each strange and disproportioned feature wrenched by horror into still more extravagant ugliness, — his mouth open, his eyes staring, his hands, with their shriveled and deformed fingers, widely expanded.

"What now?" said the Soldan, sternly.

"*Accipe hoc!*" groaned out the dwarf.

"Ha! say'st thou?" answered Saladin.

"*Accipe hoc!*" replied the panic-struck creature, unconscious, perhaps, that he repeated the same words as before.

"Hence! I am in no vein for foolery," said the Emperor.

"Nor am I further fool," said the dwarf, "than to make my folly help out my wits to earn my bread, poor helpless wretch! — Hear, hear me, great Soldan!"

"Nay, if thou hast actual wrong to complain of," said Saladin, "fool or wise, thou art entitled to the ear of a King. — Retire hither with me;" and he led him into the inner tent.

Whatever their conference related to, it was soon broken off by the fanfare of the trumpets, announcing the arrival of the various Christian princes, whom Saladin welcomed to his tent with a royal courtesy well becoming their rank and his own; but chiefly he saluted the young Earl of Huntingdon, and generously congratulated him upon prospects which seemed to have interfered with and overclouded those which he had himself entertained.

"But think not," said the Soldan, "thou noble youth, that the Prince of Scotland is more welcome to Saladin than was Kenneth to the solitary Ilderim when they met in the desert, or the distressed Ethiop to the Hakim Adonbec. A brave and generous disposition like thine hath a value independent of condition and birth, as the cool draught which I here proffer thee is as delicious from an earthen vessel as from a goblet of gold."

The Earl of Huntingdon made a suitable reply, gratefully acknowledging the various important services he had received from the generous Soldan; but when he had pledged Saladin in the bowl of sherbet, which the Soldan had proffered to him, he could not help remarking with a smile, "The brave cavalier

Ilderim, knew not of the formation of ice, but the munificent Soldan cools his sherbet with snow."

"Wouldst thou have an Arab or a Curdman as wise as a Hakim?" said the Soldan. "He who does on a disguise must make the sentiments of his heart and the learning of his head accord with the dress which he assumes. I desired to see how a brave and single-hearted cavalier of Frangistan would conduct himself in debate with such a chief as I then seemed; and I questioned the truth of a well-known fact, to know by what arguments thou wouldst support thy assertion."

While they were speaking, the Archduke of Austria, who stood a little apart, was struck with the mention of iced sherbet, and took with pleasure and some bluntness the deep goblet, as the Earl of Huntingdon was about to replace it.

"Most delicious!" he exclaimed, after a deep draught, which the heat of the weather, and the feverishness following the debauch of the preceding day, had rendered doubly acceptable. He sighed as he handed the cup to the Grand Master of the Templars. Saladin made a sign to the dwarf, who advanced and pronounced, with a harsh voice, the words, *Accipe hoc!* The Templar started, like a steed who sees a lion under a bush, beside the pathway; yet instantly recovered, and to hide, perhaps, his confusion, raised the goblet to his lips — but those lips never touched that goblet's rim. The saber of Saladin left its sheath as lightning leaves the cloud. It was waved in the air, — and the head of the Grand Master rolled to the extremity of the tent, while the trunk remained for a second standing, with the goblet still clenched in its grasp, then fell, the liquor mingling with the blood that spurted from the veins.

There was a general exclamation of treason, and Austria, nearest to whom Saladin stood with the bloody saber in his hand, started back as if apprehensive that his turn was to come next. Richard and others laid hand on their swords.

"Fear nothing, noble Austria," said Saladin, as composedly as if nothing had happened, "nor you, royal England, be wroth at what you have seen. Not for his manifold treasons; — not for the attempt which, as may be vouched by his own squire, he instigated against King Richard's life; — not that he pursued the Prince of Scotland and myself in the desert, reducing us to save our lives by the speed of our horses; — not that he had stirred up the Maronites to attack us upon this very occasion, had I not brought up unexpectedly so many Arabs as rendered

the scheme abortive ; — not for any or all of these crimes does he now lie there, although each were deserving such a doom ; — but because, scarce half an hour ere he polluted our presence, as the simoom empoisons the atmosphere, he poniarded his comrade and accomplice, Conrade of Montserrat, lest he should confess the infamous plots in which they had both been engaged.”

“How ! Conrade murdered ? — And by the Grand Master, his sponsor and most intimate friend !” exclaimed Richard. “Noble Soldan, I would not doubt thee — yet this must be proved — otherwise —”

“There stands the evidence,” said Saladin, pointing to the terrified dwarf. “Allah, who sends the firefly to illuminate the night season, can discover secret crimes by the most contemptible means.”

The Soldan proceeded to tell the dwarf’s story, which amounted to this. — In his foolish curiosity, or, as he partly confessed, with some thoughts of pilfering, Nectabanus had strayed into the tent of Conrade, which had been deserted by his attendants, some of whom had left the encampment to carry the news of his defeat to his brother, and others were availing themselves of the means which Saladin had supplied for reveling. The wounded man slept under the influence of Saladin’s wonderful talisman, so that the dwarf had opportunity to pry about at pleasure, until he was frightened into concealment by the sound of a heavy step. He skulked behind a curtain, yet could see the motions and hear the words of the Grand Master, who entered, and carefully secured the covering of the pavilion behind him. His victim started from sleep, and it would appear that he instantly suspected the purpose of his old associate, for it was in a tone of alarm that he demanded wherefore he disturbed him.

“I come to confess and absolve thee,” answered the Grand Master.

Of their further speech the terrified dwarf remembered little, save that Conrade implored the Grand Master not to break a wounded reed, and that the Templar struck him to the heart with a Turkish dagger, with the words *Accipe hoc* — words which long afterward haunted the terrified imagination of the concealed witness.

“I verified the tale,” said Saladin, “by causing the body to be examined ; and I made this unhappy being, whom Allah

hath made the discoverer of the crime, repeat in your own presence the words which the murderer spoke, and you yourselves saw the effect which they produced upon his conscience!"

The Soldan paused, and the King of England broke silence : —

"If this be true, as I doubt not, we have witnessed a great act of justice, though it bore a different aspect. But wherefore in this presence? wherefore with thine own hand?"

"I had designed otherwise," said Saladin; "but had I not hastened his doom, it had been altogether averted, since, if I had permitted him to taste of my cup, as he was about to do, how could I, without incurring the brand of inhospitality, have done him to death as he deserved? Had he murdered my father, and afterward partaken of my food and my bowl, not a hair of his head could have been injured by me. But enough of him — let his carcass and his memory be removed from amongst us."

The body was carried away, and the marks of the slaughter obliterated or concealed with such ready dexterity, as showed that the case was not altogether so uncommon as to paralyze the assistants and officers of Saladin's household.

But the Christian princes felt that the scene which they had beheld weighed heavily on their spirits, and although, at the courteous invitation of the Soldan, they assumed their seats at the banquet, yet it was with the silence of doubt and amazement. The spirits of Richard alone surmounted all cause for suspicion or embarrassment. Yet he, too, seemed to ruminate on some proposition, as if he were desirous of making it in the most insinuating and acceptable manner which was possible. At length he drank off a large bowl of wine, and addressing the Soldan, desired to know whether it was not true that he had honored the Earl of Huntingdon with a personal encounter.

Saladin answered with a smile, that he had proved his horse and his weapons with the heir of Scotland, as cavaliers are wont to do with each other when they meet in the desert — and modestly added, that though the combat was not entirely decisive, he had not, on his part, much reason to pride himself on the event. The Scot, on the other hand, disclaimed the attributed superiority, and wished to assign it to the Soldan.

"Enough of honor thou hast had in the encounter," said

Richard, "and I envy thee more for that, than for the smiles of Edith Plantagenet, though one of them might reward a bloody day's work. — But what say you, noble princes,— is it fitting that such a royal ring of chivalry should break up without something being done for future times to speak of? What is the overthrow and death of a traitor, to such a fair garland of honor as is here assembled, and which ought not to part without witnessing something more worthy of their regard? How say you, princely Soldan— what if we two should now, and before this fair company, decide the long-contended question for this land of Palestine, and end at once these tedious wars? Yonder are the lists ready, nor can Paynimrie ever hope a better champion than thou. I, unless worthier offers, will lay down my gauntlet in behalf of Christendom, and, in all love and honor, we will do mortal battle for the possession of Jerusalem."

There was a deep pause for the Soldan's answer. His cheek and brow colored highly, and it was the opinion of many present that he hesitated whether he should accept the challenge. At length he said, "Fighting for the Holy City against those whom we regard as idolaters, and worshipers of stocks and stones, and graven images, I might confide that Allah would strengthen my arm; or if I fell beneath the sword of the Melech Ric, I could not pass to Paradise by a more glorious death. But Allah has already given Jerusalem to the true believers, and it were a tempting the God of the Prophet to peril, upon my own personal strength and skill, that which I hold securely by the superiority of my forces."

"If not for Jerusalem, then," said Richard, in the tone of one who would entreat a favor of an intimate friend, "yet for the love of honor, let us run at least three courses with grinded lances."

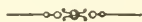
"Even this," said Saladin, half smiling at Cœur de Lion's affectionate earnestness for the combat, "even this may I not lawfully do. The Master places the shepherd over the flock, not for the shepherd's own sake, but for the sake of the sheep. Had I a son to hold the scepter when I fell, I might have had the liberty, as I have the will, to brave this bold encounter; but your own Scripture sayeth, that when the herdsman is smitten, the sheep are scattered."

"Thou hast had all the fortune," said Richard, turning to the Earl of Huntingdon with a sigh. "I would have given

the best year of my life for that one half hour beside the Diamond of the Desert!"

The chivalrous extravagance of Richard awakened the spirits of the assembly, and when at length they arose to depart, Saladin advanced and took Cœur de Lion by the hand.

"Noble King of England," said he, "we now part, never to meet again. That your league is dissolved, no more to be reunited, and that your native forces are far too few to enable you to prosecute your enterprise, is as well known to me as to yourself. I may not yield you up that Jerusalem which you so much desire to hold. It is to us, as to you, a Holy City. But whatever other terms Richard demands of Saladin, shall be as willingly yielded as yonder fountain yields its waters. Ay, and the same shall be as frankly afforded by Saladin, if Richard stood in the desert with but two archers in his train!"



THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE.

A LEGEND OF PALESTINE AND — WEST KENT.

BY RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

[RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM, English humorist and antiquary, was born December 6, 1788, at Canterbury; died June 17, 1845, at London. Of a good old family, with a jolly and literary father, he had a first-rate private education, finished at St. Paul's in London, and at Brasenose College, Oxford. Entering the church, he held livings in the district near Romney Marsh, with smuggling its chief trade and desperadoes its most noted denizens; he made rich literary capital out of it later. Finally he obtained livings in London, and became a member of a famous circle of wits, including Sydney Smith and Theodore Hook. In 1834 he began in *Bentley's Miscellany* the series of "Ingoldsby Legends," chiefly in verse, which still remain in unabated popularity, another series appearing in Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine* in 1843; they are largely burlesque developments of mediæval church legends or other stories, or local traditions.]

FYTTE I.

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
 A stalwart knight, I ween, was he,
 "Come east, come west, Come lance in rest,
 Come falchion in hand, I'll tickle the best
 Of all the Soldan's Chivalrie!"

Oh! they came west, and they came east,
 Twenty-four Emirs and Sheiks at the least,
 And they hammered away At Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
 Fall back, fall edge, cut, thrust, and point, —
 But he topped off head, and he lopped off joint;
 Twenty and three! Of high degree,
 Lay stark and stiff on the crimsoned lea,
 All — all save one — and he ran up a tree!
 “Now count them, my squire, now count them and see!
 Twenty and three! Twenty and three! —
 All of them Nobles of high degree:
 There they be lying on Ascalon lea!”

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
 “What news? what news? come, tell to me!
 What news? what news, thou little Foot Page? —
 I’ve been whacking the foe, till it seems an age
 Since I was in Ingoldsby Hall so free!
 What news? what news from Ingoldsby Hall?
 Come tell me now, thou Page so small!”

“Oh, Hawk and Hound Are safe and sound,
 Beast in byre and Steed in stall;
 And the Watchdog’s bark, As soon as it’s dark,
 Bays wakeful guard around Ingoldsby Hall!” —

“I care not a pound For Hawk or for Hound,
 For Steed in stall, or for Watchdog’s bay:
 Fain would I hear Of my dainty dear;
 How fares Dame Alice, my Lady gay?” —
 Sir Ingoldsby Bray, he said in his rage,
 “What news? what news? thou naughty Foot Page!” —

That little Foot Page, full low crouched he,
 And he doffed his cap, and he bended his knee,
 “Now lithe and listen, Sir Bray, to me:
 Lady Alice sits lonely in bower and hall,
 Her sighs they rise, and her tears they fall:
 She sits alone, And she makes her moan;
 Dance and song She considers quite wrong;
 Feast and revel Mere snares of the devil;
 She mendeth her hose, and she crieth ‘Alack!
 When will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back?’”

“Thou liest! thou liest, thou naughty Foot Page,
Full loud dost thou lie, false Page, to me!
There, in thy breast, 'Neath thy silken vest,
What scroll is that, false Page, I see?”

Sir Ingoldsby Bray in his rage drew near;
That little Foot Page he blenched with fear:

“Now where may the Prior of Abingdon lie?
King Richard's Confessor, I ween, is he,
And tidings rare To him do I bear,
And news of price from his rich Ab-bee!”

“Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page!
No learned clerk, I trow, am I,
But well, I ween, May there be seen
Dame Alice's hand with half an eye;
Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page,
From Abingdon Abbey comes not thy news;
Although no clerk, Well may I mark
The particular turn of her P's and her Q's!”

Sir Ingoldsby Bray, in his fury and rage,
By the back of the neck takes that little Foot Page;
The scroll he seizes, The Page he squeezes,
And buffets, — and pinches his nose till he sneezes;
Then he cuts with his dagger the silken threads
Which they used in those days, 'stead of little Queen's heads

When the contents of the scroll met his view,
Sir Ingoldsby Bray in a passion grew,
Backward he drew His nailed Shoe,
And he kicked that naughty Foot Page, that he flew
Like a cloth-yard shaft from a bended yew,
I may not say whither — I never knew.

“Now count the slain Upon Ascalon plain, —
Go count them, my Squire, go count them again!”
“Twenty and three! There they be,
Stiff and stark on that crimsoned lea! —
Twenty and three? — Stay — let me see!
Stretched in his gore There lieth one more!
By the Pope's triple crown there are twenty and *four*!
Twenty-four trunks, I ween, are there,
But their heads and their limbs are nobody knows where!

Ay, twenty-four corses, I rede, there be,
Though one got away and ran up a tree!"

"Look nigher, look nigher, My trusty Squire!" —
"One is the corse of a barefooted Friar!"

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
"A boon, a boon, King Richard," quoth he,
"Now Heaven thee save, A boon I crave,
A boon, Sir King, on my bended knee;
A year and a day Have I been away,
King Richard, from Ingoldsby Hall so free;
Dame Alice, she sits there in lonely guise,
And she makes her moan, and she sobs and she sighs,
And tears like raindrops fall from her eyes,
And she darneth her hose, and she crieth 'Alack!
Oh! when will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back?'
A boon, a boon, my Liege," quoth he,
"Fair Ingoldsby Hall I fain would see!"

"Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,"
King Richard said right graciously,
"Of all in my host That I love the most,
I love none better, Sir Bray, than thee!
Rise up, rise up, thou hast thy boon;
But — mind you make haste, and come back again soon!"

FYFTE II.

Pope Gregory sits in St. Peter's chair,
Pontiff proud, I ween, is he,
And a belted Knight, In armor dight,
Is begging a boon on his bended knee,
With signs of grief and sounds of woe
Featly he kisseth his Holiness' toe.

"Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,
O Holy Father, pardon and grace!
In my fury and rage A little Foot Page
I have left, I fear me, in evil case:
A scroll of shame From a faithless dame
Did that naughty Foot Page to a paramour bear:
I gave him a 'lick' With a stick, And a kick,
That sent him — I can't tell your Holiness where!
Had he as many necks as hairs,
He had broken them all down those perilous stairs!"

"Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
 Rise up, rise up, I say to thee;
 A soldier, I trow, Of the Cross art thou;
 Rise up, rise up from thy bended knee!
 Ill it beseems that a soldier true
 Of holy Church should vainly sue: —
 Foot Pages, they are by no means rare,
 A thriftless crew, I ween, be they,
 Well mote we spare A Page — or a pair,
 For the matter of that — Sir Ingoldsby Bray.
 But stout and true Soldiers, like you,
 Grow scarcer and scarcer every day!
 Be prayers for the dead Duly read,
 Let a mass be sung, and a *pater* be said;
 So may your qualms of conscience cease,
 And the little Foot Page shall rest in peace!"

"Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,
 O Holy Father, pardon and grace!
 Dame Alice, my wife, The bane of my life,
 I have left, I fear me, in evil case!
 A scroll of shame in my rage I tore,
 Which that caitiff Page to a paramour bore;
 'Twere bootless to tell how I stormed and swore;
 Alack! alack! too surely I knew
 The turn of each P, and the tail of each Q,
 And away to Ingoldsby Hall I flew!
 Dame Alice I found, — She sank on the ground, —
 I twisted her neck till I twisted it round!
 With gibe and jeer, and mock, and scoff,
 I twisted it on — till I twisted it off! —
 All the King's Doctors and all the King's Men
 Can't put fair Alice's head on agen!"

"Welladay! welladay! Sir Ingoldsby Bray
 Why really I hardly know what to say: —
 Foul sin, I trow, a fair Ladye to slay,
 Because she's perhaps been a little too gay. —
 Monk must chant and Nun must pray
 For each mass they sing, and each prayer they say,
 For a year, and a day, Sir Ingoldsby Bray
 A fair rose-noble must duly pay!
 So may his qualms of conscience cease,
 And the soul of Dame Alice may rest in peace!"

“Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,
 O Holy Father, pardon and grace!
 No power could save That paramour knave;
 I left him, I wot, in evil case!
 There, 'midst the slain Upon Ascalon plain,
 Unburied, I trow, doth his body remain,
 His legs lie here, and his arms lie there,
 And his head lies — I can't tell your Holiness where!”

“Now out and alas! Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
 Foul sin it were, thou doughty Knight,
 To hack and to hew A champion true
 Of Holy Church in such pitiful plight!
 Foul sin her warriors so to slay,
 When they're scarcer and scarcer every day! —
 A chantry fair, And of Monks a pair,
 To pray for his soul forever and aye,
 Thou must duly endow, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
 And fourteen marks by the year must thou pay
 For plenty of lights To burn there o' nights —
 None of your rascally '*dips*' — but sound,
 Round, tenpenny molds of four to the pound! —
 And a shirt of the roughest and coarsest hair
 For a year and a day, Sir Ingoldsby, wear!
 So may your qualms of conscience cease,
 And the soul of the Soldier shall rest in peace!”

“Now nay, Holy Father, now nay, now nay!
 Less penance may serve!” quoth Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
 “No champion free of the Cross was he;
 No belted Baron of high degree;
 No Knight nor Squire Did there expire;
 He was, I trow, but a barefooted Friar!
 And the Abbot of Abingdon long may wait
 With his monks around him, and early and late
 May look from loophole, and turret, and gate —
 He hath lost his Prior — his Prior his pate!”

“Now Thunder and turf!” Pope Gregory said,
 And his hair raised his triple crown right off his head —
 “Now Thunder and turf! and out and alas!
 A horrible thing has come to pass!
 What! — cut off the head of a reverend Prior,
 And say he was '*only* (! !) a barefooted Friar!’ —

‘What Baron or Squire, Or Knight of the shire
Is half so good as a holy Friar?’

O turpissime! Vir nequissime!
Sceleratissime! — quissime! — issime!
Never, I trow, have the *Servi servorum*

Had before ’em Such a breach of decorum,
Such a gross violation of *morum bonorum*,
And won’t have again *secula seculorum!* —

Come hither to me, My Cardinals three,
My Bishops in *partibus*, Masters in *Artibus*,
Hither to me, A.B. and D.D.

Doctors and Proctors of every degree.

Go fetch me a book! — go fetch me a bell
As big as a dustman’s! — and a candle as well —

I’ll send him — *where* good manners won’t let me tell!” —

“Pardon and grace! — now pardon and grace!” —

Sir Ingoldsby Bray fell flat on his face —

“*Meâ culpâ!* — in sooth I’m in pitiful case.

Peccavi! Peccavi! — I’ve done very wrong!

But my heart it is stout, and my arm it is strong,

And I’ll fight for Holy Church all the day long;

And the Ingoldsby lands are broad and fair,

And they’re here, and they’re there, and I can’t tell you where,
And Holy Church shall come in for her share!”

Pope Gregory paused, and he sat himself down,
And he somewhat relaxed his terrible frown,
And his Cardinals three they picked up his crown.

“Now, if it be so that you own you’ve been wrong,
And your heart is so stout, and your arm is so strong,
And you really will fight like a trump all day long;
If the Ingoldsby lands do lie here and there,
And Holy Church shall come in for her share, —

Why, my Cardinals three,

You’ll agree With me

That it gives a new turn to the whole affair,

And I think that the Penitent need not despair! —

If it be so, as you seem to say,

Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray!

“An Abbey so fair Sir Bray shall found,
Whose innermost wall’s encircling bound
Shall take in a couple of acres of ground;
And there in that Abbey all the year round,

A full choir of monks, and a full choir of nuns,
 Shall live upon cabbage and hot-cross buns.
 And Sir Ingoldsby Bray, Without delay,
 Shall hie him again To Ascalon plain,
 And gather the bones of the foully slain:
 And shall place said bones, with all possible care,
 In an elegant shrine in his Abbey so fair;
 And plenty of lights Shall be there o' nights;
 None of your rascally '*dips*,' but sound,
 Best superfine wax wicks, four to the pound;
 And Monk and Nun Shall pray, each one,
 For the soul of the Prior of Abingdon!
 And Sir Ingoldsby Bray so bold, and so brave,
 Never shall wash himself, comb, or shave,
 Nor adorn his body, Nor drink gin toddy,
 Nor indulge in a pipe, — But shall dine upon tripe,
 And blackberries gathered before they are ripe,
 And forever abhor, renounce, and abjure
 Rum, hollands, and brandy, wine, punch, and *liqueur*:
 (Sir Ingoldsby Bray Here gave way
 To a feeling which prompted a word profane,
 But he swallowed it down, by an effort, again,
 And his Holiness luckily fancied his gulp a
 Mere repetition of *O, meâ culpâ!*)

“Thrice three times upon Candlemas Day,
 Between Vespers and Compline, Sir Ingoldsby Bray
 Shall run round the Abbey, as best he may,
 Subjecting his back To thump and to thwack,
 Well and truly laid on by a barefooted Friar,
 With a stout cat o' nine tails of whipcord and wire;
 And nor he, nor his heir Shall take, use, or bear
 Any more, from this day, The surname of Bray,
 As being dishonored; but all issue male he has,
 Shall, with himself, go henceforth by an *alias!*
 So his qualms of conscience at length may cease,
 And Page, Dame, and Prior shall rest in peace!”

Sir Ingoldsby (now no longer Bray)
 Is off like a shot away and away,
 Over the brine To far Palestine,
 To rummage and hunt over Ascalon plain
 For the unburied bones of his victim slain.
 “Look out, my squire, Look higher and nigher,
 Look out for the corpse of a barefooted Friar!

And pick up the arms, and the legs, of the dead,
And pick up his body, and pick up his head!"

FYFTE III.

Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,
It hath manors a dozen, and royalties three,
With right of free warren (whatever that be);
Rich pastures in front, and green woods in the rear,
All in full leaf at the right time of year;
About Christmas, or so, they fall into the sear,
And the prospect, of course, becomes rather more drear;
But it's really delightful in springtime, — and near
The great gate Father Thames rolls sun-bright and clear;
Cobham woods to the right, — on the opposite shore
Laindon Hills in the distance, ten miles off or more;
Then you've Milton and Gravesend behind, — and before
You can see almost all the way down to the Nore.

So charming a spot It's rarely one's lot
To see, and when seen it's as rarely forgot.

Yes, Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,
And its Monks and its Nuns are fifty and three,
And there they all stand each in their degree,
Drawn up in the front of their sacred abode,
Two by two in their regular mode,
While a funeral comes down the Rochester road.

Palmers twelve, from a foreign strand,
Cockle in hat, and staff in hand,
Come marching in pairs, a holy band!
Little boys twelve, dressed all in white,
Each with his brazen censer bright,
And singing away with all their might,
Follow the Palmers — a goodly sight;
Next high in air Twelve Yeomen bear
On their sturdy necks, with a good deal of care,
A patent sarcophagus firmly reared
Of Spanish mahogany (not veneered),
And behind walks a Knight with a very long beard.

Close by his side Is a Friar, supplied
With a stout cat o' nine tails of tough cowhide,

While all sorts of queer men Bring up the rear — Men-
at-arms, Nigger captives, and Bowmen, and Spear-men.

It boots not to tell What you'll guess very well,
 How some sang the *requiem*, some tolled the bell;
 Suffice it to say, 'Twas on Candlemas Day
 The procession I speak about reached the *Sacellum*;
 And in lieu of a supper The Knight on his crupper
 Received the first taste of the Father's *flagellum*;
 That, as chronicles tell He continued to dwell
 All the rest of his days in the Abbey he'd founded,
 By the pious of both sexes ever surrounded,
 And, partaking the fare of the Monks and the Nuns,
 Ate the cabbage alone, without touching the buns;—
 That year after year, having run round the *Quad*
 With his back, as enjoined him, exposed to the rod,
 Having not only kissed it, but blessed it, and thanked it, he
 Died, as all thought, in the odor of sanctity,
 When,—strange to relate!— and you'll hardly believe
 What I'm going to tell you,— next Candlemas Eve
 The Monks and the Nuns in the dead of the night
 Tumble, all of them, out of their beds in affright,
 Alarmed by the bawls, And the calls, and the squalls
 Of some one who seemed running all round the walls!

Looking out, soon, By the light of the moon,
 There appears most distinctly to every one's view,
 And making, as seems to them, all this ado,
 The form of a Knight with a beard like a Jew,
 As black as if steeped in that "Matchless!" of Hunt's,
 And so bushy, it would not disgrace Mr. Muntz;
 A barefooted Friar stands behind him, and shakes
 A *flagellum*, whose lashes appear to be snakes;
 While, more terrible still, the astounded beholders
 Perceive the said Friar has NO HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS,
 But is holding his pate In his left hand, out straight,
 As if by a closer inspection to find
 Where to get the best cut at his victim behind,
 With the aid of a small "bull's-eye lantern,"—as placed
 By our own New Police,—in a belt round his waist.
 All gaze with surprise, Scarce believing their eyes,
 When the Knight makes a start like a race horse, and flies
 From his headless tormentor, repeating his cries,—
 In vain,— for the Friar to his skirts closely sticks,
 "Running after him,"— so said the Abbot,— "like Bricks!"

Thrice three times did the Phantom Knight
 Course round the Abbey as best he might,
 Be-thwacked and be-smacked by the headless Sprite,

While his shrieks so piercing made all hearts thrill, —
Then a whoop and a halloo, — and all was still!

Ingoldsby Abbey has passed away,
And at this time of day, One can hardly survey
Any traces or track, save a few ruins, gray
With age, and fast moldering into decay,
Of the structure once built by Sir Ingoldsby Bray;
But still there are many folks living who say
That on every Candlemas Eve, the Knight,
Accoutered and dight In his armor bright,
With his thick black beard, — and the clerical Sprite,
With his head in his hand, and his lantern alight,
Run round the spot where the old Abbey stood,
And are seen in the neighboring glebe land and wood;
More especially still, if it's stormy and windy,
You may hear them for miles kicking up their wild shindy;
And that once in a gale Of wind, sleet, and hail,
They frightened the horses, and upset the mail.

What 'tis breaks the rest Of these souls unblest
Would now be a thing rather hard to be guessed,
Though some say the Squire, on his deathbed, confessed
That on Ascalon plain, When the bones of the slain
Were collected that day, and packed up in a chest
Calked and made water-tight,
By command of the Knight,
Though the legs and the arms they'd got all pretty right,
And the body itself in a decentish plight,
Yet the Friar's *Pericranium* was nowhere in sight;
So, to save themselves trouble, they picked up instead,
And popped on the shoulders a Saracen's Head!
Thus the Knight in the terms of his penance had failed
And the Pope's absolution, of course, naught availed.

Now though this might be, It don't seem to agree
With one thing which, I own, is a poser to me, —
I mean, as the miracles wrought at the shrine
Containing the bones brought from far Palestine
Were so great and notorious, 'tis hard to combine
This *fact* with the reason these people assign,
Or suppose that the head of the murdered Divine
Could be aught but what Yankees would call "*Genu-ine.*"
'Tis a very nice question — but be't as it may,
The Ghost of Sir Ingoldsby (*ci-devant* Bray),

It is boldly affirmed, by the folks great and small
 About Milton, and Chalk, and around Cobham Hall,
 Still on Candlemas Day haunts the old ruined wall,
 And that many have seen him, and more heard him squall.
 So, I think, when the facts of the case you recall,
 My inference, reader, you'll fairly forestall,
 Viz. : that, spite of the hope Held out by the Pope,
 Sir Ingoldsby Bray was d——d after all!

MORAL.

Foot Pages, and Servants of every degree,
 In livery or out of it, listen to me!
 See what comes of lying! don't join in a league
 To humbug your master, or aid an intrigue!

Ladies!—married and single, from this understand
 How foolish it is to send letters by hand!
 Don't stand for the sake of a penny, — but when you
 've a *billet* to send To a lover or friend,
 Put it into the post, and don't cheat the revenue!

Reverend gentlemen!—you who are given to roam,
 Don't keep up a soft correspondence at home!
 But while you're abroad lead respectable lives;
 Love your neighbors, and welcome, — but don't love their wives,
 And, as bricklayers cry from the tiles and the leads
 When they're shoveling the snow off, "TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEADS!"

Knights!—whose hearts are so stout, and whose arms are so strong,
 Learn, — to twist a wife's neck is decidedly wrong!
 If your servants offend you, or give themselves airs,
 Rebuke them — but mildly — don't kick them downstairs!
 To "Poor Richard's" homely old proverb attend,
 "If you want matters well managed, *Go!* — if not, *Send!*"
 A servant's too often a negligent elf; —
 If it's business of consequence, **DO IT YOURSELF!**

The state of society seldom requires
 People now to bring home with them unburied Friars,
 But they sometimes *do* bring home an inmate for life;
 Now — don't do that by proxy! — but choose your own wife!
 For think how annoying 'twould be, when you're wed,
 To find in your bed, On the pillow, instead
 Of the sweet face you look for — **A SARACEN'S HEAD!**

IVANHOE'S JOUST.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From "Ivanhoe." For biographical sketch, see page 346.)

[The Disinherited Knight is the hero, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, fighting in disguise after his secret return from the Crusade. Cedric is the father of Lady Rowena.]

KING RICHARD was absent a prisoner, and in the power of the perfidious and cruel Duke of Austria. Even the very place of his captivity was uncertain, and his fate but very imperfectly known to the generality of his subjects, who were, in the mean time, a prey to every species of subaltern oppression.

Prince John, in league with Philip of France, Cœur-de-Lion's mortal enemy, was using every species of influence with the Duke of Austria, to prolong the captivity of his brother Richard, to whom he stood indebted for so many favors. In the mean time, he was strengthening his own faction in the kingdom, of which he proposed to dispute the succession, in case of the King's death, with the legitimate heir, Arthur Duke of Brittany, son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, the elder brother of John. This usurpation, it is well known, he afterward effected. His own character being light, profligate, and perfidious, John easily attached to his person and faction, not only all who had reason to dread the resentment of Richard for criminal proceedings, during his absence, but also the numerous class of "lawless resolute," whom the crusades had turned back on their country, accomplished in the vices of the East, impoverished in substance, and hardened in character, and who placed their hopes of harvest in civil commotion.

To these causes of public distress and apprehension must be added the multitude of outlaws, who, driven to despair by the oppression of the feudal nobility, and the severe exercise of the forest laws, banded together in large gangs, and, keeping possession of the forests and the wastes, set at defiance the justice and magistracy of the country. The nobles themselves, each fortified within his own castle, and playing the petty sovereign over his own dominions, were the leaders of bands scarce less lawless and oppressive than those of the avowed depredators. To maintain these retainers, and to support the extravagance

and magnificence which their pride induced them to affect, the nobility borrowed sums of money from the Jews at the most usurious interest, which gnawed into their estates like consuming cankers, scarce to be cured unless when circumstances gave them an opportunity of getting free by exercising upon their creditors some act of unprincipled violence.

Under the various burdens imposed by this unhappy state of affairs, the people of England suffered deeply for the present, and had yet more dreadful cause to fear for the future. To augment their misery, a contagious disorder of a dangerous nature spread through the land; and, rendered more virulent by the uncleanness, the indifferent food, and the wretched lodging of the lower classes, swept off many whose fate the survivors were tempted to envy, as exempting them from the evils which were to come.

Yet amidst these accumulated distresses, the poor as well as the rich, the vulgar as well as the noble, in the event of a tournament, which was the grand spectacle of that age, felt as much interested as the half-starved citizen of Madrid, who has not a real left to buy provisions for his family, feels in the issue of a bullfight. Neither duty nor infirmity could keep youth or age from such exhibitions. The Passage of Arms, as it was called, which was to take place at Ashby, in the county of Leicester, as champions of the first renown were to take the field in the presence of Prince John himself, who was expected to grace the lists, had attracted universal attention, and an immense confluence of persons of all ranks hastened upon the appointed morning to the place of combat.

The scene was singularly romantic. On the verge of a wood, which approached to within a mile of the town of Ashby, was an extensive meadow, of the finest and most beautiful green turf, surrounded on one side by the forest, and fringed on the other by straggling oak trees, some of which had grown to an immense size. The ground, as if fashioned on purpose for the martial display which was intended, sloped gradually down on all sides to a level bottom, which was inclosed for the lists with strong palisades, forming a space of a quarter of a mile in length, and about half as broad. The form of the inclosure was an oblong square, save that the corners were considerably rounded off, in order to afford more convenience to the spectators. The openings for the entry of the combatants were at the northern and southern extremities of the lists,

accessible by strong wooden gates, each wide enough to admit two horsemen riding abreast. At each of these portals were stationed two heralds, attended by six trumpets, as many pursuivants, and a strong body of men at arms for maintaining order, and ascertaining the quality of the knights who proposed to engage in this martial game.

On a platform beyond the southern entrance, formed by a natural elevation of the ground, were pitched five magnificent pavilions, adorned with pennons of russet and black, the chosen colors of the five knights challengers. The cords of the tents were of the same color. Before each pavilion was suspended the shield of the knight by whom it was occupied, and beside it stood his squire, quaintly disguised as a salvage or sylvan man, or in some other fantastic dress, according to the taste of his master, and the character he was pleased to assume during the game. The central pavilion, as the place of honor, had been assigned to Brian de Bois-Gilbert, whose renown in all games of chivalry, no less than his connection with the knights who had undertaken this Passage of Arms, had occasioned him to be eagerly received into the company of the challengers, and even adopted as their chief and leader, though he had so recently joined them. On one side of his tent were pitched those of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and Richard de Malvoisin, and on the other was the pavilion of Hugh de Grantmesnil, a noble baron in the vicinity, whose ancestor had been Lord High Steward of England in the time of the Conqueror, and his son William Rufus. Ralph de Vipont, a knight of St. John of Jerusalem, who had some ancient possessions at a place called Heather, near Ashby-de-la-Zouche, occupied the fifth pavilion. From the entrance into the lists, a gentle sloping passage, ten yards in breadth, led up to the platform on which the tents were pitched. It was strongly secured by a palisade on each side, as was the esplanade in front of the pavilions, and the whole was guarded by men at arms.

The northern access to the lists terminated in a similar entrance of thirty feet in breadth, at the extremity of which was a large inclosed space for such knights as might be disposed to enter the list with the challengers, behind which were placed tents containing refreshments of every kind for their accommodation, with armorers, farriers, and other attendants, in readiness to give their services wherever they might be necessary.

The exterior of the lists was in part occupied by temporary galleries, spread with tapestry and carpets, and accommodated with cushions for the convenience of those ladies and nobles who were expected to attend the tournament. A narrow space, betwixt these galleries and the lists, gave accommodation for yeomanry and spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar, and might be compared to the pit of a theater. The promiscuous multitude arranged themselves upon large banks of turf prepared for the purpose, which, aided by the natural elevation of the ground, enabled them to overlook the galleries, and obtain a fair view into the lists. Besides the accommodation which these stations afforded, many hundreds had perched themselves on the branches of the trees which surrounded the meadow; and even the steeple of a country church, at some distance, was crowded with spectators.

It only remains to notice respecting the general arrangement, that one gallery in the very center of the eastern side of the lists, and consequently exactly opposite to the spot where the shock of the combat was to take place, was raised higher than the others, more richly decorated, and graced by a sort of throne and canopy, on which the royal arms were emblazoned. Squires, pages, and yeomen in rich liveries waited around this place of honor, which was designed for Prince John and his attendants. Opposite to this royal gallery was another, elevated to the same height, on the western side of the lists; and more gayly if less sumptuously decorated than that destined for the Prince himself. A train of pages and of young maidens, the most beautiful who could be selected, gayly dressed in fancy habits of green and pink, surrounded a throne decorated in the same colors. Among pennons and flags bearing wounded hearts, burning hearts, bleeding hearts, bows and quivers, and all the commonplace emblems of the triumphs of Cupid, a blazoned inscription informed the spectators, that this seat of honor was designed for *La Royne de la Beaulté et des Amours*. But who was to represent the Queen of Beauty and of Love on the present occasion no one was prepared to guess.

Meanwhile, spectators of every description thronged forward to occupy their respective stations, and not without many quarrels concerning those which they were entitled to hold. Some of these were settled by the men at arms with brief ceremony, the shafts of their battle-axes and pommels of their swords being readily employed as arguments to convince the more

refractory. Others, which involved the rival claims of more elevated persons, were determined by the heralds, or by the two marshals of the field, William de Wyvil and Stephen de Martival, who, armed at all points, rode up and down the lists to enforce and preserve good order among the spectators.

Gradually the galleries became filled with knights and nobles, in their robes of peace, whose long and rich-tinted mantles were contrasted with the gayer and more splendid habits of the ladies, who, in a greater proportion than even the men themselves, thronged to witness a sport which one would have thought too bloody and dangerous to afford their sex much pleasure. The lower and interior space was soon filled by substantial yeomen and burghers, and such of the lesser gentry as from modesty, poverty, or dubious title durst not assume any higher place. It was of course amongst these that the most frequent disputes for precedence occurred.

“Dog of an unbeliever,” said an old man, whose threadbare tunic bore witness to his poverty, as his sword, and dagger, and golden chain intimated his pretensions to rank — “whelp of a she-wolf! darest thou press upon a Christian, and a Norman gentleman of the blood of Montdidier?”

This rough expostulation was addressed to no other than our acquaintance Isaac, who, richly and even magnificently dressed in a gaberdine ornamented with lace and lined with fur, was endeavoring to make place in the foremost row beneath the gallery for his daughter, the beautiful Rebecca, who had joined him at Ashby, and who was now hanging on her father's arm, not a little terrified by the popular displeasure which seemed generally excited by her father's presumption. But Isaac, though we have seen him sufficiently timid on other occasions, knew well that at present he had nothing to fear. It was not in places of general resort, or where their equals were assembled, that any avaricious or malevolent noble durst offer him injury. At such meetings the Jews were under the protection of the general law; and if that proved a weak assurance, it usually happened that there were among the persons assembled some barons who, for their own interested motives, were ready to act as their protectors. On the present occasion, Isaac felt more than usually confident, being aware that Prince John was even then in the very act of negotiating a large loan from the Jews of York, to be secured upon certain jewels and lands. Isaac's own share in this transaction was

considerable, and he well knew that the Prince's eager desire to bring it to a conclusion would insure him his protection in the dilemma in which he stood.

Emboldened by these considerations, the Jew pursued his point, and jostled the Norman Christian, without respect either to his descent, quality, or religion. The complaints of the old man, however, excited the indignation of the bystanders. One of these, a stout, well-set yeoman, arrayed in Lincoln green, having twelve arrows stuck in his belt, with a baldric and badge of silver, and a bow of six feet length in his hand, turned short round, and while his countenance, which his constant exposure to weather had rendered brown as a hazelnut, grew darker with anger, he advised the Jew to remember that all the wealth he had acquired by sucking the blood of his miserable victims had but swelled him like a bloated spider, which might be overlooked while it kept in a corner, but would be crushed if it ventured into the light. This intimation, delivered in Norman-English with a firm voice and a stern aspect, made the Jew shrink back; and he would have probably withdrawn himself altogether from a vicinity so dangerous, had not the attention of every one been called to the sudden entrance of Prince John, who at that moment entered the lists, attended by a numerous and gay train, consisting partly of laymen, partly of churchmen, as light in their dress and as gay in their demeanor as their companions. Among the latter was the Prior of Jorvaulx, in the most gallant trim which a dignitary of the church could venture to exhibit. Fur and gold were not spared in his garments; and the points of his boots, out-Heroding the preposterous fashion of the time, turned up so very far, as to be attached, not to his knees merely, but to his very girdle, and effectually prevented him from putting his foot into the stirrup. This, however, was a slight inconvenience to the gallant Abbot, who, perhaps, even rejoicing in the opportunity to display his accomplished horsemanship before so many spectators, especially of the fair sex, dispensed with these supports to a timid rider. The rest of Prince John's retinue consisted of the favorite leaders of his mercenary troops, some marauding barons and profligate attendants upon the court, with several Knights Templars and Knights of St. John.

It may be here remarked that the knights of these two orders were accounted hostile to King Richard, having adopted the side of Philip of France in the long train of disputes which

took place in Palestine betwixt that Monarch and the lion-hearted King of England. It was the well-known consequence of this discord that Richard's repeated victories had been rendered fruitless, his romantic attempts to besiege Jerusalem disappointed, and the fruit of all the glory which he had acquired had dwindled into an uncertain truce with the Sultan Saladin. With the same policy which had dictated the conduct of their brethren in the Holy Land, the Templars and Hospitalers in England and Normandy attached themselves to the faction of Prince John, having little reason to desire the return of Richard to England, or the succession of Arthur, his legitimate heir. For the opposite reason, Prince John hated and contemned the few Saxon families of consequence which subsisted in England, and omitted no opportunity of mortifying and affronting them; being conscious that his person and pretensions were disliked by them, as well as by the greater part of the English commons, who feared farther innovation upon their rights and liberties from a sovereign of John's licentious and tyrannical disposition.

Attended by this gallant equipage, himself well mounted, and splendidly dressed in crimson and in gold, bearing upon his hand a falcon, and having his head covered by a rich fur bonnet, adorned with a circle of precious stones, from which his long curled hair escaped and overspread his shoulders, Prince John, upon a gray and high-mettled palfrey, caracoled within the lists at the head of his jovial party, laughing loud with his train, and eying with all the boldness of royal criticism the beauties who adorned the lofty galleries.

Those who remarked in the physiognomy of the Prince a dissolute audacity, mingled with extreme haughtiness and indifference to the feelings of others, could not yet deny to his countenance that sort of comeliness which belongs to an open set of features, well formed by nature, modeled by art to the usual rules of courtesy, yet so far frank and honest that they seemed as if they disclaimed to conceal the natural workings of the soul. Such an expression is often mistaken for manly frankness, when in truth it arises from the reckless indifference of a libertine disposition, conscious of superiority of birth, of wealth, or of some other adventitious advantage totally unconnected with personal merit. To those who did not think so deeply, and they were the greater number by a hundred to one, the splendor of Prince John's *rhen* (*i.e.* fur tippet), the rich-

ness of his cloak, lined with the most costly sables, his maroquin boots and golden spurs, together with the grace with which he managed his palfrey, were sufficient to merit clamorous applause.

In his joyous caracole round the lists, the attention of the Prince was called by the commotion, not yet subsided, which had attended the ambitious movement of Isaac toward the higher place of the assembly. The quick eye of Prince John instantly recognized the Jew, but was much more agreeably attracted by the beautiful daughter of Zion, who, terrified by the tumult, clung close to the arm of her aged father.

The figure of Rebecca might indeed have compared with the proudest beauties of England, even though it had been judged by as shrewd a connoisseur as Prince John. Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shown to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of the females of her nation. Her turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a lovely neck and bosom as a simarre of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colors embossed upon a purple ground, permitted to be visible — all these constituted a combination of loveliness, which yielded not to the most beautiful of the maidens who surrounded her. It is true, that of the golden and pearl-studded clasps, which closed her vest from her throat to the waist, the three uppermost were left unfastened on account of the heat, which something enlarged the prospect to which we allude. A diamond necklace, with pendants of inestimable value, were by this means also made more conspicuous. The feather of an ostrich fastened in her turban by an agriffe set with brilliants was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess, scoffed and sneered at by the proud dames who sat above her, but secretly envied by those who affected to deride them.

“By the bald scalp of Abraham,” said Prince John, “yonder Jewess must be the very model of that perfection whose charms drove frantic the wisest king that ever lived! What sayest thou, Prior Aymer? By the temple of that wise king, which our wiser brother Richard proved unable to recover, she is the very bride of the Canticles!”

“The Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley,” — an

swered the Prior, in a sort of snuffling tone ; "but your Grace must remember she is still but a Jewess."

"Ay!" added Prince John, without heeding him, "and there is my Mammon of unrighteousness too — the Marquis of Marks, the Baron of Byzants, contesting for place with penniless dogs, whose threadbare coats have not a single cross in their pouches to keep the devil from dancing there. By the body of St. Mark, my prince of supplies, with his lovely Jewess, shall have a place in the gallery! What is she, Isaac? Thy wife or thy daughter, that Eastern houri that thou lockest under thy arm as thou wouldst thy treasure casket?"

"My daughter Rebecca, so please your Grace," answered Isaac, with a low congee, nothing embarrassed by the Prince's salutation, in which, however, there was at least as much mockery as courtesy.

"The wiser man thou," said John, with a peal of laughter, in which his gay followers obsequiously joined. "But, daughter or wife, she should be preferred according to her beauty and thy merits. Who sits above there?" he continued, bending his eye on the gallery. "Saxon churls, lolling at their lazy length! Out upon them! — let them sit close, and make room for my prince of usurers and his lovely daughter. I'll make the hinds know they must share the high places of the synagogue with those whom the synagogue properly belongs to."

Those who occupied the gallery to whom this injurious and unpolite speech was addressed, were the family of Cedric the Saxon, with that of his ally and kinsman, Athelstane of Coningsburgh, a personage who, on account of his descent from the last Saxon monarchs of England, was held in the highest respect by all the Saxon natives of the north of England. But with the blood of this ancient royal race, many of their infirmities had descended to Athelstane. He was comely in countenance, bulky and strong in person, and in the flower of his age — yet inanimate in expression, dull-eyed, heavy-browed, inactive and sluggish in all his motions, and so slow in resolution that the sobriquet of one of his ancestors was conferred upon him, and he was very generally called Athelstane the Unready. His friends, and he had many, who, as well as Cedric, were passionately attached to him, contended that his sluggish temper arose not from want of courage, but from mere want of decision; others alleged that his hereditary vice of drunkenness had obscured his faculties, never of a very acute order, and that

the passive courage and meek good nature which remained behind were merely the dregs of a character that might have been deserving of praise, but of which all the valuable parts had flown off in the progress of a long course of brutal debauchery.

It was to this person, such as we have described him, that the Prince addressed his imperious command to make place for Isaac and Rebecca. Athelstane, utterly confounded at an order which the manners and feelings of the times rendered so injuriously insulting, unwilling to obey, yet undetermined how to resist, opposed only the *vis inertiae* to the will of John; and, without stirring or making any motion whatever of obedience, opened his large gray eyes, and stared at the Prince with an astonishment which had in it something extremely ludicrous. But the impatient John regarded it in no such light.

“The Saxon porker,” he said, “is either asleep or minds me not. Prick him with your lance, De Bracy,” speaking to a knight who rode near him, the leader of a band of Free Companions, or Condottieri; that is, of mercenaries belonging to no particular nation, but attached for the time to any prince by whom they are paid. There was a murmur even among the attendants of Prince John; but De Bracy, whose profession freed him from all scruples, extended his long lance over the space which separated the gallery from the lists, and would have executed the commands of the Prince before Athelstane the Unready had recovered presence of mind sufficient even to draw back his person from the weapon, had not Cedric, as prompt as his companion was tardy, unsheathed, with the speed of lightning, the short sword which he wore, and at a single blow severed the point of the lance from the handle. The blood rushed into the countenance of Prince John. He swore one of his deepest oaths, and was about to utter some threat corresponding in violence, when he was diverted from his purpose, partly by his own attendants, who gathered around him conjuring him to be patient, partly by a general exclamation of the crowd, uttered in loud applause of the spirited conduct of Cedric. The Prince rolled his eyes in indignation, as if to collect some safe and easy victim; and chancing to encounter the firm glance of the same archer whom we have already noticed, and who seemed to persist in his gesture of applause, in spite of the frowning aspect which the Prince bent upon him, he demanded his reason for clamoring thus.

"I always add my hollo," said the yeoman, "when I see a good shot or a gallant blow."

"Sayest thou?" answered the Prince; "then thou canst hit the white thyself, I'll warrant."

"A woodsman's mark, and at woodsman's distance, I can hit," answered the yeoman.

"And Wat Tyrrel's mark at a hundred yards," said a voice from behind, but by whom uttered could not be discerned.

This allusion to the fate of William Rufus, his relative, at once incensed and alarmed Prince John. He satisfied himself, however, with commanding the men at arms, who surrounded the lists, to keep an eye on the braggart, pointing to the yeoman.

"By St. Grizzel," he added, "we will try his own skill, who is so ready to give his voice to the feats of others!"

"I shall not fly the trial," said the yeoman, with the composure which marked his whole deportment.

"Meanwhile, stand up, ye Saxon churls," said the fiery Prince; "for, by the light of Heaven, since I have said it, the Jew shall have his seat amongst ye!"

"By no means, an it please your Grace!—it is not fit for such as we to sit with the rulers of the land," said the Jew, whose ambition for precedence, though it had led him to dispute place with the attenuated and impoverished descendant of the line of Montdidier, by no means stimulated him to an intrusion upon the privileges of the wealthy Saxons.

"Up, infidel dog, when I command you," said Prince John, "or I will have thy swarthy hide stripped off and tanned for horse furniture."

Thus urged, the Jew began to ascend the steep and narrow steps which led to the gallery.

"Let me see," said the Prince, "who dare stop him," fixing his eye on Cedric, whose attitude intimated his intention to hurl the Jew down headlong.

The catastrophe was prevented by the clown Wamba, who, springing betwixt his master and Isaac, and exclaiming in answer to the Prince's defiance, "Marry, that will I!" opposed to the beard of the Jew a shield of brawn, which he plucked from beneath his cloak, and with which, doubtless, he had furnished himself, lest the tournament should have proved longer than his appetite could endure abstinence. Finding the abomination of his tribe opposed to his very nose, while the

Jester, at the same time, flourished his wooden sword above his head, the Jew recoiled, missed his footing, and rolled down the steps—an excellent jest to the spectators, who set up a loud laughter, in which Prince John and his attendants heartily joined.

“Deal me the prize, cousin Prince,” said Wamba; “I have vanquished my foe in fair fight with sword and shield,” he added, brandishing the brawn in one hand and the wooden sword in the other.

“Who and what art thou, noble champion?” said Prince John, still laughing.

“A fool by right of descent,” answered the Jester; “I am Wamba, the son of Witless, who was the son of Weatherbrain, who was the son of an alderman.”

“Make room for the Jew in front of the lower ring,” said Prince John, not unwilling perhaps to seize an apology to desist from his original purpose; “to place the vanquished beside the victor were false heraldry.”

“Knave upon fool were worse,” answered the Jester, “and Jew upon bacon worst of all.”

“Gramercy! good fellow,” cried Prince John, “thou pleasest me. Here, Isaac, lend me a handful of byzants.”

As the Jew, stunned by the request, afraid to refuse, and unwilling to comply, fumbled in the furred bag which hung by his girdle, and was perhaps endeavoring to ascertain how few coins might pass for a handful, the Prince stooped from his jennet and settled Isaac’s doubts by snatching the pouch itself from his side; and flinging to Wamba a couple of the gold pieces which it contained, he pursued his career round the lists, leaving the Jew to the derision of those around him, and himself receiving as much applause from the spectators as if he had done some honest and honorable action.

In the midst of Prince John’s cavalcade he suddenly stopped, and appealing to the Prior of Jorvaulx, declared the principal business of the day had been forgotten.

“By my halidom,” said he, “we have forgotten, Sir Prior, to name the fair sovereign of Love and of Beauty, by whose white hand the palm is to be distributed. For my part, I am liberal in my ideas, and I care not if I give my vote for the black-eyed Rebecca.”

“Holy Virgin,” answered the Prior, turning up his eyes in horror, “a Jewess! We should deserve to be stoned out of

the lists; and I am not yet old enough to be a martyr. Besides, I swear by my patron saint that she is far inferior to the lovely Saxon, Rowena."

"Saxon or Jew," answered the Prince, "Saxon or Jew, dog or hog, what matters it? I say, name Rebecca, were it only to mortify the Saxon churls."

A murmur arose even among his own immediate attendants.

"This passes a jest, my lord," said De Bracy; "no knight here will lay lance in rest if such an insult is attempted."

"It is the mere wantonness of insult," said one of the oldest and most important of Prince John's followers, Waldemar Fitzurse, "and if your Grace attempts it, cannot but prove ruinous to your projects."

"I entertained you, sir," said John, reining up his palfrey haughtily, "for my follower, but not for my counselor."

"Those who follow your Grace in the paths which you tread," said Waldemar, but speaking in a low voice, "acquire the right of counselors; for your interest and safety are not more deeply engaged than their own."

From the tone in which this was spoken; John saw the necessity of acquiescence. "I did but jest," he said; "and you turn upon me like so many adders! Name whom you will, in the fiend's name, and please yourselves."

"Nay, nay," said De Bracy; "let the fair sovereign's throne remain unoccupied until the conqueror shall be named, and then let him choose the lady by whom it shall be filled. It will add another grace to his triumph, and teach fair ladies to prize the love of valiant knights who can exalt them to such distinction."

"If Brian de Bois-Guilbert gain the prize," said the Prior, "I will gage my rosary that I name the Sovereign of Love and Beauty."

"Bois-Guilbert," answered De Bracy, "is a good lance; but there are others around these lists, Sir Prior, who will not fear to encounter him."

"Silence, sirs," said Waldemar, "and let the Prince assume his seat. The knights and spectators are alike impatient, the time advances, and highly fit it is that the sports should commence."

Prince John, though not yet a monarch, had in Waldemar Fitzurse all the inconveniences of a favorite minister, who,

in serving his sovereign, must always do so in his own way. The Prince acquiesced, however, although his disposition was precisely of that kind which is apt to be obstinate upon trifles, and, assuming his throne, and being surrounded by his followers, gave signal to the heralds to proclaim the laws of the tournament, which were briefly as follows :—

First, the five challengers were to undertake all comers.

Secondly, any knight proposing to combat might, if he pleased, select a special antagonist from among the challengers, by touching his shield. If he did so with the reverse of his lance, the trial of skill was made with what were called the arms of courtesy—that is, with lances at whose extremity a piece of round flat board was fixed, so that no danger was encountered, save from the shock of the horses and riders. But if the shield was touched with the sharp end of the lance, the combat was understood to be at *outrance*—that is, the knights were to fight with sharp weapons, as in actual battle.

Thirdly, when the knights present had accomplished their vow, by each of them breaking five lances, the Prince was to declare the victor in the first day's tourney, who should receive as prize a war horse of exquisite beauty and matchless strength; and in addition to this reward of valor, it was now declared, he should have the peculiar honor of naming the Queen of Love and Beauty, by whom the prize should be given on the ensuing day.

Fourthly, it was announced that, on the second day, there should be a general tournament, in which all the knights present, who were desirous to win praise, might take part; and being divided into two bands of equal numbers, might fight it out manfully, until the signal was given by Prince John to cease the combat. The elected Queen of Love and Beauty was then to crown the knight whom the Prince should adjudge to have borne himself best in this second day, with a coronet composed of thin gold plate, cut into the shape of a laurel crown. On this second day the knightly games ceased. But on that which was to follow, feats of archery, of bull baiting and other popular amusements, were to be practiced, for the more immediate amusement of the populace. In this manner did Prince John endeavor to lay the foundation of a popularity which he was perpetually throwing down by some inconsiderate act of wanton aggression upon the feelings and prejudices of the people.

The lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful in the northern and midland parts of England; and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial burgesses and yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe, or border, around this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving and, at the same time, setting off its splendor.

The heralds finished their proclamation with their usual cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries, it being a high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality toward those whom the age accounted at once the secretaries and the historians of honor. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of Ladies—Death of Champions—Honor to the Generous—Glory to the Brave!" To which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments. When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession, and none remained within them save the marshals of the field, who, armed cap-a-pie, sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists. Meantime, the inclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and, when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets and tall lances, to the extremities of which were, in many cases, attached small pennons of about a span's breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area, — a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed, and my Saxon authority (in the *Wardour Manuscript*) records at great length their devices, their colors, and the embroidery of their horse trappings. It is unnecessary to be particular on these subjects. To borrow lines from a contemporary poet, who has written but too little —

The knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

Their escutcheons have long moldered from the walls of their castles. Their castles themselves are but green mounds and shattered ruins — the place that once knew them knows them no more — nay, many a race since theirs has died out and been forgotten in the very land which they occupied, with all the authority of feudal proprietors and feudal lords. What, then, would it avail the reader to know their names, or the evanescent symbols of their martial rank?

Now, however, no whit anticipating the oblivion which awaited their names and feats, the champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds, and compelling them to move slowly, while, at the same time, they exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity of the riders. As the procession entered the lists, the sound of a wild barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers, where the performers were concealed. It was of Eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance, to the knights as they advanced. With the eyes of an immense concourse of spectators fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood, and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself. The lower orders of the spectators in general — nay, many of the higher class, and it is even said several of the ladies, were rather disappointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy. For the same sort of persons, who, in the present day, applaud most highly the deepest tragedies, were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and, headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, descended from the platform, and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop; and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers, that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Bœuf, rolled on the ground. The antagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bearing his lance point fair against the crest or the shield of his enemy, swerved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon athwart the person of his opponent—a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually unhorsed; because the latter might happen from accident, whereas the former evinced awkwardness and want of management of the weapon and of the horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honor of his party, and parted fairly with the knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the acclamations of the heralds, and the clangor of the trumpets, announced the triumph of the victors and the defeat of the vanquished. The former retreated to their pavilions, and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and dejection, to agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited. The fifth of their number alone tarried in the lists long enough to be greeted by the applause of the spectators, amongst whom he retreated, to the aggravation, doubtless, of his companions' mortification.

A second and a third party of knights took the field; and although they had various success, yet, upon the whole, the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or swerved from his charge—misfortunes which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them seemed to be considerably damped by their continued success. Three knights only appeared on the fourth entry, who, avoiding the shields of Bois-Guilbert and Front-de-Bœuf, contented themselves with touching those of the three other knights, who had not altogether manifested the same strength and dexterity. This politic selection did not alter the fortune of the field; the challengers were still successful: one of their antagonists was overthrown, and both the others failed in the *attaint*, that is, in striking the helmet and shield of their antagonist firmly and

strongly, with the lance held in a direct line, so that the weapon might break, unless the champion was overthrown.

After this fourth encounter, there was a considerable pause ; nor did it appear that any one was very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured among themselves ; for, among the challengers, Malvoisin and Front-de-Bœuf were unpopular from their characters, and the others, except Grantmesnil, were disliked as strangers and foreigners.

But none shared the general feeling of dissatisfaction so keenly as Cedric the Saxon, who saw, in each advantage gained by the Norman challengers, a repeated triumph over the honor of England. His own education had taught him no skill in the games of chivalry, although, with the arms of his Saxon ancestors, he had manifested himself, on many occasions, a brave and determined soldier. He looked anxiously to Athelstane, who had learned the accomplishments of the age, as if desiring that he should make some personal effort to recover the victory which was passing into the hands of the Templar and his associates. But though both stout of heart and strong of person, Athelstane had a disposition too inert and unambitious to make the exertions which Cedric seemed to expect from him.

“The day is against England, my lord,” said Cedric, in a marked tone ; “are you not tempted to take the lance ?”

“I shall tilt to-morrow,” answered Athelstane, “in the *mêlée* ; it is not worth while for me to arm myself to-day.”

Two things displeased Cedric in this speech. It contained the Norman word *mêlée* (to express the general conflict), and it evinced some indifference to the honor of the country ; but it was spoken by Athelstane, whom he held in such profound respect that he would not trust himself to canvass his motives or his foibles. Moreover, he had no time to make any remark, for Wamba thrust in his word, observing, “It was better, though scarce easier, to be the best man among a hundred than the best man of two.”

Athelstane took the observation as a serious compliment ; but Cedric, who better understood the Jester's meaning, darted at him a severe and menacing look ; and lucky it was for Wamba, perhaps, that the time and place prevented his receiving, notwithstanding his place and service, more sensible marks of his master's resentment.

The pause in the tournament was still uninterrupted, ex-

cepting by the voices of the heralds exclaiming, "Love of ladies, splintering of lances! stand forth, gallant knights, fair eyes look upon your deeds!"

The music also of the challengers breathed from time to time wild bursts expressive of triumph or defiance, while the clowns grudged a holiday which seemed to pass away in inactivity; and old knights and nobles lamented in whispers the decay of martial spirit, spoke of the triumphs of their younger days, but agreed that the land did not now supply dames of such transcendent beauty as had animated the jousts of former times. Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready the banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights and foiled a third.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield—touch the Hospitaller's shield; he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rung again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal com-

bat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight, "and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honor you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honor was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might insure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding upon one horse, an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars, qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto, *Gare le Corbeau*.

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet

his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the center of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backward upon his haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demivolt, and, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter, — the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station, than the clamor of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead, that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the center of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune, as before.

In the second encounter the Templar aimed at the center of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance toward Bois-Guilbert's shield, but changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. At it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword, and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist, "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot, or horseback, with spear, with ax, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged, but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it, "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armor, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave, adsum*. Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both knights broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

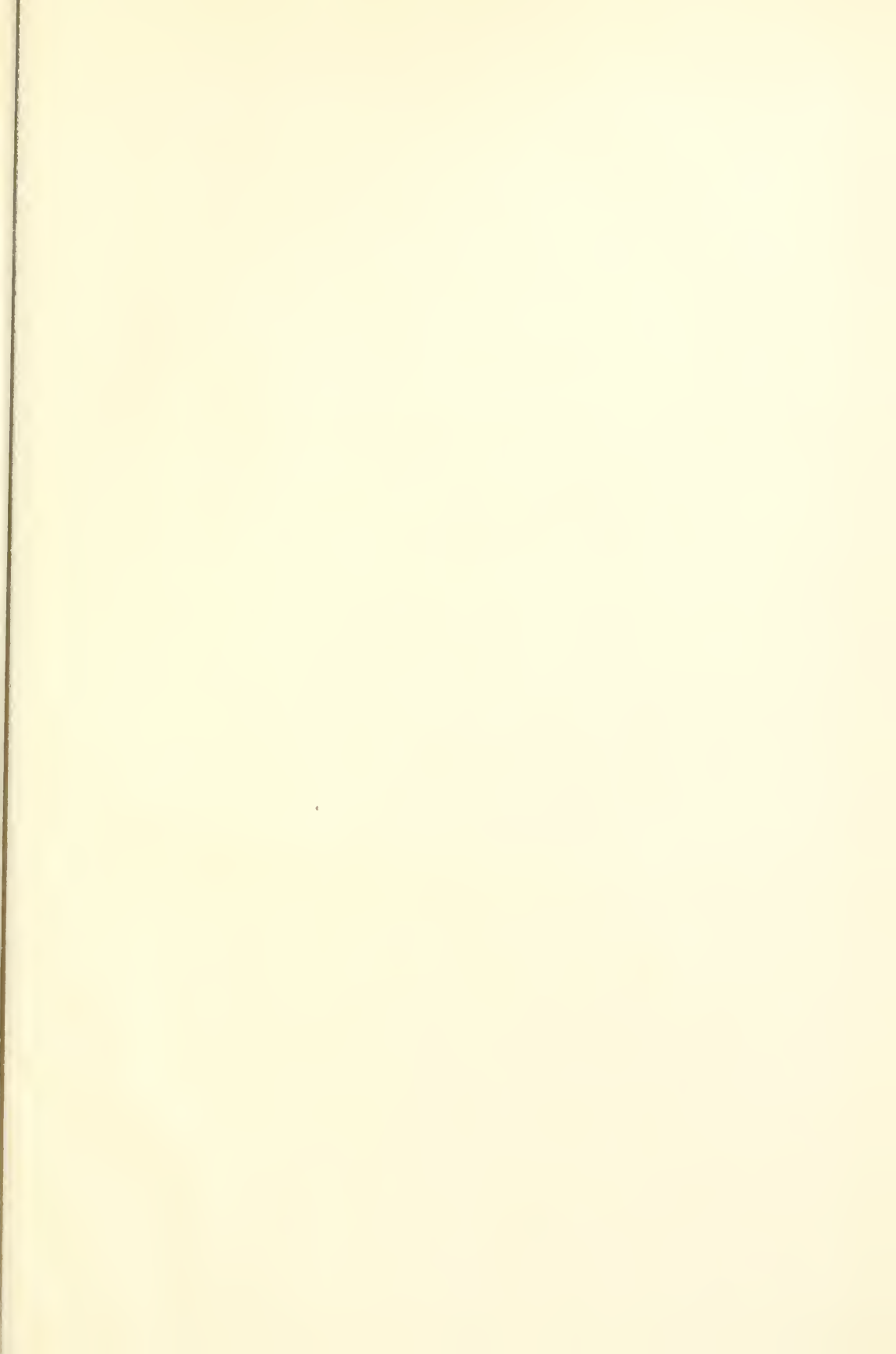
In the stranger's third encounter, with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful, striking that baron so forcibly on the casque that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

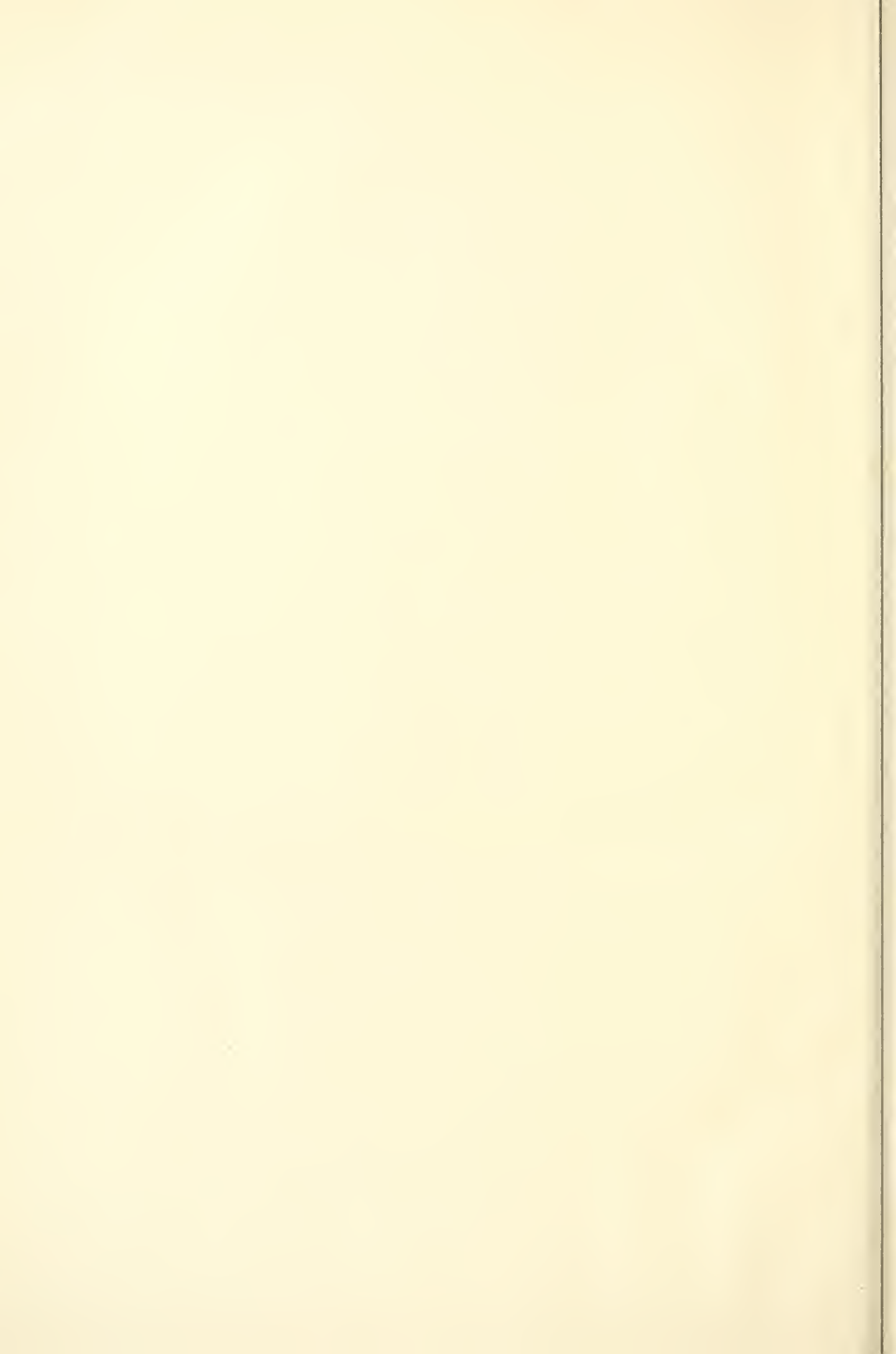
In his fourth combat, with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited

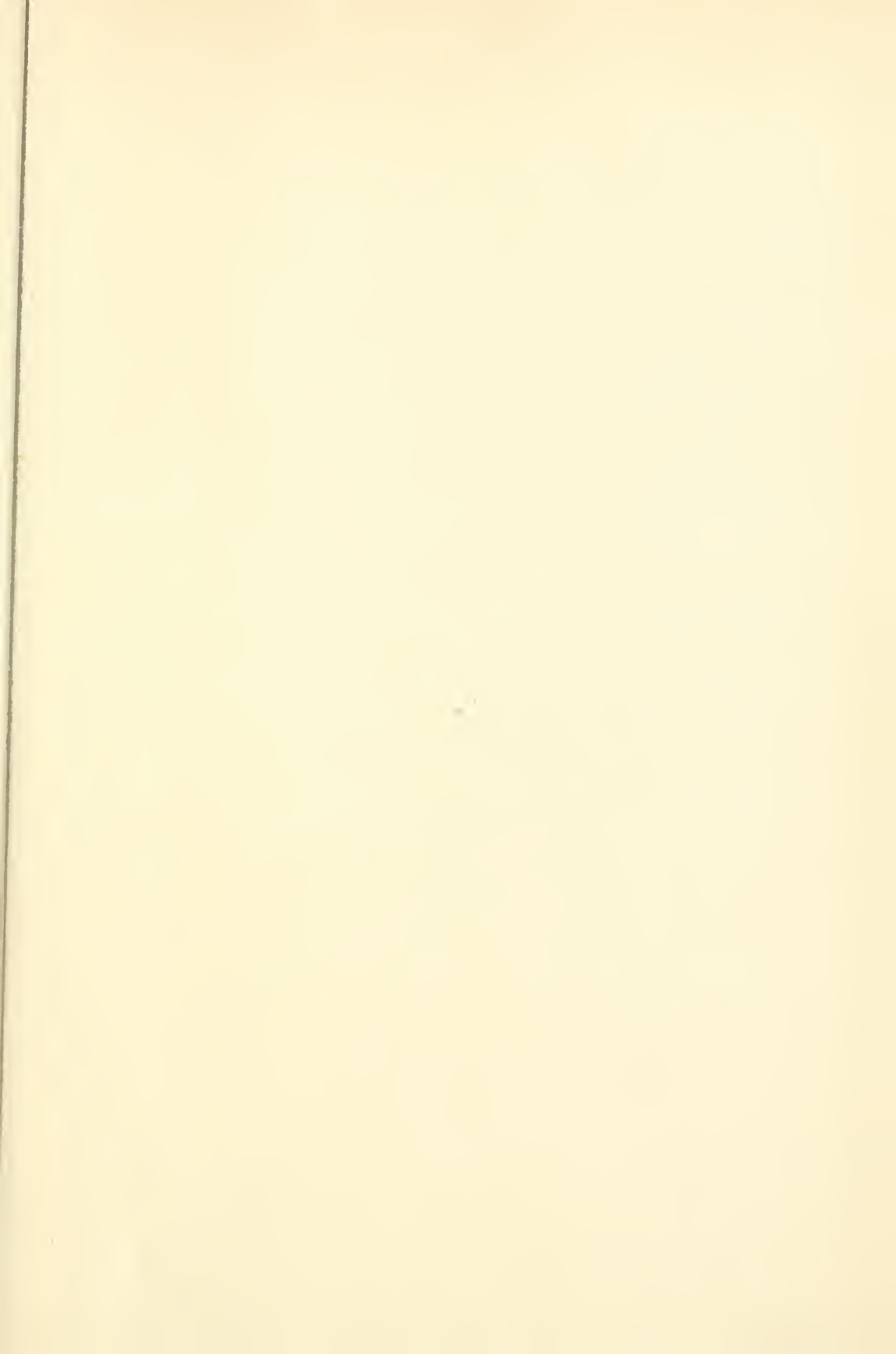
Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and mouth, and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the Prince and marshals, announcing that day's honors to the Disinherited Knight.







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