



A decorative border with intricate scrollwork and floral patterns surrounds the central text. The border is composed of a series of elegant, symmetrical flourishes that create a rectangular frame with rounded corners and ornate details.

CLASSIC TALES BY
FAMOUS AUTHORS

COMPLETE IN

TWENTY VOLUMES

VOLUME III



Classic Tales

by

Famous Authors

CONTAINING SEVERAL OF THE BEST STORIES FROM
THE WORKS OF THE AUTHORS WHOSE NAMES
ARE MENTIONED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Columbus at the Court of Spain

Photogravure. From a Painting by V. Brozik

Illustrated by R. D. B. B. B.

1912

With General Introduction by

Russell C. Brown, LL.D.

Published by

THE CENTRAL BOOK CONCERN, LTD.

1912

1912

Classic Tales

by

Famous Authors

CONTAINING COMPLETE SELECTIONS FROM
THE WORLD'S BEST AUTHORS WITH PREFATORY
BIOGRAPHICAL AND SYNOPTICAL NOTES

Edited and Arranged by

FREDERICK B. DE BERARD

14522

With a General Introduction by

ROSSITER JOHNSON, LL.D.

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JAN 1906

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CRITICAL SYNOPSIS
OF SELECTIONS

CRITICAL SYNOPSIS OF SELECTIONS

AGOSTINA OF ZARAGOZA: BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

When the French armies were devastating the provinces of Spain, the peasantry, as well as the Spanish troops, opposed the invaders with the bitterest, bravest and most futile resistance. "War to the knife, and the knife to the hilt," was the precept of the whole nation, and everywhere the French armies were met by an uprising of the entire population. This story tells how Agostina, a Spanish woman, aided in the defense of the town of Zaragoza, a heroic and wholly useless act of the kind that wins undying admiration from mankind.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDY: BY THOMAS CHATTERTON.

This ballad is one of the famous so-called "Rowley Forgeries," a term of bitter injustice to the brilliant and youthful imagination which deserved encouragement and appreciation, instead of the reproach which drove Thomas Chatterton, a mere boy, to suicide. It relates the constancy of Sir Charles Bawdin, who, under the tyranny of Edward, the King, was doomed to death because of his integrity and honor. The incident is wholly imaginary. The poem is one of the best examples of Chatterton's style. It has the defects incident to youth, but it shows fire and vigor that promised extraordinary power had its youthful author not been driven by despair and contumely to taking his own life.

BUSSY D'AMBOIS: BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

George Chapman, one of the most famous of the translators of the "Iliad," wrote many acting plays of much merit. Among these was one entitled "Bussy D'Ambois." From this we have extracted

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an episode, which describes a duel between Bussy D'Ambois and his friends, on the one side, and three insolent lords, who have insulted his poverty, on the other. The period in which the poem is laid was a time of personal encounter and daring, and the romances which deal with life in the France of that day are full of heroic episodes.

CAVALIER'S ESCAPE, THE: BY WALTER THORNBURY.

"The Cavalier's Escape" is an imaginary episode of the civil wars in England, when deeds of prowess and personal adventure were numerous, and the dash and daring of the Cavaliers were matched against the stern purpose and the righteous cause of Cromwell's Ironsides.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE, THE: BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

There are few English readers unacquainted with Lord Tennyson's stirring ballad, "The Charge of the Light Brigade"; how six hundred brave English cavalymen were sent by a foolish error upon an impossible charge, to be almost wholly destroyed by their Russian foemen. In another volume of this Series, the Battle of Balaklava is described by William Howard Russell. This famous charge, immortalized by Lord Tennyson, was an incident of that battle.

DAVID AND GOLIATH: THE BOOK OF JUDGES.

Wherever books exist, wherever humanity peruses printed pages, the story is familiar of how the shepherd boy, inspired by Jehovah, armed only with a sling and a few small pebbles from the brook, slew the giant champion of the Philistines, who daily reviled the men of Israel. In this abstract, the story is told in the words of the sacred text, merely omitting some few discursive sentences. The omission of chapter and verse, arbitrarily added by the translators, and the substitution of modern arrangement and punctuation for the old-time form enhances the vividness of the narrative.

DEFENSE OF LONDONDERRY, THE: BY LORD MACAULAY.

When King James II. was driven from England by an outraged people, he fled to Ireland, and, as

CRITICAL SYNOPSIS OF SELECTIONS

the champion of the Catholic faith, intent upon overthrowing the hated Protestant rule, the population of that dependency, with the exception of the northern provinces, flocked to his support. Londonderry, peopled almost wholly by Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, who were hated bitterly by the Irish inhabitants, was besieged by the army of King James. The siege was one of the most persistent, and the defense one of the most heroic, in all history. Lord Macaulay tells the story of this famous siege in his most brilliant and enthralling manner.

FRIENDS OF THE ABAISSE, THE: BY VICTOR HUGO.

In Victor Hugo's masterpiece, "Les Miserables," is a study of the mental ferment that has made modern France a hot-bed of political turmoil and unrest. A group of dreamy theorists, given to barren speculation upon liberty and the rights of men, had organized a society, which they called "The Friends of the A. B. C.," that is to say, the friends of education and enlightenment. This title was but a play upon words, their secret purpose being revolution and political advancement, as that phrase is construed in France, that purpose being expressed by their real title, "The Friends of the Abaissé" (the "abased"). Their relation to the main story is merely incidental, one of their number being a principal character in the romance. Their philosophical theories result in a half digested plot for an uprising of the army and the people, *émeutes* and barricades. This little knot of fanatical enthusiasts, locating themselves in an old inn, erect barricades across the tangle of streets leading to it and attack society as a first step to liberty. They are annihilated. A night of suspense, of agonizing anxiety, of heart-breaking expectation of the popular uprising which never came, a day of fierce struggle, of deaths following one by one, and finally a thunderbolt of flame, a torrent of grapeshot, a deluge of soldiers, which sweeps up and over the barricades, batters in the doors, drives the defenders from floor to floor, and leaves of "The Friends of the Abaissé" nothing but a name.

GREAT VOYAGE, THE: BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

There is no more impressive episode in history, nor one told with more dramatic force, than Wash-

CRITICAL SYNOPSIS OF SELECTIONS

ington Irving's account of the great admiral's voyage of discovery. For weeks Columbus sailed on and on into the unknown, the vast, tenantless space, crowded not only with visible danger of storm and sea, but peopled by superstitious dread, with supernatural shapes and mysteries of evil. With matchless bravery he met the visible dangers; with unshakable tenacity of purpose he sailed on and on, threatened by his mutinous sailors, in danger from the treachery of his associates, to fulfil his mission, and at last to find the New World, which his great intellect told him he would find in the west. No more wonderful tale has ever been told; none has been told more glowingly or with more graphic diction, than the story of the great admiral, related by the great American author.

HERVÉ RIEL: BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Here and there amidst the psychological mazes of Robert Browning's many volumes is to be found a lyric gem, lucid, tuneful, beautiful and perfect. Here and there, also, is a heroic ballad, full of fire and dash, strong in its appeal to human sentiment, with no psychologic motive or philosophic complexity—just a human story. "Hervé Riel" is such a ballad, the story of how a brave fisherman saved the beaten French fleet from capture, by piloting it into a harbor of refuge.

HORATIUS: BY LORD MACAULAY.

"The Lays of Ancient Rome," by Lord Macaulay, are amongst the most stirring of heroic ballads. Of these "Horatius" stands first. It relates how, after Tarquin had been driven from Rome and sought refuge with Lars Porsena, of Clusium, the Tuscan king and his allies marched against Rome to exact vengeance in the quarrel of his compeer. Rome was not then mistress of the world. A great force of stalwart warriors was rapidly approaching the city. There was no time to organize effective defense, and the foe must be stayed by breaking down the bridge. Ere that could be done, the van of the enemy came in sight. Horatius, Spurius Lartius and Herminius stepped forth and volunteered to hold the approach until the bridge could

CRITICAL SYNOPSIS OF SELECTIONS

be destroyed. This stirring ballad tells how the three heroes faced the advancing host and dealt death to all who came; how, when the bridge tottered to its fall, Spurius Lartius and Herminius sprang across; how, ere Horatius could return, the bridge crashed into the stream and left him alone on the farther shore, pressed by his foemen and cut off from retreat; and how, lifting a prayer to the gods, he sprang into the rushing torrent and, though burdened with armor and sore with wounds, struggled across to safety.

HOW THEY TOOK THE KASHMIR BASTION: BY FREDERICK B. DE BERARD.

In 1857 the English Army of occupation in India comprised a few thousand white soldiers and about one hundred and fifty thousand native troops, or sepoy. This army had held in subjection a vast population, numbering nearly two hundred million souls, of many diverse races, some of them peaceful and subservient, others fierce and turbulent. Fifty native courts were the centers of unceasing intrigue, whose purpose was to overthrow the British power. A vast plot was formed to procure the revolt of all the native troops from their allegiance, to destroy all the white soldiers, and to massacre all the British civilians, men, women and children, distributed throughout the vast expanse of India. The greatest mutiny known in history ensued. For two years the power of Great Britain was taxed to its utmost to rescue the survivors, beleaguered by hordes of native soldiers, and to punish those whose hands were imbued in the blood of thousands of white women and children. The horrible massacre of Cawnpore chilled the blood of all Christendom when it became known, and there was a universal demand for vengeance. The center of revolt was Delhi. Delhi fell when the Kashmir Bastion was taken and the Kashmir gate blown open. This story tells how a few brave Englishmen and a few equally brave natives cheerfully gave their lives in order that the way might be opened for six thousand Englishmen to rush upon fifty thousand natives and exact from them a fearful retribution for the atrocities which they had committed.

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JIM BLUDSO: BY JOHN HAY.

When John Hay, present Secretary of State, was a young man, he wrote a series of poems called "Pike County Ballads," which mainly relate the heroic deeds of uncouth and every-day men. "Jim Bludso" is one of these; the tough, blaspheming river-pilot, who stood at the wheel surrounded by flame, and held the bow of the burning steamer against the bank until all but himself escaped safely; he stayed and died.

MARCO BOZZARIS: BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

"Marco Bozzaris" is one of the stirring ballads which seem immortal. In 1820, when Greece revolted against Turkish rule and won her independence, Marco Bozzaris, a brave leader of the insurgent Greeks, by night surprised the camp of an overwhelming force of Turks, inflicted terrible loss upon them, destroyed their leader and chief officers, and was himself killed in the combat.

MINIONS AND THE ANGEVINS, THE: BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Alexandre Dumas fairly revels in tales of personal prowess. One of his strongest stories is "La Dame de Monsoreau," sometimes called, in English, "Chicot, the Jester." This story is concerned largely with the deeds of Louis de Clermont, Count Bussy D'Ambois. The Minions are the personal favorites of the King, dissolute, brave, unprincipled and quarrelsome. To them are opposed the personal supporters of the Duc d'Anjou, always at feud with their rivals, the Minions, engaged in intrigues against the King, and fighting duels with his supporters. The bravery of Bussy, the hatred of the Angevins for him, and his final assassination by them, are here told as an episode distinct from the general plot of the story.

PORT OF SHIPS, THE: BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

This strong ballad is an excellent example of an American poet whose writings range from a plane of high excellence, at best, to the extreme of common-place, at worst. Whether or not the poet had in his mind Columbus and his voyage as the motive

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of this strong poem, we do not know, but probably all will agree that it illuminates the character of the great admiral and the tenacity with which he pursued his great quest.

PAUL, THE CHRISTIAN: THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

Doubtless comparatively few of the devout readers of Holy Writ have considered the career of the Apostle Paul from its literary and human sides, as distinct from its exalted religious motives and intellectual strength. There are in history few more notable examples of personal bravery than the journey of Paul, his life being sought by a legion of malignant enemies, to face them in their stronghold. That daring act is here told, separated from the context which accompanies it in the Acts of the Apostles.

RED THREAD OF HONOR, THE: BY SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle's ballad tells how the fierce and brave Afghan warriors honor their dead, and how "The Red Thread of Honor" was bestowed by the Ameer upon his dead English foe, a tribute from the living barbarian to the bravery of the dead invader.

SOCRATES, THE PAGAN: PLATO.

Equally great and worthy of admiration as the Apostle of the Gentiles is the fortitude of the Pagan Socrates, who, for his devotion to high ideals and his refusal to discard his conscientious beliefs, was condemned by his vindictive enemies to suffer death by poison, on the charge of blasphemy against the gods. Serene, unruffled, calm in his belief in a future state of happiness, thankful for all that is good in life, without malice, he discusses with his weeping disciples the life to come, drinks the fatal hemlock without a tremor, and passes into the beyond.

EDITOR.

BIOGRAPHICAL
DICTIONARY OF AUTHORS

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF AUTHORS

BROWNING, ROBERT: Born at Camberwell, England, May 7, 1812; died at Venice, Italy, December 12, 1889. An English poet of distinction, author of many works notable for profundity and psychological insight; for powerful thought, often obscured by involved and rugged diction. Intellectually he stands with the great masters of thought, by virtue of the majesty, force and insight which characterize him at his best. With these elements of power is frequently combined great beauty of expression, and it is this occasional combination of mental strength with poetic grace, beauty and lucidity that entitles Browning to his lofty place in literature.

His essential greatness of thought is, however, seriously marred by his customary lack of clearness. He is seldom simple and direct in expression. He revels in complexity and involution, in abstrusities, in metaphysical discursions. He has small regard for rhythm, meter and conventional poetic form. Often, therefore, his meaning is not easily understood, and where he is most obscure in thought, the poetic qualities of melodious diction, beautiful imagery and pleasing cadence are notably missing. Because of these defects, Browning is not a popular poet; he addresses himself to the higher faculties of the intellect, rather than to the imagination and the emotions.

But although essentially a philosopher-poet, rather than a singer of songs, Robert Browning has frequently made brilliant lyric and romantic flights. Some of his shorter lyric poems are instinct with charming imagery and melodious beauty; and of famous ballads, few in the English

language are more widely read and frequently quoted than "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix."

In 1846 Browning married Elizabeth Barrett, then prominent as a poetess, and made his home in Florence, Italy, until his wife's death, in 1861. Thereafter he resided alternately in London and Venice.

Browning's principal works are: "Paracelsus" (1835-6); "Strafford" (1837); "Sordello" (1840) "Bells and Pomegranates" (1841-6); "Men and Women" (1855); "Dramatis Personæ" (1864); "The Ring and the Book" (1868-9); Balâustion's Adventure" (1871); "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau" (1871); "Fifine at the Fair" (1872); "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country" (1873); "Aristophanes' Apology" (1875); "The Inn-Album" (1876); "The Agamemnon of Æschylus" (1877); "Dramatic Idyls" (1879); "Asolando" (1889).

CHAPMAN, GEORGE: Born in Hertfordshire, England, about 1559; died at London, May 12, 1634. An English poet and dramatist of the Elizabethan period. He was a prolific author, an intimate of Ben Jonson, John Fletcher and others of the brilliant group of literary men distinguished as the Elizabethan poets. His merit as a dramatic poet has been overshadowed by his fame as a translator of Homer. His numerous plays were written for the stage and as a means of livelihood, but, despite the limitations thus imposed, they often contain passages of much literary excellence. The dramatic form is not a popular vehicle for literature, and the poetry of the drama is soon forgotten, unless of the highest order. Hence Chapman has unjustly been classed in the lower rank of the minor Elizabethans and is remembered mainly as a translator.

His great works, the translation of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" of Homer, hold a place among the classics of English literature; but they are, in fact, paraphrases rather than exact translations. They are far from literal, and contain many interpolations, both verbal and essential; but the poetic ability of Chapman is manifest in the fact that the

lesser poet loses none of the fire and power of the greater, as other translators have done.

His principal dramatic works are: "The Blind Beggar of Alexandria"; "All Fools"; "Eastward Ho" (with Jonson and Marston); "The Gentleman Usher"; "Monsieur d'Olive"; "Bussy d'Ambois"; "The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois"; "The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles, Duke of Byron"; "May Day"; "The Widow's Tears"; "Cæsar and Pompey"; "Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany"; "The Ball" (with Shirley); "Tragedy of Chabot, Admiral of France."

CHATTERTON, THOMAS: Born at Bristol, England, November 20, 1752; committed suicide at London, August 25, 1770. The poet Wordsworth characterizes Chatterton as "That marvelous boy who perished in his pride." His career was brief and melancholy. A child of great precocity, isolated from other children, morbid, intensely self-conscious; a fervid imagination left to riot in solitude, unchecked and unguided, in an attic full of old books and manuscripts; an astounding literary imposture as the outcome; exposure, disgrace, bitter want and suicide! Such is the summary of Thomas Chatterton's sad life. For years the solitary boy pored over the forgotten literary hoards of history and romance which he had discovered; his glowing imagination transmuted the dry chronicles of the forgotten past into romantic ballads of knights and ladies, of chivalrous quests and heroic adventure; and in 1769, when Chatterton was seventeen years of age, the so-called "Rowley Poems," ostensibly the work of a fifteenth century priest, were given to the world through the patronage of Horace Walpole. When these poems were begun, Chatterton was twelve years old. They were finished within four years, and the boy took them to London to find a publisher. After their publication they were subjected to a fire of the gibing attacks that then stood for critical estimate, and finally the harmless fiction of their supposed origin was cruelly exposed by the poet Gray.

The morbid mind of young Chatterton writhed

under the revilings heaped upon him; he was in the utmost destitution, and in an agony of despair and shame he took his own life. The "Rowley Poems," judged as the immature productions of a boy, unquestionably show wonderful talent. They were mercilessly dealt with, not because of their defects, but because of a venial deception as to their source; and a brilliant talent, which seemed budding genius, was ungenerously destroyed.

DE BERARD, FREDERICK B.: Born at Racine, Wis., 1853. A prolific writer during the past twenty-five years, but mainly upon technical subjects and topics of temporary interest. His strictly literary work has been confined to criticisms, reviews and a very few stories and poems. For a number of years he has been occupied with practical studies of economic questions, and particularly with investigations touching taxation and the municipal management of the city of New York.

DOYLE, SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS CHARLES: Born in Yorkshire, 1810, was a barrister, a poet and a writer of lectures. His earliest verses appeared in the *Eton Miscellany*. In 1834 he published his first volume of poetry, viz., "Miscellaneous Verses," which was reissued in 1840 with numerous additions, among them being "Mehrab Khan." Fourteen years later he published "The Return of the Guards and Other Poems." Sir Francis was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1867, and re-elected in 1872. His "Lectures" were published in 1869 and 1877. He died in London June 8th, 1888.

He is noted chiefly in his poetic work for his treatment of the ballad, employing it to portray contemporary events. Among his notable ballads are "The Red Thread of Honour," which was translated into Pushtoo and became a favorite among the natives on the northwestern frontier of India; "The Private of the Buffs;" "The Fusilier's Dog;" "The Loss of the Birkenhead," and "Mehrab Khan." His fame rests chiefly on his ballads, but his poems "The Platonist," "The Catholic" and "The Death of Hector" showed his work in a widely different field.

He also published in 1878 "Robin Hood's Bay,"

an ode to the English people, and in 1886 his "Reminiscences and Opinions."

DUMAS, ALEXANDRE DAVY DE LA PAILLETERIE (commonly called **DUMAS PÈRE**), the most prolific and famous of French novelists and dramatic authors, was born July 24, 1802; died December 5, 1870. This remarkable genius was of mixed blood, his father, General Dumas, being the illegitimate son of the Marquis de la Pailleterie, a rich colonist of Santo Domingo, and a negress named Dumas. At the age of twenty-three years the future novelist left Villers-Cotteret, his birthplace, and took up his abode in Paris as a Government clerk. His literary career began almost at once. His teeming pen produced a rapid succession of heroic romances of a type utterly different from the dull and stately classics to which the French literature of fiction was then restricted. Dumas laughed at and discarded all the lay figures and tiresome conventions of the literary guild and created purely human heroes, not in the faintest degree resembling saints or demi-gods, but constantly doing the most impossible things with ease, not because they were wiser or better than others, but because they could out-fight, out-ride, out-eat, out-drink, out-swear, and otherwise excel other men in all heroic and fleshly virtues and failings. A boundless and exuberant imagination supplied ingenious plots full of human interest, bubbling with jollity, rollicking fancy and exciting incident. His art was that of the story-teller; he told of action and incident, of life and adventure, and he speedily won a vast audience.

Dumas is one of the great masters of modern fiction, the creator of a long and brilliant series of novels whose movement covers in succession the most picturesque and dramatic epochs in the history of France and whose characters are imperishable, even though fantastic and impossible. More than two hundred volumes are credited to the pen of Dumas; but it is certain that many of those bearing his name were not written by him. In some instances he wrote in collaboration; in others he employed minor writers to elaborate the plots

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and incidents outlined by him; and in not a few his name was attached to books which he never saw. His sole authorship of the famous D'Artagnan and Valois series is undisputed. These stories are familiar to most readers; and the lurid but fascinating "Count of Monte Cristo" is one of the most widely-read books ever written.

Dumas is represented in this series by an abstract entitled "The Minions and the Angevins." It is a dramatic episode from the novel, "La Dame de Monsoreau" (sometimes entitled "Chicot the Jester").

HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE: This American poet was born in Guilford, Conn., July 8, 1790, and died there November 19, 1867. Although one of the literary figures of America in the early nineteenth century, his popular fame rests almost wholly on the single short poem, "Marco Bozzaris." He was joint author with Joseph Rodman Drake, of the "Croaker Papers," which were printed in the "Evening Post" in 1819.

HAY, JOHN:

A distinguished American diplomat, journalist and author. Born at Salem, Ill., 1839. Private Secretary of President Lincoln, 1861-65; Secretary of American Legation at Paris, 1865-67; Chargé d'Affaires, Vienna, 1867-68; Secretary of Legation at Madrid, 1868-70; Assistant Secretary of State, 1879-81. In 1899 Mr. Hay became Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President McKinley. Upon his return from Madrid, Mr. Hay was a journalist at Cleveland, O., the scene of an anonymous story called "The Bread-Winners," which attracted much notice and whose authorship is commonly imputed to him. His most important literary undertaking is the "Life of Lincoln," published serially 1887-8, written in collaboration with John G. Nicolay. "Pike County Ballads," mainly dialect, appeared 1871. "Castilian Days," a volume of descriptive essays, was published 1871.

HUGO, VICTOR MARIE: (For Biographical Note, see Volume I., "Famous Tales of Battle, Camp, and Siege.")

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF AUTHORS

IRVING, WASHINGTON: (For Biographical Note, see Volume I., "Famous Tales of Battle, Camp, and Siege.")

MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON, BARON: (For Biographical Note, see Volume I., "Famous Tales of Battle, Camp, and Siege.")

MILLER, JOAQUIN (ORIGINALLY CINCINNATUS H.):

The name of this author is familiar to all American readers, but comparatively few are acquainted with his works, which have been unduly neglected in this country, although in England their literary excellence is freely conceded. Miller's best work shows poetic qualities of a very high order, reaching nearly or quite to the height of genius; but he is so frequently flippant, trivial and inconsequent that his genuine power and feeling are eclipsed. Lofty thought, beautiful imagery and melodious diction are conjoined to that which is erratic, slovenly, commonplace and without dignity. Born in Indiana in 1841, Miller bore the baptismal names of Cincinnatus Heine in early life, which he later discarded and in their place assumed the name of a Mexican bandit whom he defended in a California court. He has since been known as Joaquin Miller.

He went to Oregon in 1854. After reaching manhood he became a lawyer and journalist, and was a judge, 1866 to 1870. After a term as an editor he became a noted correspondent at Washington. A prolific writer, he produced many volumes of poems, at intervals, from 1871 to 1893. In 1887 he made his home in California, where he has since resided.

His chief works are: "Songs of the Sierras" (1871); "Songs of the Sunlands" (1872); "The Ships in the Desert" (1875); "The First Families of the Sierras" (1875); "Songs of Italy" (1878); "Shadows of Shasta" (1881); "The Destruction of Gotham" (1886); "Songs of the Mexican Seas" (1887); "Building of the City Beautiful" (1893).

PLATO: One of the greatest of speculative philosophers, the founder of the Academic school. He was born at Ægina, Greece, 429 or 427 B. C., and

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died at Athens, 347. At an early age he became a disciple of Socrates and remained one of his associates until the death of that famous thinker. The "Dialogues" of Plato purport to be a record of the discussions and disputations of Socrates with his disciples and others. They embody the system of philosophy elaborated by Plato and his followers, among whom was Aristotle. These two—Plato, the teacher, and Aristotle, the disciple—have profoundly influenced the world of thought. Plato's writings are classed among the noblest productions of the human intellect.

TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD: (For Biographical Note, see Volume IV., "Famous Tales of Wonder.")

THORNBURY, GEORGE WALTER: A prolific English essayist, critic, and minor poet, commonly known as Walter Thornbury. Born at London, 1828; died 1876. His published works are: "Lays and Legends" (1851); "The Buccaneers; or, Monarchs of the Main" (1855); "Shakespeare's England" (1855); "Art and Nature at Home and Abroad" (1855); "Songs of the Cavaliers and Roundheads" (1857); "Every Man His Own Trumpeter" (1858); "Life in Spain" (1859); "British Artists from Hogarth to Turner" (1860); "Life of Turner" (1861).

YONGE, CHARLOTTE M.: A prolific English novelist, historian and general writer, born at Otterbourne, 1832. In 1853 "The Heir of Redcliffe" appeared, followed in 1856 by "The Daisy Chain." "Landmarks of History" was published serially, 1852 to 1857. She is the author of numerous other historical compends. The extract given in this series is from "A Book of Golden Deeds." EDITOR.

HORATIUS

2000

HORATIUS

Thomas Babington Macaulay

I

14522

LARS PORSENA of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

ii

East and west and south and north,
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

III

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

From many a stately market-place;
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine;

IV

From lordly Volaterræ,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For god-like kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky;

V

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vine and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

VI

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill;

HORATIUS.

Beyond all streams Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear:
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

VII

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk white steer;
Unharm'd the water fowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

VIII

The harvests of Arretium,
This year old men shall reap,
This year, young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
This year the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

IX

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand;
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

X

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven;
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome."

XI

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten;
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

XII

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

XIII

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:

HORATIUS.

From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

XIV.

For aged folks on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled.
And sick men borne in litters
High on the neck of slaves,
And troops of sun-burned husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

XV.

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

XVI.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

XVII

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

XVIII

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns
And hied them to the wall.

XIX

They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Nought else can save the town."

HORATIUS.

XX

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear;
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

XXI

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

XXII

And plainly and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

XXIII

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo.
There Cilnius of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur of the fourfold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield,
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.

XXIV

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

XXV

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook his little fist.

HORATIUS.

XXVI

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

XXVII

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods,

XXVIII

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?"

XXIX

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

XXX

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

XXXI

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

XXXII

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;

HORATIUS.

Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

XXXIII

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold:
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

XXXIV

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe;
And Fathers mixed with Commons,
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

XXXV

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

XXXVI

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array.
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way;

XXXVII

Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

XXXVIII

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth;

HORATIUS.

At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

XXXIX.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.

XL.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
Lartius laid Ocnus low;
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice accursed sail."

XLI.

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes,

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth,
To win the narrow way.

XLII

But hark! the cry is Astur,
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

XLIII

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay,
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

XLIV

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.

HORATIUS.

The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh;
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

XLV

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face;
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

XLVI

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

XLVII

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that wait you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

XLVIII

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

XLIX

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three;
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

L

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

HORATIUS.

LI

Yet one man for one moment
Stood out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud,
"Now, welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

LII

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread;
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way,
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

LIII

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

LIV

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

LV

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream.
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

LVI

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

LVII

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.

HORATIUS.

“Down with him!” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
“Now yield thee to our grace.”

LVIII

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

LIX

“Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
Take thou in charge this day!”
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

LX

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

LXI

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

LXII

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.*

LXIII

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?"

*"Our ladye bare upp her chinne."
Ballad of Childe Waters.

"Never heavier man and horse
Stemmed a midnight torrent's force;

HORATIUS.

But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

LXIV

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

LXV

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

Yet, through good heart and our Lady's grace,
At length he gained the landing place."
Lay of the Last Minstrel, I.

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM

LXVI

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

LXVII

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

LXVIII

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

LXIX

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;

HORATIUS.

When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

LXX

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

THE FRIENDS OF THE ABAISSÉ

THE FRIENDS OF THE ABAISSÉ

Victor Hugo: An Abstract from "Les Misérables"

I FERMENT AND UPHEAVAL

A CERTAIN revolutionary quiver was vaguely current. People were undergoing a transformation, almost without being conscious of it, through the movement of the age.

There is nothing like dogma for bringing forth dreams. And there is nothing like dreams for engendering the future. Utopia to-day, flesh and blood to-morrow.

A beginning of mystery menaced "the established order of things," which was suspicious and underhand. A sign which was revolutionary to the highest degree.

There did not, as yet, exist in France any of those vast underlying organizations, like the German *tugendbund* and Italian Carbonarism; but here and there there were dark underminings, which were in process of throwing off shoots. The *Cougourde* was being outlined at Aix; there existed at Paris, among other affiliations of that nature, the society of the Friends of the A B C.

What were these Friends of the A B C? A society which had for its object apparently the education of children, in reality the elevation of man.

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

They declared themselves the Friends of the A B C*—the Abaissé, the debased; that is to say, the people, They wished to elevate the people.

The Friends of the A B C were not numerous; it was a secret society in the state of embryo, we might almost say a coterie, if coteries ended in heroes. They assembled at Paris in two localities, near the fish-market, in a wine-shop called Corinthe, of which more will be heard later on, and near the Pantheon in a back room of the Café Musain.

This hall, which was tolerably remote from the café, with which it was connected by an extremely long corridor, had two windows and an exit with a private stairway on the little Rue des Gres. There they smoked and drank, and gambled and laughed. There they conversed in very loud tones about everything and in whispers of other things. An old map of France under the Republic was nailed to the wall—a sign quite sufficient to excite the suspicion of a police agent.

The greater part of the Friends of the A B C were students, who were on cordial terms with the working classes. Here are the names of the principal ones. They belong, in a certain measure, to history: Enjolras, Combeferre, Jean Prouvaire, Feuilly, Courfeyrac, Bahorel, Lesgle or Laigle, Joly, Grantaire.

These young men formed a sort of family, through the bond of friendship. All, with the exception of Laigle, were from the South.

This was a remarkable group. It vanished in the invisible depths which lie behind us. We behold them plunging into the shadow of a tragic adventure.

All these young men who differed so greatly, and

* Pronounced *ah-bah-say*, and identical in sound with the word *abaissé*.

THE FRIENDS OF THE ABAISSE.

who, on the whole, can only be discussed seriously, held the same religion—Progress.

All were the direct sons of the French Revolution. The most giddy of them became solemn when they pronounced that date—'89. Their fathers in the flesh had been either royalists, doctrinaries, it matters not what; this confusion anterior to themselves, who were young, did not concern them at all; the pure blood of principle ran in their veins. They attached themselves, without intermediate shades, to incorruptible right and absolute duty.

Affiliated and initiated, they sketched out the ideal underground.

Of what is revolt composed? Of nothing and of everything. Of an electricity disengaged, little by little, of a flame suddenly darting forth, of a wandering force, of a passing breath. This breath encounters heads which speak, brains which dream, souls which suffer, passions which burn, wretchedness which howls, and bears them away.

Whither?

At random. Athwart the state, the laws, athwart prosperity and the insolence of others.

Irritated convictions, embittered enthusiasms, agitated indignations, instincts of war which have been repressed, youthful courage which has been exalted, generous blindness; curiosity, the taste for change; the thirst for the unexpected; the sentiment which causes one to take pleasure in reading the posters for the new play, and love the prompter's whistle, at the theatre; the vague hatreds, rancors, disappointments, every vanity which thinks that destiny has bankrupted it; discomfort, empty dreams, ambitions that are hedged about, whoever hopes for a downfall; some outcome, in short, at the very bottom, the rabble, that mud which catches fire—such are the elements of revolt. That

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

which is grandest and that which is basest; the beings who prowl outside of all bounds, awaiting an occasion, bohemians, vagrants, vagabonds of the cross-roads, those who sleep at night in a desert of houses with no other roof than the cold clouds of heaven, those who, each day, demand their bread from chance and not from toil, the unknown of poverty and nothingness, the bare-armed, the bare-footed, belong to revolt. Whoever cherishes in his soul a secret revolt against any deed whatever on the part of the state, of life or of fate, is ripe for riot, and, as soon as it makes its appearance, he begins to quiver, and to feel himself borne away with the whirlwind.

In the spring of 1832, although the cholera had been chilling all minds for the last three months and had cast over their agitation an indescribable and gloomy pacification, Paris had already long been ripe for commotion. As we have said, the great city resembles a piece of artillery; when it is loaded, it suffices for a spark to fall, and the shot is discharged. In June, 1832, the spark was the death of General Lamarque.

Nothing is more extraordinary than the first breaking out of a riot. Everything bursts forth everywhere at once. Was it foreseen? Yes. Was it prepared? No. Whence comes it? From the pavements. Whence falls it? From the clouds. Here insurrection assumes the character of a plot; there of an improvisation. The first comer seizes a current of the throng and leads it whither he wills. A beginning full of terror, in which is mingled a sort of formidable gayety. First come clamors, the shops are closed, the displays of the merchants disappear; then come isolated shots; people flee; blows from gun-stocks beat against portes cocheres, servants can be heard laughing in the court-yards of houses and saying: "There's going to be a row!"

THE FRIENDS OF THE ABAISSE.

A quarter of an hour had not elapsed when this is what was taking place at twenty different spots in Paris at once.

On the right bank, the left bank, on the quays, on the boulevards, in the Latin country, in the quarter of the Halles, panting men, artisans, students, members of sections read proclamations and shouted: "To arms!" broke street lanterns, unharnessed carriages, unpaved the streets, broke in the doors of houses, uprooted trees, rummaged cellars, rolled out hogsheads, heaped up paving-stones, rough slabs, furniture and planks, and made barricades.

The insurrection had made of the centre of Paris a sort of inextricable, tortuous, colossal citadel.

Enormous patrols, composed of battalions of the Line, enclosed in entire companies of the National Guard, and preceded by a commissary of police wearing his scarf of office, went to reconnoitre the streets in rebellion. The insurgents, on their side, placed videttes at the corners of all open spaces, and audaciously sent their patrols outside the barricades. Each side was watching the other. The Government, with an army in its hand, hesitated; the night was almost upon them, and the Saint-Mary tocsin began to make itself heard.

In the Marche Saint-Jean was a band led by Enjolras, Courfeyrac, Combeferre, and Feuilly. They were armed after a fashion. Bahorel and Jean Prouvaire had found them and swelled the group. Enjolras had a double-barrelled hunting-gun, Combeferre the gun of a National Guard bearing the number of his legion, and in his belt, two pistols, which his unbuttoned coat allowed to be seen; Jean Prouvaire, an old cavalry musket; Bahorel, a rifle; Courfeyrac was brandishing an unsheathed sword-cane. Feuilly, with

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a naked sword in his hand, marched at their head shouting.

They reached the Quai Morland. Cravatless, hatless, breathless, soaked by the rain, with lightning in their eyes.

A tumultuous retinue accompanied them—students, artists, young men affiliated to the Cougourde of Aix, artisans, longshoremen, armed with clubs and bayonets; some like Combeferre, with pistols thrust into their trousers.

On the Rue Rambuteau at the end near the Halles, opposite the Rue Mondétour, lay the Rue de la Chanvrerie and the celebrated public-house called Corinthe.

The labyrinthine confusion of four streets sufficed to form, on a space three fathoms square, seven islands of houses, oddly cut up, of varying sizes, placed crosswise and haphazard, and barely separated, like the blocks of stone in a dock, by narrow crannies.

These buildings were so decrepit that, in the Rue de la Chanvrerie and the Rue de la Petite-Truanderie, the fronts were shored up with beams running from one house to another. The street was narrow and the gutter broad, the pedestrian there walked on a pavement that was always wet, skirting little stalls resembling cellars, big posts encircled with iron hoops, excessive heaps of refuse, and gates armed with enormous, century-old gratings.

At the bottom of a sort of cul-de-sac at the angle of the cutting on the right, there was to be seen a house which was not so tall as the rest, and which formed a sort of cape in the street. It is in this house, of two stories only, that an illustrious wine-shop, "Corinthe," had been merrily installed three hundred years before. Corinthe was the meeting-place, if not the rallying-place, of Courfeyrac and his friends.

Joly, Grantaire and Bossuet, at the window of this

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inn, heard a tumult, hurried footsteps, cries of "To arms!" and saw in the Rue Saint-Denis, at the end of the Rue de la Chanvrerie, Enjolras passing, gun in hand, and Gavroche with his pistol, Feuilly with his sword, Courfeyrac with his sword, and Jean Prouvaire with his blunderbuss, Combeferre with his gun, Bahorel with his gun, and the whole armed and stormy rabble which was following them.

The Rue de la Chanvrerie was not more than a gunshot long. Bossuet improvised a speaking-trumpet from his two hands placed around his mouth, and shouted:

"Courfeyrac! Courfeyrac! Hohée!"

Courfeyrac heard the shout, caught sight of Bossuet, and advanced a few paces into the Rue de la Chanvrerie, shouting: "What do you want?" which crossed a "Where are you going?"

"To make a barricade," replied Courfeyrac.

"Well, here! This is a good place! Make it here!"

"That's true, Aigle," said Courfeyrac.

And at a signal from Courfeyrac, the mob flung themselves into the Rue de la Chanvrerie.

II THE BARRICADE

The spot was, in fact, admirably adapted, the entrance to the street widened out, the other extremity narrowed together into a pocket without exit. Corinthe created an obstacle, the Rue Mondétour was easily barricaded on the right and the left, no attack was possible except from the Rue Saint-Denis, that is to say, in front, and in full sight.

Terror had seized on the whole street at the irruption of the mob. There was not a passer-by who did not get out of sight. In the space of a flash of light-

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ning, in the rear, to right and left, shops, stables, area-doors, windows, blinds, attic skylights, shutters of every description were closed, from the ground floor to the roof. A terrified old woman fixed a mattress in front of her window on two clothes-poles for drying linen, in order to deaden the effect of musketry. The wine-shop alone remained open; and that for a very good reason, that the mob had rushed into it.

In the meantime, in the space of a few minutes, twenty iron bars had been wrenched from the grated front of the wine-shop, ten fathoms of street had been unpaved; Gavroche and Bahorel had seized in its passage, and overturned, the dray of a lime-dealer named Anceau; this dray contained three barrels of lime, which they placed beneath the piles of paving-stones; Enjolras raised the cellar trap, and all the widow Hucheloup's empty casks were used to flank the barrels of lime; Feuilly had backed up the barrels and the dray with two massive heaps of blocks of rough stone. Blocks which were improvised like the rest and procured no one knows where. The beams which served as props were torn from the neighboring house-fronts and laid on the casks. When Bossuet and Courfeyrac turned round, half the street was already barred with a rampart higher than a man. There is nothing like the hand of the populace for building everything that is built by demolishing.

An omnibus with two white horses passed the end of the street.

Bossuet strode over the paving-stones, ran to it, stopped the driver, made the passengers alight, offered his hand to "the ladies," dismissed the conductor, and returned, leading the vehicle and the horses by the bridle.

"Omnibuses," said he, "do not pass the Corinthe. Non licet omnibus adire Corinthum."

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An instant later, the horses were unharnessed and went off at their will, through the Rue Mondétour, and the omnibus lying on its side completed the bar across the street.

The journals of the day which said that that nearly impregnable structure, of the barricade of the Rue de la Chanvrerie, as they call it, reached to the level of the first floor, were mistaken. The fact is, that it did not exceed an average height of six or seven feet. It was built in such a manner that the combatants could, at their will, either disappear behind it or dominate the barrier and even scale its crest by means of a quadruple row of paving-stones placed on top of each other and arranged as steps in the interior. On the outside, the front of the barricade, composed of piles of paving-stones and casks bound together by beams and planks, which were entangled in the wheels of Anceau's dray and of the overturned omnibus, had a bristling and inextricable aspect.

An aperture large enough to allow a man to pass through had been made between the wall of the houses and the extremity of the barricade which was furthest from the wine-shop, so that an exit was possible at this point. The pole of the omnibus was placed upright and held up with ropes, and a red flag, fastened to this pole, floated over the barricade.

All this work was performed without any hindrance, in less than an hour, and without this handful of bold men seeing a single bear-skin cap or a single bayonet make their appearance. The very bourgeois who still ventured at this hour of riot to enter the Rue Saint-Denis, cast a glance at the Rue de la Chanvrerie, caught sight of the barricade, and redoubled their pace.

The two barricades being finished, and the flag run up, a table was dragged out of the wine-shop; and Courfeyrac mounted on the table. Enjolras brought

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the square coffer, and Courfeyrac opened it. This coffer was filled with cartridges. When the mob saw the cartridges, a tremor ran through the bravest, and a momentary silence ensued.

Courfeyrac distributed them with a smile.

Each one received thirty cartridges. Many had powder, and set about making others with the bullets which they had run. As for the barrel of powder, it stood on a table on one side, near the door, and was held in reserve.

The alarm beat which ran through all Paris, did not cease, but it had finally come to be nothing more than a monotonous noise to which they no longer paid any attention. This noise retreated at times, and again drew near, with melancholy undulations.

Then, the barricades having been built, the posts assigned, the guns loaded, the sentinels stationed, they waited, alone in those redoubtable streets through which no one passed any longer, surrounded by those dumb houses which seemed dead and in which no human movement palpitated, enveloped in the deepening shades of twilight which was drawing on, in the midst of that silence through which something could be felt advancing, and which had about it something tragic and terrifying, isolated, armed, determined, and tranquil.

As yet, nothing had come. Ten o'clock had sounded from Saint-Merry. Enjolras and Combeferre had gone and seated themselves, carbines in hand, near the outlet of the grand barricade. They no longer addressed each other; they listened, seeking to catch even the faintest and most distant sound of marching.

Two sentinels had fallen back, and had come almost at the same moment.

The Rue de la Chanvrière, of which a few paving-stones alone were dimly visible in the reflection of the

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light projected on the flag, offered to the insurgents the aspect of a vast black door vaguely opened into a smoke.

Each man had taken up his position for the conflict.

Forty-three insurgents, among whom were Enjolras, Combeferre, Courfeyrac, Bossuet, Joly, Bahorel, and Gavroche, were kneeling inside the large barricade, with their heads on a level with the crest of the barrier, the barrels of their guns and carbines aimed on the stones as though at loop-holes, attentive, mute, ready to fire. Six, commanded by Feuilly, had installed themselves, with their guns levelled at their shoulders, at the windows of the two stories of Corinthe.

Several minutes passed thus, then a sound of footsteps, measured, heavy, and numerous, became distinctly audible in the direction of Saint-Leu. This sound, faint at first, then precise, then heavy and sonorous, approached slowly, without halt, without intermission, with a tranquil and terrible continuity. Nothing was to be heard but this. This stony step had something indescribably enormous and multiple about it which awakened the idea of a throng, and, at the same time, the idea of a spectre. One thought one heard the terrible statue Legion marching onward. This tread drew near; it drew still nearer, and stopped. It seemed as though the breathing of many men could be heard at the end of the street. Nothing was to be seen, however, but at the bottom of that dense obscurity there could be distinguished a multitude of metallic threads, as fine as needles and almost imperceptible, which moved about like those indescribable phosphoric networks which one sees beneath one's closed eyelids, in the first mists of slumber at the moment when one is dropping off to sleep. These were bayonets and gun-barrels confusedly illuminated by the distant reflection of the torch.

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A pause ensued, as though both sides were waiting. All at once, from the depths of this darkness, a voice, which was all the more sinister, since no one was visible, and which appeared to be the gloom itself speaking, shouted:

"Who goes there?"

At the same time, the click of guns, as they were lowered into position, was heard.

Enjolras replied in a haughty and vibrating tone:

"The French Revolution!"

"Fire!" shouted the voice.

A flash empurpled all the façades in the street as though the door of a furnace had been flung open, and hastily closed again.

A fearful detonation burst forth on the barricade. The red flag fell. The discharge had been so violent and so dense that it had cut the staff, that is to say, the very tip of the omnibus pole.

Bullets which had rebounded from the cornices of the houses penetrated the barricade and wounded several men.

The impression produced by this first discharge was chilling. The attack had been rough, and of a nature to inspire reflection in the boldest. It was evident that they had to deal with an entire regiment at the very least.

"Comrades!" shouted Courfeyrac, "let us not waste our powder. Let us wait until they are in the street before replying."

"And, above all," said Enjolras, "let us raise the flag again."

He picked up the flag, which had fallen precisely at his feet.

Outside, the clatter of the ramrods in the guns could be heard; the troops were re-loading their arms.

Then in an instant they saw a flashing line of bay-

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onets undulating on the crest of the barricade. Municipal guards of lofty stature were making their way in, some striding over the omnibus, others through the cut, thrusting before them Gavroche, who retreated, but did not flee.

The moment was critical. It was that first, redoubtable moment of inundation, when the stream rises to the level of the levee and when the water begins to filter through the fissures of the dike. A second more and the barricade would have been taken.

Bahorel dashed upon the first municipal guard who was entering, and killed him on the spot with a blow from his gun; the second killed Bahorel with a bayonet thrust. Another had already overthrown Courfeyrac, who was shouting: "Follow me!" The largest of all, a sort of colossus, marched on Gavroche with his bayonet fixed. The urchin took in his arms Javert's immense gun, levelled it resolutely at the giant, and fired. No discharge followed. Javert's gun was not loaded. The municipal guard burst into a laugh and raised his bayonet at the child.

Before the bayonet had touched Gavroche, the gun slipped from the soldier's grasp; a bullet had struck the municipal guardsman in the center of the forehead, and he fell over on his back. A second bullet struck the other guard, who had assaulted Courfeyrac, in the breast, and laid him low on the pavement.

Amid the sound of the shots, amid the cries of the assaulted guards, the assailants had climbed the entrenchment, on whose summit Municipal Guards, soldiers of the line and National Guards from the suburbs could now be seen, gun in hand, rearing themselves to more than half the height of their bodies.

They already covered more than two-thirds of the barrier, but they did not leap into the enclosure, as though wavering in the fear of some trap. They gazed

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into the dark barricade as one would gaze into a lion's den. The light of the torch illuminated only their bayonets, their bear-skin caps, and the upper part of their uneasy and angry faces.

The insurgents, surprised but not terrified, had rallied. Enjolras had shouted: "Wait! Don't fire at random!" In the first confusion, they might, in fact, wound each other. The majority of them had ascended to the window on the first story and to the attic windows, whence they commanded the assailants.

The most determined, with Enjolras, Courfeyrac, Jean Prouvaire, and Combeferre, had proudly placed themselves with their backs against the houses at the rear, unsheltered and facing the ranks of soldiers and guards who crowned the barricade.

All this was accomplished without haste, with that strange and threatening gravity which precedes engagements. They took aim, point blank, on both sides; they were so close that they could talk together without raising their voices.

When they had reached this point where the spark is on the brink of darting forth, an officer in a gorget extended his sword and said:

"Lay down your arms!"

"Fire!" replied Enjolras.

The two discharges took place at the same moment, and all disappeared in smoke.

An acrid and stifling smoke in which dying and wounded lay with weak, dull groans. When the smoke cleared away, the combatants on both sides could be seen to be thinned out, but still in the same positions, reloading in silence. All at once, a thundering voice was heard, shouting:

"Be off with you, or I'll blow up the barricade!"

All turned in the direction whence the voice proceeded.

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Marius had entered the tap-room, and had seized the barrel of powder, then he had taken advantage of the smoke, and the sort of obscure mist which filled the entrenched enclosure, to glide along the barricade as far as that cage of paving-stones where the torch was fixed. To tear from it the torch, to replace it by the barrel of powder, to thrust the pile of stones under the barrel, which was instantly staved in, with a sort of horrible obedience—all this had cost Marius but the time necessary to stoop and rise again; and now all, National Guards, Municipal Guards, officers, soldiers, huddled at the other extremity of the barricade, gazed stupidly at him, as he stood with his foot on the stones, his torch in his hand, his haughty face illuminated by a fatal resolution, drooping the flame of the torch towards that redoubtable pile where they could make out the broken barrel of powder, and giving vent to that startling cry:

“Be off with you, or I’ll blow up the barricade!”

“Blow up the barricade!” said a sergant, “and yourself with it!”

Marius retorted: “And myself also.”

And he dropped the torch towards the barrel of powder.

But there was no longer any one on the barrier. The assailants, abandoning their dead and wounded, flowed back pell-mell and in disorder towards the extremity of the street, and there were again lost in the night. It was a headlong flight.

The barricade was free.

The assailants could be heard marching and swarming through at the end of the street, but they did not venture into it, either because they were awaiting orders or because they were awaiting reinforcements before hurling themselves afresh on this impregnable redoubt. The insurgents had posted sentinels, and some

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of them, who were medical students, set about caring for the wounded.

But poignant emotion clouded the joy of the disencumbered barricade.

The roll was called. One of the insurgents was missing. And who was it. One of the dearest. One of the most valiant. Jean Prouvaire. He was sought among the wounded; he was not there. He was sought among the dead; he was not there. He was evidently a prisoner.

"Listen," said Enjolras, laying his hand on Combeferre's arm.

At the end of the street there was a significant clash of arms.

They heard a manly voice shout:

"Vive la France! Long live France! Long live the future!"

They recognized the voice of Prouvaire.

A flash passed; a report rang out.

Silence fell again.

"They have killed him," exclaimed Combeferre.

III REVOLUTION OR ANNIHILATION

The insurgents, under the eye of Enjolras, had made good use of the night. The barricade had been not only repaired, but augmented. They had raised it two feet. Bars of iron planted in the pavement resembled lances in rest. All sorts of rubbish brought and added from all directions complicated the external confusion. The redoubt had been cleverly made over into a wall on the inside and a thicket on the outside.

The staircase of paving stones, which permitted one to mount it like the wall of a citadel, had been reconstructed.

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The barricade had been put in order, the tap-room disencumbered, the kitchen appropriated for the ambulance, the dressing of the wounded completed, the powder scattered on the ground and on the tables had been gathered up, bullets run, cartridges manufactured, lint scraped, the fallen weapons re-distributed, the interior of the redoubt cleaned, the rubbish swept up, corpses removed.

They laid the dead in a heap in the *Mondétour* lane, of which they were still the masters. The pavement was red for a long time at that spot.

Enjolras had advised two hours of sleep. Advice from Enjolras was a command. Still, only three or four took advantage of it.

About two o'clock in the morning they reckoned up their strength. There were still thirty-seven of them.

The day began to dawn. The torch, which had been replaced in its cavity in the pavement, had just been extinguished. The interior of the barricade, that species of tiny court-yard appropriated from the street, was bathed in shadows, and resembled, athwart the vague, twilight horror, the deck of a disabled ship. The combatants, as they went and came, moved about there like black forms. Above that terrible nesting place of gloom the stories of the mute houses were vividly outlined; at the very top, the chimneys stood palely out. The sky was of that charming, undecided hue, which may be white and may be blue. Birds flew about in it with cries of joy. The lofty house which formed the back of the barricade, being turned to the East, had upon its roof a rosy reflection.

Enjolras had been to make a reconnoissance. He had made his way out through *Mondétour* lane, gliding along close to the houses.

The insurgents were full of hope. The manner in which they had repulsed the attack of the preceding

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night had caused them to almost disdain in advance the attack at dawn. They waited for it with a smile. They had no more doubt as to their success than as to their cause. Moreover, succor was evidently on the way to them. They reckoned on it. With that facility of triumphant prophecy which is one of the sources of strength in the French combatant, they divided the day which was at hand into three distinct phases. At six o'clock in the morning a regiment "which had been labored with," would turn; at noon, the insurrection of all Paris; at sunset, revolution.

They heard the alarm bell of Saint-Mary, which had not been silent for an instant since the night before; a proof that the other barricade, the great one, Jeanne's, still held out.

All these hopes were exchanged between the different groups in a sort of gay and formidable whisper which resembled the warlike hum of a hive of bees.

Enjolras re-appeared. He returned from his sombre eagle flight into outer darkness. He listened for a moment to all this joy with folded arms, and one hand on his mouth. Then, fresh and rosy in the glowing whiteness of the dawn, he said:

"The whole army of Paris is to strike. A third of the army is bearing down upon the barricades in which you now are. There is the National Guard in addition. I have picked out the shakos of the fifth of the line, and the standard bearers of the sixth legion. In one hour you will be attacked. As for the populace, it was seething yesterday, to-day it is not stirring. There is nothing to expect; nothing to hope for. Neither from a faubourg nor from a regiment. You are abandoned."

These words fell upon the buzzing of the groups, and produced on them the effect caused on a swarm of bees by the first drops of a storm. A moment of indescrib-

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able silence ensued, in which death might have been heard flitting by.

This moment was brief.

A voice from the obscurest depths of the groups shouted to Enjolras:

“So be it. Let us raise the barricade to a height of twenty feet, and let us all remain in it. Citizens, let us offer the protest of corpses. Let us show that, if the people abandon the republicans, the republicans do not abandon the people.”

The daylight was increasing rapidly. Not a window was opened, not a door stood ajar; it was the dawn, but not the awaking. The end of the Rue de la Chanvrière, opposite the barricade, had been evacuated by the troops; it seemed to be free, and presented itself to passers-by with a sinister tranquility. The Rue Saint-Denis was as dumb as the avenue of Sphinxes at Thebes. Not a living being in the cross-roads, which gleamed white in the light of the sun. Nothing is so mournful as this light in deserted streets. Nothing was to be seen, but there was something to be heard. A mysterious movement was going on at a certain distance. It was evident that the critical moment was approaching. As on the previous evening, the sentinels had come in; but this time all had come. The attention of all was directed, we might almost say leaned upon, the end of the street, now lighted up and visible.

They had not long to wait. A stir began distinctly in the Saint-Leu quarter, but it did not resemble the movement of the first attack. A clashing of chains, the uneasy jolting of a mass, the click of brass skipping along the pavement, a sort of solemn uproar, announced that some sinister construction of iron was approaching. There arose a tremor in the bosoms of these peaceful old streets, pierced and built for the fertile circulation of interests and ideas, and which are

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not made for the horrible rumble of the wheels of war.

The fixity of the eyes upon the end of the streets became ferocious.

A cannon made its appearance.

Artillerymen were pushing the piece; it was in firing trim; the fore-carriage had been detached; two upheld the gun-carriage, four were at the wheels; others followed with the caisson. They could see the smoke of the burning linstock.

"Fire!" shouted Enjolras.

The whole barricade fired; the report was terrible; an avalanche of smoke covered and effaced both cannon and men; after a few seconds the cloud dispersed, and the cannon and men re-appeared; the gun crew had just finished rolling it slowly, correctly, without haste, into position facing the barricade. Not one of them had been struck. Then the captain of the piece, bearing down on the breech in order to raise the muzzle, began to point the cannon with the gravity of an astronomer levelling a telescope.

"Bravo for the cannoneers!" cried Bossuet.

And the whole barricade clapped their hands.

A moment later, squarely planted in the very middle of the street, astride of the gunner, the piece was ready for action. A formidable mouth yawned on the barricade.

How was the casing of the barricade going to behave under the cannon balls? Would they effect a breach? That was the question. While the insurgents were reloading their guns, the artillerymen were loading the cannon.

The anxiety in the redoubt was profound.

The shot sped, and the report burst forth.

The ball buried itself in the mass of rubbish. At the most there was an omnibus wheel broken, and the old

Anceau cart was demolished. On seeing this, the barricade burst into a laugh.

"Go on!" shouted Bossuet to the artillerists.

The assailants, dissatisfied, no doubt, with their shot, had not repeated it.

A company of infantry of the line had come up and occupied the end of the street behind the piece of ordnance. The soldiers were tearing up the pavement and constructing with the stones a small, low wall, a sort of side-work not more than eighteen inches high, and facing the barricade. In the angle at the left of this epaulement, there was visible the head of the column of a battalion from the suburbs massed in the Rue Saint-Denis.

Enjolras, on the watch, thought he distinguished the peculiar sound which is produced when the shells of grape-shot are drawn from the caissons, and he saw the commander of the piece change the elevation and incline the mouth of the cannon slightly to the left. Then the cannoneers began to load the piece. The chief seized the linstock himself and lowered it to the vent.

"Down with your heads, hug the wall!" shouted Enjolras, "and all on your knees along the barricade!"

The insurgents who were straggling in front of the wine-shop rushed pell-mell toward the barricade; but before Enjolras' order could be executed, the discharge took place with the terrifying rattle of a round of grape-shot. This is what it was, in fact.

The charge had been aimed at the cut in the redoubt, and had there rebounded from the wall; and this terrible rebound had produced two dead and three wounded.

If this continued, the barricade was no longer tenable. The grape-shot made its way in.

A murmur of consternation arose.

"Let us prevent the second discharge," said Enjolras. And, lowering his rifle, he took aim at the captain

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of the gun, who, at that moment, was bearing down on the breach of his gun and rectifying and definitely fixing its pointing.

The captain of the piece was a handsome sergeant of artillery, very young, blond, with a very gentle face, and the intelligent air peculiar to that predestined and redoubtable weapon which, by dint of perfecting itself in horror, must end in killing war.

Combeferre, who was standing beside Enjolras, scrutinized this young man.

"What a pity!" said Combeferre. "What hideous things these butcheries are! Come, when there are no more kings, there will be no more war. Enjolras, you are taking aim at that sergeant, you are not looking at him. Fancy, he is a charming young man; he is intrepid; it is evident that he is thoughtful; those young artillerymen are very well educated; he has a father, a mother, a family; he is probably in love; he is not more than five and twenty at the most; he might be your brother."

"He is," said Enjolras.

"Yes," replied Combeferre, "he is mine too. Well, let us not kill him."

"Let me alone. It must be done.

And a tear trickled slowly down Enjolras marble cheek.

At the same moment, he pressed the trigger of his rifle. The flame leaped forth. The artilleryman turned round twice, his arms extended in front of him, his head uplifted, as though for breath, then he fell with his side on the gun, and lay there motionless. They could see his back, from the center of which there flowed directly a stream of blood. The ball had traversed his breast from side to side. He was dead.

A new personage entered on the scene. This was a second piece of ordnance.

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The artillerymen rapidly performed their manoeuvres in force, and placed this second piece in line with the first.

This outlined the catastrophe.

A few minutes later, the two pieces, rapidly served, were firing point-blank at the redoubt; the platoon firing of the line and of the soldiers from the suburbs sustained the artillery.

The barking of these sombre dogs of war replied to each other.

One of the two pieces which was now battering the barricade on the Rue de la Chanvrerie was firing grape-shot, the other balls.

The piece which was firing balls was pointed a little high, and the aim was calculated so that the ball struck the extreme edge of the upper crest of the barricade, and crumbled the stone down upon the insurgents, mingled with bursts of grape-shot.

The object of this mode of firing was to drive the insurgents from the summit of the redoubt, and to compel them to gather close in the interior, that is to say, this announced the assault.

The combatants once driven from the crest of the barricade by balls, and from the windows of the cabaret by grape-shot, the attacking columns could venture into the street without being picked off, perhaps even without being seen, could briskly and suddenly scale the redoubt, as on the preceding evening, and, who knows? take it by surprise.

"It is absolutely necessary that the inconvenience of those guns should be diminished," said Enjolras, and he shouted: "Fire on the artillerymen!"

All were ready. The barricade, which had long been silent, poured forth a desperate fire; seven or eight discharges followed, with a sort of rage and joy; the street was filled with blinding smoke, and, at the end

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of a few minutes, athwart this mist all streaked with flame, two-thirds of the gunners could be distinguished lying beneath the wheels of the cannons. Those who were left standing continued to serve the pieces with severe tranquility, but the fire had slackened.

"Things are going well now," said Bossuet to Enjolras. "Success."

Enjolras shook his head and replied:

"Another quarter of an hour of this success, and there will not be any cartridges left in the barricade."

It appears that Gavroche overheard this remark.

IV GAVROCHE, GAMIN

Courfeyrac suddenly caught sight of some one at the base of the barricade, outside in the street, amid the bullets.

Gavroche had taken a bottle basket from the wine-shop, had made his way out through the cut, and was quietly engaged in emptying the full cartridge boxes of the National Guardsmen who had been killed on the slope of the redoubt, into his basket.

"What are you doing there?" asked Courfeyrac.

Gavroche raised his face:

"I'm filling my basket, citizen."

"Don't you see the grape-shot?"

Gavroche replied:

"Well, it is raining. What then?"

Courfeyrac shouted: "Come in!"

"Instanter," said Gavroche.

And with a single bound he plunged into the street.

Twenty corpses lay scattered here and there on the pavement. Twenty cartouches for Gavroche meant a provision of cartridges for the barricade.

The smoke in the street was like a fog. Whoever has

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beheld a cloud which has fallen into a mountain gorge between two peaked escarpments can imagine this smoke rendered denser and thicker by two gloomy rows of lofty houses. It rose gradually and was incessantly renewed; hence a twilight which made even the broad daylight turn pale. The combatants could hardly see each other from one end of the street to the other, short as it was.

This obscurity, which had probably been desired and calculated on by the commanders who were to direct the assault on the barricade, was useful to Gavroche.

Beneath the folds of this veil of smoke, and thanks to his small size, he could advance tolerably far into the street without being seen. He rifled the first seven or eight cartridge boxes without much danger.

He crawled flat on his belly, galloped on all fours, took his basket in his teeth, twisted, glided, undulated, wound from one dead body to another, and emptied the cartridge box or cartouche as a monkey opens a nut.

They did not dare to shout to him to return from the barricade, which was quite near, for fear of attracting attention to him.

On one body, that of a corporal, he found a powder flask.

"For thirst," said he, putting it in his pocket.

By dint of advancing, he reached a point where the fog of the fusillade became transparent, so that the sharpshooters of the line ranged on the outlook behind their paving-stone dike and the sharpshooters of the banlieue massed at the corner of the street suddenly pointed out to each other something moving through the smoke.

At the moment when Gavroche was relieving a sergeant, who was lying near a stone door-post, of his cartridges, a bullet struck the body.

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"Fichtre!" ejaculated Gavroche. "They are killing my dead men for me."

A second bullet struck a spark from the pavement beside him. A third overturned his basket.

Gavroche looked and saw that this came from the men of the banlieue.

He sprang to his feet, stood erect, with his hair flying in the wind, his hands on his hips, his eyes fixed on the National Guardsmen who were firing, and sang:

" On est laid à Nanterre,
C'est la faute à Voltaire;
Et bête à Palaiseau,
C'est la faute à Rousseau."

Then he picked up his basket, replaced the cartridges which had fallen from it, without missing a single one, and, advancing toward the fusillade, set about plundering another cartridge box. There a fourth bullet missed him, again. Gavroche sang:

" Je ne suis pas notaire,
C'est la faute à Voltaire;
Je suis un petit oiseau,
C'est la faute à Rousseau."

A fifth bullet only succeeded in drawing from him a third couplet:

"Joie est mon caractère,
C'est la faute à Voltaire;
Misère est mon trousseau,
C'est la faute à Rousseau."

Thus it went on for some time.

It was a charming and terrible sight. Gavroche, though shot at, was teasing the fusillade. He had the

THE FRIENDS OF THE ABAISSE.

air of being greatly diverted. It was the sparrow pecking at the sportsmen. To each discharge he retorted with a couplet. They aimed at him constantly, and always missed him. The National Guardsmen and the soldiers laughed as they took aim at him. He lay down, sprang to his feet, hid in the corner of a doorway, then made a bound, disappeared, re-appeared, scampered away, returned, replied to the grape-shot with his thumb at his nose, and, all the while, went on pillaging the cartouches, emptying the cartridge boxes, and filling his basket. The insurgents, panting with anxiety, followed him with their eyes. The barricade trembled; he sang. He was not a child, he was not a man; he was a strange gamin-fairy. He might have been called the invulnerable dwarf of the fray. The bullets flew after him; he was more nimble than they. He played a fearful game of hide and seek with death; every time that the flat-nosed face of the spectre approached, the urchin gave to it a fillip.

One bullet, however, better aimed or more treacherous than the rest, finally struck the will-o'-the-wisp of a child. Gavroche was seen to stagger, then he sank to the earth. The whole barricade gave vent to a cry; but there was something of Antæus in that pygmy; for the gamin to touch the pavement is the same as for the giant to touch the earth; Gavroche had fallen only to rise again; he remained in a sitting posture, a long thread of blood streaked his face, he raised both arms in the air, glanced in the direction whence the shot had come, and began to sing:

“ Je suis tombé par terre,
C'est la faute à Voltaire;
Le nez dans le ruisseau,
C'est le faute à . . . ”

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He did not finish. A second bullet from the same marksman stopped him short. This time he fell face downward on the pavement, and moved no more. This grand little soul had taken its flight.

V THE END OF THE ABAISSE

Marius dashed out of the barricade, Combeferre followed him. But he was too late. Gavroche was dead. Combeferre brought back the basket of cartridges; Marius bore the child.

Combeferre distributed the cartridges from the basket which he had brought in.

This gave each man fifteen rounds to fire.

One thing which must be noted is that the fire which was battering the barricade hardly disturbed the interior. Those who have never traversed the whirlwind of this sort of war can form no idea of the singular moments of tranquility mingled with these convulsions. Men go and come, they talk, they jest, they lounge. Some one whom we know heard a combatant say to him in the midst of the grape-shot: "We are here as at a bachelor breakfast." The redoubt of the Rue de la Chanvrerie, we repeat, seemed very calm within. All mutations and all phases had been, or were about to be, exhausted. The position, from critical, had become menacing, and, from menacing, was probably about to become desperate. In proportion as the situation grew gloomy, the glow of heroism empurpled the barricade more and more. Enjolras, who was grave, dominated it, in the attitude of a young Spartan sacrificing his naked sword to the sombre genius, Epidotas.

Combeferre, wearing an apron, was dressing the wounds; Bossuet and Feuilly were making cartridges with the powder-flask picked up by Gavroche on the

dead corporal, and Bossuet said to Feuilly: "We are soon to take the diligence for another planet"; Courfeyrac was disposing and arranging on some paving stones which he had reserved for himself near Enjolras, a complete arsenal, his sword-cane, his gun, two holster pistols, and a cudgel, with the care of a young girl setting a small dunkerque in order. An artisan was fastening Mother Hucheloup's big straw hat on his head with a string, "for fear of sun-stroke," as he said. The young men from the Cougourde d'Aix were chatting among themselves, as though eager to speak patois for the last time. Joly, who had taken Widow Hucheloup's mirror from the wall, was examining his tongue in it. Some combatants, having discovered a few crusts of rather mouldy bread, in a drawer, were eagerly devouring them.

All at once, between two discharges, the distant sound of a clock striking the hour became audible.

"It is midday," said Combeferre.

The twelve strokes had not finished striking when Enjolras sprang to his feet, and from the summit of the barricade hurled this thundering shout:

"Carry stones up into the houses; line the window-sills and the roofs with them. Half the men to their guns, the other half to the paving stones. There is not a minute to be lost."

A squad of sappers and miners, axe on shoulder, had just made their appearance in battle array at the end of the street.

This could only be the head of a column; and of what column? The attacking column, evidently; the sappers charged with the demolition of the barricade must always precede the soldiers who are to scale it.

In less than a minute, two-thirds of the stones which Enjolras had had piled up at the door of Corinthe had been carried up to the first floor and the attic, and

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before a second minute had elapsed, these stones, artistically set one upon the other, walled up the sash-window on the first floor and the windows in the roof to half their height. A few loop-holes carefully planned by Feuilly, the principal architect, allowed of the passage of the gun-barrels. This armament of the windows could be effected all the more easily since the firing of grape-shot had ceased. The two cannons were now discharging ball against the center of the barrier in order to make a hole there, and, if possible, a breach for the assault.

Then they barricaded the window below, and held in readiness the iron cross-bars which served to secure the door of the wine-shop at night.

The fortress was complete. The barricade was the rampart, the wine-shop was the dungeon. With the stones which remained they stopped up the outlet.

As the defenders of a barricade are always obliged to be sparing of their ammunition, and as the assailants know this, the assailants combine their arrangements with a sort of irritating leisure, expose themselves to fire prematurely, though in appearance more than in reality, and take their ease. The preparations for attack are always made with a certain methodical deliberation; after which, the lightning strikes.

This deliberation permitted Enjolras to take a review of everything and to perfect everything. He felt that, since such men were to die, their death ought to be a masterpiece.

He said to Marius: "We are the two leaders. I will give the last orders inside. Do you remain outside and observe."

Marius posted himself on the lookout upon the crest of the barricade.

Enjolras had a door of the kitchen, which was the ambulance, as the reader will remember, nailed up.

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"No splashing of the wounded," he said.

He issued his final orders in the tap-room in a curt, but profoundly tranquil tone; Feuilly listened and replied in the name of all.

"On the first floor, hold your axes in readiness to cut the staircase. Have you them?"

"Yes," said Feuilly.

"How many?"

"Two axes and a pole-axe."

"That is good. There are now twenty-six combatants of us on foot. How many guns are there?"

"Thirty-four."

"Eight too many. Keep those eight guns loaded like the rest, and at hand. Swords and pistols in your belts. Twenty men to the barricade. Six ambushed in the attic windows, and at the window on the first floor to fire on the assailants through the loop-holes in the stones. Let not a single worker remain inactive here. Presently, when the drum beats the assault, let the twenty below stairs rush to the barricade.

"The first to arrive will have the best places."

The death agony of the barricade was about to begin.

Everything contributed to its tragic majesty at that supreme moment; a thousand mysterious crashes in the air, the breath of armed masses set in movement in the streets which were not visible, the intermittent gallop of cavalry, the heavy shock of artillery on the march, the firing by squads, and the cannonades crossing each other in the labyrinth of Paris, the smokes of battle mounting all gilded above the roofs, indescribable and vaguely terrible cries, lightnings of menace everywhere, the tocsin of Saint-Mary, which now had the accents of a sob, the mildness of the weather, the splendor of the sky filled with sun and clouds, the beauty of the day, and the alarming silence of the houses.

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For, since the preceding evening, the two rows of houses in the Rue de la Chanvrerie had become two walls; ferocious walls, doors closed, windows closed, shutters closed.

In those days, so different from those in which we live, when the hour was come, when the people wished to put an end to a situation which had lasted too long, with a charter granted or with a legal country, when universal wrath was diffused in the atmosphere, when the city consented to the tearing up of the pavements, when insurrection made the bourgeoisie smile by whispering its password in its ear, then the inhabitant, thoroughly penetrated with the revolt, so to speak, was the auxiliary of the combat, and the house fraternized with the improvised fortress which rested on it. When the situation was not ripe, when the insurrection was not decidedly admitted, when the masses disowned the movement, all was over with the combatants, the city was changed into a desert around the revolt, souls grew chilled, refuges were nailed up, and the street turned into a defile to help the army to take the barricade.

All at once, the drum beat the charge.

The attack was a hurricane. On the evening before, in the darkness, the barricade had been approached silently, as by a boa. Now, in broad daylight, in that gutted street, surprise was impossible, stern force had been unmasked, the cannon had begun the roar, the army hurled itself on the barricade. Fury now became skill. A powerful detachment of infantry of the line, broken at regular intervals by the National Guard and the Municipal Guard on foot, and supported by serried masses which could be heard though not seen, debouched into the street at a run, with drums beating.

The wall held firm.

The insurgents fired impetuously. The escalated barricade bristled with a mane of lightning flashes.

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The assault was so furious that for one moment the crest was inundated with assailants; but it shook off the soldiers as the lion shakes off the dogs, and it was covered with besiegers only as the cliff is covered with foam, to reappear, a moment later, beetling, black and formidable.

The column, forced to fall back, remained massed in the street, exposed but terrible, and replied to the redoubt with a terrible discharge of musketry. Any one who has seen fireworks will recall the sheaf formed of interlacing lightnings which is called a bouquet. Imagine this bouquet, no longer vertical, but horizontal, bearing a bullet, slug, or iron ball at the tip of each jet of flame, and scattering death!

On either side was equal resolution. The bravery was almost barbarous, and was complicated with a sort of heroic ferocity which began by the sacrifice of self.

This was the epoch when a National Guardsman fought like a Zouave. The troop wished to make an end of it, insurrection was desirous of fighting. The acceptance of the death agony in the flower of youth and in the flush of health turns intrepidity into frenzy. In this fray, each one underwent the broadening growth of the death hour. The street was covered with corpses.

The interior of the barricade was so strewn with torn cartridges that one would have said that there had been a snowstorm.

The assailants had numbers in their favor; the insurgents had position. They were at the top of a wall, and they thundered point blank upon the soldiers tripping over the dead and wounded and entangled in the escarpment. This barricade, constructed as it was and admirably buttressed, was really one of those situations where a handful of men hold a legion in check. Nevertheless, the attacking column, constantly recruited and enlarged under the shower of bullets,

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drew inexorably nearer, and now, little by little, step by step, but surely, the army closed in around the barricade as the vise grasps the wine-press.

One assault followed another. The horror of the situation kept increasing.

Then there burst forth on that heap of paving-stones, in that Rue de la Chanvrerie, a battle worthy of a wall of Troy. These haggard, ragged, exhausted men, who had had nothing to eat for four and twenty hours, who had not slept, who had but a few more rounds to fire, who were fumbling in their pockets which had been emptied of cartridges, nearly all of whom were wounded, with head or arm bandaged with black and blood-stained linen, with holes in their clothes from which the blood trickled, and who were hardly armed with poor guns and notched swords, became Titans. The barricade was ten times attacked, approached, assailed, scaled, and never captured.

They fought hand to hand, foot to foot, with pistol shots, with blows of the sword, with their fists, at a distance, close at hand, from above, from below, from everywhere, from the roofs of the houses, from the windows of the wine-shop, from the cellar windows, whither some had crawled. They were one against sixty.

The facade of Corinthe, half demolished, was hideous. The window, tattooed with grape-shot, had lost glass and frame and was nothing now but a shapeless hole, tumultuously blocked with paving-stones.

Bossuet was killed; Feuilly was killed; Courfeyrac was killed; Combeferre, pierced by three bayonet stabs in the breast, at the moment when he was lifting up a wounded soldier, had but time to raise his eyes to heaven, when he died.

Marius, still fighting, was so riddled with wounds, particularly in the head, that his countenance disap-

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peared beneath the blood, and one would have said that his face was covered with a red kerchief. Enjolras alone was not struck.

When there were no longer any of the leaders left alive, except Enjolras and Marius at the two extremities of the barricade, the center, which had so long sustained Courfeyrac, Joly, Bossuet, Feuilly and Combeferre, gave way. The cannon, though it had not effected a practicable breach, had made a rather large hollow in the middle of the redoubt; there, the summit of the wall had disappeared before the balls, and had crumbled away; and the rubbish which had fallen, now inside, now outside, had, as it accumulated, formed two piles in the nature of slopes on the two sides of the barrier, one on the inside, the other on the outside. The exterior slope presented an inclined plane to the attack.

A final assault was there attempted, and this assault succeeded. The mass, bristling with bayonets and hurled forward at a run, came up with irresistible force, and the serried front of battle of the attacking column made its appearance through the smoke on the crest of the battlements. This time it was decisive. The group of insurgents who were defending the center retreated in confusion.

Then the gloomy love of life awoke once more in some of them. Many, finding themselves under the muzzles of this forest of guns, did not wish to die. This is a moment when the instinct of self-preservation emits howls, when the beast re-appears in men. They were hemmed in by the lofty, six-story house which formed the background of their redoubt. This house might prove their salvation. The building was barricaded, and walled, as it were, from top to bottom. Before the troops of the line had reached the interior of the redoubt, there was time for a door to open and

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shut, the space of a flash of lightning was sufficient for that, and the door of that house, suddenly opened a crack and closed again instantly was life for these despairing men. Behind this house there were streets, possible flight, space. They set to knocking at that door with the butts of their guns, and with kicks, shouting, calling, entreating, wringing their hands. No one opened.

But Enjolras and Marius, and the seven or eight rallied about them, sprang forward and protected them. Enjolras was now in the little inner court of the redoubt, with his back planted against the Corinthian building, a sword in one hand, a rifle in the other, holding open the door of the wine-shop which he barred against assailants. He shouted to the desperate men: "There is but one door open—this one." And shielding them with his body, and alone facing a battalion, he made them pass in behind him. All rushed in. Enjolras, whirling his musket round his head, beat down the bayonets around and in front of him, and was the last to enter; and then ensued a horrible moment, when the soldiers tried to make their way in, and the insurgents strove to bar them out. The door was slammed with such violence that, as it fell back into its frame, it showed the five fingers of a soldier who had been clinging to it, cut off and glued to the post.

Enjolras fixed the bar across the door, and bolted it, and double-locked it with key and chain, while those outside were battering furiously at it, the soldiers with the butts of their muskets, the sappers with their axes. The assailants were grouped about that door. The siege of the wine-shop was now beginning.

Let us abridge. The barricade had fought like a gate of Thebes; the wine-shop fought like a house of Saragossa. These resistances are dogged. No quarter.

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No flag of truce possible. Men are willing to die, provided their opponent will kill them.

Nothing was lacking in the capture by assault of the Hucheloup wine-shop; neither paving-stones raining from the windows and the roof on the besiegers and exasperating the soldiers by crushing them horribly, nor shots fired from the attic-windows and the cellar, nor the fury of attack, nor, finally, when the door yielded, the frenzied madness of extermination. The assailants, rushing into the wine-shop, their feet entangled in the panels of the door which had been beaten in and flung on the ground, found not a single combatant there. The spiral staircase, hewn asunder with the axe, lay in the middle of the tap-room, a few wounded men were just breathing their last; every one who was not killed was on the first floor, and from there, through the hole in the ceiling, which had formed the entrance of the stairs, a terrific fire burst forth. It was the last of their cartridges.

All war is a thing of terror, and there is no choice in it. The musketry of the besiegers, though confined and embarrassed by being directed from below upwards, was deadly. The rim of the hole in the ceiling was speedily surrounded by heads of the slain, whence dripped long, red and smoking streams. The uproar was indescribable; a close and burning smoke almost produced night over this combat. Words are lacking to express horror when it has reached this pitch. There were no longer men in this conflict, which was now infernal. They were no longer giants matched with colossi. It resembled Milton and Dante rather than Homer. Demons attacked, spectres resisted.

It was heroism become monstrous.

At length, by dint of mounting on each other's backs, aiding themselves with the skeleton of the stair-

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case, climbing up the walls, clinging to the ceiling, slashing away at the very brink of the trap-door, the last one who offered resistance, a score of assailants, soldiers, National Guardsmen, municipal guardsmen, in utter confusion, the majority disfigured by wounds in the face during that redoubtable ascent, blinded by blood, furious, rendered savage, made an irruption into the apartment on the first floor. There they found only one man still on his feet, Enjolras. Without cartridges, without sword, he had nothing in his hand now but the barrel of his gun, whose stock he had broken over the heads of those who were entering. He had placed the billiard-table between his assailants and himself; he had retreated into the corner of the room, and there, with haughty eye, and head borne high, with this stump of a weapon in his hand, he was still so alarming as to speedily create an empty space around him. A cry arose:

"He is the leader! It was he who slew the artilleryman. It is well that he has placed himself there. Let him remain there. Let us shoot him down on the spot."

"Shoot me!" said Enjolras.

And flinging away his bit of gun-barrel and folding his arms, he offered his breast.

Twelve men formed into a squad in the corner opposite Enjolras, and silently made ready their guns.

Then a sergeant shouted:

"Take aim!"

An officer intervened.

"Wait!"

And addressing Enjolras:

"Do you wish to have your eyes bandaged?"

"No."

"Was it you who killed the artillery sergeant?"

"Yes."

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The report resounded. Enjolras, pierced by eight bullets, remained leaning against the wall, as though the balls had nailed him there. Only, his head was bowed.

A few moments later, the soldiers dislodged the last remaining insurgents, who had taken refuge at the top of the house. They fired into the attic through a wooden lattice. They fought under the very roof. They flung bodies, some of them still alive, out through the windows. Two light-infantrymen, who tried to lift the shattered omnibus, were slain by two shots fired from the attic. A man in a blouse was flung down from it, with a bayonet wound in the abdomen, and breathed his last on the ground. A soldier and an insurgent slipped together on the sloping slates of the roof, and, as they would not release each other, they fell, clasped in a ferocious embrace. A similar conflict went on in the cellar.

Shouts, shots, a fierce trampling.

Then silence.

The barricade was captured.

HERVÉ RIEL



Portrait of Robert Browning



HERVÉ RIEL

Robert Browning

I

ON the sea and at The Hague, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through
the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks
pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the
Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

II

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in
full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,
Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or,
quicker still,
Here's the English, can and will!"

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III

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
 “Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?” laughed they:
“Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the ‘Formidable’ here with her twelve and eighty guns
 Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where ’tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
 And with flow at full beside?
 Now, ’tis slackest ebb of tide.
 Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
 Not a ship will leave the bay!”

IV

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
“Here’s the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that’s left us of the fleet linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!”
 (Ended Damfreville his speech.)
“Not a minute more to wait!
 Let the Captains all and each
 Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

HERVE RIEL.

V

'Give the word!' But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all
these
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second,
third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville
for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

VI

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries
Hervé Riel:
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards,
fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the sound-
ings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river
disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's
for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse
than fifty Hagues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me
there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer.
Get this 'Formidable' clear,

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Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know
well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,
—Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!" cries
Hervé Riel.

VII

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!"
cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief,
Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide
sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come—too late!

HERVE RIEL.

VIII

So, the storm subsides to calm:

They see the green trees wave

On the heights o'erlooking Grève.

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance,

Let the English rake the bay,

Gnash their teeth and glare askance

As they cannonade away!

'Neath rampired Solidor, pleasant riding on the Rance!"

How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!

Out burst all with one accord,

"This is Paradise for Hell!

Let France, let France's King

Thank the man that did the thing!"

What a shout, and all one word,

"Hervé Riel!"

As he stepped in front once more,

Not a symptom of surprise

In the frank blue Breton eyes,

Just the same man as before.

IX

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,

I must speak out at the end,

Though I find the speaking hard.

Praise is deeper than the lips:

You have saved the King his ships,

You must name your own reward.

'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!

Demand whate'er you will,

France remains your debtor still.

Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not
Damfreville."

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

X

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it
 but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
 Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
 Aurore."
 That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

XI

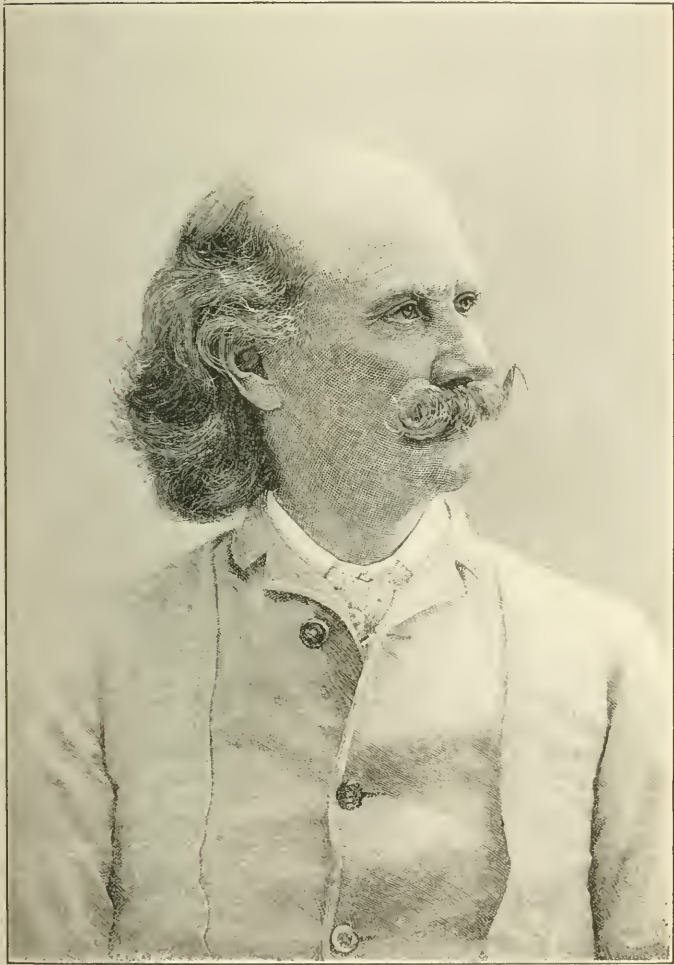
Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to rack
 All that France saved from the fight whence England
 bore the bell.
Go to Paris: rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé
 Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse,
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the
 Belle Aurore!

COLUMBUS



Portrait of Joaquin Miller

Portrait of Johann Willel



COLUMBUS

I. THE PORT OF SHIPS

Joaquin Miller

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'ral speak—what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! Sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'ral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why you shall say, at break of day,
'Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!'"

They sailed, and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.

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These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'ral; speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

They sailed! They sailed! Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth to-night;
He curls his lip, he lies in wait
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'ral, say but one good word—
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leaped as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

II THE GREAT VOYAGE

Washington Irving

IT was early in the morning of Friday, the 3d of August, 1492, that Columbus set sail from Palos, steering for the Canary Islands, from whence he intended to strike due west.

On losing sight of the last trace of land, the hearts of the crews failed them, for they seemed to have taken leave of the world. Behind them was everything dear to the heart of man—country, family, friends, life itself; before them everything was chaos, mystery, and peril. In the perturbation of the moment, they despaired of ever more seeing their homes. Many of the rugged seamen shed tears, and some broke into loud lamentations. Columbus tried in every way to soothe their distress, describing the splendid countries to which he expected to conduct them, and promising them land, riches and everything that could arouse their cupidity

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or inflame their imaginations; nor were these promises made for purposes of deception, for he certainly believed he should realize them all.

He now gave orders to the commanders of the other vessels, in case they should be separated by any accident, to continue directly westward; but that after sailing seven hundred leagues, they should lay by from midnight until daylight, as at about that distance he confidently expected to find land. Foreseeing that the vague terrors already awakened among the seamen would increase with the space which intervened between them and their homes, he commenced a stratagem which he continued throughout the voyage. This was to keep two reckonings, one private, in which the true way of the ship was noted, and which he retained in secret for his own government; the other public, for general inspection, in which a number of leagues was daily subtracted from the sailing of the ships, so as to keep the crews in ignorance of the real distance they had advanced.

When about one hundred and fifty leagues west of Ferro, they fell in with part of a mast of a large vessel, and the crews, tremblingly alive to every portent, looked with a rueful eye upon this fragment of a wreck, drifting ominously at the entrance of these unknown seas.

On the 13th of September, in the evening, Columbus, for the first time, noticed the variation of the needle, a phenomenon which had never before been remarked. He at first made no mention of it, lest his people should be alarmed; but it soon attracted the attention of the pilots, and filled them with consternation. It seemed as if the very laws of Nature were changing as they advanced, and that they were entering another world subject to unknown influences. They apprehended that the compass was about to lose its mysterious virtues,

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

and, without this guide, what was to become of them in a vast and trackless ocean? Columbus tasked his science and ingenuity for reasons with which to allay their terrors. He told them that the direction of the needle was not to the polar star, but to some fixed and invisible point. The variation, therefore, was not caused by any fallacy in the compass, but by the movement of the north star itself, which, like the other heavenly bodies, had its changes and revolutions, and every day described a circle round the pole. The high opinion they entertained of Columbus as a profound astronomer, gave weight to his theory, and their alarm subsided.

They had now arrived within the influence of the trade wind, which, following the sun, blows steadily from east to west between the tropics, and sweeps over a few adjoining degrees of the ocean. With this propitious breeze directly aft, they were wafted gently but speedily over a tranquil sea, so that for many days they did not shift a sail. Columbus in his journal perpetually recurs to the bland and temperate serenity of the weather, and compares the pure and balmy mornings to those of April in Andalusia, observing, that the song of the nightingale was alone wanting to complete the illusion.

They now began to see large patches of herbs and weeds all drifting from the west. Some were such as grow about rocks or in rivers, and as green as if recently washed from the land. On one of the patches was a live crab. They saw also a white tropical bird, of a kind which never sleeps upon the sea; and tunny fish played about the ships. Columbus now supposed himself arrived in the weedy sea described by Aristotle, into which certain ships of Cadiz had been driven by an impetuous east wind.

As he advanced, there were various other signs that

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gave great animation to the crews, many birds were seen flying from the west; there was a cloudiness in the north, such as often hangs over land; and at sunset the imagination of the seamen, aided by their desires, would shape those clouds into distant islands. Every one was eager to be the first to behold and announce the wished-for shore; for the sovereigns had promised a pension of thirty crowns to whomsoever should first discover land. Columbus sounded occasionally with a line of two hundred fathoms, but found no bottom. Martin Alonzo Pinzon, as well as others of his officers and many of the seamen, were often solicitous for Columbus to alter his course, and steer in the direction of these favorable signs; but he persevered in steering to the westward, trusting that, by keeping in one steady direction, he should reach the coast of India, even if he should miss the intervening islands, and might then seek them on his return.

Notwithstanding the precaution which had been taken to keep the people ignorant of the distance they had sailed, they gradually became uneasy at the length of the voyage. The various indications of land which occasionally flattered their hopes passed away one after another, and the same interminable expanse of sea and sky continued to extend before them. They had advanced much farther to the west than ever man had sailed before, and though already beyond the reach of succor, were still pressing onward and onward into that apparently boundless abyss. Even the favorable wind, which seemed as if providentially sent to waft them to the New World with such bland and gentle breezes, was conjured by their fears into a source of alarm. They feared that the wind in these seas always prevailed from the east, and if so, would never permit their return to Spain. A few light breezes from the west allayed for a time their last apprehension, and

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several small birds, such as keep about groves and orchards, came singing in the morning, and flew away at night. Their song was wonderfully cheering to the hearts of the poor mariners, who hailed it as the voice of land. The birds they had hitherto seen had been large and strong of wing, but such small birds, they observed, were too feeble to fly far, and their singing showed that they were not exhausted by their flight.

On the following day there was a profound calm, and the sea, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with weeds, so as to have the appearance of a vast inundated meadow, a phenomenon attributed to the immense quantities of submarine plants which are detached by the currents from the bottom of the ocean. The seamen now feared that the sea was growing shallow; they dreaded lurking rocks, and shoals, and quicksands; and that their vessels might run aground, as it were, in the midst of the ocean, far out of the track of human aid, and with no shore where the crews could take refuge. Columbus proved the fallacy of this alarm, by sounding with a deep sea-line, and finding no bottom.

For three days there was a continuance of light summer airs, from the southward and westward, and the sea was as smooth as a mirror. The crews now became uneasy at the calmness of the weather. They observed that the contrary winds they experienced were transient and unsteady, and so light as not to ruffle the surface of the sea, the only winds of constancy and force were from the west, and even they had not power to disturb the torpid stillness of the ocean; there was a risk, therefore, either of perishing amidst stagnant and shoreless waters, or of being prevented by contrary winds from ever returning to their native country.

Columbus continued, with admirable patience, to reason with these absurd fancies, but in vain, when for-

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tunately there came on a heavy swell of the sea, unaccompanied by wind, a phenomenon that often occurs in the broad ocean, caused by the impulse of some past gale, or distant current of wind. It was, nevertheless, regarded with astonishment by the mariners, and dispelled the imaginary terrors occasioned by the calm.

The situation of Columbus was daily becoming more and more critical. The impatience of the seamen arose to absolute mutiny. They gathered together in the retired parts of the ships, at first in little knots of two and three, which gradually increased and became formidable, joining in murmurs and menaces against the admiral. They exclaimed against him as an ambitious desperado who, in a mad phantasy, had determined to do something extravagant to render himself notorious. What obligation bound them to persist, or when were the terms of their agreement to be considered as fulfilled? They had already penetrated into seas untraversed by a sail, and where man had never before adventured. Were they to sail on until they perished, or until all return with their frail ships became impossible? Who would blame them should they consult their safety and return? The admiral was a foreigner, a man without friends or influence. His scheme had been condemned by the learned as idle and visionary, and discountenanced by people of all ranks. There was, therefore, no party on his side, but rather a large number who would be gratified by his failure.

Such are some of the reasonings by which these men prepared themselves for open rebellion. Some even proposed, as an effectual mode of silencing all after complaints of the admiral, that they should throw him into the sea, and give out that he had fallen overboard, while contemplating the stars and signs of the heavens with his astronomical instruments.

Columbus was not ignorant of these secret cabals,

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but he kept a serene and steady countenance, soothing some with gentle words, stimulating the pride or the avarice of others, and openly menacing the most refractory with punishment. New hopes diverted them for a time. On the 25th of September, Martin Alonzo Pinzon mounted, on the stern of his vessel, and shouted, "Land! land! Señor, I claim the reward!" There was, indeed, such an appearance of land in the southwest, that Columbus threw himself upon his knees, and returned thanks to God, and all the crews joined in chanting "Gloria in Excelsis." The ships altered their course, and stood all night to the southwest, but the morning light put an end to all their hopes as to a dream; the fancied land proved to be nothing but an evening cloud, and had vanished in the night.

For several days, they continued on with alternate hopes and murmurs, until the various signs of land became so numerous, that the seamen, from a state of despondency, passed to one of high excitement. Eager to obtain the promised pension, they were continually giving the cry of land until Columbus declared that should any one give a notice of the kind, and land not be discovered within three days afterwards, he should thenceforth forfeit all claim to the reward.

On the 7th of October they had come seven hundred and fifty leagues, the distance at which Columbus had computed to find the island of Cipango. There were great flights of small field birds to the southwest, which seemed to indicate some neighboring land in that direction, where they were sure of food and a resting place. Yielding to the solicitations of Martin Alonzo Pinzon and his brothers, Columbus, on the evening of the 7th, altered his course, therefore, to the west-southwest. As he advanced, the signs of land increased; the birds came singing about the ships; and herbage floated by as fresh and green as if recently from shore. When,

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however, on the evening of the third day of this new course, the seamen beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they again broke forth into loud clamors, and insisted upon abandoning the voyage. Columbus endeavored to pacify them by gentle words and liberal promises; but finding these only increased their violence, he assumed a different tone, and told them it was useless to murmur; the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns to seek the Indies, and happen what might, he was determined to persevere, until, by the blessing of God, he should accomplish the enterprise.

He was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation would have been desperate, but, fortunately, the manifestations of land on the following day were such as no longer to admit of doubt. A green fish, such as keeps about rocks, swam by the ships; and a branch of thorn, with berries on it, floated by; they picked up, also, a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and murmuring was now at an end, and throughout the day each one was on the watch for the long-sought land.

In the evening, when, according to custom, the mariners had sung the "Salve Regina," or vesper hymn to the Virgin, Columbus made an impressive address to his crew, pointing out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by soft and favoring breezes across a tranquil ocean to the promised land. He expressed a strong confidence of making land that very night, and ordered that a vigilant lookout should be kept from the fore-castle, promising to whomsoever should make the discovery, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension to be given by the sovereigns.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual; at sunset they stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping

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the lead from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships, not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety; and now when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bedchamber, and demanded whether he saw a light in that direction. The latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the roundhouse, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hands of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued on their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first discovered by a mariner named Rodriguez Bermejo, resident of Triana, a suburb of Seville, but native of Alcala de la Guadaira; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land

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was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, where-upon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself.

It is difficult even for the imagination to conceive the feelings of such a man, at the moment of so sublime a discovery. What a bewildering crowd of conjectures must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land which lay before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived in the balmy air the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light which he had beheld, proved that it was the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of other parts of the globe or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination in those times was prone to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island, far in the Indian seas; or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as he watched for the night to pass away; wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendors of oriental civilization.

When the day dawned, Columbus saw before him a level and beautiful island, several leagues in extent, of great freshness and verdure, and covered with trees

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like a continual orchard. Though everything appeared in the wild luxuriance of untamed nature, yet the island was evidently populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from the woods, and running from all parts to the shore. They were all perfectly naked, and from their attitudes and gestures, appeared lost in astonishment at the sight of the ships. Columbus made signal to cast anchor, and to man the boats. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and bearing the royal standard. Martin Alonzo Pinzon, and Vicente Yañez the brother, likewise put off in their boats, each bearing the banner of the enterprise, emblazoned with a green cross, having on each side, the letters F and Y, surmounted by crowns, the Spanish initials of the Castilian monarchs, Fernando and Ysabel.

As they approached the shores, they were delighted by the beauty and grandeur of the forests; the variety of unknown fruits on the trees which overhung the shores; the purity and suavity of the atmosphere, and the crystal transparency of the seas which bathe these islands. On landing, Columbus threw himself upon his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by his companions, whose breasts, indeed, were full to overflowing. Columbus, then rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and took possession, in the names of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. He then called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him, as admiral and viceroy, and representative of the sovereigns.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

DAVID AND GOLIATH

The Book of Judges

NOW the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle, and they were gathered together at Socoh, which belongeth to Judah, and pitched between Socoh and Azekah, in Ephes-dammim. And Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together, and pitched in the vale of Elah, and set the battle in array against the Philistines. And the Philistines stood on the mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on the mountain on the other side: and there was a valley between them. And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span. And he had an helmet of brass upon his head, and he was clad with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass. And he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a javelin of brass between his shoulders. And the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam; and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron; and his shieldbearer went before him. And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel, and said unto them: "Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? am not I a Philistine, and ye servants to Saul? choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail

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against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us." And the Philistine said, "I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together." And when Saul and all Israel heard those words of the Philistine, they were dismayed, and greatly afraid.

Now David was the son of that Ephrathite of Bethlehem-judah, whose name was Jesse; and he had eight sons: and the man was an old man in the days of Saul, stricken in years among men. And the three eldest sons of Jesse had gone after Saul to the battle: and the names of his three sons that went to the battle were Eliab the firstborn, and next unto him Abinadab, and the third Shammah. And David was the youngest: and the three eldest followed Saul. Now David went to and fro from Saul to feed his father's sheep at Bethlehem. And the Philistine drew near morning and evening, and presented himself forty days.

And Jesse said unto David his son:

"Take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and carry them quickly to the camp to thy brethren; and bring these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge."

Now Saul, and they, and all the men of Israel, were in the vale of Elah, fighting with the Philistines. And David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and took, and went, as Jesse had commanded him; and he came to the place of the wagons, as the host which was going forth to the fight shouted for the battle. And Israel and the Philistines put the battle in array, army against army. And David left his baggage in the hand of the keeper of the baggage, and ran to the army, and came and saluted his brethren. And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion, the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name, out

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

of the ranks of the Philistines, and spake according to the same words: and David heard them. And all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid. And the men of Israel said:

“Have ye seen this man that is come up? surely to defy Israel is he come up: and it shall be, that the man who killeth him, the king will enrich him with great riches, and will give him his daughter, and make his father’s house free in Israel.” And David spake to the men that stood by him, saying, “What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine, and taketh away the reproach from Israel? for who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?” And the people answered him after this manner, saying, So shall it be done to the man that killeth him.

And Eliab his eldest brother heard when he spake unto the men; and Eliab’s anger was kindled against David, and he said: “Why art thou come down? and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle.” And David said: “What have I now done? Is there not a cause?” And he turned away from him toward another, and spake after the same manner: and the people answered him again after the former manner.

And when the words were heard which David spake, they rehearsed them before Saul; and he sent for him. And David said to Saul: “Let no man’s heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine.” And Saul said to David: “Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth.” And David said unto Saul: “Thy servant kept his father’s sheep; and when there came a lion, or a

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bear, and took a lamb out of the flock, I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant smote both the lion and the bear: and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God." And David said: "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." And Saul said unto David: "Go, and the Lord shall be with thee!" And Saul clad David with his apparel, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head, and he clad him with a coat of mail. And David girded his sword upon his apparel, and he assayed to go; for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul: "I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them." And David put them off him.

And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in the shepherd's bag which he had, even in his scrip; and his sling was in his hand: and he drew near to the Philistine.

And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bare the shield went before him. And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and withal of a fair countenance. And the Philistine said unto David: "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?" And the Philistine cursed David by his gods. And the Philistine said to David: "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field." Then said David to the Philistine: "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a javelin: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of

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the armies of Israel, which thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from off thee; and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel; and that all this assembly may know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's and he will give you into our hand!" And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hastened, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead; and the stone sank into his forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth. So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David. Then David ran, and stood over the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw that their champion was dead, they fled. And the men of Israel and of Judah arose, and shouted, and pursued the Philistines, until thou comest to Gai, and to the gates of Ekron. And the wounded of the Philistines fell down by the way to Shaaraim, even unto Gath, and unto Ekron. And the children of Israel returned from chasing after the Philistines, and they spoiled their camp. And David took the head of the Philistine, and brought it to Jerusalem; but he put his armor in his tent. * * *

And as David returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, Abner took him, and brought him before Saul with the head of the Philistine in his hand. * * *

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And Saul took him that day, and would let him go no more home to his father's house. * * *

And it came to pass as they came, when David returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, that the women came out of all the cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet king Saul, with timbrels, with joy, and with instruments of music. And the women sang one to another in their play, and said,

Saul hath slain his thousands,
And David his ten thousands.

And Saul was very wroth, and this saying displeased him; and he said: "They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands: and what can he have more but the kingdom?" And Saul eyed David from that day and forward.

And it came to pass on the morrow, that an evil spirit from God came mightily upon Saul, and he prophesied in the midst of the house: and David played with his hand, as he did day by day: and Saul had his spear in his hand. And Saul cast the spear; for he said: "I will smite David even to the wall." And David avoided out of his presence twice. And Saul was afraid of David, because the Lord was with him, and was departed from Saul. Therefore, Saul removed him from him, and made him his captain over a thousand; and he went out and came in before the people. And David behaved himself wisely in all his ways; and the Lord was with him. And when Saul saw that he behaved himself very wisely, he stood in awe of him. But all Israel and Judah loved David; for he went out and came in before them.

BALLADS OF BRAVERY

BALLADS OF BRAVERY

I. THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though each soldier knew
Some one had blundered;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,

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Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

BALLADS OF BRAVERY.

When can their glory fade?
Oh the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

II THE RED THREAD OF HONOR

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle

ELEVEN men of England
A breastwork charged in vain;
Eleven men of England
Lie stripped, and gashed, and slain.
Slain; but of foes that guarded
Their rock-built fortress well,
Some twenty had been mastered,
When the last soldier fell.

Whilst Napier piloted his wondrous way
Across the sand-waves of the desert-sea;
Then flashed at once, on each fierce clan, dismay,
Lord of their wild Truckee.

These missed the glen to which their steps were bent,
Mistook a mandate, from afar half heard,
And, in that glorious error, calmly went
To death without a word.

The robber-chief mused deeply,
Above those daring dead;
"Bring here," at length he shouted,
"Bring quick, the battle-thread.
"Let Eblis blast forever

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

Their souls, if Allah will,
But we must keep unbroken
The old rules of the Hill."

"Before the Ghiznee tiger
Leapt forth to burn and slay;
Before the holy Prophet
Taught our grim tribes to pray;
Before Secunder's lances
Pierced through each Indian glen,
The mountain laws of honor
Were framed for fearless men."

"Still, when a chief dies bravely,
We bind with green one wrist,
Green for the brave; for heroes
One crimson thread we twist.
Say ye, O gallant Hillmen,
For these whose life has fled,
Which is the fitting color,
The green one, or the red?"

"Our brethren, laid in honored graves, may wear
Their green reward," each noble savage said;
"To these, whom hawks and hungry wolves shall tear,
Who dares deny the red?"

Thus conquering hate, and steadfast to the right,
Fresh from the heart that haughty verdict came;
Beneath a waning moon each spectral height
Rolled back its loud acclaim.

Once more the chief gazed keenly
Down on those daring dead;
From his good sword their heart's blood
Crept to that crimson thread.

BALLADS OF BRAVERY.

Once more he cried: "The judgment,
Good friends, is wise and true;
But though the red be given,
Have we not more to do?"

"These were not stirred by anger,
Nor yet by lust made bold;
Renown they thought above them,
Nor did they look for gold.
To them their leader's signal
Was as the voice of God;
Unmoved, and uncomplaining,
The path it showed, they trod.

"As, without sound or struggle,
The stars unhurrying march,
Where Allah's finger guides them,
Through yonder purple arch;
These Franks, sublimely silent,
Without a quickened breath,
Went, in the strength of duty,
Straight to their goal of death.

"If I were now to ask you
To name our bravest man,
Ye all at once would answer,
They called him Mehrab Khan.
He sleeps among his fathers,
Dear to our native land,
With the bright mark he bled for
Firm round his faithful hand.

"The songs they sing of Roostum
Fill all the past with light;
If truth be in their music,
He was a noble knight.

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

But were these heroes living,
And strong for battle still,
Would Mehrab Khan, or Roostum,
Have climbed like these, the Hill?"

And they replied: "Though Mehrab Khan was brave,
As chief, he chose himself what risks to run;
Prince Roostum lied, his forfeit life to save,
Which these had never done."

"Enough," he shouted fiercely,
"Doomed though they be to Hell,
Bind fast the crimson trophy
Round both wrists—bind it well.
Who knows but that great Allah
May grudge such matchless men,
With none so decked in heaven,
To the fiends' flaming den?"

Then all those gallant robbers
Shouted a stern Amen!
They raised the slaughtered sergeant,
They raised his mangled ten,
And when we found their bodies,
Left bleaching in the wind,
Around both wrists in glory
That crimson thread was twined.

Then Napier's knightly heart, touched to the core,
Rang, like an echo, to that knightly deed;
He bade its memory live for evermore,
That those who run may read.

III MARCO BOZZARIS

Fitz-Greene Halleck

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean-storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou are terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,

BALLADS OF BRAVERY.

Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
 Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
 Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
 To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
 Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
 Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
 The heartless luxury of the tomb:
But she remembers thee as one
Long-loved, and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lispings tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace-couch, and cottage-bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys—
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sign;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

IV THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE

Walter Thornbury

TRAMPLE! trample! went the roan,
Trap! trap! went the gray;
But pad! pad! pad! like a thing that was mad,
My chestnut broke away.
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
And but one hour to day.

Thud! thud! came on the heavy roan,
Rap! rap! the mettled gray;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
That she showed them all the way.
Spur on! spur on!—I doffed my hat,
And wished them all good-day.

They splashed through miry rut and pool—
Splintered through fence and rail;

BALLADS OF BRAVERY.

But chestnut Kate switched over the gate—
I saw them droop and tail.
To Salisbury town—but a mile of down,
Once over this brook and rail.

Trap! trap! I heard their echoing hoofs
Past the walls of mossy stone;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
But blood is better than bone.
I patted old Kate, and gave her the spur,
For I knew it was all my own.

But trample! trample! came their steeds,
And I saw their wolf's eyes burn;
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
And made me ready to turn.
I looked where highest grew the May,
And deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat;
One blow, and he was down.
The second rogue fired twice, and missed;
I sliced the villain's crown—
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,
Fast, fast to Salisbury town!

Pad! pad! they came on the level sward,
Thud! thud! upon the sand—
With a gleam of swords and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand;
But one long bound, and I passed the gate,
Safe from the canting band.

V JIM BLUDSO

John Hay

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—they engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river—
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississtp,
And her day come at last—
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she wouldn't be passed.

BALLADS OF BRAVERY.

And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire burst out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

HOW THEY TOOK THE
KASHMIR BASTION

HOW THEY TOOK THE KASHMIR BASTION

Frederick B. DeBerard

I

FOR sixty hours every available gun had been pounding the north wall. The little army waited in tense eagerness, while the parapet crumbled beneath the fierce fire. Soon the breach would be completed; then they would make the assault.

In their unshakable tenacity, their cold rage, their silent deadly ferocity of purpose, that handful of British soldiers resembled bull dogs straining in the leash. At last they were to avenge Cawnpore, the hideous massacre of hundreds of defenceless women and children, victims of revolting treachery, horrid atrocities and lingering tortures.

They thought of the seven-score corpses that filled the well of Cawnpore; of the hundreds done to death by Sepoy bullets as they floated down the Ganges in open boats; of the long agony of that fearful voyage, for miles between hostile banks, without arms, without protection, the target for thousands of muskets—a voyage whence not one soul came alive; of the hideous banquet of the crocodiles; and the fierce lust of vengeance filled their hearts.

Soon they were to exact fearful retribution. Behind

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

those city walls, driven to bay, penned in, were the fiendish murderers of their wives and daughters!

And now, the curtain-wall was fast melting away; soon the eager avengers would hurl themselves upon the breach. Scarce more than six thousand strong, they confronted an enemy numbering more than fifty thousand men, revolted Sepoys, trained as British soldiers, entrenched in a strong fortress, in possession of a vast magazine of war munitions, with one hundred and thirty pieces of artillery, able to concentrate fifty heavy guns on any point of attack!

But what of that? In the India of 1857, no Englishman thought of aught but retribution, and those six thousand fighting men before Delhi exulted with fierce satisfaction that 50,000 mutinous, woman-killing Sepoy fiends were at last forced to face British bullets, bayonets and butts!

"I think that will do, Greathed," said General Wilson. "Send in and see how it looks!"

High and clear above the thunder of the thirty guns, the bugles sung—"Cease firing." An aide galloped at top speed down the line. "Engineer officers! Volunteers to inspect the breach!" he shouted.

It was a summons to deadly peril, to imminent death; but every engineer along the whole line, from the Water Battery on the east to the Mori Bastion on the west, besought his commander that he might be sent.

"Oh! these boys!" grumbled Baird-Smith, the General of Engineers. "They're always making a row about trifles. Can't send 'em all, y'know, and they never will agree between themselves whose turn it is to get shot next! They make *me* pick out fellows, and then other fellows abuse me and swear that nobody gets any chance in this blooming campaign unless he is a personal favorite! Gad! Nice way of being good to your

HOW THEY TOOK THE KASHMIR BASTION.

friends, I must say—to send them out to be murdered by those scoundrelly brown thieves! Well, well! Boys will be boys! Go you, Greathed, and take Home with you, to look over the Water Bastion; and send Medley and Lang down to the Kashmir Gate. Perhaps they'll come back. If they don't, send some one else!"

So they went, these four men who had obtained the coveted prize, the right to brave death under the eyes of the whole army, on service of the most vital import. And as they sallied forth, they grinned cheerfully, and evened up old scores of long standing between the Line and the Staff, by pitying the line officers in very audible side remarks, and by stating as a notorious fact that when any really valuable service was required, the Engineer Corps was invariably called upon.

This is what these brave men had to do: Somewhat more than a quarter of a mile away was the city wall, at which the siege guns were battering. Before this wall of stone, twenty-four feet high and twelve feet thick, was a dry ditch, twenty-five feet wide, sixteen to twenty feet deep, with a scarp wall eight feet high on the further edge. On the hither side a long artificial slope, the glacis, inclined upward from the plain, almost to the height of the parapet, and ended abruptly at the ditch, where the counterscarp or outer wall of the ditch plunged downward to the bottom, some thirty feet below.

Imagine a stone house behind a low, gently sloping ridge, with only the chimneys visible. The ridge is the glacis, the chimneys are the parapet, the hidden house is the fortress. To expose the house, one must plow off the crest of the ridge. Before a fortress can be breached, the glacis must be plowed with cannon balls. The breach is practicable when the crown of the glacis has been shorn away by projectiles, the opposite wall exposed and shattered, and the formidable ditch partially

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filled with the débris of wall and glacis. But there are other defenses. The ditch is enfiladed by a cross-fire from the bastions. Unless that fire is silenced, an assault is suicide.

The errand of these four men was to learn whether a gully had been plowed through the glacis, the ditch filled with débris, the curtain-wall broken down and the bastion guns dismounted!

Fifty thousand desperate Hindoos defended the city; fifty guns had belched fire from the north wall. The British batteries had quelled them, but were they silenced? That some were was certain; that all were was unlikely; would they reopen their fire, now that some of the English batteries had ceased firing, compelled by regard for the safety of their own scouts?

The lives of Greathed and his companions hung upon that; but they went gaily down across that deadly plain, swept by thousands of muskets and dozens of cannon. The field was dim with smoke, and the deadly rain of British shells had cleared the parapet of the enemy. So far, that was in their favor; but their duty carried them within fifty feet of the fortress walls, behind which lay thousands of foes, certain to reappear on the parapet when a slackening of the British fire should betray that a reconnoissance was in progress.

There was a handbreadth of time during which they had a chance for life—the momentary lull when all the batteries converging on the Kashmir Bastion should become dumb. That would happen when they reached the line of the converging fire; the batteries in their rear were already silent. For a brief moment the enemy would not note the change and would remain inactive; then the walls would blaze with fire. It might be two minutes, three, five—within that time they must rush forward, throw themselves into the ditch, climb the opposite slope if the smoke obscured their view,

HOW THEY TOOK THE KASHMIR BASTION.

observe if the stone curtain-wall and parapet were breached and the guns dismounted; if the débris of wall and scarp and glacis had so filled the ditch that long rugged slopes replaced fifty feet of almost sheer walls, and then—return!

It was a matter of seconds; they would never return if they were discovered, and to linger made discovery certain. They must leap into the ditch; if the breach were "practicable" there would be slopes; if not, there would be sheer walls. To them those walls would mean inevitable death. They would not go back. The General would know that there were still walls where he hoped for slopes; and the batteries would resume their incomplete work.

They went; and they returned!

"Come back, have you?" said the General. "Huh! Didn't expect it! Well, we'll assault at daylight!"

His tone was gruff; but there was admiration and affection in his eye.

II

AS the coming dawn faintly streaked the eastern sky with gray, a handful of men clambered over the British trenches and moved rapidly toward the Kashmir Gate. They numbered fourteen. In the gloom of the night all things were grotesque, formless; but these were terrifying in their distortion. They seemed not men, but monsters, huge, deformed, devoid of all human semblance.

This was because each man carried upon his shoulder a burden which blotted out his contour and transformed him seemingly into a vast, misshapen, headless trunk.

These burdens were sacks, which over-topped those

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who carried them, and in the gloom made them seem monsters. The sacks contained powder.


Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, Sergeants Smith and Carmichael, Corporal Burgess and Trumpeter Hawthorne, and eight native sappers, had undertaken a simple duty—to carry four hundred pounds of powder in bags a quarter of a mile in the face of the enemy, to scramble across the great moat, to advance to the Kashmir Gate, held by a strong force of the enemy, to stack the powder against it, and to blow open the gate!

Their task was both deadly and momentous. The fate of the army, perhaps of India, hung upon their success. The columns of assault would escalate the breach and clear the parapet; from thence they would hurl themselves into a tangle of streets, swept by the enemy's cannon, swarming with armed foes, blocked by barricades, the housetops raining bullets. Without artillery, without formation, they would break into little knots, isolated, fighting with desperate valor, one against hundreds, the bayonet attacking grape-shot. To essay this without support, without field-guns, was to court annihilation; to struggle forward, leaving in their rear a strong body of the enemy holding the main guard and gate was to make annihilation sure.

It would be impossible to maintain the assault—six thousand men against fifty thousand—unless support and guns could reach them. If the Kashmir Gate were not destroyed, the British army would be wiped out!

It was for this that the little band of brave men without were hastening onward to a noble duty, leading to almost inevitable death.

The assault was on. Down to the east a thousand men were fighting their way up the shattered walls of the Kashmir Bastion; the second column, eight hundred and fifty strong, was storming the breach in the



The Kashmir Bastion—1857



HOW THEY TOOK THE KASHMIR BASTION.

Water Bastion. No longer quelled by the English batteries, the Sepoy infantry, frantic with rage and fear, thronged the parapets, hoping by one last desperate rally to overwhelm the hated foreign devils whom nothing could daunt; and tens of thousands of rifles belched fire and lead.

It was against this fire-fringed wall that the forlorn hope was hastening, yet undiscovered, but under heavy fire.

The Sepoy army had made desperate sallies to break the British lines. For this they were compelled to preserve means of egress. Opposite each of the city gates the great ditch was crossed by a bridge, protected by strong barriers and commanded by direct and enfilading fire.

These barriers should have been closed and strongly guarded. But there were outer trenches filled with Indian soldiers; the barrier gates had been opened to admit the retreating Sepoys, and in the confusion had been left open and without defenders. An assault upon the gate was undreamed of; such wild audacity was beyond even the English devils. So they left a pathway to the vitals of their defences, and out of the gloom and smoke Nemesis swept down upon them in the guise of an indomitable band, exalted in the bravery that had already said farewell to life, and armed with dreadful potency of destruction.

In an instant Home, Salkeld and their companions had rushed across the bridge, passed the barrier, and reached the great double gate of huge oak beams banded with iron and crossed within by massive bars.

"Now then, men, look sharp! and we'll show these brown cut-throats some fire-works worth seeing!"

Lieutenant Home was the speaker. He had theories about explosives, about methods for properly directing the dynamic energies evolved by the sudden transfor-

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

mation of the static forces of gunpowder. The gate was to be blown open by his theory of proper tamping. Hence he directed the placing of the powder.

They screwed strong clamps upon the gate. These held in place a row of strong timber baulks. Within, the sacks of powder, slit open at the inner end, were stacked close against the gate. The space between the sacks and the baulks was filled with damp sand, rammed hard. A tamping of sand was spread over all.

"Now, screw 'em up hard," said Home. "That gives the proper angle of incidence—sends all the energy against the objective, don't you see! All ready, Salkeld?"

Salkeld was ready. He stood a little aside, waiting. "By order of the insurance department, smoking strictly forbidden," he said. Within reach of his arm were four hundred pounds of loose powder; and in his hand he carried the glowing port-fire, a dull-burning slow-match.

He turned to the eight Goorkhas. "You are dismissed from further attendance, Oh! heroes of Nepaul! You are brave men! Now go. Scat! Get into the ditch, quick!"

He stooped to attach the fuse. The Goorkhas sprang out from the sheltering arch.

On the instant the parapet above spat vicious gusts of fire. Death clutched at the fleeing men. None escaped unhurt. A tumbled heap of dead men lay at the head of the bridge; at the bottom of the moat, twenty feet below, lay a tangle of wounded men, torn by bullets, shattered by the fall.

The Englishmen staid. "Bound to see the whole show, y'know," remarked Home. Their duty was not yet done. One final act of self-devotion yet remained to crown their errand of destruction. The mine must

HOW THEY TOOK THE KASHMIR BASTION

be fired, and none might retreat until the fierce sputter of the burning fuse told that their work was finished.

They sprang from the protection of the wall. They laid the fuse. Salkeld stooped to apply the fire. One second more had sufficed—but in that infinitesimal moment there came the horrible, muffled, crushing sound of missiles against living flesh, a choking gasp, a lightning-like convulsive straightening of Salkeld's bent form to its utmost height—his body rigid, every muscle tense, his arms extended, his eyes fixed and glaring from his upturned, contorted face.

An instant more, his tense muscles relaxed; and with swift helplessness he pitched limply forward upon his face, pierced by two bullets.

But the mine! He had not fired it! Salkeld did not forget. He turned and strove to raise himself. He could not. Then, lying prone, his body extended to the utmost, his arm outstretched as far as possible, his hand still grasping the burning port-fire, he sought to ignite the fuse!

There is a bravery that is sublime in its daring, that dauntlessly confronts death—but yet is animate with life and hope and aspiration.

There is a more transcendent bravery that towers above mere daring and becomes awful in its devotion, the bravery that puts all hope away, that denies itself the chance of life, and serenely offers a solemn sacrifice to duty upon the dread altar of self-immolation.

There are laurels for those who dare and live, myrtles for those who dare and die, but high above all in the roll of brave deeds are written the names of the few whose own hands placed the myrtle death-wreath upon their yet living brows, and giving their lives, thereby won deathless remembrance. Lieutenant Salkeld's name is written with these!

Wounded, crippled, impotent to retreat, lying almost

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upon a deadly mine, his life instantly forfeited should the explosion occur, he hesitated not a moment. He threw his sole chance of life behind him, and attempted to fire the mine!

Alas! he could not reach!

"Here, Burgess! Quick!" he cried; "light the fuse. I'm done for!"

Corporal Burgess rushed forward and seized the port-fire. As he looked at the helpless officer, for an instant he wavered.

"My God! Lieutenant! 'Twill blow your life out!" faltered Burgess.

"Oh, bother! Light it! Do you hear!"

Thus ordered Salkeld, the commander; and Burgess, the soldier, sought to obey. But again the enemy's rifles sent out a deadly volley, and Burgess fell dead.

The fuse was still unlighted. The fate of the British army hung on that smoldering spark, fallen from the dead man's hand. Sergeant Carmichael threw himself upon the port-fire, held it to the raw end of the fuse—and fell prone, mortally wounded, with fuse and port-fire beneath him.

Was this the end? No! Sergeant Smith sprang to that heap of dead and wounded men, to take his turn at the ghastly game of life and death. But it was needless. Carmichael had succeeded, and the fuse was alight. A single instant more and the explosion would follow!

In that instant Home, Smith and Hawthorne threw themselves over the verge and were safe.

A huge, stunning, overpowering roar that smothered all the din of battle; a tremendous concussion; a vivid, blinding flash; a seething, writhing, choking curtain of yellow smoke; and the Kashmir Gate and the parapet above it were riven into fragments, shattered, destroyed utterly!

HOW THEY TOOK THE KASHMIR BASTION.

But, alas! two dead heroes and one mortally wounded and soon to die lay without, beneath the débris.

But war does not pause for dead men. From the moat beneath the ruined gate Trumpeter Hawthorne's bugle sounded the advance, and at the eagerly waited signal that the gate was down, Campbell's column swept to the assault. Ere the smoke had cleared away a thousand British soldiers were swarming through the gap where the Kashmir Gate had been.

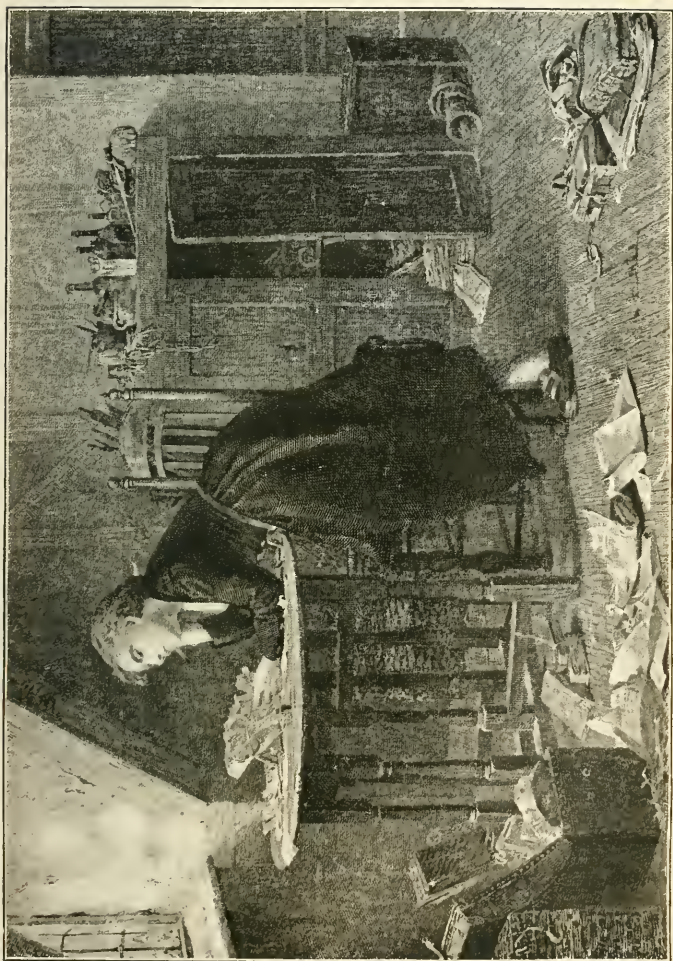
The Gate was won; the Main Guard was won, and Delhi must fall!

It was thus that they took the Kashmir Bastion.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDY



Thomas Chatterton—the Boy Poet



BRISTOWE TRAGEDY

Thomas Chatterton

CHE feathered songster chanticleer
Had wound his bugle horn,
And told the early villager
The coming of the morn.

King Edward sawe the ruddy streaks
Of light eclipse the grey;
And heard the raven's croaking throat
Proclaim the fated day.

"Thou'rt right," quoth he, "for, by the God
That sits enthroned on high!
Charles Bawdin, and his fellows twain,
To-day shall surely die."

Then with a jug of nappy ale
His knights did on him wait.
"Go tell the traitor, that to-day
He leaves this mortal state."

Sir Canterlone then bended low,
With heart brimful of woe;
He journeyed to the castle-gate,
And to Sir Charles did go.

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

But when he came, his children twain,
And eke his loving wife,
With briny tears did wet the floor,
For good Sir Charles's life.

"O good Sir Charles!" said Canterlone,
"Bad tidings do I bring."
"Speak boldly, man," said brave Sir Charles,
"What says thy traitor king?"

"I grieve to tell, before yon sun
Does from the welkin fly,
He hath upon his honor sworn,
That thou shalt surely die."

"We all must die," quoth brave Sir Charles.
"Of that I'm not affeared;
What boots to live a little space?
Thank Jesu, I'm prepared;

"But tell thy king, for mine he's not,
I'd sooner die to-day
Than live his slave, as many are,
Though I should live for aye."

Then Canterlone he did go out,
To tell the mayor straight
To get all things in readiness
For good Sir Charles's fate.

Then Master Canning sought the king,
And fell down on his knee:
"I'm come," quoth he, "unto your grace
To move your clemency."

BRISTOWE TRAGEDY.

Then quoth the king, "Your tale speak out,
You have been much our friend;
Whatever your request may be,
We will to it attend."

"My noble liege! all my request
Is for a noble knight.
Who, though mayhap he has done wrong,
He thought it still was right:

"He has a spouse and children twain,
All ruined are for aye,
If that you are resolved to let
Charles Bawdin die to-day."

"Speak not of such a traitor vile,"
The king in fury said;
"Before the evening star doth shine,
Bawdin shall loose his head;

"Justice does loudly for him call,
And he shall have his meed;
Speak, Master Canning! What thing else
At present do you need?"

"My noble liege," good Canning said,
"Leave justice to our God,
And lay the iron rule aside;
Be thine the olive rod.

"Was God to search our hearts and reins,
The best were sinners great;
Christ's vicar only knows no sin,
In all this mortal state.

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

"Let mercy rule thine infant reign,
'Twill fast thy crown full sure;
From race to race thy family
All sovereigns shall endure:

"But if with blood and slaughter thou
Begin thy infant reign,
Thy crown upon thy children's brows
Will never long remain."

"Canning, away! this traitor vile
Has scorned my power and me;
How canst thou then for such a man
Intreat my clemency?"

"My noble liege! the truly brave
Will val'rous actions prize,
Respect a brave and noble mind,
Although in enemies."

"Canning, away! By God in Heaven,
That did my being give,
I will not taste a bit of bread
Whilst this Sir Charles doth live.

"By Mary and all Saints in Heaven,
This sun shall be his last;"
Then Canning dropped a briny tear,
And from the presence passed.

With heart brimful of gnawing grief,
He to Sir Charles did go,
And sat him down upon a stool,
And teares began to flow.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDY.

"We all must die," quoth brave Sir Charles,
"What boots it how or when;
Death is the sure, the certain fate
Of all we mortal men.

"Say, why, my friend, thy honest soul
Runs over at thine eye;
Is it for my most welcome doom
That thou dost child-like cry?"

Quoth godly Canning, "I do weep,
That thou so soon must die,
And leave thy sons and helpless wife;
'Tis this that wets mine eye."

"Then dry the tears that out thine eye
From godly fountains spring;
Death I despise, and all the power
Of Edward, traitor king.

"When through the tyrant's welcome means
I shall resign my life,
The God I serve will soon provide
For both my sons and wife.

"Before I saw the lightsome sun,
This was appointed me;
Shall mortal man repine or grudge
What God ordains to be?

"How oft in battle have I stood,
When thousands died around;
When smoking streams of crimson blood
Imbrued the fattened ground:

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

"How did I know that every dart
That cut the airy way,
Might not find passage to my heart,
And close mine eyes for aye?

"And shall I now, for fear of death,
Look wan and be dismayed?
No! from my heart fly childish fear,
Be all the man displayed.

"Ah! Godlike Henry! God forbend,
And guard thee and thy son,
If 'tis His will; but if 'tis not,
Why then His will be done.

"My honest friend, my fault has been
To serve God and my prince;
And that I no time-server am,
My death will soon convince.

"In London city was I born,
Of parents of great note;
My father did a noble arms
Emblazon on his coat:

"I make no doubt but he is gone
Where soon I hope to go;
Where we forever shall be blest,
From out the reach of woe:

"He taught me justice and the laws
With pity to unite;
And eke he taught me how to know
The wrong cause from the right:

BRISTOWE TRAGEDY.

“He taught me with a prudent hand,
To feed the hungry poor,
Nor let my servant drive away
The hungry from my door:

“And none can say but all my life
I have his wordys kept;
And summed the actions of the day
Each night before I slept.

“I have a spouse, go ask of her,
If I defiled her bed?
I have a king, and none can lay
Black treason on my head.

“In Lent, and on the holy eve,
From flesh I did refrain;
Why should I then appear dismayed
To leave this world of pain?

“No! hapless Henry! I rejoice,
I shall not see thy death;
Most willingly in thy just cause
Do I resign my breath.

“Oh, fickle people! ruined land!
Thou wilt ken peace nae moe;
While Richard's sons exalt themselves,
Thy brooks with blood will flow.

“Say, were ye tired of godly peace,
And godly Henry's reign,
That you did chop your easy days
For those of blood and pain?

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

"What though I on a sled be drawn,
And mangled by a hind?
I do defy the traitor's power,
He cannot harm my mind;

"What though, uphoisted on a pole,
My limbs shall rot in air,
And no rich monument of brass
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

"Yet in the holy book above,
Which time can't eat away,
There with the servants of the Lord
My name shall live for aye.

"Then welcome death! for life eterne
I leave this mortal life:
Farewell, vain world, and all that's dear
My sons and loving wife!

"Now death as welcome to me comes,
As e'er the month of May;
Nor would I even wish to live,
With my dear wife to stay."

Quoth Canning, "'Tis a goodly thing
To be prepared to die;
And from this world of pain and grief
To God in Heaven to fly."

And now the bell began to toll,
And clarions to sound;
Sir Charles he heard the horses' feet
A prancing on the ground:

BRISTOWE TRAGEDY.

And just before the officers
His loving wife came in,
Weeping unfeignèd tears of woe,
With loud and dismal din.

“Sweet Florence! now I pray, forbear—
In quiet let me die;
Pray God that every Christian soul
May look on death as I.

“Sweet Florence! why these briny tears?
They wash my soul away,
And almost make me wish for life,
With thee, sweet dame, to stay.

“’Tis but a journey I shall go
Unto the land of bliss;
Now, as a proof of husband’s love,
Receive this holy kiss.”

Then Florence, faltering in her say,
Trembling these wordys spoke,
“Ah, cruel Edward! bloody king!
My heart is well nigh broke:

“Ah, sweet Sir Charles! why wilt thou go,
Without thy loving wife!
The cruel axe that cuts thy neck,
It eke shall end my life.”

And now the officers came in
To bring Sir Charles away,
Who turnèd to his loving wife,
And thus to her did say:

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

"I go to life, and not to death;
Trust thou in God above,
And teach thy sons to fear the Lord,
And in their hearts Him love:

"Teach them to run the noble race
That I their father run:
Florence! should death thee take—adieu!
Ye officers, lead on."

Then Florence raved as any mad,
And did her tresses tear;
"Oh! stay, my husband! lord! and life!"—
Sir Charles then dropped a tear.

Till tired out with raving loud,
She fellen on the floor;
Sir Charles exerted all his might,
And marched from out the door.

Upon a sled he mounted then,
With looks full brave and sweet;
Looks that enshone ne more concern
Than any in the street.

Before him went the council-men,
In scarlet robes and gold,
And tassels spangling in the sun,
Much glorious to behold:

The friars of Saint Augustine next
Appearèd to the sight,
All clad in homely russet weeds,
Of godly monkish plight:

BRISTOWE TRAGEDY.

In different parts a godly psalm
Most sweetly did they chant;
Behind their backs six minstrels came,
Who tuned the strung bataunt.

Then five and twenty archers came;
Each one the bow did bend,
From rescue of King Henry's friends
Sir Charles for to defend.

Bold as a lion came Sir Charles,
Drawn on a cloth-laid sled,
By two black steeds in trappings white,
With plumes upon their head:

Behind them five and twenty more
Of archers strong and stout,
With bended bow each one in hand,
Marchèd in goodly rout:

Saint James's Friars marchèd next,
Each one his part did chant;
Behind their backs six minstrels came,
Who tuned the strung bataunt:

Then came the mayor and aldermen,
In cloth of scarlet decked;
And their attending-men each one,
Like Eastern princes trickt.

And after them a multitude
Of citizens did throng:
The windows were all full of heads,
As he did pass along.

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

And when he came to the high cross,
Sir Charles did turn and say,
"O Thou, that savest man from sin,
Wash my soul clean this day!"

At the great minster window sat
The king in mickle state,
To see Charles Bawdin go along
To his most welcome fate.

Soon as the sled drew nigh enough,
That Edward he might hear,
The brave Sir Charles he did stand up,
And thus his words declare:

"Thou seest me, Edward! traitor vile!
Exposed to infamy;
But be assured, disloyal man!
I'm greater now than thee.

"By foul proceedings, murder, blood,
Thou wearest now a crown;
And hast appointed me to die,
By power not thine own.

"Thou thinkest I shall die to-day;
I have been dead till now,
And soon shall live to wear a crown
For aye upon my brow;

"Whilst thou, perhaps, for some few years,
Shall rule this fickle land,
To let them know how wide the rule
'Twixt king and tyrant hand:

BRISTOWE TRAGEDY.

"Thy power unjust, thou traitor slave!
Shall fall on thy own head"—
From out of hearing of the king
Departed then the sled.

King Edward's soule rushed to his face,
He turned his head away,
And to his brother Gloucester
He thus did speak and say:

"To him that so-much-dreaded death
No ghastly terrors bring;
Behold the man! he spake the truth,
He's greater than a king!"

"So let him die!" Duke Richard said;
"And may each one our foes
Bend down their necks to bloody axe,
And feed the carrion crows."

And now the horses gently drew
Sir Charles up the high hill;
The axe did glister in the sun,
His precious blood to spill.

Sir Charles did up the scaffold go,
As up a gilded car
Of victory, by val'rous chiefs
Gained in the bloody war:

And to the people he did say,
"Behold you see me die,
For serving loyally my king,
My king most rightfully.

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM

“As long as Edward rules this land,
No quiet will you know;
Your sons and husbands shall be slain,
And brooks with blood shall flow.

“You leave your good and lawful king,
When in adversity;
Like me, unto the true cause stick,
And for the true cause die.”

Then he, with priests, upon his knees,
A prayer to God did make,
Beseeching Him unto Himself
His parting soul to take.

Then, kneeling down, he laid his head
Most seemly on the block;
Which from his body fair at once
The able headsman stroke;

And out the blood began to flow,
And round the scaffold twine;
And tears, enough to wash't away,
Did flow from each man's eyne.

The bloody axe his body fair
Into four partés cut;
And every part and eke his head,
Upon a pole was put.

One part did rot on Kynwulft-hill,
One on the minster tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen did devour;

BRISTOWE TRAGEDY.

The other on St. Powle's good gate,
A dreary spectacle;
His head was placed on the high cross,
In high-street most nobel.

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate:
God prosper long our king,
And grant he may, with Bawdin's soul,
In heaven God's mercy sing!

BUSSY D'AMBOIS

BUSSY D'AMBOIS

I

BUSSY D'AMBOIS

George Chapman, 1607

BUSSY D'AMBOIS, a poor soldier, having been grossly insulted by three Courtiers, challenges all three. Two Lords, who had witnessed the insult, take his part and join in the challenge. A NUNTIUS (Messenger) relates to KING HENRY the third of France (where the scene occurs) the circumstances of the fight: GUISE, BEAUPRÉ, and other Lords present.

Nuntius.—I saw fierce D'Ambois and his two brave friends

Enter the field, and at their heels their foes,
Which were the famous soldiers, Barrisor,
L'Anou, and Pyrrhot, great in deeds of arms:
All which arrived at the evenest piece of earth
The field afforded, the three challengers
Turn'd head, drew all their rapiers, and stood
rank'd;

When face to face the three defendants met them,
Alike prepared, and resolute alike.
Like bonfires of contributory wood
Every man's look show'd, fed with either's spirit;
As one had been a mirror to another,
Like forms of life and death each took from other:
And so were life and death mix'd at their heights,

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

That you could see no fear of death (for life)
Nor love of life (for death): but in their brows
Pyrrhot's opinion in great letters shone;
That "life and death in all respects are one."

Henry.—Pass'd there no sort of words at their encounter?

Nuntius.—As Hector 'twixt the hosts of Greece and
Troÿ,

When Paris and the Spartan king should end
The nine years' war, held up his brazen lance
For signal that both hosts should cease from arms,
And hear him speak; so Barrisor (advised)
Advanced his naked rapier 'twixt both sides,
Ripp'd up the quarrel, and compared six lives
Then laid in balance with six idle words;
Offer'd remission and contrition too:
Or else that he and D'Ambois might conclude
The others' dangers. D'Ambois liked the last:
But Barrisor's friends (being equally engaged
In the main quarrel) never would expose
His life alone to that they all deserved.
And (for the other offer of remission)
D'Ambois (that like a laurel put in fire
Sparkled and spit) did much much more than scorn
That his wrong should incense him so like chaff
To go so soon out, and, like lighted paper,
Approve his spirit at once both fire and ashes:
So drew they lots, and in them fates appointed
That Barrisor should fight with fiery D'Ambois;
Pyrrhot with Melynell; with Brisac, L'Anou:
And then like flame and powder they commix'd,
So sprightly, that I wish'd they had been spirits;
That the ne'er-shutting wounds, they needs must
open,

BUSSY D'AMBOIS.

Might as they open'd shut, and never kill.
But D'Ambois' sword (that lighten'd as it flew)
Shot like a pointed comet at the face
Of manly Barrisor; and there it stuck:
Thrice pluck'd he at it, and thrice drew on thrusts
From him, that of himself was free as fire;
Who thrust still, as he pluck'd, yet (past belief)
He with his subtle eye, hand, body, 'scaped;
At last the deadly bitten point tugg'd off,
On fell his yet undaunted foe so fiercely
That (only made more horrid with his wound)
Great D'Ambois shrunk, and gave a little ground:
But soon return'd, redoubled in his danger,
And at the heart of Barrisor seal'd his anger.
Then, as in Arden I have seen an oak
Long shook with tempests, and his lofty top
Bent to his root, which being at length made loose
(Even groaning with his weight) he gan to nod
This way and that, as loath his curled brows
(Which he had oft wrapt in the sky with storms)
Should stoop; and yet, his radical fibres burst,
Storm-like he fell, and hid the fear-cold earth:
So fell stout Barrisor, that had stood the shocks
Of ten set battles in your Highness' war
'Gainst the sole soldier of the world, Navarre.

Guise.—O piteous and horrid murder!

Beaupré.—Such a life
Methinks had metal in it to survive
An age of men.

Henry.—Such often soonest end.
Thy felt report calls on; we long to know
On what events the other have arrived.

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

Nuntius.—Sorrow and fury, like two opposite fumes
Met in the upper region of a cloud,
At the report made by this worthy's fall,
Brake from the earth, and with them rose revenge,
Entering with fresh powers his two noble friends:
And under that odds fell surcharged Brisac,
The friend of D'Ambois, before fierce L'Anou;
Which D'Ambois seeing, as I once did see,
In my young travels through Armenia,
An angry unicorn in his full career
Charge with too swift a foot a jeweler
That watch'd him for the treasure of his brow,
And, ere he could get shelter of a tree,
Nail him with his rich antler to the earth—
So D'Ambois ran upon revenged L'Anou,
Who eyeing the eager point borne in his face,
And giving back, fell back, and in his fall
His foe's uncurbed sword stopp'd in his heart:
By which time, all the life-strings of the two other
Were cut, and both fell, as their spirit flew
Upwards; and still hunt honor at the view.
And now, of all the six, sole D'Ambois stood
Untouch'd, save only with the others' blood.

Henry.—All slain outright but he?

Nuntius.—All slain outright but he:
Who kneeling in the warm life of his friends
(All freckled with the blood his rapier rain'd)
He kiss'd their pale lips, and bade both farewell.

A faint, sepia-toned portrait of Alexandre Dumas, Pere, showing him from the chest up. He has dark, wavy hair and is wearing a dark suit jacket over a white shirt and a dark bow tie. The portrait is centered on the page.

Portrait of Alexandre Dumas, Pere



II

THE MINIONS AND THE ANGEVINS

Alexander Dumas : Adapted from " La Dame de Montmoreau "

I THE WEDDING OF ST. LUC

IN the evening of a Sunday, in the year 1578, a splendid fête was given in the magnificent hotel just opposite the Louvre, on the other side of the water, by the family Montmorency, who, allied to the royalty of France, held themselves equal to princes. This fête was to celebrate the wedding of François d'Épinay de St. Luc, a great friend and favorite of the king, Henri III., with Jeanne de Cossé-Brissac, daughter of the marshal of that name.

The banquet had taken place at the Louvre, and the king, who had been with much difficulty induced to consent to the marriage, had appeared at it with a severe and grave countenance. His costume was in harmony with his face; he wore that suit of deep chestnut in which Clouet described him at the wedding of Joyeuse; and this kind of royal specter, solemn and majestic, had chilled all the spectators, but above all the young bride, at whom he cast many angry glances. The reason of all this was known to every one, but was one of those court secrets of which no one likes to speak.

Scarcely was the repast finished, when the king had

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

risen abruptly, thereby forcing every one to do the same. Then St. Luc approached him, and said, "Sire, will your majesty do me the honor to accept the fête, which I wish to give to you this evening at the Hôtel Montmorency?" This was said in an imploring tone, but Henri, with a voice betraying both vexation and anger, had replied:

"Yes, monsieur, we will go, although you certainly do not merit this proof of friendship on our part."

Then Madame de St. Luc had humbly thanked the king, but he turned his back without replying.

"Is the king angry with you?" asked the young wife of her husband.

"I will explain it to you after, mon amie, when this anger shall have passed away."

"And will it pass away?"

"It must."

Mademoiselle de Brissac was not yet sufficiently Madame de St. Luc to insist further, therefore she repressed her curiosity, promising herself to satisfy it at a more favorable time.

They were, therefore, expecting St. Luc at the Hôtel Montmorency, at the moment in which our story commences. St. Luc had invited all the king's friends and all his own; the princes and their favorites, particularly those of the Duc d'Anjou. He was always in opposition to the king, but in a hidden manner, pushing forward those of his friends whom the example of La Mole and Coconnas had not cured. Of course, his favorites and those of the king lived in a state of antagonism, which brought on rencontres two or three times a month, and in which it was rare that some one was not killed or badly wounded.

As for Catherine, she was at the height of her wishes; her favorite son was on the throne, and she reigned through him, while she pretended to care no more for

the things of this world. St. Luc, very uneasy at the absence of the royal family, tried to reassure his father-in-law, who was much distressed at this menacing absence. Convinced, like all the world, of the friendship of Henri for St. Luc, he had believed he was assuring the royal favor, and now this looked like a disgrace. St. Luc tried hard to inspire in them a security which he did not feel himself; and his friends, Maugiron, Schomberg, and Quelus, clothed in their most magnificent dress, stiff in their splendid doublets, with enormous frills, added to his annoyance by their ironical lamentations.

"Eh! mon Dieu! my poor friend," said Jacques de Levis, Comte Quelus, "I believe now that you are done for. The king is angry that you would not take his advice, and M. d'Anjou because you laughed at his nose."

"No, Quelus, the king does not come, because he has made a pilgrimage to the monks of the Bois de Vincennes; and the Duc d'Anjou is absent, because he is in love with some woman whom I have forgotten to invite."

"But," said Maugiron, "did you see the king's face at dinner? And as for the duke, if he could not come, his gentlemen might. There is not one here, not even Bussy."

"Oh! gentlemen," said the Duc de Brissac, in a despairing tone, "it looks like a complete disgrace. Mon Dieu! how can our house, always so devoted to his majesty, have displeased him?"

The young men received this speech with bursts of laughter, which did not tend to soothe the marquis. The young bride was also wondering how St. Luc could have displeased the king. All at once one of the doors opened and the king was announced.

"Ah!" cried the marshal, "now I fear nothing; if

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

the Duc d'Anjou would but come, my satisfaction would be complete."

"And I," murmured St. Luc; "I have more fear of the king present than absent, for I fear he comes to play me some spiteful tricks."

But, nevertheless, he ran to meet the king, who had quitted at last his somber costume, and advanced resplendent in satin, feathers, and jewels. But at the instant he entered another door opened just opposite, and a second Henri III., clothed exactly like the first, appeared, so that the courtiers, who had run to meet the first, turned round at once to look at the second.

Henri III. saw the movement, and exclaimed:

"What is the matter, gentlemen?"

A burst of laughter was the reply. The king, not naturally patient, and less so that day than usual, frowned; but St. Luc approached, and said:

"Sire, it is Chicot, your jester, who is dressed exactly like your majesty, and is giving his hand to the ladies to kiss."

Henri laughed. Chicot enjoyed at his court a liberty similar to that enjoyed thirty years before by Triboulet at the court of François I., and forty years after by Longely at the court of Louis XIII. Chicot was not an ordinary jester. Before being Chicot he had been "De Chicot." He was a Gascon gentleman, who, ill-treated by M. de Mayenne on account of a rivalry in a love affair, in which Chicot had been victorious, had taken refuge at court, and prayed the king for his protection by telling him the truth.

"Eh, M. Chicot," said Henri, "two kings at a time are too much."

"Then," replied he, "let me continue to be one, and you play Duc d'Anjou; perhaps you will be taken for him, and learn something of his doings."

BUSSY D'AMBOIS.

"So," said Henri, looking round him, "Anjou is not here."

"The more reason for you to replace him. It is settled; I am Henri, and you are François. I will play the king, while you dance and amuse yourself a little, poor king."

"You are right, Chicot, I will dance."

"Decidedly," thought De Brissac; "I was wrong to think the king angry, he is in an excellent humor."

All at once a voice rose above all the tumult.

"Oh!" said Henri, "I think I hear the voice of Chicot; do you hear, St. Luc, the king is angry."

"Yes, sire, it sounds as though he were quarreling with some one."

"Go and see what it is, and come back and tell me."

As St. Luc approached he heard Chicot crying:

"I have made sumptuary laws, and if they are not enough, I will make more, at least they shall be numerous if they are not good. By the horn of Beelzebub, six pages, M. de Bussy, are too much."

And Chicot, swelling out his cheeks, and putting his hand to his side, imitated the king to the life.

"What does he say about Bussy?" asked the king, when St. Luc returned. St. Luc was about to reply, when the crowd opening showed to him six pages, dressed in cloth of gold, covered with chains, and bearing on their breasts the arms of their masters, sparkling in jewels. Behind them came a young man, handsome and proud, who walked with his head raised and a haughty look, and whose simple dress of black velvet contrasted with the splendor of his pages. This was Bussy d'Ambois. Maugiron, Schomberg, and Quelus had drawn near to the king.

"See," said Maugiron, "here is the servant, but where is the master? Are you also in disgrace with him, St. Luc?"

FAMOUS TALES OF HEROISM.

"Why should he follow Bussy?" said Quelus.

"Do you not remember that when his majesty did M. de Bussy the honor to ask him if he wished to belong to him, he replied that, being of the House of Clermont, he followed no one, and belonged to himself."

The king frowned.

"Yet," said Maugiron, "whatever you say he serves the Duc d'Anjou."

"Then it is because the duke is greater than the king."

No observation could have been more annoying to the king than this, for he detested the Duc d'Anjou. Thus, although he did not answer, he grew pale.

"Come, come, gentlemen," said St. Luc, trembling, "a little charity for my guests, if you please; do not spoil my wedding-day."

"Yes," said the king, in a mocking tone; "do not spoil St. Luc's wedding-day."

"Oh!" said Schomberg, "is Bussy allied to the Brissacs? since St. Luc defends him."

"He is neither my friend nor relation, but he is my guest," said St. Luc. The king gave an angry look. "Besides," he hastened to add, "I do not defend him the least in the world."

Bussy approached gravely behind his pages to salute the king, when Chicot cried:

"Oh, la Bussy d'Amboise, Louis de Clermont, Comte de Bussy, do you not see the true Henri, do you not know the true king from the false? He to whom you are going is Chicot, my jester, at whom I so often laugh."

Bussy continued his way, and was about to bow before the king, when he said:

"Do you not hear, M. de Bussy, you are called?" and amidst shouts of laughter from his minions, he turned his back to the young captain. Bussy reddened with

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anger, but he affected to take the king's remark seriously, and turning round towards Chicot:

"Ah! pardon, sire," said he, "there are kings who resemble jesters so much that you will excuse me, I hope, for having taken a jester for a king."

"Hein," murmured Henri, "what does he say?"

"Nothing, sire," said St. Luc.

"Nevertheless, M. Bussy," said Chicot, "it was unpardonable."

"Sire, I was preoccupied."

"With your pages; monsieur," said Chicot; "You ruin yourself in pages, and, par la mordieu, it is infringing our prerogatives."

"How so? I beg your majesty to explain."

"Cloth of gold for them, while you a gentleman, a colonel, a Clermont, almost a prince, wear simple black velvet."

"Sire," said Bussy, turning towards the king's minions, "as we live in a time when lackeys dress like princes, I think it good taste for princes to dress like lackeys."

And he returned to the young men in their splendid dress the impertinent smiles which they had bestowed on him a little before. They grew pale with fury, and seemed only to wait the king's permission to fall upon Bussy.

"Is it for me and mine that you say that?" asked Chicot, speaking like the king.

Three friends of Bussy's now drew near to him. These were, Charles d'Antragues, François Vicomte de Ribeirac, and Livarot. Seeing all this, St. Luc guessed that Bussy was sent by Monsieur to provoke a quarrel. He trembled more than ever, for he feared the combatants were about to take his house for a battlefield.

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He ran to Quelus, who already had his hand on his sword, and said, "In Heaven's name be moderate."

"Parblue, he attacks you as well as us."

"Quelus, think of the Duc d'Anjou, who supports Bussy; you do not suppose I fear Bussy himself?"

"Eh! Mordieu, what need we fear, we belong to the king. If we get into peril for him he will help us."

"You, yes, but me," said St. Luc, piteously.

"Ah, dame, why do you marry, knowing how jealous the king is in his friendships?"

"Good," thought St. Luc, "every one for himself, and as I wish to live tranquil during the first fortnight of my marriage, I will make friends with M. Bussy." And he advanced towards him. After his impertinent speech, Bussy had looked round the room to see if any would take notice of it. Seeing St. Luc approach, he thought he had found what he sought.

"Monsieur," said he, "is it to what I said just now, that I owe the honor of the conversation you appear to desire?"

"Of what you have just said, I heard nothing. No, I saw you, and wished to salute you and thank you for the honor you have done me by your presence here."

Bussy, who knew the courage of St. Luc, understood at once that he considered the duties of a host paramount, and answered him politely.

Henri, who had seen the movement, said: "Oh, oh, I fear there is mischief there, I cannot have St. Luc killed. Go and see, Quelus; no, you are too rash; you Maugiron."

But St. Luc did not let him approach Bussy, but came to meet him, and returned with him to the king.

"What have you been saying to that coxcomb?" asked the king.

"I, sire?"

"Yes, you."

"I said good-evening."

"Oh! was that all?"

St. Luc saw he was wrong. "I said good-evening, adding that I would have the honor of saying good-morning to-morrow morning."

"Ah! I suspected it."

"Will your majesty keep my secret?" said St. Luc.

"Oh! parbleu, if you could get rid of him without injury to yourself——"

The minions exchanged a rapid glance, which Henri III. seemed not to notice.

"For," continued he, "his insolence is too much."

"Yes, yes," said St. Luc, "but some day he will find his master."

"Oh!" said the king, "he manages the sword well. Why does he not get bit by some dog?" And he threw a spiteful glance on Bussy, who was walking about, laughing at all the king's friends.

"Corbleu!" cried Chicot, "do not be so rude to my friends, M. Bussy, for I draw the sword, though I am a king, as well as if I was a common man."

"If he continue such pleasantries, I will chastise Chicot, sire," said Maugiron.

"No, no, Maugiron, Chicot is a gentleman. Besides it is not he who most deserves punishment, for it is not he who is most insolent."

This time there was no mistaking, and Quelus made signs to D'O and D'Epernon, who had been in a different part of the room, and had not heard what was going on. "Gentlemen," said Quelus, "come to the council; you, St. Luc, go and finish making your peace with the king."

St. Luc approached the king, while the others drew back into a window.

"Well!" said D'Epernon, "what do you want? I

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was making love, and I warn you if your recital be not interesting I shall be very angry."

"I wish to tell you that after the ball I set off for the chase."

"For what chase?"

"That of the wild boar."

"What possesses you to go, in this cold, to be killed in some thicket?"

"Never mind, I am going."

"Alone?"

"No, with Maugiron and Schomberg. We hunt for the king."

"Ah! yes, I understand," said Maugiron and Schomberg.

"The king wishes a boar's head for breakfast to-morrow."

"With the neck dressed à l'Italienne," said Maugiron, alluding to the turn-down collar which Bussy wore in opposition to their ruffs.

"Ah, ah," said D'Epernon, "I understand."

"What is it?" said D'O, "for I do not."

"Ah, look round you."

"Well?"

"Did any one laugh at us here?"

"Yes, Bussy."

"Well, that is the wild boar the king wants."

"You think the king——"

"He asks for it."

"Well, then, so be it. But how do we hunt?"

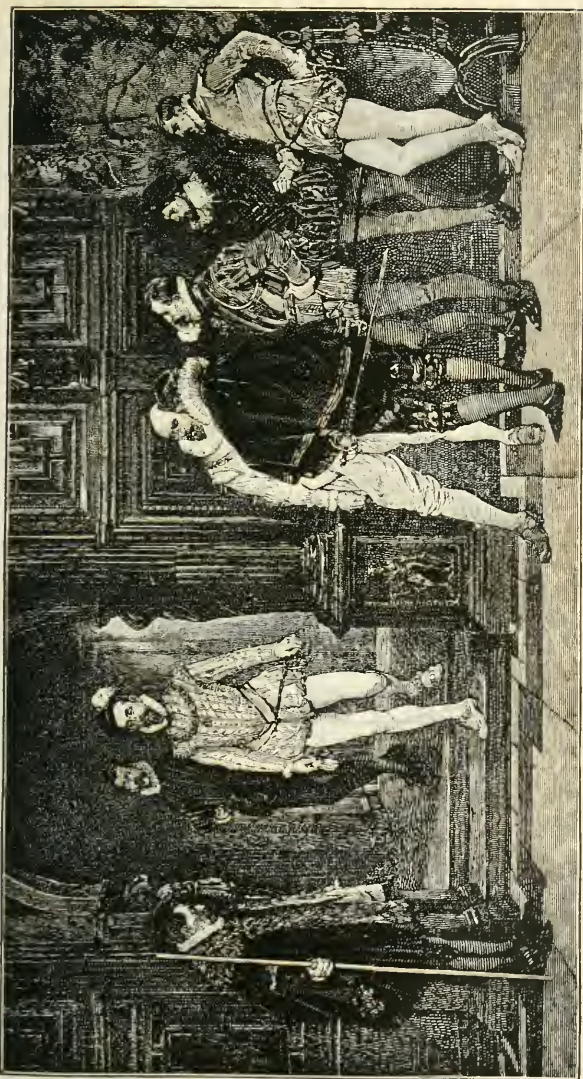
"In ambush; it is the surest."

Bussy remarked the conference, and, not doubting that they were talking of him, approached, with his friends.

"Look, Antragues, look, Ribeirac," said he, "how they are grouped; it is quite touching; it might be



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Euryale and Nisus, Damon and Pythias, Castor and —. But where is Pollux?"

"Pollux is married, so that Castor is left alone."

"What can they be doing?"

"I bet they are inventing some new starch."

"No, gentlemen," said Quelus, "we are talking of the chase."

"Really, Signor Cupid," said Bussy; "it is very cold for that. It will chap your skin."

"Monsieur," replied Maugiron, politely, "we have warm gloves, and doubtless lined with fur."

"Ah, that reassures me," said Bussy; "do you go soon?"

"To-night, perhaps."

"In that case, I must warn the king; what will he say to-morrow, if he finds his friends have caught cold?"

"Do not give yourself that trouble, monsieur," said Quelus; "his majesty knows it."

"Do you hunt larks?" asked Bussy, with an impertinent air.

"No, monsieur; we hunt the boar. We want a head. Will you hunt with us, M. Bussy?"

"No; really, I cannot. To-morrow I must go to the Duc d'Anjou for the reception of M. de Monsoreau, to whom monseigneur has just given the place of chief huntsman."

"But, to-night?"

"Ah! to-night, I have a rendezvous in a mysterious house of the Faubourg St. Antoine."

"Ah! ah!" said d'Epernon; "is the Queen Margot here, incognito, M. de Bussy?"

"No; it is some one else."

"Who expects you in the Faubourg St. Antoine?"

"Just so; indeed, I will ask your advice, M. de Quelus."

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"Do so; although I am not a lawyer, I give very good advice."

"They say the streets of Paris are unsafe, and that it is a lonely place. Which way do you counsel me to take?"

"Why, I advise you to take the ferryboat at the Pré-aux-Clercs, get out at the corner, and follow the Quay until you arrive at the great Châtelet, and then go through the Rue de la Tixanderie, until you reach the faubourg. Once at the corner of the Rue St. Antoine, if you pass the Hôtel des Tournelles without accident, it is probable you will arrive safe and sound at your mysterious house."

"Thanks for your route, M. de Quelus; I shall be sure to follow it." And saluting the five friends, he went away.

As Bussy was crossing the last saloon where Madame de St. Luc was, her husband made a sign to her. She understood at once, and going up, stopped him.

"Oh! M. de Bussy," she said; "every one is talking of a sonnet you have made."

"Against the king, madam?"

"No; in honor of the queen. Do tell it to me!"

"Willingly, madam;" and, offering his arm to her, he went off, repeating it.

During this time, St. Luc drew softly near his friends, and heard Quelus say:

"The animal will not be difficult to follow; thus then, at the corner of the Hôtel des Tournelles, opposite the Hôtel St. Pol."

"With each a lackey?" asked D'Epéron.

"No, no, Nogaret; let us be alone, and keep our own secret, and do our own work. I hate him, but he is too much a gentleman for a lackey to touch."

"Shall we go out all six together?"

"All five, if you please," said St. Luc.

"Ah, is it true, we forgot your wife?"

They heard the king's voice calling St. Luc.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the king calls me. Good sport; au revoir."

And then he left them; but instead of going straight to the king, he ran to where Bussy stood with his wife.

"Ah, monsieur, how hurried you seem," said Bussy.

"Are you going also to join the chase? It would be a proof of your courage, but not of your gallantry."

"Monsieur, I was seeking you."

"Really."

"And I was afraid you were gone. Dear Jeanne, tell your father to try and stop the king, whilst I say a few words tête-à-tête to M. Bussy." Jeanne went.

"I wish to say to you, monsieur," continued St. Luc, "that if you have any rendezvous to-night, you would do well to put it off, for the streets are not safe, and, above all, to avoid the Hôtel des Tournelles where there is a place where several men could hide. This is what I wished to say; I know you fear nothing, but reflect."

At this moment they heard Chicot's voice crying: "St. Luc! St. Luc! do not hide yourself; I am waiting for you to return to the Louvre."

II THE AMBUSH

The Porte St. Antoine was a kind of vault in stone, similar to our present Porte St. Denis, only it was attached by its left side to buildings adjacent to the Bastille. The space at the right, between the gate and the Hôtel Tournelles, was large and dark, little frequented by day, quite solitary at night, for all passers-by took the side next to the fortress, so as to be in some degree under the protection of the sentinel. Of

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course, winter nights were still more feared than summer ones.

That on which the events which we have recounted, and are about to recount, took place, was cold and black. Before the gate on the side of the city was no house, but only high walls, those of the church of St. Paul, and of the Hôtel des Tournelles. At the end of this wall was the niche of which St. Luc had spoken to Bussy. No lamps lighted this part of Paris at that epoch. In the nights when the moon charged herself with the lighting of the earth, the Bastile rose sombre and majestic against the starry blue of the skies, but on dark nights there seemed only a thickening of the shadows where it stood. On the night in question a practiced eye might have detected in the angle of the wall of the Tournelles several black shades, which moved enough to show that they belonged to poor devils of human bodies, who seemed to find it difficult to preserve their natural warmth as they stood there. The sentinel from the Bastile, who could not see them on account of the darkness, could not hear them either, for they talked almost in whispers. However, the conversation did not want in interest.

"This Bussy was right," said one; "it is a night such as we had at Warsaw, when Henri was King of Poland, and if this continues we shall freeze."

"Come, Maugiron; you complain like a woman," replied another. "It is not warm, I confess; but draw your mantle over your eyes, and put your hands in your pocket, and you will not feel it."

"Really, Schomberg," said a third; "it is easy to see you are German. As for me, my lips bleed, and my mustachios are stiff with ice."

"It is my hands," said a fourth; "on my honor, I would not swear I had any."

"You should have taken your mamma's muff, poor Quelus," said Schomberg.

"Eh! mon Dieu, have patience," said a fifth voice; "you will soon be complaining you are hot."

"I see some one coming," said Quelus.

The five companions saw approach a cavalier wrapped in a large cloak. The steps of his horse resounded on the frozen ground, and they went slowly and with precaution, for it was slippery.

"It is he," said Quelus.

"Impossible," said Maugiron.

"Why?"

"Because he is alone, and we left him with Livarot, Antragues and Ribeirac, who would not have let him run such a risk."

"It is he, however. Do you not recognize his insolent way of carrying his head?"

"Then," said D'O, "it is a snare."

"In any case, it is he; and so, to arms!"

It was, indeed, Bussy, who came carelessly down the Rue St. Antoine, and followed the route given him by Quelus; he had, as we have seen, received the warning of St. Luc, and, in spite of it, had parted from his friends at the Hôtel Montmorency. It was one of those bravadoes delighted in by the valiant colonel who said of himself: "I am but a simple gentleman, but I bear in my breast the heart of an emperor; and when I read in Plutarch the exploits of the ancient Romans, I think there is not one that I could not imitate." And besides, he thought that St. Luc, who was not ordinarily one of his friends, merely wished to get him laughed at for his precautions and Bussy feared ridicule more than danger.

He had, even in the eyes of his enemies, earned a reputation for courage, which could only be sustained by the rashest of adventures. Therefore alone, and

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armed only with a sword and poniard, he advanced towards the house where waited for him, no person, but simply a letter, which the Queen of Navarre sent him every month on the same day, and which he, according to his promise to the beautiful Marguerite, went to fetch himself, alone, and at night.

When he arrived at the Rue St. Catherine, his active eye discerned in the shade the forms of his adversaries. He counted them. "Three, four, five," said he, "without counting the lackeys, who are, doubtless, within call. They think much of me, it seems; all these for one man. That brave St. Luc did not deceive me, and were his even the first sword to pierce me, I would cry, 'Thanks for your warning, friend.'" So saying, he continued to advance; only his arm held his sword under his cloak, of which he had unfastened the clasp.

It was then that Quelus cried, "To arms!"

"Ah, gentlemen," said Bussy, "it appears you wish to kill me; I am the wild boar you had to hunt. Well, gentlemen, the wild boar will rip up a few of you; I swear it to you, and I never break my word."

"Possibly," said Schomberg; "but it is not right, M. Bussy d'Ambois, that you should be on horseback and we on foot." And as he spoke, the arm of the young man, covered with white satin, which glistened in the moonlight, came from under his cloak, and Bussy felt his horse give way under him. Schomberg had, with an address peculiar to himself, pierced the horse's leg with a kind of cutlass, of which the blade was heavier than the handle, and which had remained in the wound. The animal gave a shrill cry and fell on his knees. Bussy, always ready, jumped at once to the ground, sword in hand.

"Ah!" cried he, "my favorite horse; you shall pay for this." And as Schomberg approached incautiously,

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Bussy gave him a blow which pierced his thigh. Schomberg uttered a cry.

"Well!" said Bussy, "have I kept my word?—one already. It was the wrist of Bussy, and not his horse's leg you should have cut."

In an instant, while Schomberg bound up his thigh with his handkerchief, Bussy presented the point of his long sword to his four other assailants, disdaining to cry for help, but retreating gradually, not to fly, but to gain a wall, against which to support himself, and prevent his being attacked behind, making all the while constant thrusts, and feeling sometimes that soft resistance of the flesh which showed that his blows had taken effect. Once he slipped for an instant. That instant sufficed for Quelus to give him a wound in the side.

"Touched!" cried Quelus.

"Yes, in the doublet," said Bussy, who would not even acknowledge his hurt. And rushing on Quelus, with a vigorous effort, he made his sword fly from his hand. But he could not pursue his advantage, for D'O, D'Epernon, and Maugiron attacked him with fresh fury. Schomberg had bound his wound, and Quelus picked up his sword. Bussy made a bound backwards, and reached the wall. There he stopped, strong as Achilles, and smiling at the tempest of blows which rained around him. All at once he felt a cloud pass over his eyes. He had forgotten his wound, but these symptoms of fainting recalled it to him.

"Ah! you falter!" cried Quelus.

"Judge of it!" cried Bussy. And with the hilt of his sword he struck him on the temple. Quelus fell under the blow. Then, furious—wild, he rushed forward, uttering a terrible cry. D'O and D'Epernon drew back, Maugiron was raising Quelus when Bussy broke his sword with his foot, and wounded the right arm of

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D'Epernon. For a moment he was conqueror, but Quelus recovered himself, and four swords flashed again. Bussy felt himself lost. He gathered all his strength to retreat once more step by step. Already the perspiration was cold on his brow, and the ringing in his ears and the cloud over his eyes warned him that his strength was giving way. He sought for the wall with his left hand, to his astonishment it yielded. It was a door not quite closed. Then he regained hope, and strength for a last effort. For a second his blows were rapid and violent. Then he let himself glide inside the door, and pushed it to with a violent blow. It shut, and Bussy was saved. He heard the furious blows of his enemies on the door, their cries of rage, and wrathful imprecations. Then, the ground seemed to fail under his feet, and the walls to move. He made a few steps forward, and fell on the steps of a staircase. He knew no more, but seemed to descend into the silence and obscurity of the tomb.

III THE CHALLENGE

The king, red with fury, swore to the duke, who was pale with anger, that in the scene of the previous night Bussy was the aggressor.

"I affirm to you, sire," cried the duke, "that D'Epernon, Schomberg, and Quelus, were waiting for him at the Hôtel des Tournelles."

"Who told you so?"

"I saw them with my own eyes."

"In that darkness! The night was pitch dark."

"I knew their voices."

"They spoke to you?"

"Yes, I."

"And what were you doing there?"

"What does that matter to you?"

"I wish to know; I am curious to-day."

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"I was going to Manasses."

"A Jew?"

"You go to Ruggieri, a poisoner."

"I go where I like: I am the king. Besides, as I said, Bussy was the aggressor."

"Where?"

"At St. Luc's ball."

"Bussy provoked five men? No, no, he is brave, but he is not mad."

"Par la mordieu! I tell you I heard him. Besides, he has wounded Schomberg in the thigh, D'Epéron in the arm, and half killed Quelus."

"Ah! really, I did not know; I compliment him on it."

"I will make an example of this brawler."

"And I, whom your friends attack, in his person and in my own, will know if I am your brother, and if——"

At this moment, Bussy, dressed in pale-green satin, entered the room.

"Sire!" said he, "receive my humble respects."

"Pardieu! here he is," cried Henri.

"Your majesty, it seems, was doing me the honor of speaking of me."

"Yes, and I am glad to see, that, in spite of what they told me, your look shows good health."

"Sire, blood drawn improves the complexion, so mine ought to be good this morning.

"Well, since they have wounded you, complain, and I will do you justice."

"I complain of nothing, sire."

Henri looked astonished. "What did you say?" said he to the duke.

"I said that Bussy had received a wound in his side."

"Is it true, Bussy?"

"The first prince of the blood would not lie, sire."

"And yet you do not complain?"

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"I shall never complain, sire, until they cut off my right hand and prevent my revenging myself, and then I will try to do it with my left."

"Insolent," murmured Henri.

"Sire," said the duke, "do justice; we ask no better. Order an inquiry, name judges, and let it be proved who prepared the ambush and the intended murder."

Henri reddened. "No," said he, "I prefer this time to be ignorant where the wrong lies, and to pardon every one. I wish these enemies to make peace, and I am sorry that Schomberg and D'Epéron are kept at home by their wounds. Say, M. d'Anjou, which do you call the most forward to fight of all my friends, as you say you saw them?"

"Sire, it was Quelus."

"Ma foi, yes," said Quelus, "his highness is right."

"Then," said Henri, "let MM. Bussy and Quelus make peace in the name of all."

"Oh! oh!" said Quelus, "what does that mean, sire?"

"It means that you are to embrace here before me."

Quelus frowned.

"Ah, signor," cried Bussy, imitating a pantaloon, "will you not do me this favor?"

Even the king laughed. Then, approaching Quelus, Bussy threw his arms round his neck, saying, "The king wishes it."

"I hope it engages us to nothing," whispered Quelus.

"Be easy," answered Bussy, "we will meet soon."

Quelus drew back in a rage.

The king rose and went away, and Bussy continued to converse with Chicot. As soon as Bussy was alone, Quelus approached him.

"Good morning, M. Quelus," said Bussy, graciously, "may I have the honor of asking how you are?"

"Very bad."

"Oh! mon Dieu! what is the matter?"

"Something annoys me infinitely."

"Something! And you are not powerful enough to get rid of it?"

"It is not some thing, but some one, that M. Quelus means," said Maugiron, advancing.

"And whom I advise him to get rid of," said Schomberg, coming forward on the other side.

"Ah! M. de Schomberg, I did not recognize you."

"Perhaps not; is my face still blue?"

"Not so; you are very pale. Are you not well?"

"Yes, it is with anger."

"Oh! then you have also someone who annoys you?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"And I also," said Maugiron.

"Really, gentlemen, you all look very gloomy."

"You forget me," said d'Epernon, planting himself before Bussy.

"Pardon me, M. d'Epernon, you were behind the others, as usual, and I have so little the pleasure of knowing you, that it was not for me to speak first."

It was strange to see Bussy smiling and calm among those four furious faces, whose eyes spoke with so terrible an eloquence, that he must have been blind or stupid not to have understood their language.

But Bussy never lost his smile.

"It seems to me that there is an echo in this room," said he, quietly.

"Look, gentlemen," said Quelus, "how provincial M. de Bussy has become; he has a beard, and no knot to his sword; he has black boots and a gray hat."

"It is an observation that I was just making to myself, my dear sir; seeing you so well dressed, I said to myself, 'How much harm a few weeks' absence does to a man; here am I, Louis de Clermont, forced to take a little Gascon gentleman as a model of taste.' But let

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me pass, you are so near to me that you tread on my feet, and I feel it in spite of my boots."

And turning away he advanced towards St. Luc, whom he saw approaching.

"Incredible!" cried all the young men, "we insulted him, he took no notice."

"There is something in it," said Quelus.

"Well!" said the king, advancing, "what were you and M. de Bussy saying?"

"Do you wish to know what M. de Bussy said, sire?"

"Yes, I am curious."

"Well, I trod on his foot, and insulted him, and he said nothing."

"What, gentlemen," cried Henri, feigning anger, "you dared to insult a gentleman in the Louvre!"

"Alas! yes, sire, and he said nothing."

"Well! I am going to the queen."

As the king went out of the great door, St. Luc entered by a side one, and advanced towards the four gentlemen.

"Pardon, M. Quelus," said he, "but do you still live in the Rue St. Honoré?"

"Yes, my dear friend; why do you ask?"

"I have two words to say to you."

"Ah!"

"And you, M. de Schomberg?"

"Rue Bethisy," said Schomberg, astonished.

"D'Epernon's address I know."

"Rue de Grenelle."

"You are my neighbor. And you, Maugiron?"

"Near the Louvre. But I begin to understand; you come from M. de Bussy."

"Never mind from whom I come. I have to speak to you, that is all."

"To all four of us?"

"Yes."

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"Then if you cannot speak here, let us all go to Schomberg's; it is close by."

"So be it." And the five gentlemen went out of the Louvre arm in arm.

Let us leave St. Luc a little while in Schomberg's room, and see what had passed between him and Bussy.

Once out of the hall, St. Luc had stopped, and looked anxiously at his friend.

"Are you ill?" said he, "you are so pale, you look as though you were about to faint."

"No, I am only choking with anger."

"You do not surely mind those fellows?"

"You shall see."

"Come, Bussy, be calm."

"You are charming, really; be calm, indeed! If you had had half said to you that I have had, some one would have been dead before this."

"Well, what do you want?"

"You are my friend; you have already given me proof of it. Are you great friends with those four gentlemen?"

"Ma foi! we are something like cats and dogs in the sun; as long as we all get the heat, we agree; but if one of us took the warmth from another, then I do not answer for the consequences."

"Well! will you go for me to M. Quelus, first?"

"Ah!"

"And ask him what day it will please him that I should cut his throat, or he mine?"

"I will."

"You do not mind it?"

"Not the least in the world. I will go at once if you wish it."

"One moment; as you go, just call on M. Schomberg and make him the same proposal."

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"Schomberg, too? Diable, how you go on! Well, as you wish."

"Then, my dear St. Luc, as you are so amiable, go also to M. Maugiron and ask him to join the party."

"What, three! Bussy, you cannot mean it. I hope that is all."

"No; from him go to M. d'Epernon."

"Four!"

"Even so, my dear friend; I need not recommend to a man like you to proceed with courtesy and politeness towards these gentlemen. Let the thing be done in gallant fashion."

"You shall be content, my friend. What are your conditions?"

"I make none; I accept theirs."

"Your arms?"

"What they like."

"The day, place and hour?"

"Whatever suits them."

"But——"

"Oh! never mind such trifles, but do it quickly; I will walk in the little garden of the Luxembourg; you will find me there when you have executed your commission."

"You will wait, then?"

"Yes."

"It may be long."

"I have time."

We know how St. Luc found the four young men, and accompanied them to Schomberg's house. St. Luc remained in the antechamber, waiting until, according to the etiquette of the day, the four young men were installed in the saloon ready to receive him. Then an usher came and saluted St. Luc, who followed him to the threshold of the saloon, where he announced "M. d'Espinay de St. Luc."

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Schomberg then rose and saluted his visitor, who, to mark the character of the visit, instead of returning it, put on his hat; Schomberg then turning towards Quelus, said:

"I have the honor to present to you M. Jacques de Levis, Comte de Quelus."

The two gentlemen bowed, and then the same ceremony was gone through with the others. This done, the four friends sat down, but St. Luc remained standing, and said to Quelus:

"M. le Comte, you have insulted M. le Comte Louis de Clermont d'Amboise, Seigneur de Bussy, who presents to you his compliments and calls you to single combat on any day and hour, and with such arms as may please you. Do you accept?"

"Certainly; M. de Bussy does me much honor."

"Your day and hour, M. le Comte?"

"To-morrow morning at seven o'clock."

"Your arms?"

"Rapier and dagger, if that suits M. de Bussy."

St. Luc bowed. Then he addressed the same questions to the others and received the same answers.

"If we all choose the same day and hour, M. de Bussy may be rather embarrassed," said Schomberg.

"Certainly," replied St. Luc, "M. de Bussy may be embarrassed, but he says that the circumstances would not be new to him, as it has already happened at the Tournelles."

"And he would fight us all four?"

"All four."

"Separately?"

"Separately or together."

The four young men looked at each other; then Quelus, red with anger, said:

"It is very fine of M. de Bussy, but, however little we may be worth, we can each do our own work; we will

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accept, therefore the count's proposal, fighting separately; or rather, which will be still better, as we do not seek to assassinate a gallant man, chance shall decide which of us shall fight M. de Bussy."

"And the three others?"

"Oh! M. de Bussy has too many friends, and we too many enemies, for them to remain with folded arms. Do you agree to this, gentlemen?"

"Yes!" cried all.

"If MM. Ribeirac, Antragues, and Livarot would join the party, it should be complete."

"Gentlemen," said St. Luc, "I will transmit your desires to M. de Bussy, and I believe I may promise that he is too courteous not to agree to your wishes. It therefore only remains for me to thank you in his name."

Then he took his leave, after throwing his purse to the four lackeys, whom he found outside, to drink to their masters' healths.

IV BUSSY'S ANTAGONIST

Bussy's friends presented themselves at the Louvre, magnificently dressed in silk, velvet, and embroidery. Henri III. would not receive them; they waited vainly in the gallery. It was MM. Quelus, Maugiron, Schomberg and d'Epéron who came to announce this news to them, with great politeness, and expressing all the regrets in the world.

"Ah! gentlemen!" said Antragues, "the news is sad, but coming from your mouths, it loses half its bitterness."

"Gentlemen," said Schomberg, "you are the flower of grace and courtesy. Would it please you to change

the reception which you have missed into a little promenade?"

"Ah! gentlemen, we were about to propose it."

"Where shall we go?" said Quelus.

"I know a charming place near the Bastile," said Schomberg.

"We follow you; go on."

Then the eight gentlemen went out, arm in arm, talking gayly on different subjects, until Quelus said, "Here is a solitary place, with good footing."

"Ma foi, yes."

"Well! we thought that you would one day accompany us here to meet M. de Bussy, who has invited us all here."

"It is true," said Bussy.

"Do you accept?" said Maugiron.

"Certainly; we rejoice at such an honor."

"That is well," said Schomberg; "shall we each choose an opponent?"

"No," said Bussy, "that is not fair; let us trust to chance, and the first one that is free can join the others."

"Let us draw lots, then," said Quelus.

"One moment," said Bussy; "first let us settle the rules of the game."

"They are simple; we will fight till death ensues."

"Yes, but how?"

"With sword and dagger."

"On foot?"

"Oh, yes! On horseback one's movements are not so free."

"Then, on foot."

"What day?"

"The soonest possible."

"No," said D'Eperon, "I have a thousand things to

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settle and a will to make; I would rather wait five or six days."

"So be it."

"Then draw lots."

"One moment! divide the ground into four compartments, each for a pair."

"Well said."

"I propose for number one, the long square between the chestnuts; it is a fine place."

"Agreed."

"But the sun? One would be turned to the east."

"No," said Bussy, "that is not fair;" and he proposed a new position, which was agreed to.

Schomberg and Ribeirac came first. They were the first pair; Quelus and Antragues the second; and Livarot and Maugiron the third. D'Epernon, who saw himself left to Bussy, grew very pale.

"Now, gentlemen," said Bussy, "until the day of the combat, let us be friends. Will you accept a dinner at the Hôtel Bussy?"

All agreed, and returned with Bussy to his hotel, where a sumptuous banquet united them till morning.

D'Epernon called upon Aurilly to tell him of his approaching duel, which disquieted him not a little. Bravery was never one of D'Epernon's prominent qualities, and he looked on a duel with Bussy as certain death. When Aurilly heard it, he told D'Epernon that Bussy practiced fencing every morning with an artist, lately arrived, who was said to have borrowed from all nations their best points, until he had become perfect. During this recital, D'Epernon grew livid with terror.

"Ah! I am doomed," said he.

"Well?"

"But it is absurd to go out with a man who is sure to kill me."

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"You should have thought of that before making the engagement."

"Peste! I will break the engagement."

"He is a fool who gives up his life willingly at twenty-five. But now I think of it——"

"Well?"

"M. de Bussy is sure to kill me."

"I do not doubt it."

"Then it will not be a duel, but an assassination."

"Perhaps so."

"And if it be, it is lawful to prevent an assassination by——"

"By?"

"A murder."

"Doubtless."

"What prevents me, since he wishes to kill me, from killing him first?"

"Oh, mon Dieu! nothing; I thought of that myself."

"It is only natural."

"Very natural."

"Only, instead of killing him with my own hands, I will leave it to others."

"That is to say you will hire assassins."

"Ma foi! yes, like M. de Guise for St. Megrin."

"It will cost you dear."

"I will give three thousand crowns."

"You will only get six men for that, when they know who they have to deal with."

"Are not six enough?"

"M. de Bussy would kill four before they touched him. Do you remember the fight in the Rue St. Antoine?"

"I will give six thousand; if I do the thing, I will take care he does not escape."

"Have you your men?"

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"Oh, there are plenty of unoccupied men—soldiers of fortune."

"Very well; but take care."

"Of what?"

"If they fail, they will denounce you."

"I have the king to protect me."

"That will not hinder M. de Bussy from killing you."

"That is true."

"Should you like an auxiliary?"

"I should like anything which would aid me to get rid of him."

"Well, a certain enemy of your enemy is jealous."

"And he is now laying a snare for him."

"Ah!"

"Well."

"But he wants money; with your six thousand crowns he will take care of your affairs as well as his own. You do not wish the honor of the thing to be yours, I suppose?"

"Mon Dieu! no; I only ask to remain in obscurity."

"Send your men, and he will use them."

"But I must know who it is."

"I will show you in the morning."

"Where?"

"At the Louvre."

"Then he is noble?"

"Yes."

"Aurilly, you shall have the six thousand crowns."

"Then it is settled?"

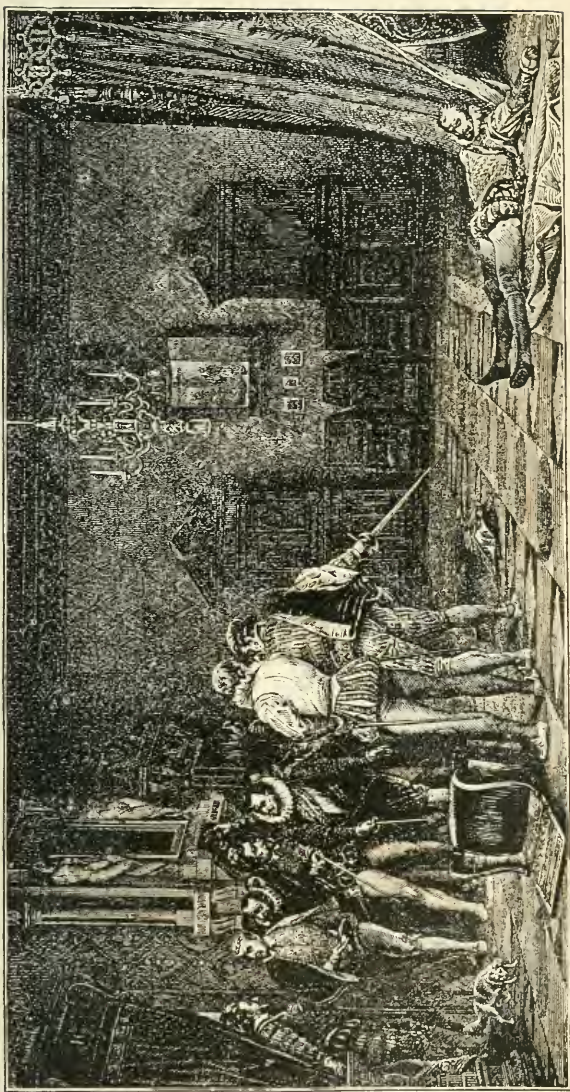
"Irrevocably."

"At the Louvre, then?"

"Yes, at the Louvre."

Aurilly said to D'Epernon, "Be easy, Bussy will not fight to-morrow."

Murder of Bussy



V THE ASSASSINATION

A pane of the window flew into pieces, then the window itself, and three armed men appeared on the balcony, while a fourth was climbing over. This one had his face covered with a mask, and held in his right hand a sword, and in his left a pistol.

Bussy remained paralyzed for a moment. The masked man made a sign, and the three others advanced. Bussy drew his sword.

"Ah! it is you, M. de Monsoreau," said Bussy, "throw off your mask."

"I will," said he, doing so.

"Let us finish, monsieur," said Bussy, "it was very well for Homer's heroes, who were demi-gods, to talk before they fought; but I am a man, attack me, or let me pass."

Monsoreau replied by a laugh which raised Bussy's anger.

During this time two other men mounted into the balcony.

"Two and four make six," said Bussy, "where are the others?"

"Waiting at the door."

Monsoreau turned to his men. "On, my brave fellows," said he.

"Oh!" said Bussy, "I was wrong; it is not a duel, but an assassination."

"Yes."

Instantaneously Bussy overturned the prie-dieu, drew a table towards him, and threw a chair over all, so that in a second he had formed a kind of rampart between himself and his enemies. This movement had been so rapid, that the ball fired at him from the arquebuse only struck the prie-dieu.

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The men advanced, and one tried to seize the prie-dieu, but before he reached it, Bussy's sword pierced his arm. The man uttered a cry, and fell back.

Bussy then heard rapid steps in the corridor, and thought he was surrounded. He flew to the door to lock it, but before he could reach it, it was opened, and Rémy rushed in.

"Ah! dear master!" cried a well-known voice, "am I in time?"

"Rémy!"

"Three more men," cried Monsoreau. And they saw three new assailants appear on the balcony.

Bussy, agile as a tiger, bounded on him, and touched him in the throat; but the distance was too great, it was only a scratch. Five or six men rushed on Bussy, but one fell beneath his sword.

"Here, my men, from the staircase," shouted Monsoreau.

"Ah! coward!" cried Bussy.

Monsoreau retreated behind his men. Bussy gave a back stroke and a thrust; with the first, he cleft open a head, and with the second pierced a breast.

"That clears!" cried he.

"Fly, master!" cried Rémy.

"Take care," cried Rémy again, as four men rushed in through the door from the staircase. Bussy saw himself between two troops.

Without losing a second, he rushed on the four men; and taken by surprise, two fell, one dead, one wounded.

Then, as Monsoreau advanced, he retreated again behind his rampart.

"Push the bolts, and turn the key," cried Monsoreau, "we have him now." During this time, by a great effort, Rémy had dragged himself before Bussy, and added his body to the rampart.

There was an instant's pause. Bussy looked around

him. Seven men lay stretched on the ground, but nine remained. And seeing these nine swords, and hearing Monsoreau encouraging them, this brave man, who had never known fear, saw plainly before him the image of death, beckoning him with its gloomy smile.

"I may kill five more," thought he, "but the other four will kill me. I have strength for ten minutes' more combat, in that ten minutes let me do what never man did before."

And rushing forward, he gave three thrusts, and three times he pierced the leather of a shoulder-belt, or the buff of a jacket, and three times a stream of blood followed.

During this time he had parried twenty blows with his left arm, and his cloak, which he had wrapped round it, was hacked to pieces.

The men changed their tactics; seeing two of their number fall and one retire, they renounced the sword, and some tried to strike with the butt-ends of their muskets, while others fired at him with pistols. He avoided the balls by jumping from side to side, or by stooping; for he seemed not only to see, hear, and act, but to divine every movement of his enemies, and appeared more than a man, or only man because he was mortal. Then he thought that to kill Monsoreau would be the best way to end the combat, and sought him with his eyes among his assailants, but he stood in the background, loading the pistols for his men. However, Bussy rushed forward, and found himself face to face with him. He, who held a loaded pistol, fired, and the ball striking Bussy's sword, broke it off six inches from the handle.

"Disarmed!" cried Monsoreau.

Bussy drew back, when suddenly one of the bodies raising itself, pushed a rapier into his hand. It was Rémy's last act of devotion. Bussy uttered a cry of

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joy, and threw away his broken sword; at the same moment Monsoreau fired at Rémy, and the ball entered his brain. This time he fell to rise no more.

Bussy uttered a cry. His strength seemed to return to him, and he whirled round his sword in a circle, cutting through a wrist at his right hand, and laying open a cheek at his left. Exhausted by the effort, he let his right arm fall for a moment, while with his left he tried to undraw the bolts behind him. During this second, he received a ball in his thigh, and two swords touched his side. But he had unfastened the bolt, and turned the key. Sublime with rage, he rushed on Monsoreau, and wounded him in the breast.

"Ah!" cried Bussy, "I begin to think I shall escape."

The four men rushed on him, but they could not touch him, and were repulsed with blows. Monsoreau approached him twice more, and twice more was wounded. But three men seized hold of the handle of his sword, and tore it from him. He seized a stool of carved wood, and struck three blows with it, and knocked two men, but it broke on the shoulder of the third, who sent his dagger into Bussy's breast.

Bussy seized him by the wrist, forced the dagger from him, and stabbed him to the heart. The last man jumped out of the window. Bussy made two steps to follow him, but Monsoreau raising himself from the floor, where he was lying, wounded him in the leg with his dagger. The young man seized a sword which lay near, and plunged it so vigorously into his breast, that he pinned him to the floor.

"Ah!" cried Bussy, "I do not know if I shall live, but at least I shall have seen you die."

Bussy dragged himself to the corridor, his wound bleeding fearfully. He threw a last glance behind him. The moon was shining brilliantly, and its light penetrated this room inundated with blood, and illuminated

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the walls pierced by balls, and hacked by blows, and lighted up the pale faces of the dead, which even then seemed to preserve the fierce look of assassins.

Bussy, at the sight of this field of battle, peopled by him with slain, nearly dying as he was, experienced a feeling of pride. As he had intended, he had done what no man had done before him. There now remained to him only to fly.

But all was not over for the unfortunate young man. On arriving on the staircase, he saw arms shine in the court-yard; some one fired, and the ball pierced his shoulder. The court being guarded, he thought of the little window, and as quickly as he could, he dragged himself there, and locked the door behind him; then he mounted the window with great difficulty, and measured the distance with his eyes wondering if he could jump to the other side.

"Oh! I shall never have the strength," cried he.

But at that moment he heard steps coming up the staircase; it was the second troop mounting. He collected all his strength, and made a spring; but his foot slipped, and he fell on the iron spikes, which caught his clothes, and he hung suspended.

He thought of his only friend.

"St. Luc!" cried he, "help! St. Luc."

"Ah! it is you, M. de Bussy," answered a voice from behind some trees.

Bussy shuddered, for it was not the voice of St. Luc.

"St. Luc!" cried he again, "come to me; I have killed Monsoreau."

"Ah! Monsoreau is killed?" said the same voice.

"Yes." Then Bussy saw two men come out from behind the trees.

"Gentlemen!" cried he, "in Heaven's name, help an unfortunate nobleman who may still escape if you aid him."

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"What do you say, monseigneur. What do you order?" said one.

"That you deliver him from his sufferings," said he with a kind of laugh.

Bussy turned his head to look at the man who laughed at such a time, and at the same instant an arquebuse was discharged into his breast.

"Cursed assassin!" murmured he, and fell back dead.

VI THE FRIENDS OF BUSSY

The friends of the Duc d'Anjou had passed as good and tranquil a night as those of the king, although their master had not taken the same care of them. After a good supper, they had all retired to sleep at Antragues' house, which was nearest the field of battle. They were up early in the morning, and dressed themselves in red breeches and socks, that their enemies might not see their blood, and they had doublets of gray silk. They wore shoes without heels, and their pages carried their swords, that their arms might not be fatigued.

The weather was splendid for love, war, or walking; and the sun gilded the roofs, on which the night dew was sparkling. The streets were dry, and the air delightful.

Before leaving the house, the young men had sent to the Hôtel d'Anjou to inquire for Bussy, and had received a reply that he had gone out the evening before and had not yet returned.

"Oh!" said Antragues, "I know where he is; the king ordered a grand chase at Compiègne, and M. de Monsoreau was to set off yesterday. It is all right, gentlemen; he is nearer the ground than we are, and

may be there before us. We will call for him in passing."

The streets were empty as they went along; no one was to be seen except peasants coming from Montreuil or Vincennes, with milk or vegetables.

The young men went on in silence until they reached the Rue St. Antoine.

Then they glanced at Monsoreau's house.

The young men arrived under the balcony. "M. de Monsoreau," they cried, "do you intend to be present at our combat? if so be quick, for we wish to arrive first."

They waited, but no one answered.

"Did you put up that ladder?" asked Antragues, of a man who was examining the ground.

"God forbid!" replied he.

"Why so?"

"Look up."

"Blood!" cried Ribeirac.

"The door has been forced," said Antragues; and seizing the ladder he was on the balcony in a moment.

"What is it?" cried the others, seeing him turn pale.

A terrible cry was his only answer. Livarot mounted behind him. "Corpses! death everywhere!" cried he. And they both entered the room. It bore horrible traces of the terrible combat of the previous night. A river of blood flowed over the room; and the curtains were hanging in strips from sword cuts.

"Oh! poor Rémy!" cried Antragues, suddenly.

"Dead!"

"Yes."

"But a regiment of troopers must have passed through the room," cried Livarot. Then, seeing the door of the corridor open, and traces of blood indicating that one or more of the combatants had also passed through there, he followed it. Meanwhile, Antragues

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went into the adjoining room; there also blood was everywhere, and this blood led to the window. He leaned out and looked into the little garden. The iron spikes still held the livid corpse of the unhappy Bussy. At this sight, it was not a cry, but a yell, that Antragues uttered. Livarot ran to see what it was, and Ribeirac followed.

"Look!" said Antragues, "Bussy dead! Bussy assassinated and thrown out of window."

They ran down.

"It is he," cried Livarot.

"His wrist is cut."

"He has two balls in his breast."

"He is full of wounds."

"Ah! poor Bussy! we will have vengeance!"

Turning round, they came against a second corpse.

"Monsoreau!" cried Livarot.

"What! Monsoreau also?"

"Yes; pierced through and through."

"Ah! they have assassinated all our friends."

"Bussy, poor Bussy."

"Yes, they wished to get rid of the most formidable of us all."

"It is cowardly! it is infamous!"

"We will tell the duke."

"No," said Antragues, "let us not charge any one with the care of our vengeance. Look, my friends, at the noble fate of the bravest of men; see his blood, that teaches that he never left his vengeance to any other person. Bussy! we act like you, and we will avenge you."

Then, drawing his sword, he dipped it in Bussy's blood.

"Bussy," said he, "I swear on your corpse, that this blood shall be washed off by the blood of your enemies."

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"Bussy," cried the others, "we swear to kill them or die."

"No mercy," said Antragues.

"But we shall be but three."

"True, but we have assassinated no one, and God will strengthen the innocent. Adieu, Bussy!"

"Adieu, Bussy!" repeated the others; and they went out, pale, but resolute, from that cursed house, around which a crowd had begun to collect.

Arriving on the ground, they found their opponents waiting for them.

"Gentlemen," said Quelus, rising and bowing, "we have had the honor of waiting for you."

"Excuse us," said Antragues, "but we should have been here before you, but for one of our companions."

"M. de Bussy," said D'Epernon, "I do not see him. Where is he?"

"We can wait for him," said Schomberg.

"He will not come."

All looked thunderstruck; but D'Epernon exclaimed:

"Ah, the brave man par excellence; is he then afraid?"

"That cannot be," said Quelus.

"You are right, monsieur," said Livarot.

"And why will he not come?"

"Because he is dead."

"Dead!" cried they all, but D'Epernon turned rather pale.

"And dead, because he has been assassinated," said Antragues. "Did you not know it, gentlemen?"

"No, how should we?"

"Besides, is it certain?"

Antragues drew his sword. "So certain that here is his blood," said he.

"M. de Bussy assassinated!"

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"His blood cries for vengeance; do you not hear it, gentlemen?" said Ribeirac.

"What do you mean?"

"Seek whom the crime profits,' the law says," replied Ribeirac.

"Ah! gentlemen, will you explain yourselves?" cried Maugiron.

"That is just what we have come for."

"Quick; our swords are in our hands," said D'Epernon.

"Oh! you are in a great hurry, M. de Gascon, you did not crow so loud when we were four against four."

"Is it our fault, if you are only three?"

"Yes, it is your fault; he is dead because you preferred him lying in his blood to standing here. He is dead, with his wrist cut, that that wrist might no longer hold a sword; he is dead, that you might not see the lightning of those eyes which dazzled you all. Do you understand? am I clear?"

"Enough, gentlemen," said Quelus, "retire, M. D'Epernon, we will fight three against three; these gentlemen shall see if we are men to profit by a misfortune which we deplore as much as themselves. Come, gentlemen," added the young man, throwing his hat behind him, and raising his left hand, while he whirled his sword with the right, "God is our judge if we are assassins."

"Ah! I hated you before," cried Schomberg, "and now I execrate you."

"On your guard, gentlemen!" cried Antragues.

"With doublets or without?" said Schomberg.

"Without doublets, without shirts, our breasts bare, our hearts uncovered."

The young men threw off their doublets and shirts.

"I have lost my dagger," said Quelus, "it must have fallen on the road."

"Or else you left it at M. de Monsoreau's, in the Place de la Bastile," said Antragues.

Quelus gave a cry of rage, and drew his sword.

"But he has no dagger, M. Antragues," cried Chicot, who had just arrived.

"So much the worse for him; it is not my fault," said Antragues.

VII THE COMBAT

The place where this terrible combat was to take place was sequestered and shaded by trees. It was generally frequented only by children, who came to play there during the day, or by drunkards or robbers, who made a sleeping place of it by night.

Chicot, his heart palpitating—although he was not of a very tender nature—seated himself before the lackeys and pages, on a wooden balustrade.

He did not love the Angevins and detested the Minions, but they were all brave young men, and in their veins flowed a generous blood, which he was probably destined to see flow before long.

D'Epernon made a last bravado. "What! you are all afraid of me?" he cried.

"Hold your tongue," said Antragues.

The combat began as five o'clock struck, and for a few minutes nothing was heard but the clashing of swords; not a blow was struck. At last Schomberg touched Ribeirac in the shoulder, and the blood gushed out. Schomberg tried to repeat the blow, but Ribeirac struck up his sword, and wounded him in the side.

"Now let us rest a few seconds, if you like," said Ribeirac.

Quelus, having no dagger, was at a great disadvantage, for he was obliged to parry with his left arm.

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and, as it was bare, on each occasion it cost him a wound. His hand was soon bleeding in several places, and Antragues had also wounded him in the breast; but at each wound he repeated, "it is nothing."

Livarot and Maugiron were still unwounded.

Ribeirac and Schomberg recommenced; the former was pierced through the breast, and Schomberg was wounded in the neck.

Ribeirac was mortally wounded, and Schomberg rushed on him and gave him another, but he, with his right hand, seized his opponent's and with his left plunged his dagger into his heart.

Schomberg fell back, dragging Ribeirac with him. Livarot ran to aid Ribeirac to disengage himself from the grasp of his adversary, but was closely pursued by Maugiron, who cut open his head with a blow of his sword. Livarot let his sword drop and fell on his knees. Then Maugiron hastened to give him another wound, and he fell altogether.

Quelus and Maugiron remained against Antragues. Quelus was bleeding, but from slight wounds.

Antragues comprehended his danger; he had not the least wound, but he began to feel tired, so he pushed aside Quelus's sword and jumped over a barrier; but at the same moment, Maugiron attacked him behind. Antragues turned, and Quelus profited by this movement to get under the barrier.

"He is lost," thought Chicot.

"Vive le roi!" cried D'Epernon.

"Silence, if you please, monsieur," said Antragues.

At that instant Livarot, of whom no one was thinking, rose on his knees, hideous from the blood with which he was covered, and plunged his dagger between the shoulders of Maugiron, who fell, crying out, "Mon Dieu! I am killed."

Livarot fell back again, fainting.

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"M. de Quelus," said Antragues, "you are a brave man; yield, I offer you your life."

"And why yield?"

"You are wounded, and I am not."

"Vive le roi!" cried Quelus. "I have still my sword." And he rushed on Antragues, who parried the thrust, and, seizing his arm, wrested his sword from him, saying, "Now, you have it no longer."

"Oh, a sword!" cried Quelus, and bounding like a tiger on Antragues, he threw his arms round him.

Antragues struck him with his dagger again and again, but Quelus managed to seize his hands, and twisted round him like a serpent, with arms and legs. Antragues, nearly suffocated, reeled and fell, but on the unfortunate Quelus. He managed to disengage himself, for Quelus' powers were failing him, and leaning on one arm gave him a last blow.

"Vive le r——," said Quelus, and that was all; the silence and terror of death reigned everywhere.

Antragues rose, covered with blood, but it was that of his enemy.

D'Epéron made the sign of the cross, and fled as if he were pursued by demons.

Chicot ran and raised Quelus, whose blood was pouring out from nineteen wounds.

The movement roused him, and he opened his eyes. "Antragues," said he, "on my honor, I am innocent of the death of Bussy."

"Oh! I believe you, monsieur," cried Antragues, much moved.

"Fly," murmured Quelus, "the king will never forgive you."

"I cannot abandon you thus, even to escape the scaffold."

"Save yourself, young man," said Chicot, "do not tempt Providence twice in one day."

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Antragues approached Ribeirac, who still breathed.

"Well?" asked he.

"We are victors," said Antragues, in a low tone, not to offend Quelus.

"Thanks," said Ribeirac, "now go."

And he fainted again.

Antragues picked up his own sword, which he had dropped, then that of Quelus, which he had presented to him. A tear shone in the eyes of the dying man. "We might have been friends," he murmured.

"Now, fly," said Chicot, "you are worthy of being saved."

"And my companions?"

"I will take care of them as of the king's friends."

Antragues wrapped himself in a cloak which his squire handed to him, so that no one might see the blood with which he was covered, and leaving the dead and wounded, he disappeared through the Porte St. Antoine.

VIII THE KING'S FRIENDS

The king, pale with anxiety, and shuddering at the slightest noise, employed himself in conjecturing, with the experience of a practiced man, the time that it would take for the antagonists to meet, and that the combat would last.

"Now," he murmured first, "they are crossing the Rue St. Antoine—now they are entering the field—now they have begun." And at these words, the poor king, trembling, began to pray.

Rising again, in a few minutes, he cried:

"If Quelus only remembers the thrust I taught him! As for Schomberg, he is so cool that he ought to kill Ribeirac; Maugiron also should be more than a match

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for Livarot. But, D'Epernon! he is lost; fortunately he is the one of the four whom I love least. But if Bussy, the terrible Bussy, after killing him, falls on the others! Ah, my poor friends!"

At this moment they heard a voice crying, "I must speak to the king at once."

The king recognized the voice, and opened the door.

"Here! St. Luc," cried he. "What is it? But, mon Dieu! what is the matter, are they dead?"

Indeed, St. Luc, pale, without hat or sword, and spotted with blood, rushed into the king's room.

"Sire," cried he, "vengeance, I ask for vengeance."

"My poor St. Luc, what is it? you seem in despair."

"Sire, one of your subjects, the bravest, noblest, has been murdered this night—traitorously murdered."

"Of whom do you speak?"

"Sire, you do not love him, I know, but he was faithful, and if need were, would have shed all his blood for your majesty, else he would not have been my friend."

"Ah!" said the king, who began to understand. And something like a gleam of joy passed over his face.

"Vengeance, sire, for M. de Bussy."

"M. de Bussy?"

"Yes, M. de Bussy, who twenty assassins poniarded last night. He killed fourteen of them."

"M. de Bussy dead?"

"Yes, sire."

"Then he does not fight this morning?"

St. Luc cast a reproachful glance on the king, who turned away his head.

"No, sire, he will not fight," said St. Luc, "and that is why I ask not for vengeance, I was wrong to call it so, but for justice; I love my king, and am, above all things, jealous of his honor, and I think that it is

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a deplorable service which they have rendered to your majesty, by killing M. de Bussy."

"Do you know what they will say?" continued St. Luc, "they will say, if your friends conquer, that it is because they first murdered Bussy."

The king shuddered.

Then they heard hasty steps and voices, followed by a deep silence; and then, as if a voice from heaven came to confirm St. Luc's words, three blows were struck slowly and solemnly on the door, by the vigorous arm of Crillon.

Henri turned deadly pale.

"Conquered," cried he; "my poor friends!"

"What did I tell you, sire?" cried St. Luc. "See how murder succeeds."

But the king saw nothing, heard nothing; he buried his face in his hands, and murmured, "Oh! my poor friends!"

PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN

PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN

I

PAUL, THE CHRISTIAN

Adapted from the Acts of The Apostles

I THE DEFENDERS OF PAGAN GODS

NOW after these things were ended, Paul purposed in the spirit, when he had passed through Macedonia and Achaia, to go to Jerusalem, saying, "After I have been there, I must also see Rome." And having sent into Macedonia two of them that ministered unto him, Timothy and Erastus, he himself stayed in Asia for a while.

About that time there arose no small stir concerning the Way. For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made silver shrines of Diana, brought no little business unto the craftsmen; whom he gathered together, with the workmen of like occupation, and said:

"Sirs, ye know that by this business we have our wealth. And ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods, which are made with hands: and not only

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is there danger that this our trade come into disrepute; but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana be made of no account, and that she should even be deposed from her magnificence, whom all Asia and the world worshippeth."

And when they heard this, they were filled with wrath, and cried out, saying, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" And the city was filled with the confusion: and they rushed with one accord into the theatre, having seized Gaius and Aristarchus, men of Macedonia, Paul's companions in travel.

And when Paul was minded to enter in unto the people, the disciples suffered him not. And certain also of the chief officers of Asia, being his friends, sent unto him, and besought him not to adventure himself into the theatre.

Some therefore cried one thing, and some another: for the assembly was in confusion; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together. And they brought Alexander out of the multitude, the Jews putting him forward. And Alexander beckoned with the hand, and would have made a defence unto the people. But when they perceived that he was a Jew, all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" And when the town clerk had quieted the multitude, he saith:

"Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there who knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is temple-keeper of the great Diana, and of the image which fell down from Jupiter? Seeing then that these things cannot be gainsaid, ye ought to be quiet, and to do nothing rash. For ye have brought hither these men, which are neither robbers of temples nor blasphemers of our goddess. If therefore Demetrius, and the craftsmen that are with him, have a matter against any man, the courts are open, and there are proconsuls: let them

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accuse one another. But if ye seek any thing about other matters, it shall be settled in the regular assembly. For indeed we are in danger to be accused concerning this day's riot, there being no cause for it: and as touching it we shall not be able to give account of this concourse." And when he had thus spoken, he dismissed the assembly.

And after the uproar was ceased, Paul having sent for the disciples and exhorted them, took leave of them, and departed for to go into Macedonia. And when he had spent three months there, and a plot was laid against him by the Jews, as he was about to set sail for Syria, he determined to return through Macedonia. For Paul had determined to sail past Ephesus, that he might not have to spend time in Asia; for he was hastening, if it were possible for him, to be at Jerusalem the day of Pentecost.

And when we had finished the voyage from Tyre, we arrived at Ptolemais; and we saluted the brethren, and abode with them one day. And on the morrow we departed, and came unto Cæsarea: and entering into the house of Philip the evangelist, who was one of the seven, we abode with him.

Now this man had four daughters, virgins, which did prophesy. And as we tarried there many days, there came down from Judea a certain prophet, named Agabus. And coming to us, and taking Paul's girdle, he bound his own feet and hands, and said, "Thus saith the Holy Ghost, 'So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle, and shall deliver him into the hands of the Gentiles.'"

And when we heard these things, both we and they of that place besought him not to go up to Jerusalem. Then Paul answered, "What do ye, weeping and breaking my heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord

Jesus." And when he would not be persuaded, we ceased, saying, "The will of the Lord be done."

And after these days we took up our baggage, and went up to Jerusalem. And when we were come to Jerusalem, the brethren received us gladly.

II THE SECTARIES OF JERUSALEM

The Jews from Asia, when they saw him in the temple, stirred up all the multitude, and laid hands on him, crying out:

"Men of Israel, help: This is the man, that teacheth all men everywhere against the people, and the law, and this place: and moreover, he brought Greeks also into the temple, and hath defiled this holy place." For they had before seen with him in the city Trophimus the Ephesian, whom they supposed that Paul had brought into the temple.

And all the city was moved, and the people ran together: and they laid hold on Paul, and dragged him out of the temple: and straightway the doors were shut. And as they were seeking to kill him, tidings came up to the chief captain of the band, that all Jerusalem was in confusion. And forthwith he took soldiers and centurions, and ran down upon them: and they, when they saw the chief captain and the soldiers, left off beating Paul. Then the chief captain came near, and laid hold on him, and commanded him to be bound with two chains; and inquired who he was, and what he had done. And some shouted one thing, some another, among the crowd: and when he could not know the certainty for the uproar, he commanded him to be brought into the castle.

And when he came upon the stairs, so it was, that he was borne of the soldiers for the violence of the crowd; for the multitude of the people followed after;

and they lifted up their voice, and said, "Away with such a fellow from the earth: for it is not fit that he should live." And as they cried out, and threw off their garments, and cast dust into the air, the chief captain commanded him to be brought into the castle, bidding that he should be examined by scourging, that he might know for what cause they so shouted against him.

And when they had tied him up with the thongs, Paul said unto the centurion that stood by, "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?" And when the centurion heard it, he went to the chief captain, and told him, saying, "What art thou about to do? for this man is a Roman."

And the chief captain came, and said unto him, "Tell me, art thou a Roman?"

And he said, "Yea."

And the chief captain answered, "With a great sum obtained I this citizenship."

And Paul said, "But I am a Roman born."

They then which were about to examine him straightway departed from him: and the chief captain also was afraid, when he knew that he was a Roman, and because he had bound him.

But on the morrow, desiring to know the certainty, wherefore he was accused of the Jews, he loosed him, and commanded the chief priests and all the council to come together, and brought Paul down, and set him before them.

And Paul looking steadfastly on the council, said, "Brethren, I have lived before God in all good conscience until this day." And the high priest Ananias commanded them that stood by him to smite him on the mouth. Then said Paul unto him, "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall: and sittest thou to judge me according to the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law?"

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And they that stood by said, "Revilest thou God's high priest?"

And Paul said, "I wist not, brethren, that he was high priest: for it is written, 'Thou shalt not speak evil of a ruler of thy people.'" But when Paul perceived that the one part were Sadducees, and the other Pharisees, he cried out in the council, "Brethren, I am a Pharisee, a son of Pharisees: touching the hope and resurrection of the dead I am called in question."

And when he had so said, there arose a dissension between the Pharisees and Sadducees: and the assembly was divided. And there arose a great clamor: and some of the scribes of the Pharisees' part stood up, and strove, saying, "We find no evil in this man: and what if a spirit hath spoken to him, or an angel?" And when there arose a great dissension, the chief captain, fearing lest Paul should be torn in pieces by them, commanded the soldiers to go down and take him by force from among them, and bring him into the castle.

And the night following the Lord stood by him, and said, "Be of good cheer: for as thou hast testified concerning me at Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome."

And when it was day, the Jews banded together, and bound themselves under a curse, saying that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul. And they were more than forty which made this conspiracy. And they came to the chief priests and the elders, and said, "We have bound ourselves under a great curse, to taste nothing until we have killed Paul. Now, therefore, do ye with the council signify to the chief captain that he bring him down unto you, as though ye would judge of his case more exactly: and we, or ever he come near, are ready to slay him."

But Paul's sister's son heard of their lying in wait,

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and came and entered into the castle, and told Paul. And Paul called unto him one of the centurions, and said, "Bring this young man unto the chief captain, for he hath something to tell him." So he took him, and brought him to the chief captain, and saith, "Paul the prisoner called me unto him, and asked me to bring this young man unto thee, who hath something to say to thee." And the chief captain took him by the hand, and, going aside, asked him privately:

"What is that thou hast to tell me?"

And he said, "The Jews have agreed to ask thee to bring down Paul to-morrow unto the council, as though thou wouldst inquire somewhat more exactly concerning him. Do not thou therefore yield unto them: for there lie in wait for him more than forty men, which have bound themselves under a curse, neither to eat nor drink till they have slain him: and now are they ready, looking for the promise from thee."

So the chief captain let the young man go, charging him, "Tell no man that thou hast signified these things to me." And he called unto him two of the centurions, and said, "Make ready two hundred soldiers to go as far as Cæsarea, and horsemen threescore and ten, and spearmen two hundred, at the third hour of the night," and he bade them provide beasts, that they might set Paul thereon, and bring him safe unto Felix the governor.

And he wrote a letter after this form:

AN EPISTLE

CLAUDIUS LYSIAS

Unto the most excellent Governor FELIX:

Greeting—

This man was seized by the Jews, and was about to be slain of them, when I came upon them with

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the soldiers, and rescued him, having learned that he was a Roman. And desiring to know the cause wherefore they accused him, I brought him down unto their council: whom I found to be accused about questions of their law, but to have nothing laid to his charge worthy of death or of bonds. And when it was shewn to me that there would be a plot against the man, I sent him to thee forthwith, charging his accusers also to speak against him before thee.

III PRISONER AT CÆSAREA

So the soldiers, as it was commanded them, took Paul, and brought him by night to Antipatris. But on the morrow they left the horsemen to go with him, and returned to the castle: and they, when they came to Cæsarea, and delivered the letter to the governor, presented Paul also before him. And when he had read it, he asked of what province he was; and when he understood he was of Cilicia, "I will hear thy cause," said he, "when thine accusers also are come:" and he commanded him to be kept in Herod's palace.

And after five days the high priest Ananias came down with certain elders, and with an orator, one Tertullus; and they informed the governor against Paul. And when he was called, Tertullus began to accuse him, saying:

"Seeing that by thee we enjoy much peace, and that by thy providence evils are corrected for this nation, we accept it in all ways and in all places, most excellent Felix, with all thankfulness. But, that I be not further tedious unto thee, I entreat thee to hear us of thy clemency a few words. For we have found this man a pestilent fellow, and a mover of insurrections among all the Jews throughout the world, and a ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes: who moreover assayed to

profane the temple: on whom also we laid hold: from whom thou wilt be able, by examining him thyself, to take knowledge of all these things, whereof we accuse him."

And the Jews also joined in the charge, affirming that these things were so. And when the governor had beckoned unto him to speak, Paul answered:

"Forasmuch as I know that thou hast been of many years a judge unto this nation, I do cheerfully make my defence: seeing that thou canst take knowledge, that it is not more than twelve days since I went up to worship at Jerusalem: and neither in the temple did they find me disputing with any man or stirring up a crowd, nor in the synagogues, nor in the city. Neither can they prove to thee the things whereof they now accuse me. But this I confess unto thee, that after the Way which they call a sect, so serve I the God of our fathers, believing all things which are according to the law, and which are written in the prophets: having hope toward God, which these also themselves look for, that there shall be a resurrection both of the just and unjust. Herein do I also exercise myself to have a conscience void of offence toward God and men alway. Now after many years I came to bring alms to my nation, and offerings: amidst which they found me purified in the temple, with no crowd, nor yet with tumult: but there were certain Jews from Asia—who ought to have been here before thee, and to make accusation, if they had aught against me: or else let these men themselves say what wrong-doing they found, when I stood before the council; except it be for this one voice, that I cried standing among them, Touching the resurrection of the dead I am called in question before you this day."

But Felix, having more exact knowledge concerning the Way, deferred them, saying, "When Lysias the chief captain shall come down, I will determine your

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matter." And he gave order to the centurion that he should be kept in charge, and should have indulgence; and not to forbid any of his friends to minister unto him.

But after certain days, Felix came with Drusilla, his wife, which was a Jewess, and sent for Paul, and heard him concerning the faith in Christ Jesus. And as he reasoned of righteousness and temperance, and the judgment to come, Felix was terrified, and answered, "Go thy way for this time; and when I have a convenient season, I will call thee unto me." He hoped withal that money would be given him of Paul: wherefore also he sent for him the oftener, and communed with him. But when two years were fulfilled, Felix was succeeded by Porcius Festus; and desiring to gain favor with the Jews, Felix left Paul in bonds.

IV PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA

Festus therefore, having come into the province, after three days went up to Jerusalem from Cæsarea. And the chief priests and the principal men of the Jews informed him against Paul; and they besought him, asking favor against him, that he would send for him to Jerusalem; laying wait to kill him on the way. Howbeit Festus answered, that Paul was kept in charge at Cæsarea, and that he himself was about to depart thither shortly. Let them therefore, saith he, which are of power among you, go down with me, and if there is anything amiss in the man, let them accuse him.

And when he had tarried among them not more than eight or ten days, he went down unto Cæsarea; and on the morrow he sat on the judgment-seat, and commanded Paul to be brought. And when he was come, the Jews which had come down from Jerusalem stood

round about him, bringing against him many and grievous charges, which they could not prove; while Paul said in his defence, "Neither against the law of the Jews, nor against the temple, nor against Cæsar, have I sinned at all." But Festus, desiring to gain favor with the Jews, answered Paul, and said:

"Wilt thou go up to Jerusalem, and there be judged of these things before me?"

But Paul said, "I am standing before Cæsar's judgment-seat, where I ought to be judged: to the Jews have I done no wrong, as thou also very well knowest. If then I am a wrong-doer, and have committed anything worthy of death, I refuse not to die: but if none of those things is true, whereof these accuse me, no man can give me up unto them. I appeal unto Cæsar."

Then Festus, when he had conferred with the council, answered, "Thou hast appealed unto Cæsar: unto Cæsar shalt thou go."

Now when certain days were passed, Agrippa, the king, and Bernice arrived at Cæsarea, and saluted Festus. And as they tarried there many days, Festus laid Paul's case before the king, saying:

"There is a certain man left a prisoner by Felix: about whom, when I was at Jerusalem, the chief priests and the elders of the Jews informed me, asking for sentence against him. To whom I answered, that it is not the custom of the Romans to give up any man, before that the accused have the accusers face to face, and have had opportunity to make his defence concerning the matter laid against him. When therefore they were come together here, I made no delay, but on the next day sat down on the judgment-seat, and commanded the man to be brought. Concerning whom, when the accusers stood up, they brought no charge of such evil things as I supposed; but had certain questions against him of their own religion, and of one

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Jesus, who was dead, whom Paul affirmed to be alive. And I, being perplexed how to inquire concerning these things, asked whether he would go to Jerusalem, and there be judged of these matters. But when Paul had appealed to be kept for the decision of the emperor, I commanded him to be kept till I should send him to Cæsar. And Agrippa said unto Festus, "I also could wish to hear the man myself." "To-morrow," saith he, "thou shalt hear him."

So on the morrow, when Agrippa was come, and Bernice, with great pomp, and they were entered into the place of hearing with the chief captains and the principal men of the city, at the command of Festus Paul was brought in. And Festus saith:

"King Agrippa, and all men which are here present with us, ye behold this man, about whom all the multitude of the Jews made suit to me, both at Jerusalem and here, crying that he ought not to live any longer. But I found that he had committed nothing worthy of death: and as he himself appealed to the emperor, I determined to send him. Of whom I have no certain thing to write unto my lord. Wherefore I have brought him forth before you, and specially before thee, King Agrippa, that, after examination had, I may have somewhat to write. For it seemeth to me unreasonable, in sending a prisoner, not withal to signify the charges against him."

And Agrippa said unto Paul, "Thou art permitted to speak for thyself." Then Paul stretched forth his hand, and made his defence:

"I think myself happy, King Agrippa, that I am to make my defence before thee this day touching all the things whereof I am accused by the Jews: especially because thou art expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews: wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently. My manner of life, then, from my

youth up, which was from the beginning among mine own nation and at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; having knowledge of me from the first, if they be willing to testify, how that after the straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand here to be judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers; unto which promise our twelve tribes, earnestly serving God night and day, hope to attain. And concerning this hope I am accused by the Jews, O king! Why is it judged incredible with you, if God doth raise the dead?

"I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many of the things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. And this I also did in Jerusalem: and I both shut up many of the saints in prisons, having received authority from the chief priests, and when they were put to death, I gave my vote against them. And punishing them oftentimes in all the synagogues, I strove to make them blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto foreign cities. Whereupon as I journeyed to Damascus with the authority and commission of the chief priests, at midday, O king, I saw on the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them that journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth I heard a voice saying unto me in the Hebrew language:

"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? it is hard for thee to kick against the goad.'

"And I said, 'Who art thou, Lord?'

"And the Lord said, 'I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But arise, and stand upon thy feet: for to this end have I appeared unto thee, to appoint thee a minister and a witness both of the things wherein thou hast seen me, and of the things wherein I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the

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Gentiles, unto whom I send thee, to open their eyes, that they may turn from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive remission of sins and an inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith in me.'

"Wherefore, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision; but declared both to them of Damascus first, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the country of Judea, and also to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, doing works worthy of repentance. For this cause the Jews seized me in the temple, and assayed to kill me. Having therefore obtained the help that is from God, I stand unto this day testifying both to small and great, saying nothing but what the prophets and Moses did say should come; how that the Christ must suffer, and how that he first by the resurrection of the dead should proclaim light both to the people and to the Gentiles."

And as he thus made his defence, Festus saith with a loud voice, "Paul, thou art mad; thy much learning doth turn thee to madness." But Paul saith:

"I am not mad, most excellent Festus; but speak forth words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, unto whom also I speak freely: for I am persuaded that none of these things is hidden from him; for this hath not been done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest."

And Agrippa said unto Paul, "With but little persuasion thou wouldst fain make me a Christian." And Paul said:

"I would to God, that whether with little or with much, not thou only, but also all that hear me this day, might become such as I am except these bonds."

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And the king rose up and the governor, and Bernice, and they that sat with them: and when they had withdrawn, they spake one to another, saying, "This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds."

And Agrippa said unto Festus, "This man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Cæsar."

II

SOCRATES, THE PAGAN

I THE DEATH SENTENCE

[Secret enemies had denounced Socrates as an enemy of the State. He did not believe in the gods, they said; he was "curious in searching into things under the earth, and in the heavens, and in making the worse appear the better course, and in teaching these same things to others;" hence, he was a corrupter of youth, and deserved death. On these charges he was tried, condemned, and sentenced to die by poison.

Scorning the easy sophistries that would have secured his acquittal, he refused to recant his lofty doctrines of duty, virtue, immortality of the soul, and the future state.

Though he scorned not the gods of the Athenians, yet would he not deny his convictions through fear of death, which he declared an imaginary evil.]

IT is not difficult, O Athenians, to escape death, but it is much more difficult to avoid depravity, for it runs swifter than death. And now I, being slow and aged, am overtaken by the slower of the two; but my accusers, being strong and active, have been overtaken by the swifter, wickedness. And now I depart, condemned by you to death; but they condemned by truth, as guilty of iniquity and injustice: and I abide my sen-

tence and so do they. These things, perhaps, ought so to be, and I think that they are for the best.

What has befallen me appears to be a blessing; and it is impossible that we think rightly who suppose that death is an evil. There is great hope that death is a blessing. For to die is one of two things: for either the dead may be annihilated and have no sensation of any thing whatever; or, as it is said, there is a certain change and passage of the soul from one place to another. And if it is a privation of all sensation, as it were a sleep in which the sleeper has no dream, death would be a wonderful gain. For I think that if any one, having selected a night, in which he slept so soundly as not to have had a dream, and having compared this night with all the other nights and days of his life, should be required on consideration to say how many days and nights he had passed better and more pleasantly than this night throughout his life, I think that not only a private person, but even the great king himself would find them easy to number in comparison with other days and nights. If, therefore, death is a thing of this kind, I say it is a gain; for thus all futurity appears to be nothing more than one night. But if, on the other hand, death is a removal from hence to another place, and what is said be true, that all the dead are there, what greater blessing can there be than this, my judges? For if, on arriving at Hades, released from these who pretend to be judges, one shall find those who are true judges, and who are said to judge there, Minos and Rhadamanthus, Æacus and Triptolemus, and such others of the demigods as were just during their own life, would this be a sad removal? At what price would you not estimate a conference with Orpheus and Musæus, Hesiod and Homer? I indeed should be willing to die often, if this be true. For to me the sojourn there would be admirable, when I should meet

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with Palamedes, and Ajax, son of Telamon, and any other of the ancients who has died by an unjust sentence. The comparing my sufferings with theirs would, I think, be no unpleasing occupation. But the greatest pleasure would be to spend my time in questioning and examining the people there as I have done those here, and discovering who among them is wise, and who fancies himself to be so but is not. At what price, my judges, would not any one estimate the opportunity of questioning him who led that mighty army against Troy, or Ulysses, or Sisyphus, or ten thousand others, whom one might mention, both men and women? with whom to converse and associate, and to question them, would be an inconceivable happiness. Surely for that the judges there do not condemn to death; for in other respects those who live there are more happy than those that are here, and are henceforth immortal, if at least what is said be true.

You, therefore, O my judges, ought to entertain good hopes with respect to death, and to meditate on this one truth, that to a good man nothing is evil, neither while living nor when dead, nor are his concerns neglected by the gods. And what has befallen me is not the effect of chance; but this is clear to me, that now to die, and be freed from my cares, is better for me. On this account the warning in no way turned me aside; and I bear no resentment towards those who condemned me, or against my accusers, although they did not condemn and accuse me with this intention, but thinking to injure me: in this they deserve to be blamed.

* * * *

But it is now time to depart—for me to die, for you to live. But which of us is going to a better state is unknown to every one but God.

II THE SOUL AND FUTURE LIFE

[It was the day set for the execution of Socrates. His sorrowing friends were grouped about him in his prison, awaiting the hour for the death-dealing hemlock draught. Himself calm and serene, the great stoic consoled his friends by discoursing cheerfully on the future of the soul, the error of deeming death an evil, and the happy state of the righteous in the life to come.]

BUT now I wish to render an account to you of the reason why a man who has really devoted his life to philosophy, when he is about to die, appears to me, on good grounds, to have confidence, and to entertain a firm hope that the greatest good will befall him in the other world, when he has departed this life. How, then, this comes to pass, Simmias and Cebes, I will endeavor to explain.

Do we think that death is anything? Is it anything else than the separation of the soul from the body? and is not this to die, for the body to be apart by itself separated from the soul, and for the soul to subsist apart by itself separated from the body? Is death anything else than this?

And surely the soul then reasons best when none of these things disturb it, neither hearing, nor sight, nor pain, nor pleasure of any kind, but it retires as much as possible within itself, taking leave of the body, and, as far as it can, not communicating or being in contact with it, it aims at the discovery of that which is.

Does not then the soul of the philosopher, in these cases, despise the body, and flee from it, and seek to retire within itself?

As long as we are encumbered with the body, and

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our soul is contaminated with such an evil, we can never fully attain to what we desire; and this, we say, is truth. For the body subjects us to innumerable hindrances on account of its necessary support, and moreover if any diseases befall us, they impede us in our search after that which is; and it fills us with longings, desires, fears, all kinds of fancies, and a multitude of absurdities, so that, as it is said in real truth, by reason of the body it is never possible for us to make any advances in wisdom. For nothing else but the body and its desires occasion wars, seditions, and contests; for all wars amongst us arise on account of our desire to acquire wealth; and we are compelled to acquire wealth on account of the body, being enslaved to its service; and consequently on all these accounts we are hindered in the pursuit of philosophy. But the worst of all is, that if it leaves us any leisure, and we apply ourselves to the consideration of any subject, it constantly obtrudes itself in the midst of our researches, and occasions trouble and disturbance, and confounds us so that we are not able by reason of it to discern the truth. It has then in reality been demonstrated to us, that if we are ever to know anything purely, we must be separated from the body, and contemplate the things themselves by the mere soul. And then, as it seems, we shall obtain that which we desire, and which we profess ourselves to be lovers of, wisdom, when we are dead, as reason shews, but not while we are alive. For, if it is not possible to know anything purely in conjunction with the body, one of these two things must follow, either that we can never acquire knowledge, or only after we are dead; for then the soul will subsist apart by itself, separate from the body, but not before. And while we live, we shall thus, as it seems, approach nearest to knowledge, if we hold no intercourse or communion at all with the body, except what absolute necessity re-

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quires, nor suffer ourselves to be polluted by its nature, but purify ourselves from it, until God himself shall release us. And thus being pure, and freed from the fclly of body, we shall in all likelihood be with others like ourselves, and shall of ourselves know the whole real essence, and that probably is truth; for it is not allowable for the impure to attain to the pure. If this, then, is true, there is great hope for one who arrives where I am going, there, if anywhere, to acquire that in perfection for the sake of which we have taken so much pains during our past life; so that the journey now appointed me is set out upon with good hope, and will be so by any other man who thinks that his mind has been as it were purified.

Whoever shall arrive in Hades unexpiated and uninitiated, shall lie in mud, but he that arrives there purified and initiated, shall dwell with the gods. "For there are," say those who preside at the mysteries, "many wand-bearers, but few inspired." These last, in my opinion, are no other than those who have pursued philosophy rightly: that I might be of their number, I have, to the utmost of my ability, left no means untried, but have endeavored to the utmost of my power. But whether I have endeavored rightly and have in any respect succeeded, on arriving there I shall know clearly, if it please God, very shortly, as it appears to me.

Such then, Simmias and Cebes, is the defence I make, for that I, on good grounds, do not repine or grieve at leaving you and my masters here, being persuaded that there, no less than here, I shall meet with good masters and friends. But to the multitude this is incredible.

The soul is most like that which is divine, immortal, intelligent, uniform, indissoluble, and which always continues in the same state, but the body, on the other hand, is most like that which is human, mortal, unintelligent, multiform, dissoluble, and which never con-

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tinues in the same state. Since these things are so, does it not appertain to the body to be quickly dissolved, but to the soul, on the contrary, to be altogether indissoluble, or nearly so?

Can the soul, then, which is invisible, and which goes to another place like itself, excellent, pure, and invisible, and therefore truly called the invisible world, to the presence of a good and wise God, (whither if God will, my soul also must shortly go,) can this soul of ours, I ask, being such and of such a nature, when separated from the body be immediately dispersed and destroyed, as most men assert?

Does not the soul, then, when in this state, depart to that which resembles itself, the invisible, the divine, immortal, and wise? and on its arrival there, is it not its lot to be happy, free from error, ignorance, fears, wild passions, and all the other evils to which human nature is subject, and, as is said of the initiated, does it not in truth pass the rest of its time with the gods?

When the dead arrive at the place to which their demon leads them severally, first of all they are judged, as well those who have lived well and piously, as those who have not. And those who appear to have passed a middle kind of life, proceeding to Acheron, and embarking in the vessels they have, on these arrive at the lake, and there dwell, and when they are purified, and have suffered punishment for the iniquities they may have committed, they are set free, and each receives the reward of his good deeds, according to his deserts; but those who appear to be incurable, through the magnitude of their offences, either from having committed many and great sacrileges, or many unjust and lawless murders, or other similar crimes, these a suitable destiny hurls into Tartarus, whence they never come forth.

But those who appear to have been guilty of curable,

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yet great offences, such as those who through anger have committed any violence against father or mother, and have lived the remainder of their lives in a state of penitence, or they who have become homicides in a similar manner, these must of necessity fall into Tartarus, but after they have fallen, and have been there for a year, the wave casts them forth, the homicides into Cocytus, but the parricides and matricides into Pyriphlegethon; but when, being borne along, they arrive at the Acherusian lake, there they cry out to and invoke, some those whom they slew, others those whom they injured, and invoking them, they entreat and implore them to suffer them to go out into the lake, and to receive them, and if they persuade them, they go out, and are freed from their sufferings, but if not, they are borne back to Tartarus, and thence again to the rivers, and they do not cease from suffering this until they have persuaded those whom they have injured, for this sentence was imposed on them by the judges.

But those who are found to have lived an eminently holy life, these are they, who, being freed and set at large from these regions in the earth, as from a prison, arrive at the pure abode above, and dwell on the upper parts of the earth. And among these, they who have sufficiently purified themselves by philosophy shall live without bodies, throughout all future time, and shall arrive at habitations yet more beautiful than these, which it is neither easy to describe, nor at present is there sufficient time for the purpose.

But for the sake of these things which we have described, we should use every endeavor, Simmias, so as to acquire virtue and wisdom in this life; for the reward is noble, and the hope great.

To affirm positively, indeed, that these things are exactly as I have described them, does not become a

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man of sense; that however either this, or something of the kind, takes place with respect to our souls and their habitations—since our soul is certainly immortal—this appears to me most fitting to be believed, and worthy the hazard for one who trusts in its reality; for the hazard is noble, and it is right to allure ourselves with such things, as with enchantments; for which reason I have prolonged my story to such a length. On account of these things, then, a man ought to be confident about his soul, who during this life has disregarded all the pleasures and ornaments of the body as foreign from his nature, and who, having thought that they do more harm than good, has zealously applied himself to the acquirement of knowledge, and who having adorned his soul not with a foreign but its own proper ornament. temperance, justice, fortitude, freedom, and truth, thus waits for his passage to Hades, as one who is ready to depart whenever destiny shall summon him. You then, Simmias and Cebes, and the rest, will each of you depart at some future time; but now destiny summons me, as a tragic writer would say, and it is nearly time for me to betake myself to the bath; for it appears to me to be better to drink the poison after I have bathed myself, and not to trouble the women with washing my dead body.

III THE DEATH OF SOCRATES

[Echecrates describes the last moments of Socrates.]

WHEN he had said thus he rose, and went into a chamber to bathe, and Crito followed him, but he directed us to wait for him. We waited, therefore, conversing among ourselves about what had been said,

and considering it again, and sometimes speaking about our calamity, how severe it would be to us, sincerely thinking that, like those who are deprived of a father, we should pass the rest of our life as orphans. When he had bathed, and his children were brought to him, for he had two little sons and one grown up, and the women belonging to his family were come, having conversed with them in the presence of Crito, and given them such injunctions as he wished, he directed the women and children to go away, and then returned to us. And it was now near sunset; for he spent a considerable time within. But when he came from bathing he sat down, and did not speak much afterwards; then the officer of the Eleven came in, and, standing near him, said: "Socrates, I shall not have to find that fault with you that I do with others, that they are angry with me, and curse me, when, by order of the archons, I bid them drink the poison. But you, on all other occasions during the time you have been here, I have found to be the most noble, meek, and excellent man of all that ever came into this place; and, therefore, I am now well convinced that you will not be angry with me, for you know who are to blame, but with them. Now, then, for you know what I came to announce to you, farewell, and endeavor to bear what is inevitable as easily as possible." And at the same time, bursting into tears, he turned away and withdrew.

And Socrates, looking after him, said: "And thou, too, farewell, we will do as you direct." At the same time turning to us, he said: "How courteous the man is; during the whole time I have been here he has visited me, and conversed with me sometimes, and proved the worthiest of men; and now how generously he weeps for me. But come, Crito, let us obey him,

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and let some one bring the poison, if it is ready pounded, but if not, let the man pound it."

Then Crito said, "But I think, Socrates, that the sun is still on the mountains, and has not yet set. Besides, I know that others have drunk the poison very late, after it had been announced to them, and have supped and drank freely, and some even have enjoyed the objects of their love. Do not hasten then, for there is yet time."

Upon this Socrates replied: "These men whom you mention, Crito, do these things with good reason, for they think they shall gain by so doing, and I too with good reason shall not do so; for I think I shall gain nothing by drinking a little later, except to become ridiculous to myself, in being so fond of life, and sparing of it when none any longer remains. Go then," he said, "obey, and do not resist."

Crito having heard this, nodded to the boy that stood near. And the boy having gone out, and staid for some time, came, bringing with him the man that was to administer the poison, who brought it ready pounded in a cup. And Socrates, on seeing the man, said, "Well, my good friend, as you are skilled in these matters, what must I do?"

"Nothing else," he replied, "than when you have drunk it walk about, until there is a heaviness in your legs, then lie down; thus it will do its purpose." And at the same time he held out the cup to Socrates. And he having received it very cheerfully, Echeocrates, neither trembling, nor changing at all in color or countenance, but, as he was wont, looking steadfastly at the man, said, "What say you of this potion, with respect to making a libation to any one, is it lawful or not?"

"We only pound so much, Socrates," he said, "as we think sufficient to drink."

"I understand you," he said, "but it is certainly both

lawful and right to pray to the gods, that my departure hence thither may be happy; which therefore I pray, and so may it be." And as he said this he drank it off readily and calmly. Thus far, most of us were with difficulty able to restrain ourselves from weeping, but when we saw him drinking, and having finished the draught, we could do so no longer; but in spite of myself the tears came in full torrent, so that, covering my face, I wept for myself, for I did not weep for him, but for my own fortune, in being deprived of such a friend. But Crito, even before me, when he could not restrain his tears, had risen up. But Apollodorus even before this had not ceased weeping, and then bursting into an agony of grief, weeping and lamenting, he pierced the heart of every one present, except Socrates himself. But he said, "What are you doing, my admirable friends? I indeed, for this reason chiefly, sent away the women, that they might not commit any folly of this kind. For I have heard that it is right to die with good omens. Be quiet, therefore, and bear up."

When we heard this we were ashamed, and restrained our tears. But he, having walked about, when he said that his legs were growing heavy, lay down on his back; for the man so directed him. And at the same time he who gave him the poison, taking hold of him, after a short interval examined his feet and legs; and then having pressed his foot hard, he asked if he felt it: he said that he did not. And after this he pressed his thighs; and thus going higher, he shewed us that he was growing cold and stiff. Then Socrates touched himself, and said, that when the poison reached his heart he should then depart. But now the parts around the lower belly were almost cold; when uncovering himself, for he had been covered over, he said, and they were his last words: "Crito, we owe

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a cock to Æsculapius; pay it, therefore, and do not neglect it."

"It shall be done," said Crito, "but consider whether you have anything else to say."

To this question he gave no reply; but shortly after he gave a convulsive movement, and the man covered him, and his eyes were fixed; and Crito, perceiving it, closed his mouth and eyes.

This, Echecrates, was the end of our friend, a man, as we may say, the best of all of his time that we have known, and moreover, the most wise and just.

AGOSTINA OF ZARAGOZA

AGOSTINA OF ZARAGOZA

Charlotte M. Yonge

ONE of the most unjustifiable acts of Napoleon's grasping policy was the manner in which he entrapped the poor, foolish, weak Spanish royal family into his power, and then kept them in captivity, and gave the kingdom to his brother Joseph. The whole Spanish people were aroused to resistance by this atrocious transfer, and the whole of the peasantry rose as one man to repel this shameful aggression. A long course of bad government had done much to destroy the vigor of the nation, and as soldiers in the open field they were utterly worthless; but still there were high qualities of patience and perseverance among them, and these were never more fully shown than in their defence of Zaragoza, the ancient capital of the kingdom of Aragon.

This city stands in an open plain, covered with olive-grounds, and closed in by high mountains. About a mile to the southwest of the city was some high ground called the Torrero, upon which stood a convent, and close beside the city flowed the Ebro, crossed by two bridges, one of which was made of wood, and said to be the most beautiful specimen of the kind of fabric in Europe. The water is of a dirty red, but grows clear when it has stood long enough, and is then excellent to drink. There were no regular fortifications, only a brick wall, ten or twelve feet high, and three feet thick, and often encroached upon by houses. Part of it was,

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however, of old Roman workmanship, having been built under Augustus, by whom the town was called *Cæsarea Augusta*, a name since corrupted into *Zaragoza* (both z's pronounced as softly as possible). Four of the twelve gates were in this old wall, which was so well built as to put to shame all the modern buildings and their bad bricks. These were the material of even the churches and convents, all alike with the houses, and so bad was the construction that there were cracks in most of the buildings from top to bottom. The houses were generally three stories high, the streets very narrow and crooked, except one wide and long one, called sometimes the *Calle Santa*, sometimes the *Cozo*. *Zaragoza* was highly esteemed as the first seat of Christianity in Spain; indeed, legend declared that *St. James the Great* had preached there, and had beheld a vision of the blessed *Virgin*, standing upon a marble pillar, and bidding him there build a church in honor of her. The pillar was the great object of veneration in *Aragon*, and there was a double cathedral, with service performed alternately in the two parts. So much venerated was our *Lady of the Pillar*, that *Pilar* became a girl's name in the surrounding country, and this was the centre of pilgrimages to the *Aragonese*, as *St. James's shrine* at *Compostella* was to the *Castilians*. As is well said by *Southey*, in the fiery trial of the *Zaragozans*, "the dross and tinsel of their faith disappeared, and its pure gold remained." The inhabitants appeared, like most *Spaniards* since the blight of *Philip II.'s* policy had fallen on them, dull, apathetic beings, too proud and indolent for exertion, the men smoking *cigaritos* at their doors, the women only coming out with black silk *mantillas* over their heads to go to church. The *French* on first seizing it, with the rest of *Spain*, thought it the dullest place they had ever yet entered, and greatly despised the inhabitants.

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General Lefebvre Desnouettes was sent to quiet the insurrection against the French in Aragon; and on the 13th and 14th of June, 1808, he easily routed the bodies of Spaniards who tried to oppose him. The flying Spanish troops were pursued into Zaragoza by the French cavalry, but here the inhabitants were able from their houses to drive back the enemy. Don Jose Palafox, a Spanish nobleman, who had been equerry to the King, took the command of the garrison, who were only 220 soldiers, and endeavored to arm the inhabitants, about 60,000 in number, and all full of the most determined spirit of resistance to the invaders. He had only sixteen cannon and a few muskets, but fowling-pieces were collected, and pikes were forged by all the smiths in the town.

The siege began on the 27th of June. The French army was in considerable force, and had a great supply of mortars and battering cannon; such as could, by their shells and shot, rend the poor brick city from end to end. The Torrero quickly fell into their hands, and from that height there was a constant discharge of those terrible shells and grenades that burst in pieces where they fall, and carry destruction everywhere. Not one building within the city could withstand them, and they were fired, not at the walls, but into the town. All that could be done was to place beams slanting against the houses, so that there might be a shelter under them from the shells. The awnings that sheltered the windows from the summer sun were taken down, sewn up into sacks, and filled with earth, then piled up before the gates, with a deep trench dug before them; the houses on the walls were pulled down, and every effort made to strengthen the defences, the whole of the lately quiet, lazy population toiling earnestly together, in the midst of the deadly shower that was

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always falling from the Torrero, and striking down numbers as they worked.

The same spirit animated every one. The Countess Burita, a beautiful young lady, formed the women into an organized company for carrying wine, water, and food to the soldiers on guard, and relieving the wounded, and throughout the whole siege her courage and perseverance never failed; she was continually seen in the places most exposed to the enemy's fire, bringing help and refreshment wherever she appeared among the hard-pressed warriors. The nuns became nurses to the sick and wounded, and made cartridges, which were carried to the defenders by the children of the place. The monks attended the sick and dying, or else bore arms, feeling that this—the cause of their country, their king and their faith—had become to them a holy war. Thus men, women and children alike seemed full of the same loyal spirit; but some traitor must have been among them, for on the night of the 28th, the powder magazine in the centre of the town was blown up, destroying fourteen houses and killing 200 people. At the same time, evidently prepared to profit by the confusion thus caused, the French appeared before three of the gates, and a dreadful fire began from the Torrero, shells bursting everywhere among the citizens, who were striving in the dark to dig their friends out of the ruined houses.

The worst of the attack was at the gate called Portillo, and lasted the whole day. The sand-bag defence was frequently destroyed by the fire, and as often renewed under this dreadful shot by the undaunted Spaniards. So dreadful was the carnage, that at one moment every man of the defenders lay dead. At that moment one of the women who were carrying refreshments came up. Her name was Agostina Zaragoza; she was a fine-looking woman of two-and-twenty, and

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was full of a determined spirit. She saw the citizens hesitate to step forward to man the defences where certain death awaited them. Springing forward, she caught the match from the hand of a dead gunner, fired his twenty-six pounder, and seating herself on it, declared it her charge for the rest of the siege. And she kept her word. She was the heroine of the siege where all were heroines. She is generally called the Maid of Zaragoza, but she seems to have been the widow of one of the artillerymen, who was here killed, and that she continued to serve his gun—not solely as a patriot, but because she thus obtained a right to provisions for her little children, who otherwise might have starved in the famine that began to prevail. If this lessens the romance, it seems to us to add to the beauty and womanliness of Agostina's character, that for the sake of her children she should have run into the hottest of the peril, and taken up the task in which her husband had died.

Her readiness in that critical moment saved the Portillo for that time, but the attacks were renewed again and again with equal fury and fearful bloodshed. The French general had fancied that he could easily take such an unfortified place, and finding it so difficult, had lost his temper, and was thus throwing away his men's lives; but after several such failures, he began to invest the city regularly. Gunpowder was failing the besieged until they supplied its place by wonderful ingenuity. All the sulphur in the place was collected, nitre was obtained by washing it out of the soil of the streets, and charcoal by charring the stalks of the very large variety of hemp that grows in that part of Spain. At the end of forty-six days the city was entirely surrounded, provisions were falling short, and there was not a single place safe from the shot and shell. On the 2d of August, a hospital caught fire, and the courage of the

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women was again shown by their exertions in carrying out the sick and wounded from the flames in spite of the continued shot from the enemy's batteries; indeed, throughout the siege the number of women and boys who were killed was quite as great in proportion as that of men; the only difficulty was to keep them from running needlessly into danger.

On the 4th of August, the French opened a battery within pistol-shot of the gate called after the great Convent of St. Engracia. The mud walls were levelled at the first discharge, and after a deadly struggle the besiegers forced their way into the convent, and before the end of the day had gained all that side of the city, up to the main central street, the Cozo. General Lefebvre thought all was now over with his enemies, and summoned Palafox to surrender, in a note containing only these words—"Headquarters, St. Engracia. Capitulation." The answer he received was equally brief—"Headquarters, Zaragoza. War to the knife."

There they were! A street about as wide as Pall-Mall was all that lay between besiegers and besieged, to whom every frail brick house had become a fortress, while the openings of the narrow cross streets were piled up with sand-bags to form batteries. Soon the space was heaped with dead bodies, either killed on the spot or thrown from the windows, and this was enough to breed a pestilence among the survivors. The French let them lie, knowing that such a disease would be the surest destruction to the garrison, and they fired on the Spaniards whenever they ventured out to bury them. Upon this Palafox devised tying ropes to his French prisoners, and driving them out to bring in the corpses for burial. The enemy would not fire on their own countrymen, and thus this danger was lessened, although not entirely removed, and sickness as well as famine was added to the misery of the brave Aragonese,

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The manufactory of powder, too, could no longer be carried on, but happily Don Francisco, the brother of Palafox, was able to make his way into the city with 3,000 men, and a convoy of arms and ammunition. Padre Santiago Sass, the curate of one of the parishes of Zaragoza, showed himself one of the bravest of all the brave, fighting at every hazardous point, and at other times moving about among the sick and dying to give them the last rites of the church. No one's heart failed in that eleven days of one continual battle from house to house, from room to room, when the nights were times of more dreadful conflict than the days. Often under cover of the darkness, a party would rush across to seize a battery; and once a Spaniard made his way under cover of the corpses, which filled the whole space between the combatants, and fastened a rope to one of the French guns. It had almost been dragged across the street, and was only lost by the breaking of the rope.

On the 8th of August, the Spaniards agreed that if they could not hold their ground in the city, they must retire across the Ebro, break down the bridge, and defend the suburbs as they had defended the streets. Only an eighth part of their city now remained to them; and on the night of the 13th the enemy's fire was more destructive and constant than ever. The great Convent of St. Engracia was blown up, the whole of the French part of the city glared with flaming houses, the climax of the horrors of the siege seemed to be come! But the reports of the batteries gradually ceased, and, with the early morning light, the garrison beheld the road to Pamplona filled with French troops in full retreat.

In effect, intelligence had been received of reverses to the invaders, and of extended movements among the Spaniards, which had led the French to decide on quitting Zaragoza ere these desperate defenders should

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be reinforced by the army which was collecting to relieve them.

Their fortitude had won the day. The carnage had ended, and it remained for them to clear their streets from the remains of the deadly strife, and to give thanks for their deliverance. Agostina, in testimony of her courage, was to receive for life the pay of an artilleryman, and to wear a little shield of honor embroidered on her sleeve.

So ended the wonderful siege of Zaragoza. It is sad to know that when the French forces came in full numbers into Spain, the brave town shared the fate of the rest of the country. But the resistance had not been in vain; it had raised a feeling for the gallant Spaniards throughout Europe, and inspired a trust in their constancy which contributed to bring them that aid from England by which their country was, after six years, finally freed from the French usurpation.

THE DEFENSE OF LON-
DONDERRY

THE DEFENSE OF LONDONDERRY

Lord Macaulay: From "The History of England"

THE people of Londonderry shared in the alarm which, towards the close of the year 1688, was general among the Protestants settled in Ireland. It was known that the aboriginal peasantry of the neighborhood were laying in pikes and knives. Priests had been haranguing in a style of which, it must be owned, the Puritan part of the Anglo-Saxon colony had little right to complain, about the slaughter of the Amalekites, and the judgments which Saul had brought on himself by sparing one of the proscribed race. Rumors from various quarters and anonymous letters in various hands agreed in naming the ninth of December as the day fixed for the extirpation of the strangers. While the minds of the citizens were agitated by these reports, news came that a regiment of twelve hundred Papists, commanded by a Papist, Alexander Macdonnell, Earl of Antrim, had received orders from the Lord Deputy to occupy Londonderry, and was already on the march from Coleraine. The consternation was extreme. Some were for closing the gates and resisting; some for submitting; some for temporising. The corporation had, like the other corporations of Ireland, been remodelled. The magistrates were men of low station

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and character. Among them was only one person of Anglo-Saxon extraction; and he had turned Papist. In such rulers the inhabitants could place no confidence. The Bishop, Ezekiel Hopkins, resolutely adhered to the political doctrines which he had preached during many years, and exhorted his flock to go patiently to the slaughter rather than incur the guilt of disobeying the Lord's Anointed. Antrim was meanwhile drawing nearer and nearer. At length the citizens saw from the walls his troops arrayed on the opposite shore of the Foyle. There was then no bridge; but there was a ferry which kept up a constant communication between the two banks of the river; and by this ferry a detachment from Antrim's regiment crossed. The officers presented themselves at the gate, produced a warrant directed to the Mayor and Sheriffs, and demanded admittance and quarters for His Majesty's soldiers.

Just at this moment thirteen young apprentices, most of whom appear, from their names, to have been of Scottish birth or descent, flew to the guard room, armed themselves, seized the keys of the city, rushed to the Ferry Gate, closed it in the face of the King's officers, and let down the portcullis. James Morison, a citizen more advanced in years, addressed the intruders from the top of the wall and advised them to be gone. They stood in consultation before the gate till they heard him cry, "Bring a great gun this way." They then thought it time to get beyond the range of shot. They retreated, re-embarked, and rejoined their comrades on the other side of the river. The flame had already spread. The whole city was up. The other gates were secured. Sentinels paced the ramparts everywhere. The magazines were opened. Muskets and gunpowder were distributed. Messengers were sent, under cover of the following night, to the

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Protestant gentlemen of the neighboring counties. The Bishop expostulated in vain. It is indeed probable that the vehement and daring young Scotchmen who had taken the lead on this occasion had little respect for his office. One of them broke in on a discourse with which he interrupted the military preparations by exclaiming, "A good sermon, my lord; a very good sermon; but we have not time to hear it just now."

The Protestants of the neighborhood promptly obeyed the summons of Londonderry. Within forty-eight hours, hundreds of horse and foot came by various roads to the city. Antrim, not thinking himself strong enough to risk an attack, or not disposed to take on himself the responsibility of commencing a civil war without further orders, retired with his troops to Coleraine.

To reduce the Protestants of Ulster to submission before aid could arrive from England was now the chief object of Tyrconnel. A great force was ordered to move northward, under the command of Richard Hamilton. This man had violated all the obligations which are held most sacred by gentlemen and soldiers, had broken faith with his most intimate friends, had forfeited his military parole, and was now not ashamed to take the field as a general against the government to which he was bound to render himself up as a prisoner. His march left on the face of the country traces which the most careless eye could not during many years fail to discern. His army was accompanied by a rabble, such as Keating had well compared to the unclean birds of prey which swarm wherever the scent of carrion is strong. The general professed himself anxious to save from ruin and outrage all Protestants who remained quietly at their homes; and he most readily gave them protections under his hand. But these protections proved of no avail; and he was forced to

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own that, whatever power he might be able to exercise over his soldiers, he could not keep order among the mob of camp-followers. The country behind him was a wilderness; and soon the country before him became equally desolate. For, at the fame of his approach, the colonists burned their furniture, pulled down their houses, and retreated northward. Some of them attempted to make a stand at Dromore, but were broken and scattered. Then the flight became wild and tumultuous. The fugitives broke down the bridges and burned the ferry-boats. Whole towns, the seats of the Protestant population, were left in ruins without one inhabitant. The people of Omagh destroyed their own dwellings so utterly that no roof was left to shelter the enemy from the rain and wind. The people of Cavan migrated in one body to Enniskillen. The day was wet and stormy. The road was deep in mire. It was a piteous sight to see, mingled with the armed men, the women and children weeping, famished, and toiling through the mud up to their knees. All Lisburn fled to Antrim; and, as the foes drew nearer, all Lisburn and Antrim together came pouring into Londonderry. Thirty thousand Protestants, of both sexes and of every age, were crowded behind the bulwarks of the City of Refuge. There, at length, on the verge of the ocean, hunted to the last asylum, and baited into a mood in which men may be destroyed, but will not easily be subjugated, the imperial race turned desperately to bay.

To a military eye, the defenses of Londonderry appeared contemptible. The fortifications consisted of a simple wall overgrown with grass and weeds; there was no ditch even before the gates; the drawbridges had long been neglected; the chains were rusty and could scarcely be used; the parapets and towers were built after a fashion that might well move disciples of Vauban to laughter; and these feeble defenses were on al-

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most every side commanded by heights. Indeed, those who laid out the city had never meant that it should be able to stand a regular siege, and had contented themselves with throwing up works sufficient to protect the inhabitants against a tumultuary attack of the Celtic peasantry. Avaux assured Louvois that a single French battalion would easily storm such a fastness. Even if the place should, notwithstanding all disadvantages, be able to repel a large army directed by the science and experience of generals who had served under Condé and Turenne, hunger must soon bring the contest to an end. The stock of provisions was small; and the population had been swollen to seven or eight times the ordinary number by a multitude of colonists flying from the rage of the natives.

Lundy, therefore, from the time when the Irish army entered Ulster, seems to have given up all thought of serious resistance. He talked so despondingly that the citizens and his own soldiers murmured against him. He seemed, they said, to be bent on discouraging them. Meanwhile the enemy drew daily nearer and nearer; and it was known that James himself was coming to take the command of his forces.

Just at this moment a glimpse of hope appeared. On the fourteenth of April ships from England anchored in the bay. They had on board two regiments which had been sent, under the command of a colonel named Cunningham, to reinforce the garrison. Cunningham and several of his officers went on shore and conferred with Lundy. Lundy dissuaded them from landing their men. The place, he said, could not hold out. To throw more troops into it would therefore be worse than useless; for the more numerous the garrison, the more prisoners would fall into the hands of the enemy. The best thing that the two regiments could do would be to sail back to England. He meant,

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he said, to withdraw himself privately; and the inhabitants must then try to make good terms for themselves.

He went through the form of holding a council of war, but from this council he excluded all those officers of the garrison whose sentiments he knew to be different from his own. Some who had ordinarily been summoned on such occasions, and who now came uninvited, were thrust out of the room. Whatever the Governor said was echoed by his creatures. Cunningham and Cunningham's companions could scarcely venture to oppose their opinion to that of a person whose local knowledge was necessarily far superior to theirs, and whom they were by their instructions directed to obey. One brave soldier murmured. "Understand this," he said; "to give up Londonderry is to give up Ireland." But his objections were contemptuously overruled. The meeting broke up. Cunningham and his officers returned to the ships, and made preparations for departing. Meanwhile Lundy privately sent a messenger to the headquarters of the enemy, with assurances that the city should be peaceably surrendered on the first summons.

But as soon as what had passed in the council of war was whispered about the streets, the spirit of the soldiers and citizens swelled up high and fierce against the dastardly and perfidious chief who had betrayed them. Many of his own officers declared that they no longer thought themselves bound to obey him. Voices were heard threatening, some that his brains should be blown out, some that he should be hanged on the walls. A deputation was sent to Cunningham imploring him to assume the command. He excused himself on the plausible ground that his orders were to take directions in all things from the Governor. Meanwhile it was rumored that the persons most in Lundy's

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confidence were stealing out of the town one by one. Long after dusk on the evening of the seventeenth it was found that the gates were open and that the keys had disappeared. The officers who made the discovery took on themselves to change the passwords and to double the guards. The night, however, passed over without any assault.

After some anxious hours the day broke. The Irish, with James at their head, were now within four miles of the city. A tumultuous council of the chief inhabitants was called. Some of them vehemently reproached the Governor to his face with his treachery. He had sold them, they cried, to their deadliest enemy; he had refused admission to the force which good King William had sent to defend them. While the altercation was at its height, the sentinels who paced the ramparts announced that the vanguard of the hostile army was in sight. Lundy had given orders that there should be no firing; but his authority was at an end. Two gallant soldiers, Major Henry Baker and Captain Adam Murray, called the people to arms. They were assisted by the eloquence of an aged clergyman, George Walker, rector of the parish of Donaghmore, who had, with many of his neighbors, taken refuge in Londonderry. The whole crowded city was moved by one impulse. Soldiers, gentlemen, yeomen, artisans, rushed to the walls and manned the guns. James, who, confident of success, had approached within a hundred yards of the southern gate, was received with a shout of "No surrender," and with a fire from the nearest bastion. An officer of his staff fell dead by his side. The King and his attendants made all haste to get out of reach of the cannon balls. Lundy, who was now in imminent danger of being torn limb from limb by those whom he had betrayed, hid himself in an inner chamber. There he lay during the day, and, with the generous

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and politic connivance of Murray and Walker, made his escape at night in the guise of a porter. The part of the wall from which he let himself down is still pointed out; and people still living talk of having tasted the fruit of a pear tree which assisted him in his descent. His name is, to this day, held in execration by the Protestants of the North of Ireland; and his effigy is still annually hung and burned by them with marks of abhorrence similar to those which in England are appropriated to Guy Faux.

And now Londonderry was left destitute of all military and of all civil government. No man in the town had a right to command any other; the defenses were weak; the provisions were scanty; an incensed tyrant and a great army were at the gates. But within was that which has often, in desperate extremities, retrieved the fallen fortunes of nations. Betrayed, deserted, disorganized, unprovided with resources, begirt with enemies, the noble city was still no easy conquest. Whatever an engineer might think of the strength of the ramparts, all that was most intelligent, most courageous, most high-spirited among the Englishery of Leinster and of Northern Ulster was crowded behind them. The number of men capable of bearing arms within the walls was seven thousand; and the whole world could not have furnished seven thousand men better qualified to meet a terrible emergency with clear judgment, dauntless valor and stubborn patience. They were all zealous Protestants; and the Protestantism of the majority was tinged with Puritanism. They had much in common with that sober, resolute and God-fearing class out of which Cromwell had formed his unconquerable army. But the peculiar situation in which they had been placed had developed in them some qualities which, in the mother country, might possibly have remained latent. The English inhabi-

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tants of Ireland were an aristocratic caste, which had been enabled, by superior civilization, by close union, by sleepless vigilance, by cool intrepidity, to keep in subjection a numerous and hostile population. Almost every one of them had been in some measure trained both to military and to political functions. Almost every one was familiar with the use of arms, and was accustomed to bear a part in the administration of justice. It was remarked by contemporary writers that the colonists had something of the Castilian haughtiness of manner, though none of the Castilian indolence, that they spoke English with remarkable purity and correctness, and that they were, both as militiamen and as jurymen, superior to their kindred in the mother country. In all ages, men situated as the Anglo-Saxons in Ireland were situated have had peculiar vices and peculiar virtues, the vices and virtues of masters, as opposed to the vices and virtues of slaves. The member of a dominant race is, in his dealings with the subject race, seldom, indeed, fraudulent—for fraud is the resource of the weak—but imperious, insolent and cruel. Towards his brethren, on the other hand, his conduct is generally just, kind, and even noble. His self-respect leads him to respect all who belong to his own order. His interest impels him to cultivate a good understanding with those whose prompt, strenuous and courageous assistance may at any moment be necessary to preserve his property and life. It is a truth ever present to his mind that his own well-being depends on the ascendancy of the class to which he belongs. His very selfishness, therefore, is sublimed into public spirit; and this public spirit is stimulated to fierce enthusiasm by sympathy, by the desire of applause, and by the dread of infamy. For the only opinion which he values is the opinion of his fellows; and in their opinion devotion to the common cause is

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the most sacred of duties. The character, thus formed, has two aspects. Seen on one side, it must be regarded by every well-constituted mind with disapprobation. Seen on the other, it irresistibly extorts applause. The Spartan, smiling and spurning the wretched Helot, moves our disgust. But the same Spartan, calmly dressing his hair, and uttering his concise jests, on what he well knows to be his last day, in the pass of Thermopylæ, is not to be contemplated without admiration. To a superficial observer it may seem strange that so much evil and so much good should be found together. But in truth the good and the evil, which at first sight appear almost incompatible, are closely connected, and have a common origin. It was because the Spartan had been taught to revere himself as one of a race of sovereigns, and to look down on all that was not Spartan as of an inferior species, that he had no fellow-feeling for the miserable serfs who crouched before him, and that the thought of submitting to a foreign master, or of turning his back before an enemy, never, even in the last extremity, crossed his mind. Something of the same character, compounded of tyrant and hero, has been found in all nations which have domineered over more numerous nations. But it has nowhere in modern Europe shown itself so conspicuously as in Ireland. With what contempt, with what antipathy, the ruling minority in that country long regarded the subject majority may be best learned from the hateful laws which, within the memory of men still living, disgraced the Irish statute book. Those laws were at length annulled; but the spirit which had dictated them survived them, and even at this day sometimes breaks out in excesses pernicious to the commonwealth and dishonorable to the Protestant religion. Nevertheless, it is impossible to deny that the English colonists have had, with too

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many of the faults, all the noblest virtues of a sovereign caste. The faults have, as was natural, been most offensively exhibited in times of prosperity and security; the virtues have been most resplendent in times of distress and peril; and never were those virtues more signally displayed than by the defenders of Londonderry, when their Governor had abandoned them, and when the camp of their mortal enemy was pitched before their walls.

No sooner had the first burst of the rage excited by the perfidy of Lundy spent itself than those whom he had betrayed proceeded, with a gravity and prudence worthy of the most renowned senates, to provide for the order and defence of the city. Two governors were elected, Baker and Walker. Baker took the chief military command. Walker's especial business was to preserve internal tranquility, and to dole out supplies from the magazines. The inhabitants capable of bearing arms were distributed into eight regiments. Colonels, captains and subordinate officers were appointed. In a few hours every man knew his post, and was ready to repair to it as soon as the beat of the drum was heard. That machinery, by which Oliver had, in the preceding generation, kept up among his soldiers so stern and so pertinacious an enthusiasm, was again employed with not less complete success. Preaching and praying occupied a large part of every day. Eighteen clergymen of the Established Church and seven or eight nonconformist ministers were within the walls. They all exerted themselves indefatigably to rouse and sustain the spirit of the people. Among themselves there was for the time entire harmony. All disputes about church government, postures, ceremonies, were forgotten. The Bishop, having found that his lectures on passive obedience were derided, even by the Episcopalians, had withdrawn himself, first to Raphoe, and

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then to England, and was preaching in a chapel in London. On the other hand, a Scotch fanatic named Hewson, who had exhorted the Presbyterians not to ally themselves with such as refused to subscribe the Covenant, had sunk under the well-merited disgust and scorn of the whole Protestant community. The aspect of the Cathedral was remarkable. Cannon were planted on the summit of the broad tower which has since given place to a tower of different proportions. Ammunition was stored in the vaults. In the choir the liturgy of the Anglican Church was read every morning. Every afternoon the Dissenters crowded to a simpler worship.

James had waited twenty-four hours, expecting, as it should seem, performance of Lundy's promises; and in twenty-four hours the arrangements for the defense of Londonderry were complete. On the evening of the nineteenth of April, a trumpeter came to the southern gate, and asked whether the engagements into which the Governor had entered would be fulfilled. The answer was that the men who guarded these walls had nothing to do with the Governor's engagements, and were determined to resist to the last.

On the following day a messenger of the higher rank was sent, Claude Hamilton, Lord Strabane, one of the few Roman Catholic peers of Ireland. Murray, who had been appointed to the command of one of the eight regiments into which the garrison was distributed, advanced from the gate to meet the flag of truce, and a short conference was held. Strabane had been authorized to make large promises. The citizens should have a free pardon for all that was past if they would submit to their Sovereign. Murray himself should have a colonel's commission, and a thousand pounds in money. "The men of Londonderry," answered Murray, "have done nothing that requires a pardon, and own no sovereign but King William and Queen Mary. It

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will not be safe for Your Lordship to stay longer, or to return on the same errand. Let me have the honor of seeing you through the lines."

James had been assured, and had fully expected, that the city would yield as soon as it was known that he was before the walls. Finding himself mistaken, he broke loose from the control of Melfort, and determined to return instantly to Dublin. Rosen accompanied the King. The direction of the siege was entrusted to Maumont. Richard Hamilton was second and Pusignan third, in command.

The operations now commenced in earnest. The besiegers began by battering the town. It was soon on fire in several places. Roofs and upper stories of houses fell in and crushed the inmates. During a short time the garrison, many of whom had never before seen the effects of a cannonade, seemed to be discomposed by the crash of chimneys, and by the heaps of ruin mingled with disfigured corpses. But familiarity with danger and horror produced in a few hours the natural effect. The spirit of the people rose so high that their chiefs thought it safe to act on the offensive. On the twenty-first of April a sally was made under the command of Murray. The Irish stood their ground resolutely, and a furious and bloody contest took place. Maumont, at the head of a body of cavalry, flew to the place where the fight was raging. He was struck in the head by a musket ball, and fell a corpse. The besiegers lost several other officers, and about two hundred men, before the colonists could be driven in. Murray escaped with difficulty. His horse was killed under him, and he was beset by enemies; but he was able to defend himself till some of his friends made a rush from the gate to his rescue, with old Walker at their head.

In consequence of the death of Maumont, Richard

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Hamilton was once more commander of the Irish army. His exploits in that post did not raise his reputation. He was a fine gentleman and a brave soldier; but he had no pretensions to the character of a great general, and had never, in his life, seen a siege. Pusignan had more science and energy. But Pusignan survived Maumont little more than a fortnight. At four in the morning of the sixth of May, the garrison made another sally, took several flags, and killed many of the besiegers. Pusignan, fighting gallantly, was shot through the body. The wound was one which a skillful surgeon might have cured; but there was no such surgeon in the Irish camp, and the communication with Dublin was slow and irregular. The poor Frenchman died, complaining bitterly of the barbarous ignorance and negligence which had shortened his days. A medical man, who had been sent down express from the capital, arrived after the funeral. James, in consequence, as it should seem, of this disaster, established a daily post between Dublin Castle and Hamilton's headquarters. Even by this conveyance letters did not travel very expeditiously; for the couriers went on foot, and, from fear probably of the Enniskilleners, took a circuitous route from military post to military post.

May passed away; June arrived; and still Londonderry held out. There had been many sallies and skirmishes with various success; but, on the whole, the advantage had been with the garrison. Several officers of note had been carried prisoners into the city; and two French banners, torn after hard fighting from the besiegers, had been hung as trophies in the chancel of the Cathedral. It seemed that the siege must be turned into a blockade. But before the hope of reducing the town by main force was relinquished, it was determined to make a great effort. The point selected for assault was an outwork called Windmill Hill, which

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was not far from the southern gate. Religious stimulants were employed to animate the courage of the forlorn hope. Many volunteers bound themselves by oath to make their way into the works or to perish in the attempt. Captain Butler, son of the Lord Mountgarret, undertook to lead the sworn men to the attack. On the walls the colonists were drawn up in three ranks. The office of those who were behind was to load the muskets of those who were in front. The Irish came on boldly and with a fearful uproar, but after long and hard fighting were driven back. The women of Londonderry were seen amidst the thickest fire serving out water and ammunition to their husbands and brothers. In one place, where the wall was only seven feet high, Butler and some of his sworn men succeeded in reaching the top; but they were all killed or made prisoners. At length, after four hundred of the Irish had fallen, their chiefs ordered a retreat to be sounded.

Nothing was left but to try the effect of hunger. It was known that the stock of food in the city was but slender. Indeed, it was thought strange that the supplies should have held out so long. Every precaution was now taken against the introduction of provisions. All the avenues leading to the city by land were closely guarded. On the south were encamped, along the left bank of the Foyle, the horsemen who had followed Lord Galmoy from the valley of the Barrow. Their chief was of all the Irish captains the most dreaded and the most abhorred by the Protestants. For he had disciplined his men with rare skill and care; and many frightful stories were told of his barbarity and perfidy. Long lines of tents, occupied by the infantry of Butler and O'Neil, of Lord Slane and Lord Gormanstown, by Nugent's Westmeath men, by Eustace's Kildare men, and by Cavanagh's Kerry men, extended northward

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till they again approached the water side. The river was fringed with forts and batteries, which no vessel could pass without great peril. After some time it was determined to make the security still more complete by throwing a barricade across the stream, about a mile and a half below the city. Several boats full of stones were sunk. A row of stakes was driven into the bottom of the river. Large pieces of fir wood, strongly bound together, formed a boom which was more than a quarter of a mile in length, and which was firmly fastened to both shores by cables a foot thick.

In the meantime an expedition which was thought to be sufficient for the relief of Londonderry was despatched from Liverpool under the command of Kirke. The dogged obstinacy with which this man had, in spite of royal solicitations, adhered to his religion, and the part which he had taken in the revolution, had perhaps entitled him to amnesty for past crimes. But it is difficult to understand why the Government should have selected for a post of the highest importance an officer who was generally and justly hated, who had never shown eminent talents for war, and who, both in Africa and in England, had notoriously tolerated among his soldiers a licentiousness, not only shocking to humanity, but also incompatible with discipline.

On the sixteenth of May, Kirke's troops embarked; on the twenty-second they sailed; but contrary winds made the passage slow, and forced the armament to stop long at the Isle of Man.

Still the line of posts which surrounded Londonderry by land remained unbroken. The river was still strictly closed and guarded. Within the walls the distress had become extreme. So early as the eighth of June horseflesh was almost the only meat which could be purchased; and of horseflesh the supply was scanty. It was necessary to make up the deficiency with tallow;

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and even tallow was doled out with a parsimonious hand.

On the fifteenth of June a gleam of hope appeared. The sentinels on the top of the Cathedral saw sails nine miles off in the bay of Lough Foyle. Thirty vessels of different sizes were counted. Signals were made from the steeples and returned from the mastheads, but were imperfectly understood on both sides. At last a messenger from the fleet eluded the Irish sentinels, dived under the boom, and informed the garrison that Kirke had arrived from England with troops, arms, ammunition, and provisions to relieve the city.

In Londonderry expectation was at the height; but a few hours of feverish joy were followed by weeks of misery. Kirke thought it unsafe to make any attempt, either by land or by water, on the lines of the besiegers, and retired to the entrance of Lough Foyle, where, during several weeks, he lay inactive.

And now the pressure of famine became every day more severe. A strict search was made in all the recesses of all the houses of the city; and some provisions, which had been concealed in cellars by people who had since died or made their escape, were discovered and carried to the magazines. The stock of cannon balls was almost exhausted; and their place was supplied by brickbats coated with lead. Pestilence began, as usual, to make its appearance in the train of hunger. Fifteen officers died of fever in one day. The Governor Baker was among those who sank under the disease. His place was supplied by Colonel John Mitchelburne.

Meanwhile it was known at Dublin that Kirke and his squadron were on the coast of Ulster. The alarm was great at the Castle. Even before this news arrived, Avaux had given it as his opinion that Richard Hamilton was unequal to the difficulties of the situation.

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It had therefore been resolved that Rosen should take the chief command. He was now sent down with all speed.

On the nineteenth of June he arrived at the headquarters of the besieging army. At first he attempted to undermine the walls; but his plan was discovered; and he was compelled to abandon it after a sharp fight, in which more than a hundred of his men were slain. Then his fury rose to a strange pitch. He, an old soldier, a Marshal of France in expectancy, trained in the school of the greatest generals, accustomed, during many years, to scientific war, to be baffled by a mob of country gentlemen, farmers, shopkeepers, who were protected only by a wall which any good engineer would at once have pronounced untenable! He raved, he blasphemed, in a language of his own, made up of all the dialects spoken from the Baltic to the Atlantic. He would raze the city to the ground; he would spare no living thing; no, not the young girls, not the babies at the breast. As to the leaders, death was too light a punishment for them; he would rack them; he would roast them alive. In his rage he ordered a shell to be flung into the town with a letter containing a horrible menace. He would, he said, gather into one body all the Protestants who had remained at their homes between Charlemont and the sea, old men, women, children, many of them near in blood and affection to the defenders of Londonderry. No protection, whatever might be the authority by which it had been given, should be respected. The multitude thus brought together should be driven under the walls of Londonderry, and should there be starved to death in the sight of their countrymen, their friends, their kinsmen. This was no idle threat. Parties were instantly sent out in all directions to collect victims. At dawn, on the morning of the second of July, hundreds of Protestants,

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who were charged with no crime, who were incapable of bearing arms, and many of whom had protection granted by James, were dragged to the gates of the city. It was imagined that the piteous sight would quell the spirit of the colonists. But the only effect was to rouse that spirit to still greater energy. An order was immediately put forth that no man should utter the word Surrender on pain of death; and no man uttered that word. Several prisoners of high rank were in the town. Hitherto they had been well treated, and had received as good rations as were measured out to the garrison. They were now closely confined. A gallows was erected on one of the bastions; and a message was conveyed to Rosen, requesting him to send a confessor instantly to prepare his friends for death. The prisoners in great dismay wrote to the savage Livonian, but received no answer. They then addressed themselves to their countryman, Richard Hamilton. They were willing, they said, to shed their blood for their King; but they thought it hard to die the ignominious death of thieves in consequence of the barbarity of their own companions in arms. Hamilton, though a man of lax principles, was not cruel. He had been disgusted by the inhumanity of Rosen, but, being only second in command, could not venture to express publicly all that he thought. He, however, remonstrated strongly. Some Irish officers felt on this occasion as it was natural that brave men should feel, and declared, weeping with pity and indignation, that they should never cease to have in their ears the cries of the poor women and children who had been driven at the point of the pike to die of famine between the camp and the city. Rosen persisted during forty-eight hours. In that time many unhappy creatures perished; but Londonderry held out as resolutely as ever; and he saw that his crime was likely to produce nothing but

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hatred and obloquy. He at length gave way, and suffered the survivors to withdraw. The garrison then took down the gallows which had been erected on the bastion.

When the tidings of these events reached Dublin, James, though by no means prone to compassion, was startled by an atrocity of which the civil wars of England had furnished no example, and was displeased by learning that protections, given by his authority, and guaranteed by his honor, had been publicly declared to be nullities. He complained to the French ambassador, and said, with a warmth which the occasion fully justified, that Rosen was a barbarous Muscovite. Melfort could not refrain from adding that, if Rosen had been an Englishman, he would have been hanged. Avaux was utterly unable to understand this effeminate sensibility. In his opinion, nothing had been done that was at all reprehensible; and he had some difficulty in commanding himself when he heard the King and the secretary blame, in strong language, an act of wholesome severity. In truth, the French ambassador and the French general were well paired. There was a great difference, doubtless, in appearance and manner, between the handsome, graceful and refined politician, whose dexterity and suavity had been renowned in the most polite courts of Europe, and the military adventurer, whose look and voice reminded all who came near him that he had been born in a half-savage country, that he had risen from the ranks, and that he had once been sentenced to death for marauding. But the heart of the diplomatist was really even more callous than that of the soldier.

Rosen was recalled to Dublin; and Richard Hamilton was again left in chief command. He tried gentler means than those which had brought so much reproach on his predecessor. No trick, no lie, which was thought

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likely to discourage the starving garrison was spared. One day a great shout was raised by the whole Irish camp. The defenders of Londonderry were soon informed that the army of James was rejoicing on account of the fall of Enniskillen. They were told that they had now no chance of being relieved, and were exhorted to save their lives by capitulating. They consented to negotiate. But what they asked was, that they should be permitted to depart armed and in military array, by land or by water at their choice. They demanded hostages for the exact fulfillment of these conditions, and insisted that the hostages should be sent on board of the fleet which lay in Lough Foyle. Such terms Hamilton durst not grant; the Governors would abate nothing; the treaty was broken off, and the conflict recommenced.

By this time July was far advanced; and the state of the city was, hour by hour, becoming more frightful. The number of the inhabitants had been thinned more by famine and disease than by the fire of the enemy. Yet that fire was sharper and more constant than ever. One of the gates was beaten in; one of the bastions was laid in ruins; but the breaches made by day were repaired by night with indefatigable activity. Every attack was still repelled. But the fighting men of the garrison were so much exhausted that they could scarcely keep their legs. Several of them, in the act of striking at the enemy, fell down from mere weakness. A very small quantity of grain remained, and was doled out by mouthfuls. The stock of salted hides was considerable, and by gnawing them the garrison appeased the rage of hunger. Dogs, fattened on the blood of the slain, who lay unburied round the town, were luxuries which few could afford to purchase. The price of a whelp's paw was five shillings and sixpence. Nine horses were still alive, and but barely alive. They

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were so lean that little meat was likely to be found upon them. It was, however, determined to slaughter them for food. The people perished so fast that it was impossible for the survivors to perform the rites of sepulture. There was scarcely a cellar in which some corpse was not decaying. Such was the extremity of distress that the rats who came to feast in those hideous dens were eagerly hunted and greedily devoured. A small fish, caught in the river, was not to be purchased with money. The only price for which such a treasure could be obtained was some handfuls of oatmeal. Leprosies, such as strange and unwholesome diet engenders, made existence a constant torment. The whole city was poisoned by the stench exhaled from the bodies of the dead and of the half dead. That there should be fits of discontent and insubordination among men enduring such misery was inevitable. At one moment it was suspected that Walker had laid up somewhere a secret store of food, and was revelling in private, while he exhorted others to suffer resolutely for the good cause. His house was strictly examined; his innocence was fully proved; he regained his popularity; and the garrison, with death in near prospect, thronged to the Cathedral to hear him preach, drank in his earnest eloquence with delight, and went forth from the house of God with haggard faces and tottering steps, but with spirit still unsubdued. There were, indeed, some secret plottings. A very few obscure traitors opened communications with the enemy. But it was necessary that all such dealings should be carefully concealed. None dared to utter publicly any words save words of defiance and stubborn resolution. Even in that extremity the general cry was, "No surrender." And there were not wanting voices which, in low tones, added, "First the horses and hides; and then the prisoners; and then each other." It was afterwards related, half in

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jest, yet not without a horrible mixture of earnest, that a corpulent citizen, whose bulk presented a strange contrast to the skeletons which surrounded him, thought it expedient to conceal himself from the numerous eyes which followed him with cannibal looks whenever he appeared in the streets.

It was no slight aggravation of the sufferings of the garrison that all this time the English ships were seen far off in Lough Foyle. Communication between the fleet and the city was almost impossible. One diver who had attempted to pass the boom was drowned; another was hanged. The language of signals was hardly intelligible. On the thirteenth of July, however, a piece of paper sewed up in a cloth button came to Walker's hands. It was a letter from Kirke, and contained assurances of speedy relief. But more than a fortnight of intense misery had since elapsed; and the hearts of the most sanguine were sick with deferred hope. By no art could the provisions which were left be made to hold out two days more.

Just at this time Kirke received from England a despatch, which contained positive orders that Londonderry should be relieved. He accordingly determined to make an attempt which, as far as appears, he might have made, with at least an equally fair prospect of success, six weeks earlier.

Among the merchant ships which had come to Lough Foyle under his convoy was one called the Mountjoy. The master, Micaiah Browning, a native of Londonderry, had brought from England a large cargo of provisions. He had, it is said, repeatedly remonstrated against the inaction of the armament. He now eagerly volunteered to take the first risk of succoring his fellow-citizens; and his offer was accepted. Andrew Douglas, master of the Phœnix, who had on board a great quantity of meal from

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Scotland, was willing to share the danger and the honor. The two merchantmen were to be escorted by the Dartmouth, a frigate of thirty-six guns, commanded by Captain John Leake, afterwards an admiral of great fame.

It was the twenty-eighth of July. The sun had just set; the evening service in the cathedral was over; and the heart-broken congregation had separated; when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril, for the river was low, and the only available channel ran very near to the left bank, where the headquarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous. Leake performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy of his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the Mountjoy took the lead, and went right at the boom. The huge barricade cracked and gave way; but the shock was such that the Mountjoy rebounded, and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the banks; the Irish rushed to their boats, and were preparing to board; but the Dartmouth poured on them a well-directed broadside which threw them into disorder. Just then the Phoenix dashed at the breach which the Mountjoy had made and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The Mountjoy began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more. A shot from one of the batteries had struck him, and he died by the most enviable of all deaths, in sight of the city which was his birthplace, which was his home, and which had just been saved by his courage and self-

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devotion from the most frightful form of destruction. The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began; but the flash of the guns was seen, and the noise heard, by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the Mountjoy grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing place from the batteries on the other side of the river; and then the work of unloading began. First were rolled on shore barrels containing six thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, flitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of pease and biscuit, ankers of brandy. Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow and three-quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of pease. It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that evening. There was little sleep on either side of the wall. The bonfires shone bright along the whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night; and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance. Through the three following days the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But, on the third night, flames were seen arising from the camp; and, when the first of August dawned, a line of smoking ruins marked the

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site lately occupied by the huts of the besiegers; and the citizens saw afar off the long column of pikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane.

So ended this great siege, the most memorable in the annals of the British Isles. It had lasted a hundred and five days. The garrison had been reduced from about seven thousand effective men to about three thousand. The loss of the besiegers cannot be precisely ascertained. Walker estimated it at eight thousand men. It is certain from the despatches of Avaux that the regiments which returned from the blockade had been so much thinned that many of them were not more than two hundred strong. Of thirty-six French gunners who had superintended the cannonading, thirty-one had been killed or disabled. The means both of attack and of defense had undoubtedly been such as would have moved the great warriors of the Continent to laughter; and this is the very circumstance which gives so peculiar an interest to the history of the contest. It was a contest, not between engineers, but between nations; and the victory remained with the nation which, though inferior in number, was superior in civilization, in capacity for self-government, and in stubbornness of resolution.

As soon as it was known that the Irish army had retired, a deputation from the city hastened to Lough Foyle, and invited Kirke to take the command. He came, accompanied by a long train of officers, and was received in state by the two Governors, who delivered up to him the authority which, under the pressure of necessity, they had assumed. He remained only a few days; but he had time to show enough of the incurable vices of his character to disgust a population distinguished by austere morals and ardent public spirit. There was, however, no outbreak. The city was in the

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highest good humor. Such quantities of provisions had been landed from the fleet that there was in every house a plenty never before known. A few days earlier a man had been glad to obtain for twenty pence a mouthful of carrion scraped from the bones of a starved horse. A pound of good beef was now sold for three halfpence. Meanwhile all hands were busied in removing corpses which had been thinly covered with earth, in filling up the holes which the shells had ploughed in the ground, and in repairing the battered roofs of the houses. The recollection of past dangers and privations, and the consciousness of having deserved well of the English nation and of all Protestant Churches, swelled the hearts of the townspeople with honest pride. That pride grew stronger when they received from William a letter, acknowledging in the most affectionate language, the debt which he owed to the brave and trusty citizens of his good city. The whole population crowded to the Diamond to hear the royal epistle read. At the close all the guns on the ramparts sent forth a voice of joy; all the ships in the river made answer; barrels of ale were broken up, and the health of their Majesties was drunk with shouts and volleys of musketry.

Five generations have since passed away; and still the wall of Londonderry is to the Protestants of Ulster what the trophy of Marathon was to the Athenians. A lofty pillar, rising from a bastion which bore during many weeks the heaviest fire of the enemy, is seen far up and far down the Foyle. On the summit is the statue of Walker, such as when, in the last and most terrible emergency, his eloquence roused the fainting courage of his brethren. In one hand he grasps a Bible. The other, pointing down the river, seems to direct the eyes of his famished audience to the English topmasts in the distant bay. Such a monument was

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well deserved; yet it was scarcely needed; for in truth the whole city is to this day a monument of the great deliverance.

The anniversary of the day on which the gates were closed, and the anniversary of the day on which the siege was raised, have been down to our own time celebrated by salutes, processions, banquets, and sermons; Lundy has been executed in effigy; and the sword, said by tradition to be that of Maumont, has, on great occasions, been carried in triumph. There is still a Walker Club and a Murray Club. The humble tombs of the Protestant captains have been carefully sought out, repaired and embellished. It is impossible not to respect the sentiment which indicates itself by these tokens. It is a sentiment which belongs to the higher and purer part of human nature, and which adds not a little to the strength of states. A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants. Yet it is impossible for the moralist or the statesman to look with unmixed complacency on the solemnities with which Londonderry commemorates her deliverance, and on the honors which she pays to those who saved her. Unhappily the animosities of her brave champions have descended with their glory. The faults which are ordinarily found in dominant castes and dominant sects have not seldom shown themselves without disguise at her festivities; and even with the expressions of pious gratitude which have resounded from her pulpits have too often been mingled words of wrath and defiance.

THE END

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