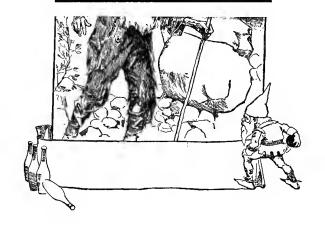


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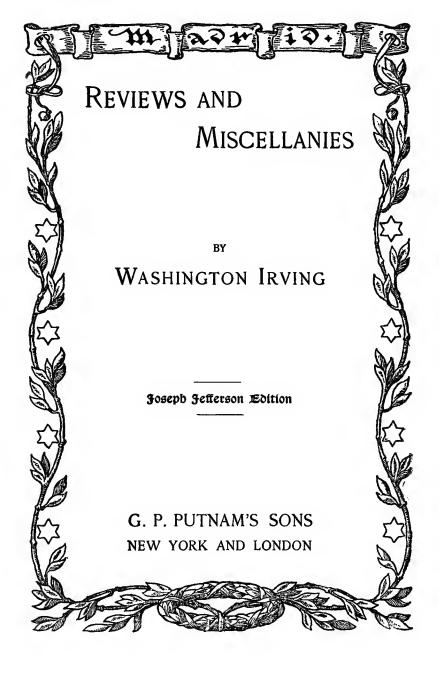
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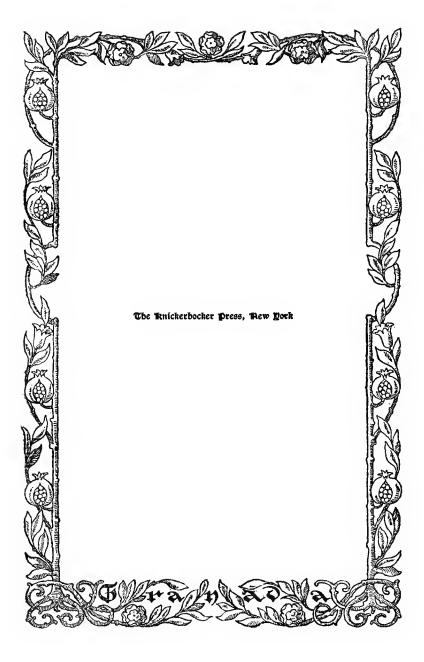


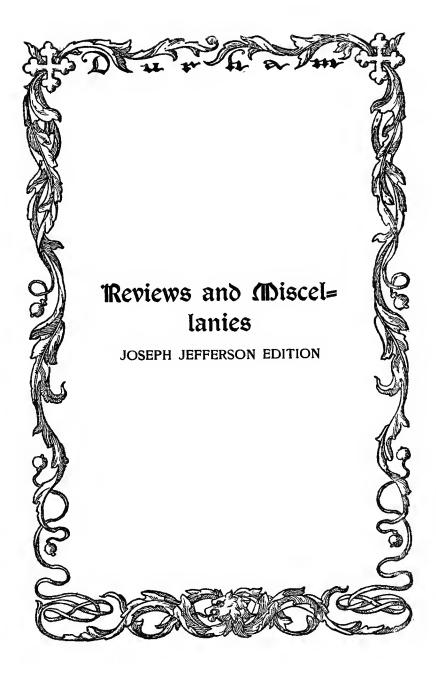
"He was scrambling up a tree, when I shot him through the breast" From a Drawing by Geo. W. Bardwell

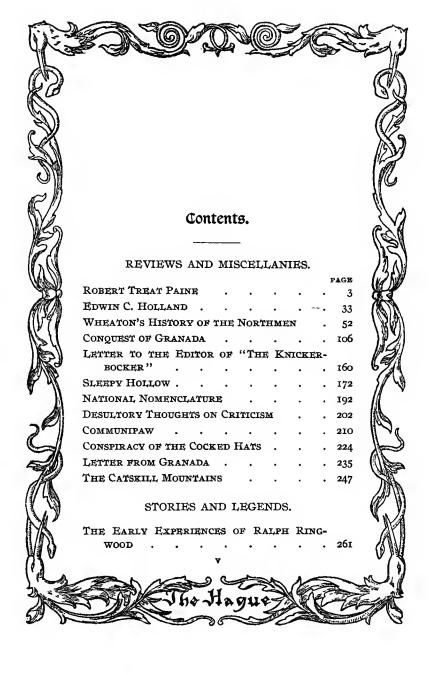


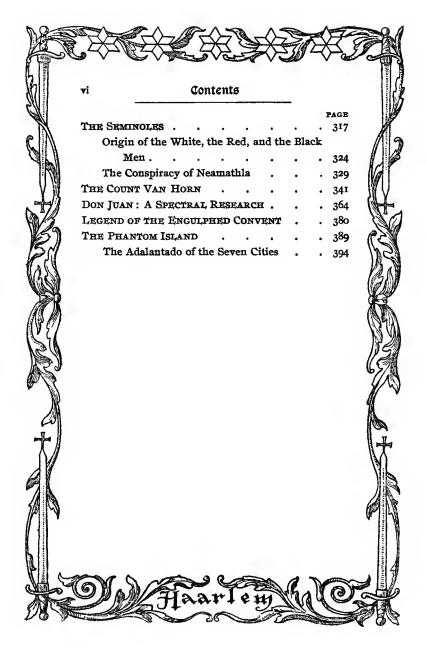
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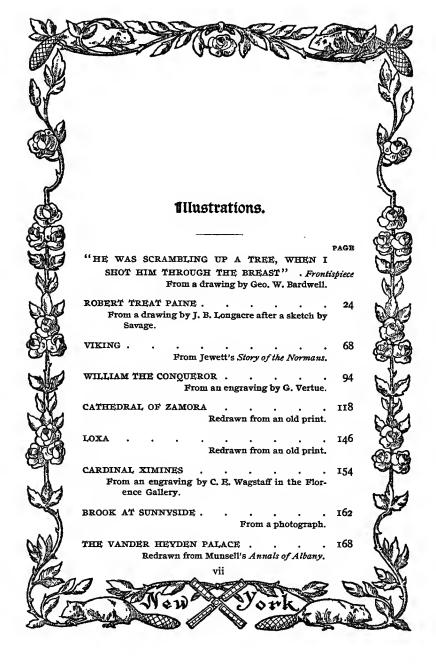


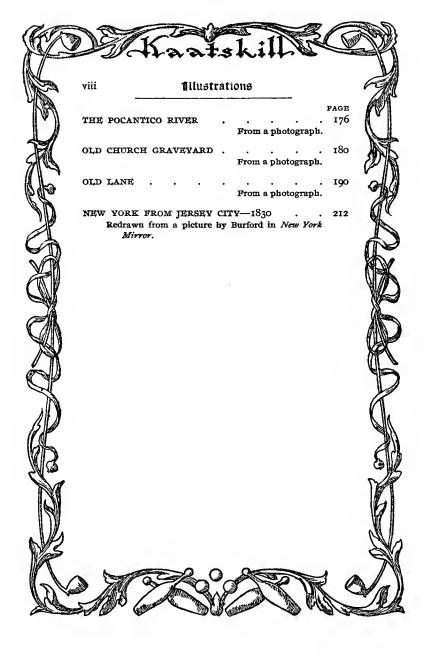


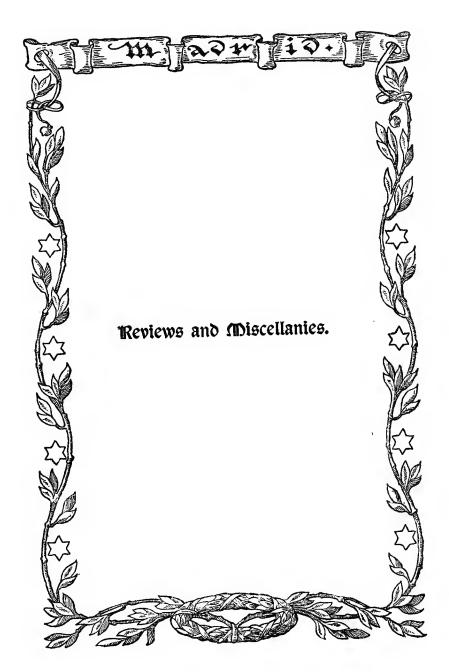


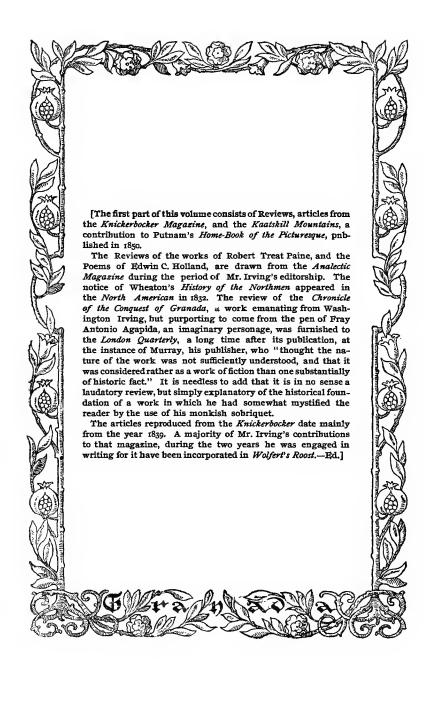


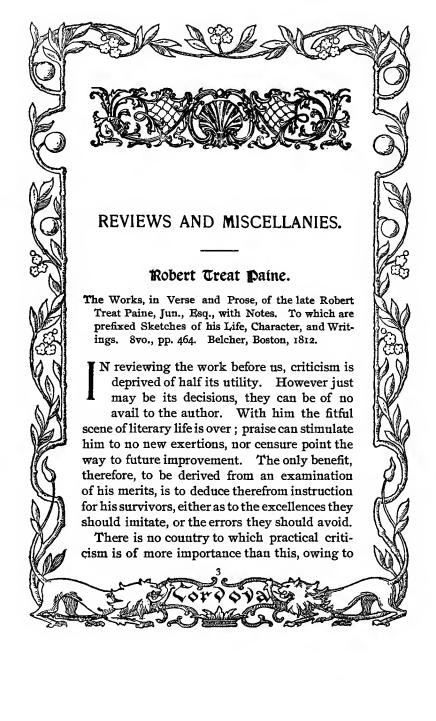


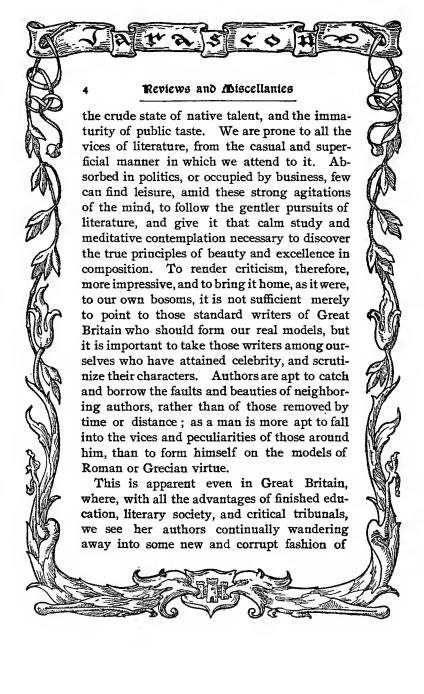


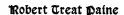








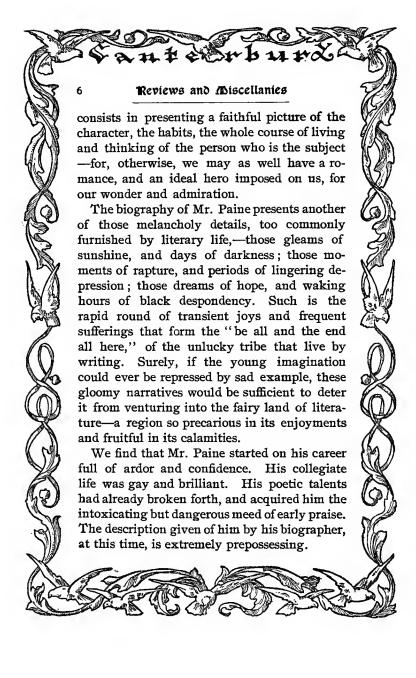


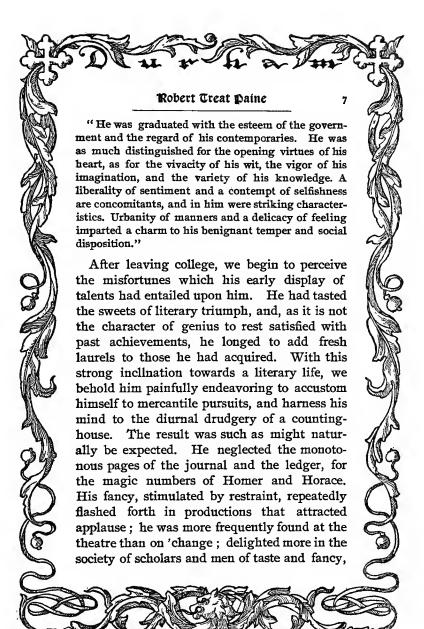


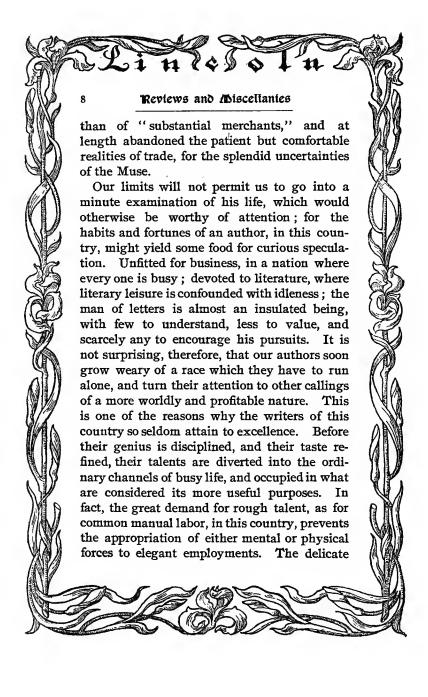
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writing, rather than conforming to those orders of composition which have the sanction of time and criticism. If such be the case in Great Britain, and if even her veteran *literati* have still the need of rigorous criticism to keep them from running riot, how much more necessary is it in our country, where our literary ranks, like those of our military, are rude, undiciplined, and insubordinate. It is for these reasons that we presume with freedom, but, we trust, with candor, to examine the relics of an American poet, to do justice to his merits, but to point out his errors, as far as our judgment will allow, for the benefit of his contemporaries.

The volume before us commences with a biography of the author, written by two several hands. The style is occasionally overwrought, and swelling beyond the simplicity proper to this species of writing, but on the whole creditable to the writers. The spirit in which it is written is both friendly and candid. We cannot but admire the generous struggle between tenderness for the author's memory and a laudable determination to tell the whole truth, which occurs whenever the failings of the poet are adverted to. We applaud the frankness and delicacy with which the latter are avowed. If biography have any merit, it









mechanician may toil in penury, unless he devote himself to common manufactures, suitable to the ordinary consumption of the country; and the fine writer, if he depend upon his pen for a subsistence, will soon discover that he may starve on the very summit of Parnassus, while he sees herds of newspaper editors battening on the rank marshes of its borders.

Such is most likely to be the fate of authors by profession, in the present circumstances of our country. But Mr. Paine had certainly nothing of the kind to complain of. His early prospects were extremely flattering. His production met with a local circulation, and the poet with a degree of attention and respect highly creditable to the intelligent part of the Union where he resided.

"The qualities," says his biographer, "which had secured him esteem at the university were daily expanding, and his reputation was daily increasing. His society was eagerly sought in the most polished and refined circles; he administered compliments with great address; and no beau was ever a greater favorite in the beau monde!"

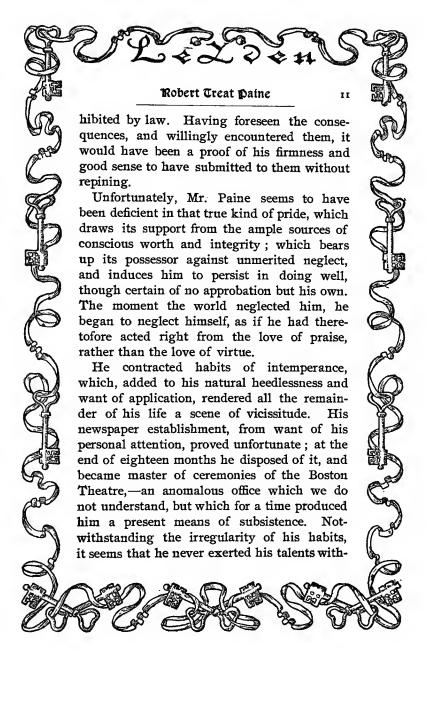
Having now confided to his pen for a support, Mr. Paine undertook the editorship of a semi-weekly paper, devoted to Federal politics. It was conducted without diligence, and, if we

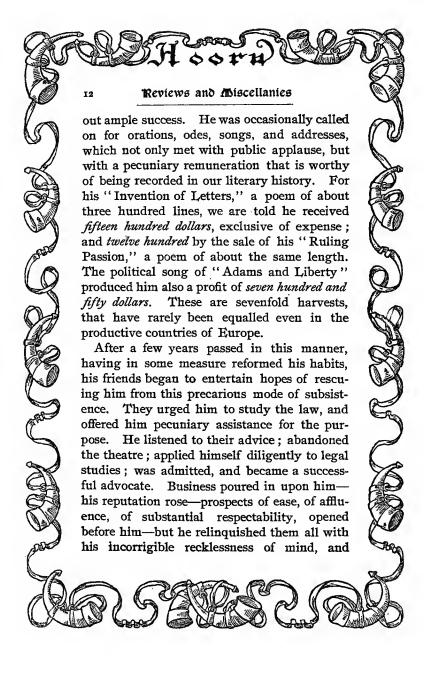
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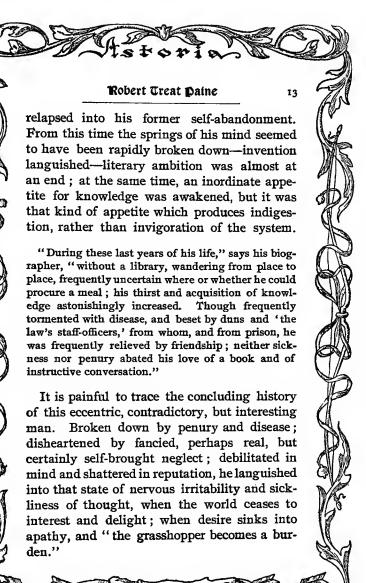
may judge from the effects, without discretion; for it drew upon him the vengeance of a mob, which attacked the house where he resided, and the resentment of a young gentleman whose father he had satirized. This youth, with an impetuosity hallowed by his filial feeling, demanded honorable satisfaction—it was denied, and the consequence was, that, in a casual rencounter, he took it, in a more degrading manner, on the person of Mr. Paine.

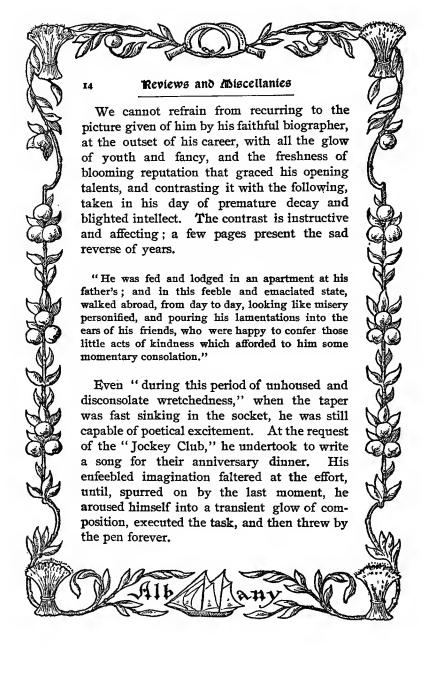
This was a deadly blow to the reputation of our author; and his standing in society was still more impaired by his subsequent marriage with an actress, which produced a rupture with his father and a desertion by the fashionable world. This last is mentioned in terms of useless reprehension by his biographer. It is idle to rail at society for its laws of rank and gradations of respect. These rise, of themselves, out of the nature of things, and the moral and political circumstances in which that society is placed; and the universal acquiescence in them by the soundest minds is a sufficient proof that they are salutary and correct. Mr. Paine should have foreseen the inevitable consequences of his union, in a society so rigid and religious, and where theatrical exhibitions had been considered so improper as for a long time to have been pro-

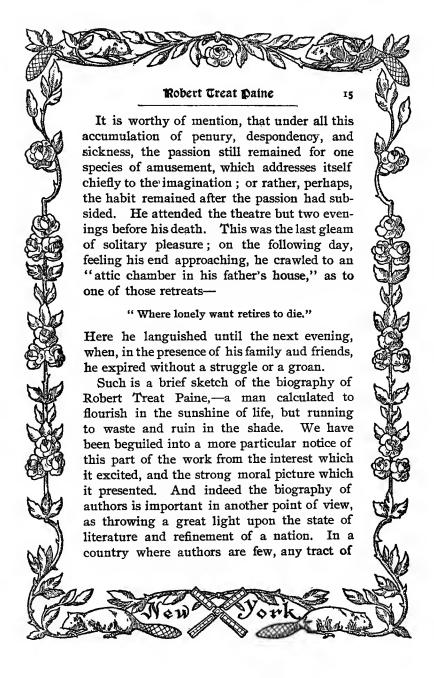
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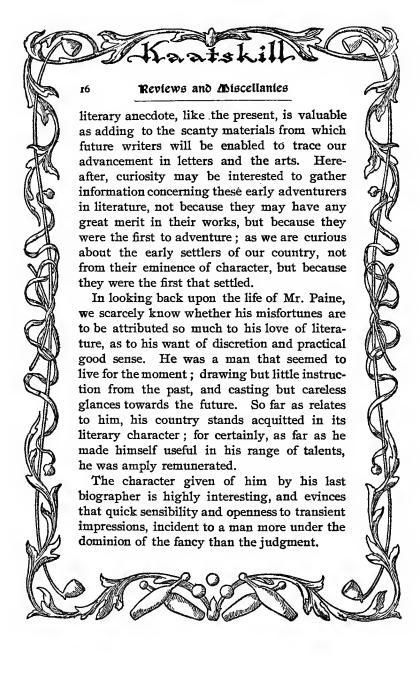


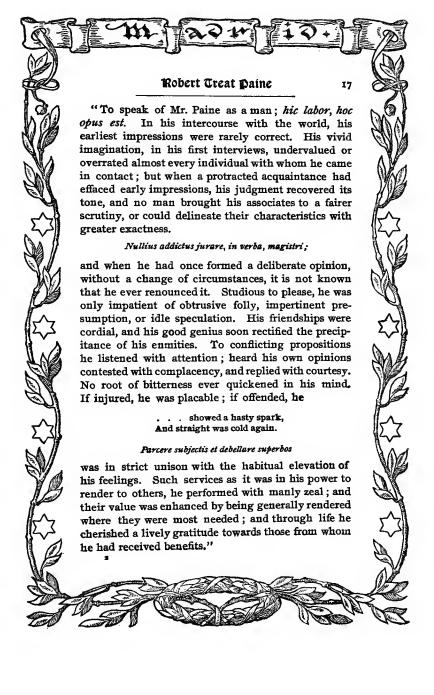








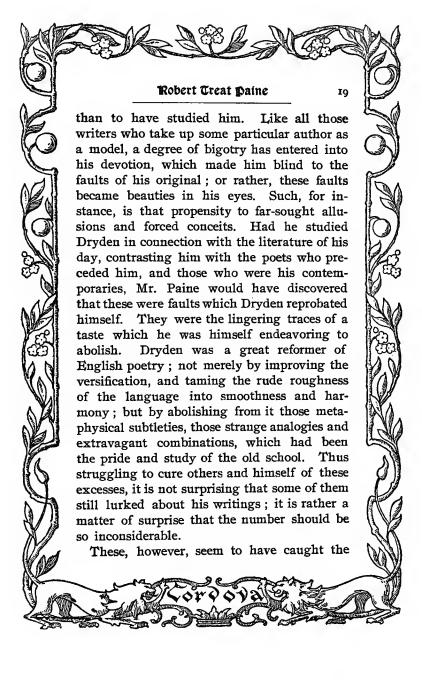


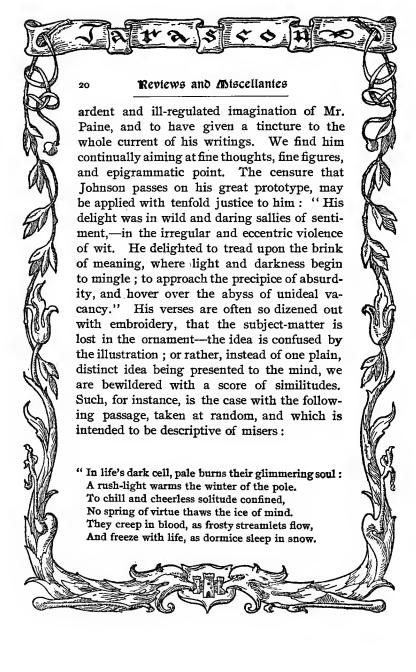


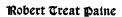
On his irregular habits his biographer remarks in palliation, "He sensibly felt, and clearly foresaw, the consequences of their continuous indulgence, and passed frequent resolutions of reformation; but daily embarrassments shook the resolves of his seclusion, and reform was indefinitely postponed. He urged as an excuse for delaying the Herculean task, that it was impossible to commence it while perplexed with difficulty and surrounded with Instead of rising with an elastic power, and throwing the incumbent pressure from his shoulders, he succumbed under its accumulating weight, until he became insuperably recumbent; and vital action was daily precariously sustained by administering 'the extreme medicine of the constitution for its daily food.' "

We come now to the most ungracious part of our undertaking,—that of considering the literary character of the deceased. This is rendered the more delicate, from the excessive eulogiums passed on him in the enthusiasm of friendship, by his biographers, and which make us despair of yielding any praise that can approach to their ideas of his deserts.

We are told that Dryden was Mr. Paine's favorite author, and in some measure his prototype; but he appears to have admired rather





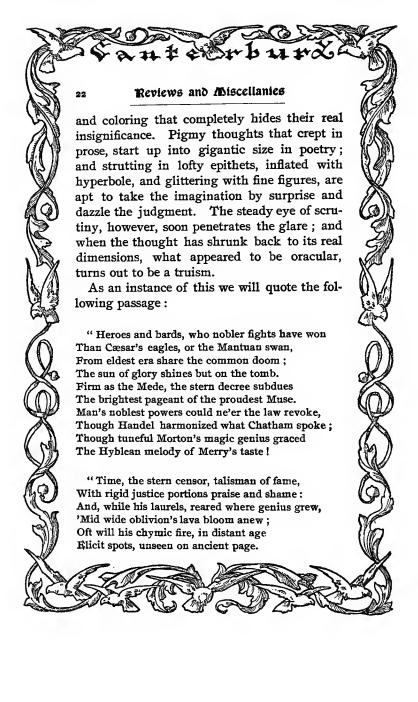


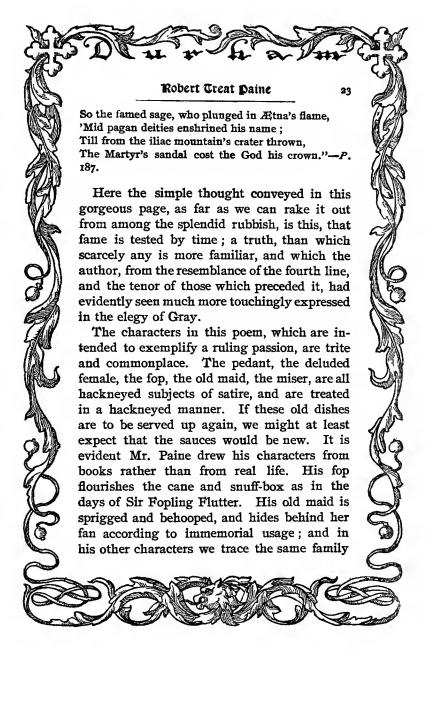
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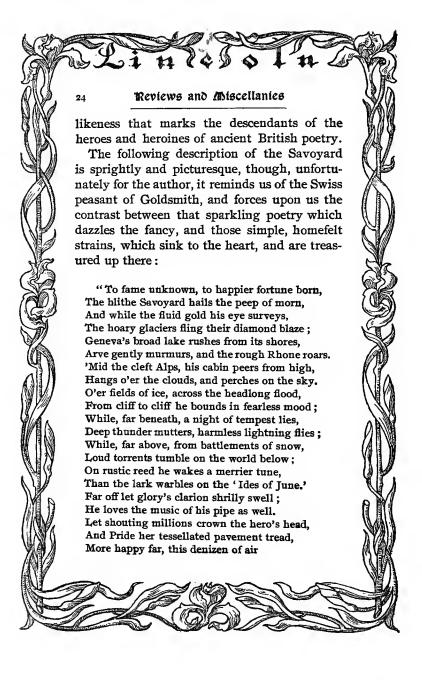
Like snails they bear their dungeons on their backs, And shut ont light—to save a window-tax!"

His figures and illustrations are often striking and beautiful, but too often far-fetched and extravagant. He had always plenty at command, and, indeed, every thought that he conceived drew after it a cluster of similes. Among these he either had not the talent to discriminate, or the self-denial to discard. Everything that entered his mind was transferred to his page; trope followed trope; illustration was heaped on illustration, ornament outvied ornament, until what at first promised to be fine, ended in being tawdry.

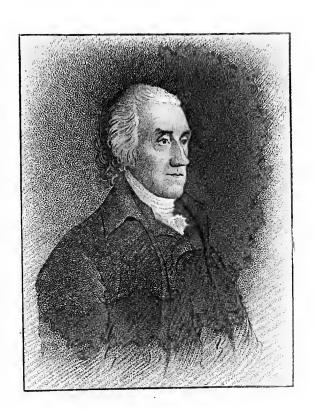
Of his didactic poems, one of the most prominent is the "Ruling Passion." It contains many passages of striking merit, but is loaded with epithet, and distorted by constant straining after epigram and eccentricity. The author seems never content unless he be sparkling: the reader is continually perplexed to know what he means, and sometimes disappointed, when he does find out, to discover that he means so little. It is one of the properties of poetic genius to give consequence to trifles. By a kind of magic power, it swells things up beyond their natural dimensions. and decks them out with a splendor of dress







Robert Treat Paine
From a Drawing by J. B. Longacre after a Sketch
by Savage





Enjoys what Nature condescends to spare; His days are jocund, undisturbed his nights, His spouse contents him and his mule delights."

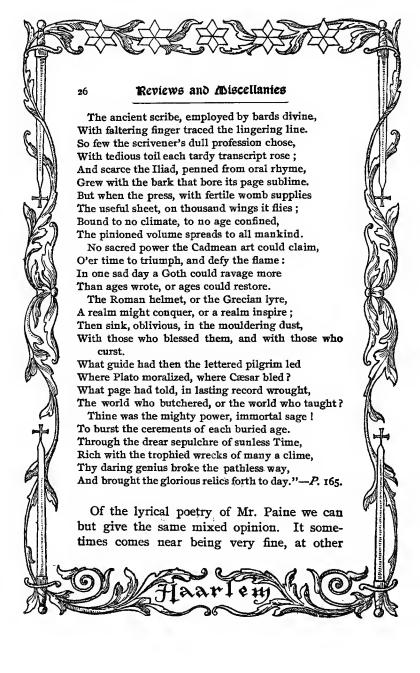
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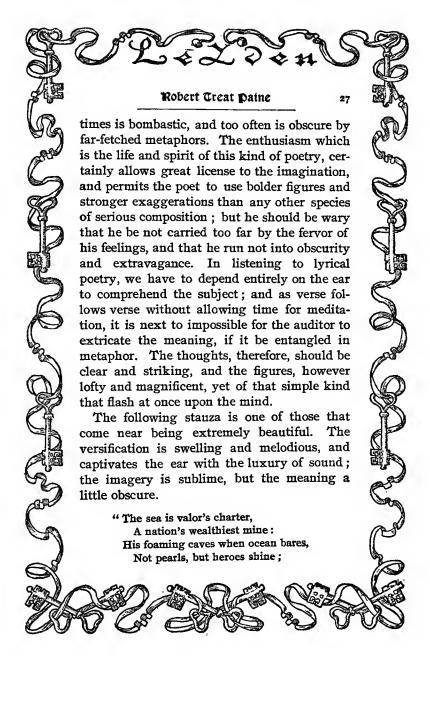
The conclusion of this very descriptive passage partakes lamentably of the bathos. We cannot but smile at the last line, where he has paid the conjugal feelings of his hero but a sorry compliment, making him more delighted with his mule than with the wife of his bosom.

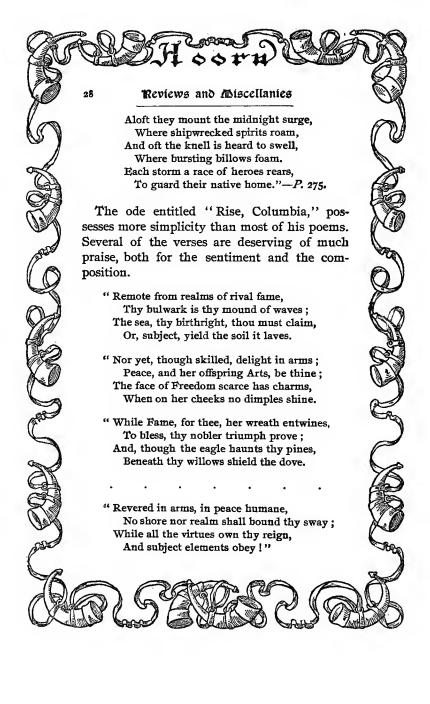
The "Invention of Letters" is another poem, where the author seems to have exerted the full scope of his talents. It shows that adroitness in the tricks of composition, that love for meretricious ornament, and at the same time that amazing store of imagery and illustration, which characterize this writer. We see in it many fine flights of thought, and brave sallies of the imagination, but at the same time a superabundance of the luscious faults of poetry; and we rise from it with augmented regret that so rich and prolific a genius had not been governed by a purer taste. The following eulogium of Faustus is a fair specimen of the author's beauties and defects:

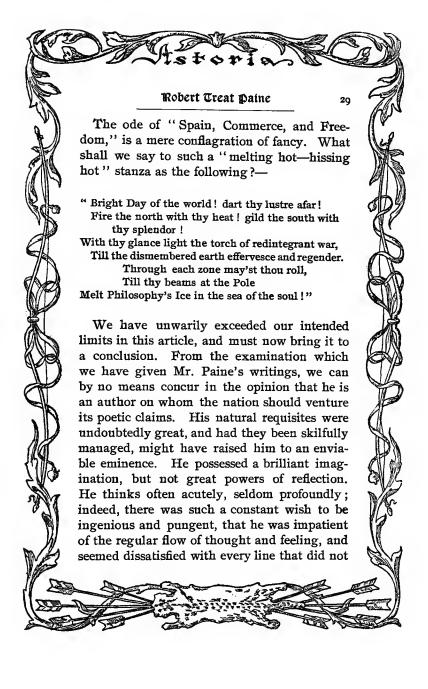
"Egyptian shrubs, in hands of cook or priest, A king could mummy, or enrich a feast; Faustus, great shade! a nobler leaf imparts, Embalms all ages, and preserves all arts.

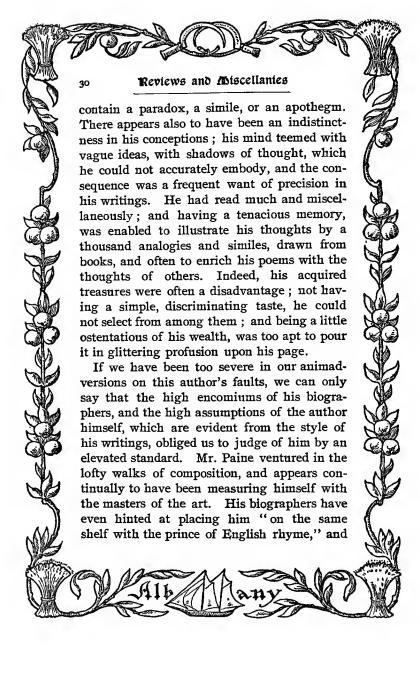
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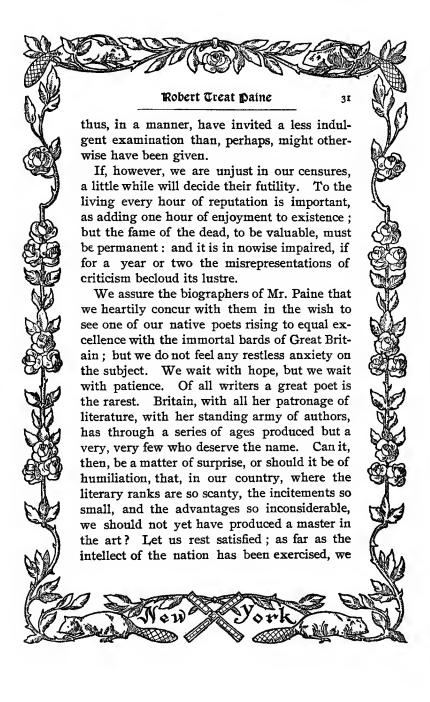


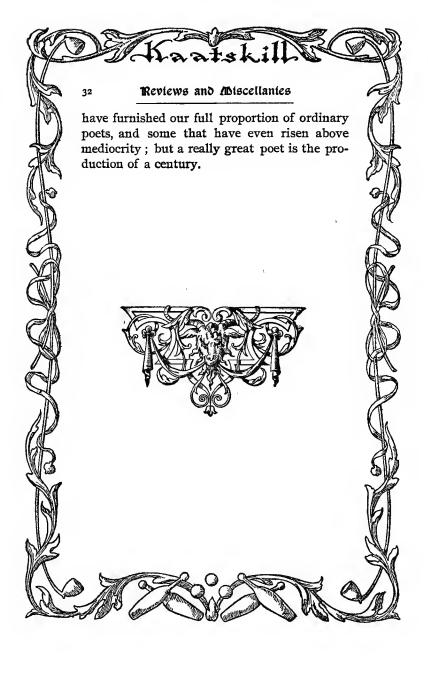


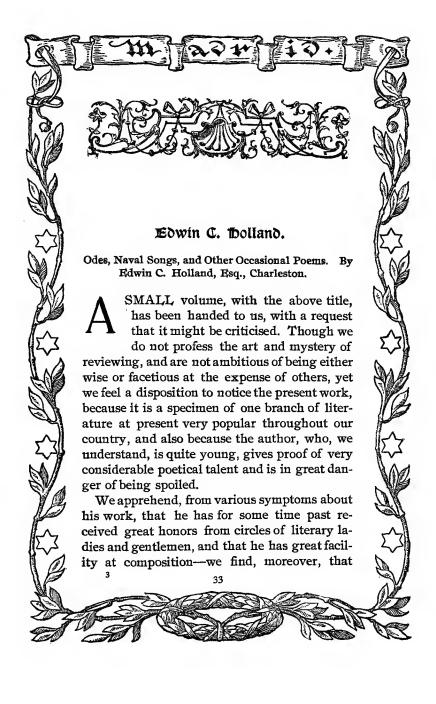


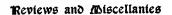






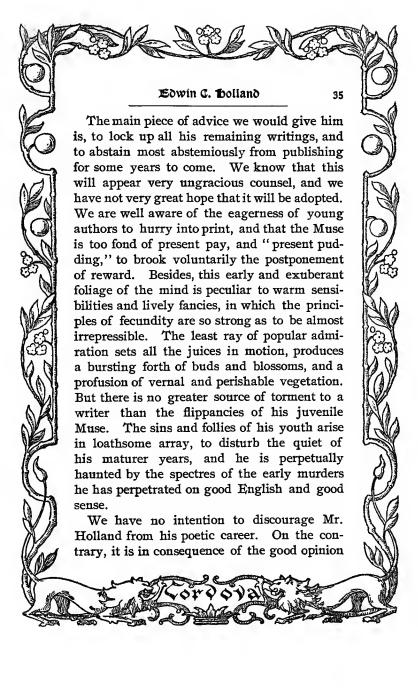


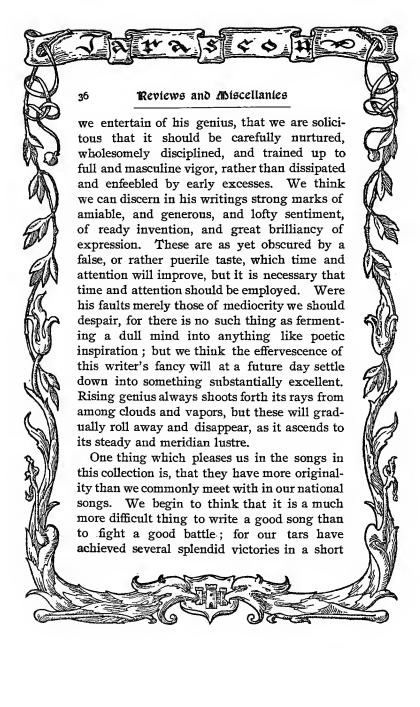




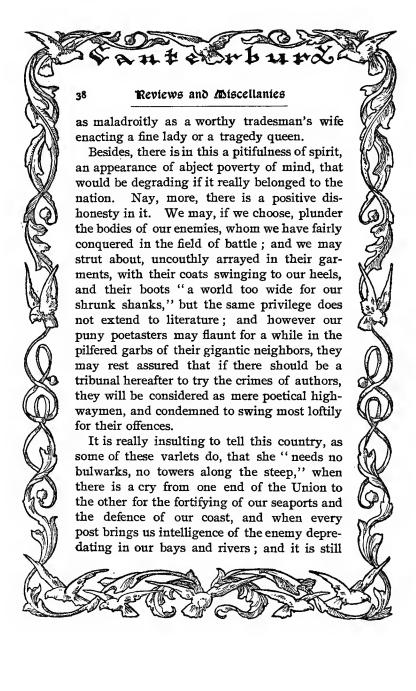
he has written for public papers under the signature of "Orlando," and above all, that a prize has been awarded to one of his poems, in a kind of poetical lottery, cunningly devised by an "eminent bookseller."

These, we must confess, are melancholy disadvantages to start withal; and many a youthful poet of great promise has been utterly ruined by misfortunes of much inferior magnitude. We trust, however, that in the present case they are not without remedy, and that the author is not so far gone in the evil habit of publishing as to be utterly beyond reclaim. we feel the necessity of extending immediate relief, from a hint he gives us on the cover of his book, that the present poems are "presented merely as specimens of his manner, and comprise but a very small portion" of those he has This information really startled us: we beheld in imagination a mighty mass of odes, songs, sonnets, and acrostics, impending in awful volume over our heads, and threatening every instant to flutter down, like a theatrical snowstorm of white paper. To avert so fearful an avalanche have we hastened to take pen in hand, determined to risk the author's displeasure, by giving him good advice, and to deliver him, if possible, uninjured out of the hands both of his admirers and his patron.



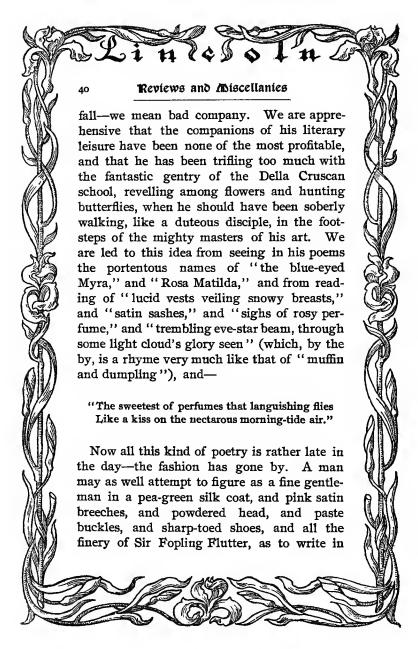


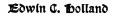
space of time; but, notwithstanding the thousand pens that have been drawn forth in every part of the Union, we do not recollect a single song of really sterling merit that has been written on the occasion. Nothing is more offensive than a certain lawless custom which prevails among our patriotic songsters, of seizing upon the noble songs of Great Britain. mangling and disfiguring them, with pens more merciless than Indian scalping-knives, and then passing them off for American songs. This may be an idea borrowed from the custom of our savage neighbors, of adopting prisoners into their families, and so completely taking them to their homes and hearts, as almost to consider them as children of their own begetting. At any rate, it is a practice worthy of savage life and savage ideas of property. We have witnessed such horrible distortions of sense and poetry; we have seen the fine members of an elegant stanza so mangled and wrenched, in order to apply it to this country, that our very hearts ached with sympathy and vexation. We are continually annoyed with the figure of poor Columbia, an honest, awkward, dowdy sort of dame, thrust into the place of Britannia and made to wield the trident and "rule the waves," and play off a thousand clumsy ceremonies before company.



more insulting to tell her that "her home is on the deep," which, if it really be the case, only proves that at present she is turned out No, if we really must have national of doors. songs, let them be of our own manufacturing. however coarse. We would rather hear our victories celebrated in the merest doggerel that sprang from native invention, than beg, borrow, or steal from others, the thoughts and words in which to express our exultation. ing our own powers, and relying entirely on ourselves, we shall gradually improve and rise to poetical independence; but this practice of appropriating the thoughts of others, of getting along by contemptible shifts and literary larcenies, prevents native exertion, and produces absolute impoverishment. It is in literature as in the accumulation of private fortune; the humblest beginning should not dishearten; much may be done by persevering industry or spirited enterprise; but he who depends on borrowing will never grow rich, and he who indulges in theft will ultimately come to the gallows.

We are glad to find that the writer before us is innocent of these enormous sins against honesty and good sense; but we would warn him against another evil, into which young writers, and young men, are very prone to





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the style of Della Crusca. Gifford has long since brushed away all this trumpery.

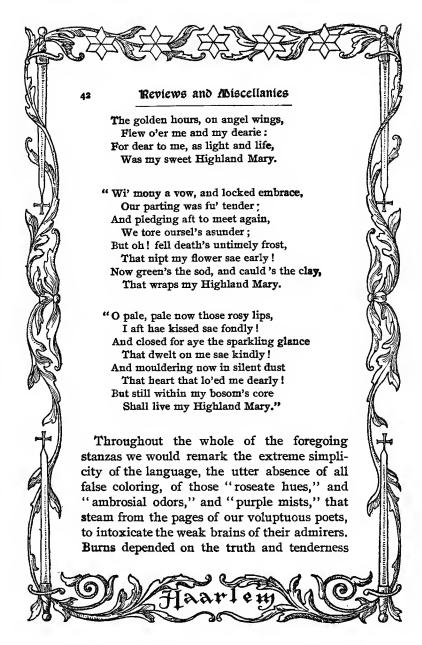
We think also the author has rather perverted his fancy by reading the amatory effusions of Moore; which, whatever be the magic of their imagery and versification, breathe a spirit of heartless sensuality and soft voluptuousness beneath the tone of vigorous and virtuous manhood.

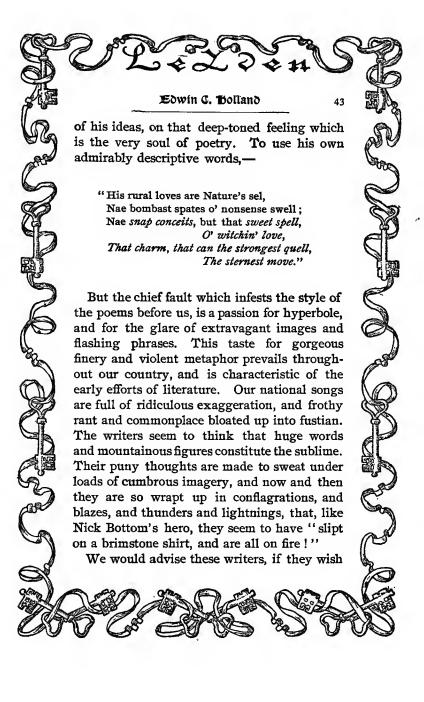
This rhapsodizing about "brilliant pleasures," and "hours of bliss," and "humid eyelids," and "ardent kisses," is, after all, mighty cold-blooded, silly stuff. It may do to tickle the ears of love-sick striplings and romantic milliners; but one verse describing pure domestic affection, or tender innocent love, from the pen of Burns, speaks more to the heart than all the meretricious rhapsodies of Moore.

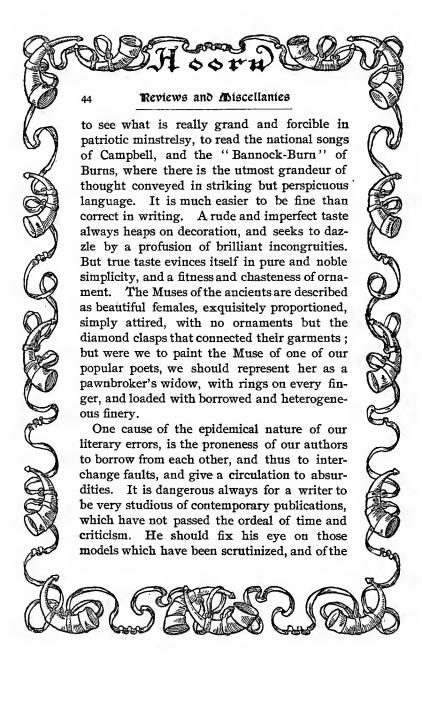
We doubt if in the whole round of rapturous scenes, dwelt on with elaborate salacity by the modern Anacreon, one passage can be found, combining equal eloquence of language, delicacy of imagery, and impassioned tenderness, with the following picture of the interview and parting of two lovers:

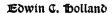
"How sweetly bloomed the gay, green birk, How rich the hawthorn's blossom; As underneath their fragrant shade I clasped her to my bosom!

The Hague





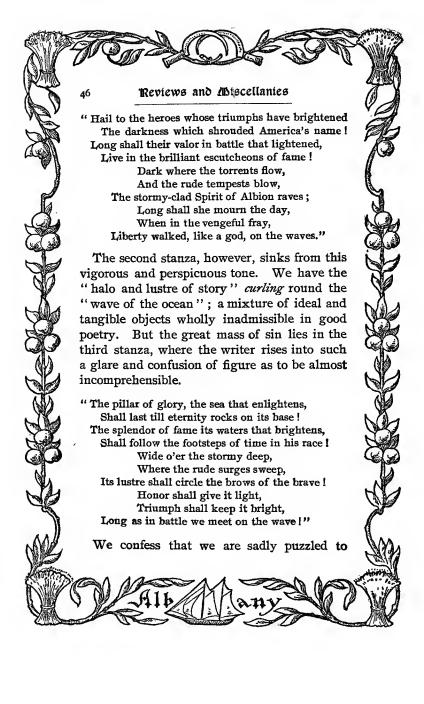




faults and excellences of which he is fully apprised. We think we can trace, in the popular songs of the volume before us, proofs that the author has been very conversant with the works of Robert Treat Paine, a late American writer of very considerable merit, but who delighted in continued explosions of fancy and glitter of language. As we do not censure wantonly, or for the sake of finding fault, we shall point to one of the author's writings, on which it is probable he most values himself, as it is the one which publicly received the prize in the Bookseller's Lottery. We allude to "The Pillar of Glory." We are likewise induced to notice this particularly, because we find it going the rounds of the Union,strummed at pianos, sang at concerts, and roared forth lustily at public dinners. Having this universal currency, and bearing the imposing title of "Prize Poem," which is undoubtedly equal to the "Tower Stamp," it stands a great chance of being considered abroad as a prize production of one of our Universities, and at home as a standard poem, worthy the imitation of all tyros in the art.

The first stanza is very fair, and indeed is one of those passages on which we found our good opinion of the author's genius. The last

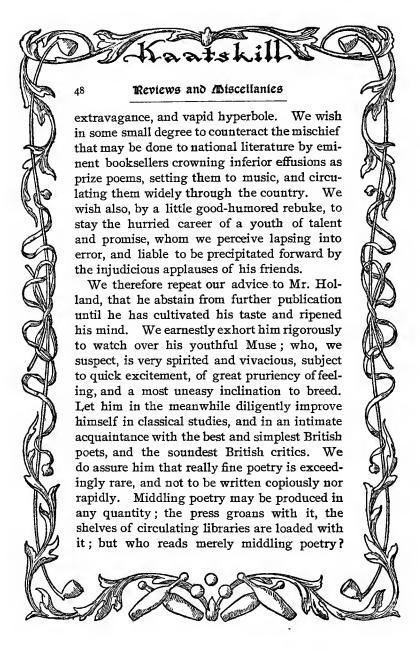
line is very noble.

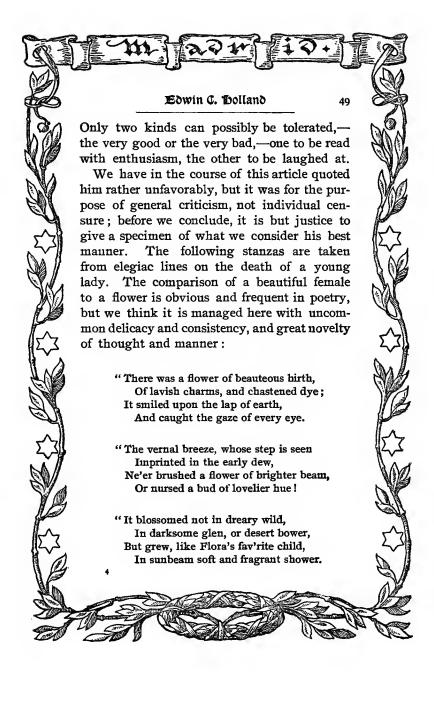


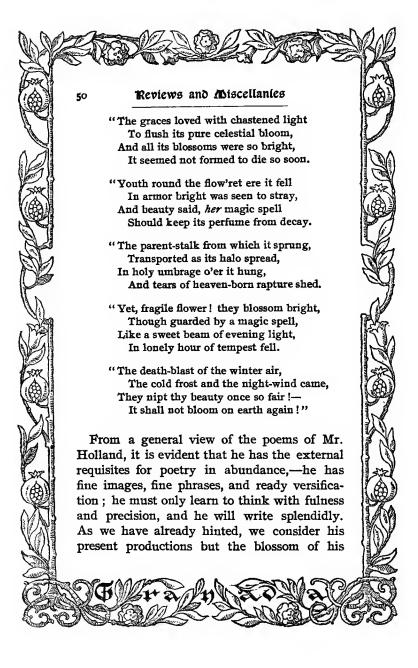


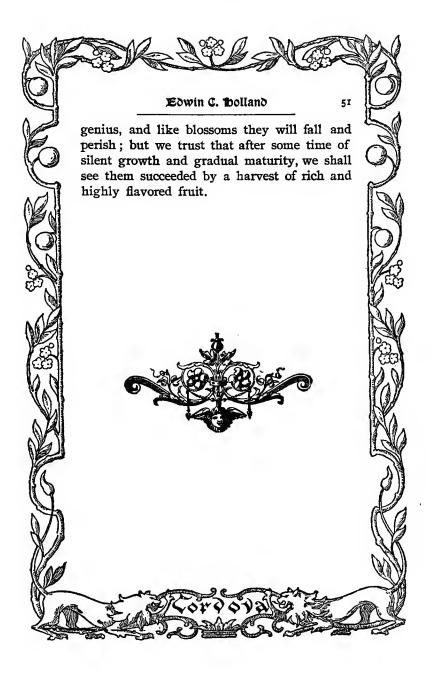
understand the nature of this ideal pillar, that seemed to have set the sea in a blaze, and was to last "till eternity rocks on its base," which we suppose is, according to a vulgar phrase. "forever and a day after." Our perplexity was increased by the cross light from the "splendor of fame," which, like a foot-boy with a lantern, was to jog on after the footsteps of Time; who it appears was to run a race against himself on the water-and as to the other lights and gleams that followed, they threw us into complete bewilderment. It is true, after beating about for some time, we at length landed on what we suspected to be the author's meaning; but a worthy friend of ours, who read the passage with great attention, maintains that this pillar of glory which enlightened the sea can be nothing more nor less than a light-house.

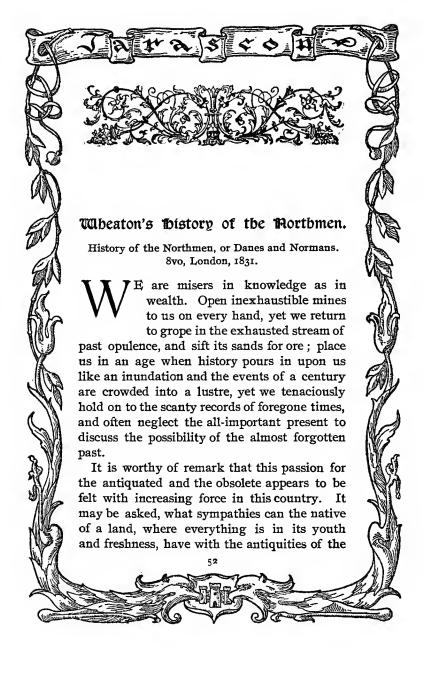
We do not certainly wish to indulge in improper or illiberal levity. It is not the author's fault that his poem has received a prize, and been elevated into unfortunate notoriety. Were its faults matters of concernment merely to himself, we should barely have hinted at them; but the poem has been made, in a manner, a national poem, and in attacking it we attack generally that prevailing taste among our poetical writers for excessive ornament, for turgid

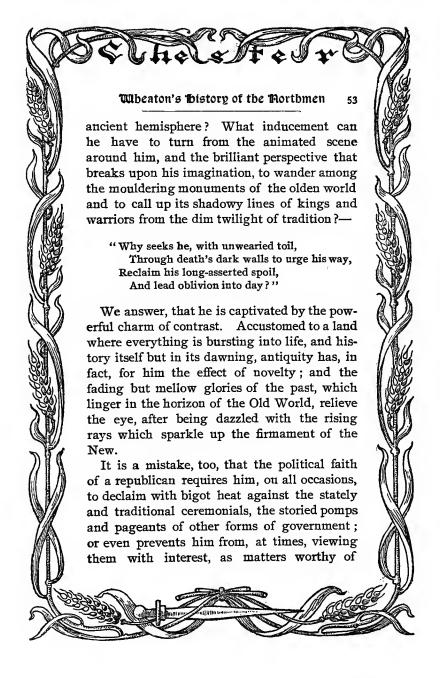


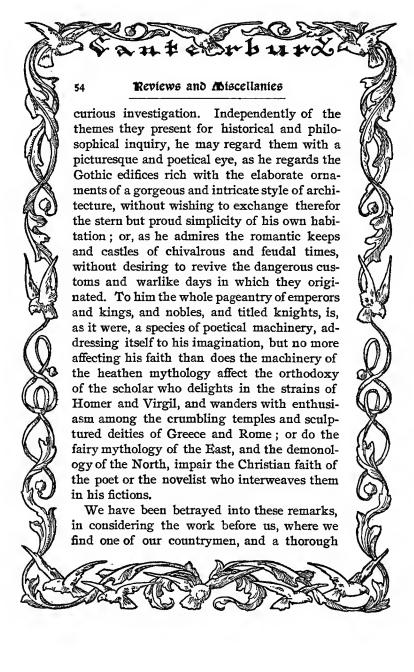


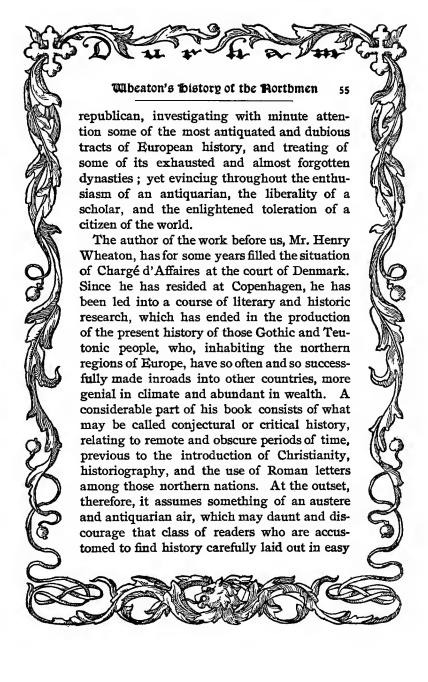


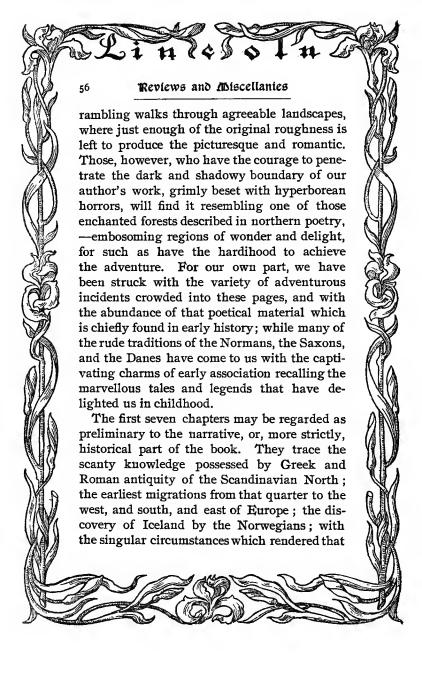


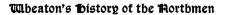












barren and volcanic isle, where ice and fire contend for mastery, the last asylum of Pagan faith and Scandinavian literature. In this wild region they lingered until the Latin alphabet superseded the Runic character, when the traditionary poetry and oral history of the North were consigned to written records, and rescued from that indiscriminate destruction which overwhelmed them on the Scandinavian continent.

The government of Iceland is described by our author as being more properly a patriarchal aristocracy than a republic; and he observes that the Icelanders, in consequence of their adherence to their ancient religion, cherished and cultivated the language and literature of their ancestors, and brought them to a degree of beauty and perfection which they never reached in the Christianized countries of the North, where the introduction of the learned languages produced feeble and awkward, though classical imitation, instead of graceful and national originality.

When, at the end of the tenth century, Christianity was at length introduced into the island, the national literature, though existing only in oral tradition, was full blown, and had attained too strong and deep a root in the affections of the people to be eradicated, and

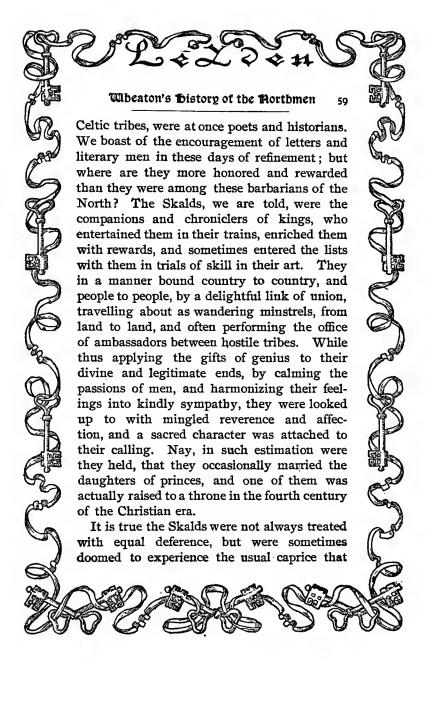
The Hague

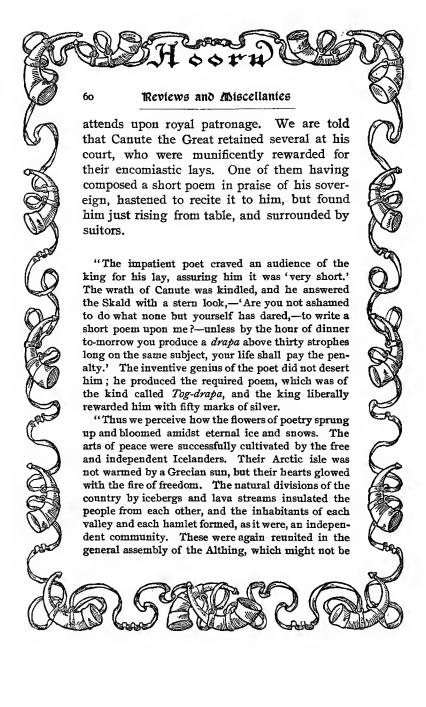
had given a charm and value to the language with which it was identified. The Latin letters. therefore, which accompanied the introduction of the Romish religion, were merely adapted to designate the sounds heretofore expressed by Runic characters, and thus contributed to preserve in Iceland the ancient language of the North, when exiled from its parent countries of Scandinavia. To this fidelity to its ancient tongue, the rude and inhospitable shores of Iceland owe that charm which gives them an inexhaustible interest in the eyes of the antiquary, and endears them to the imagination of the poet. "The popular superstitions," observes our author, "with which the mythology and poetry of the North are interwoven, continued still to linger in the sequestered glens of this remote island."

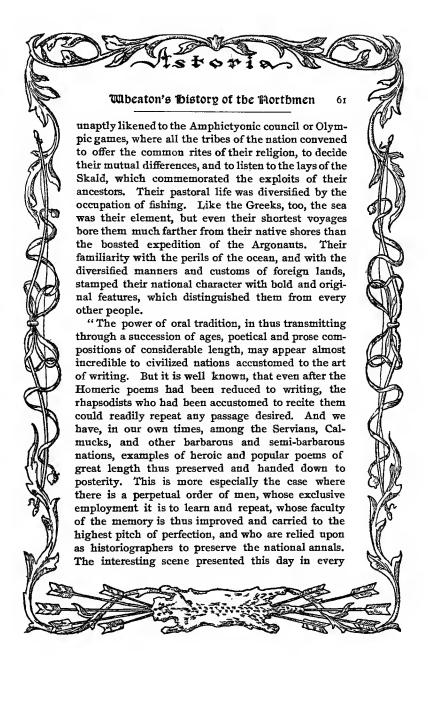
The language in itself appears to have been worthy of this preservation, since we are told that "it bears in its internal structure a strong resemblance to the Latin and Greek, and even to the ancient Persian and Sanscrit, and rivals in copiousness, flexibility, and energy, every modern tongue."

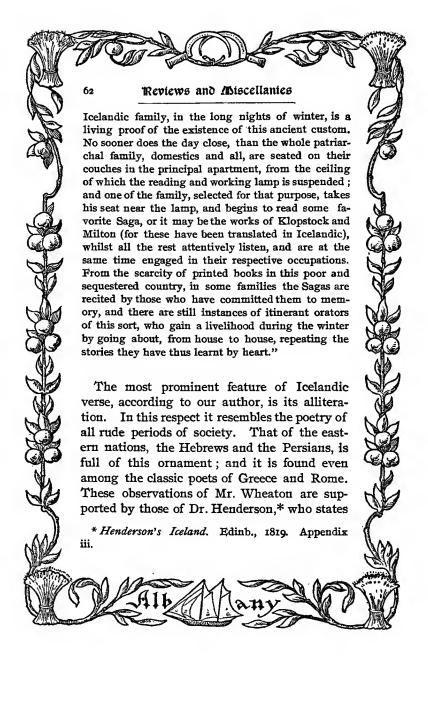
Before the introduction of letters, all Scandinavian knowledge was perpetuated in oral tradition by their Skalds, who, like the rhapsodists of ancient Greece, and the bards of the

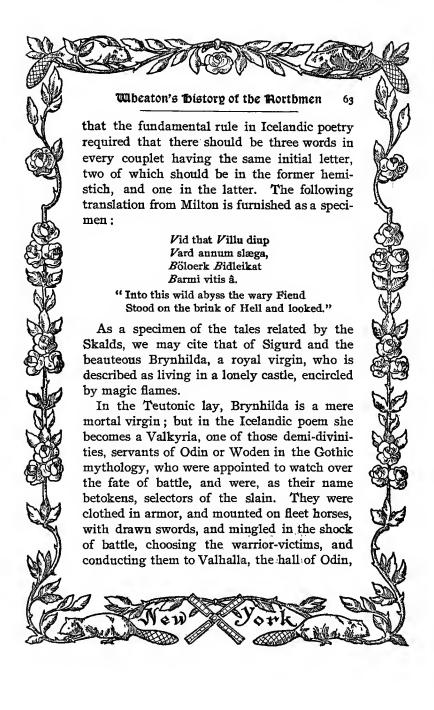


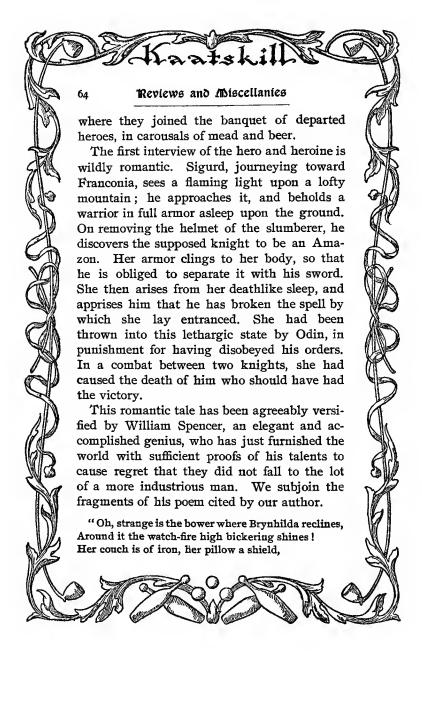


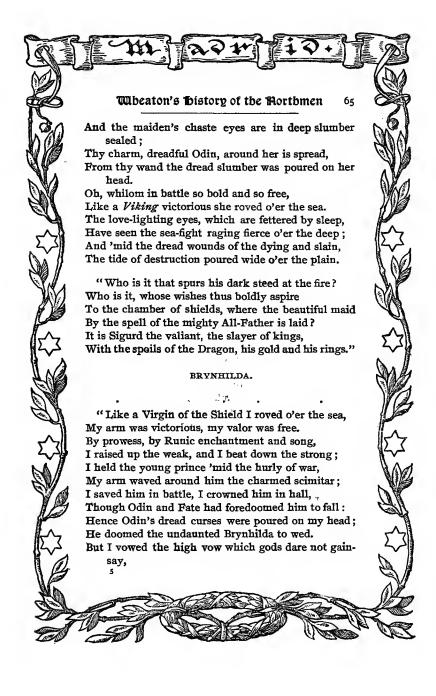


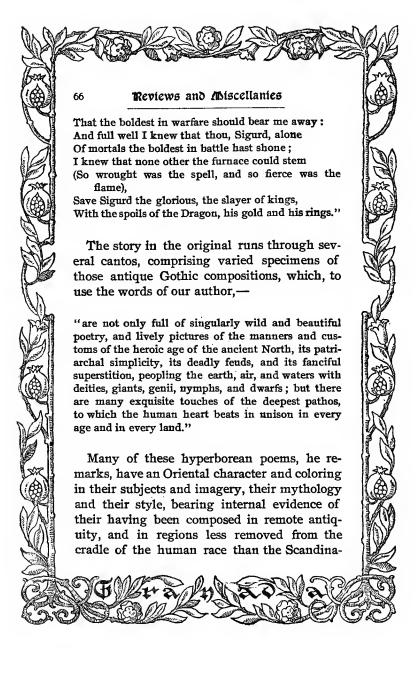


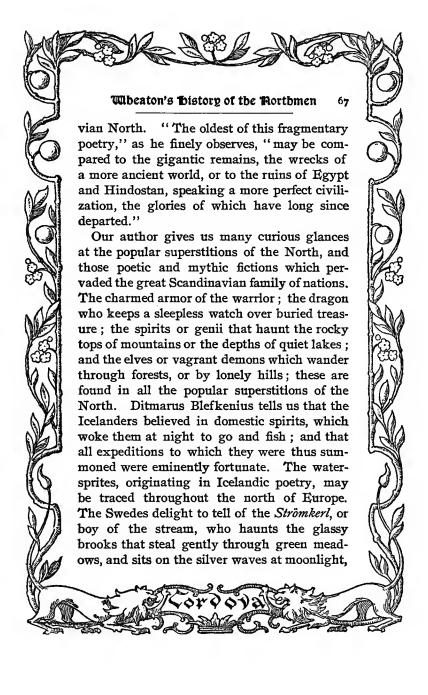


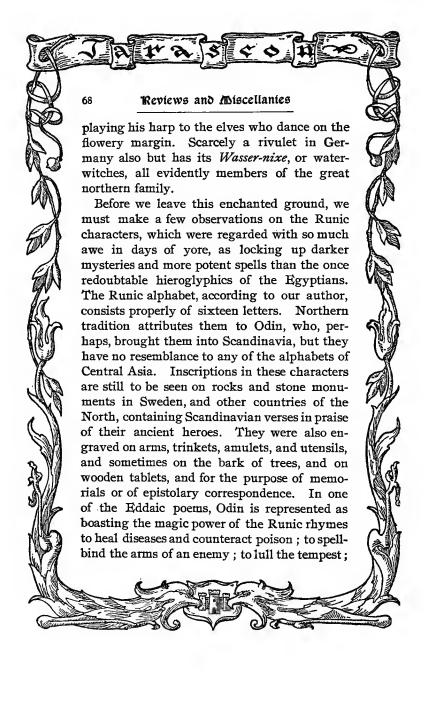






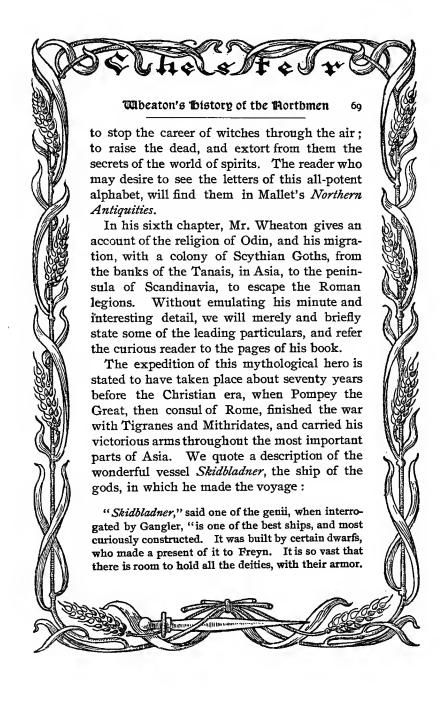


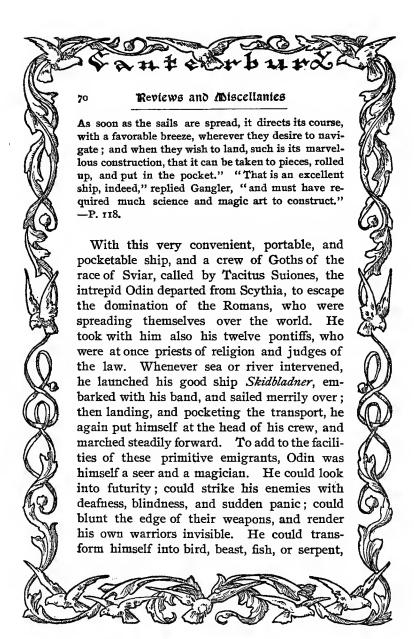


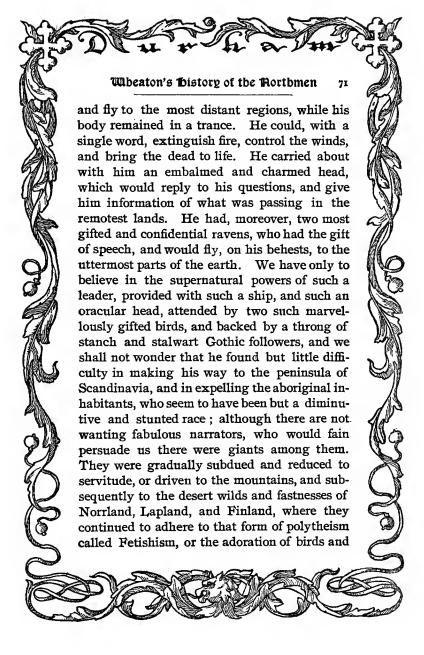


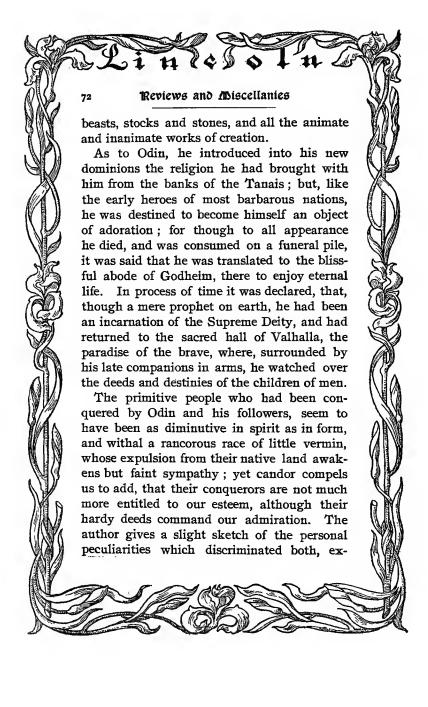
Viking
From Jewett's "Story of the Normans"

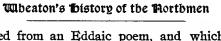












tracted from an Eddaic poem, and which is worthy of notice, as accounting, as far as the authority is respected, for some of the diversities in feature and complexion of the Scandinavian races.

"The slave caste, descended from the aboriginal Finns, were distinguished from their conquerors by black hair and complexion. . . . The caste of freemen and freeholders, lords of the soil which they cultivated, and descended from the Gothic conquerors, had reddish hair, fair complexion, and all the traits which peculiarly mark that famous race, . . . while the caste of the illustrious Jarls and the Hersen, earls and barons, were distinguished by still fairer hair and skin, and by noble employments and manners: from these descended the kingly race, skilled in Runic science, in manly exercises, and the military art."

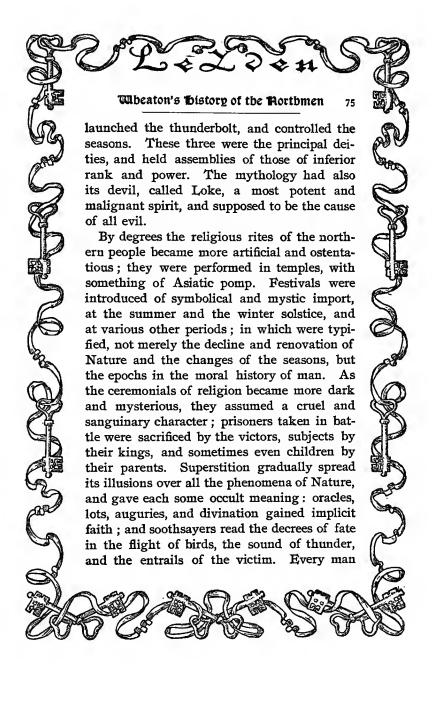
The manners, customs, and superstitions of these northern people, which afterwards, with various modifications, pervaded and stamped an indelible character on so great a part of Europe, deserve to be more particularly mentioned; and we give a brief view of them, chiefly taken from the work of our author, and partly from other sources. The religion of the early Scandinavians taught the existence of a Supreme Being, called Thor, who ruled over the elements, purified the air

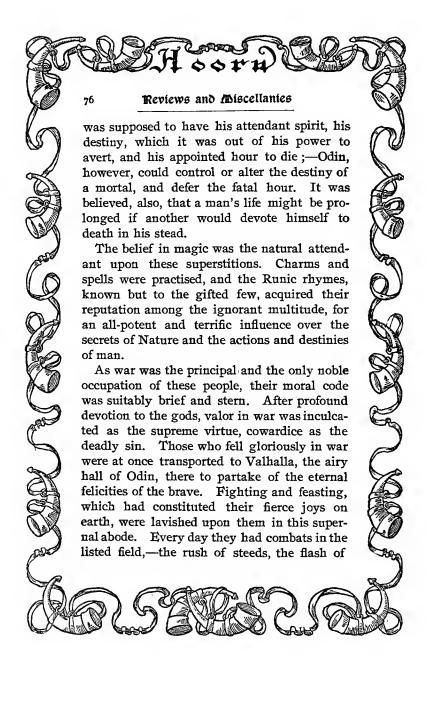
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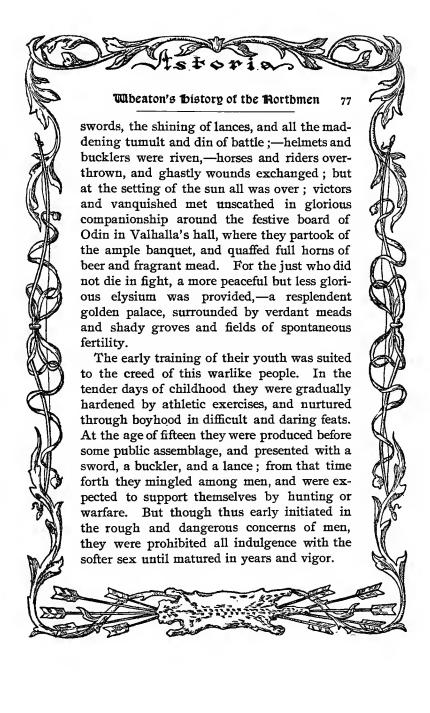
with refreshing showers, dispensed health and sickness, wielded the thunder and lightning, and with his celestial weapon, the rainbow, launched unerring arrows at the evil demons. He was worshipped in a primitive but striking manner, amidst the solemn majesty of Nature, on the tops of mountains, in the depths of primeval forests, or in those groves which rose like natural temples on islands surrounded by the dark waters of lonely and silent lakes. They had, likewise, their minor deities, or genii, whom we have already mentioned, who were supposed to inhabit the sun, the moon, and stars,—the regions of the air, the trees, the rocks, the brooks, and mountains of the earth, and to superintend the phenomena of their respective elements. They believed, also, in a future state of torment for the guilty, and of voluptuous and sensual enjoyment for the virtuous.

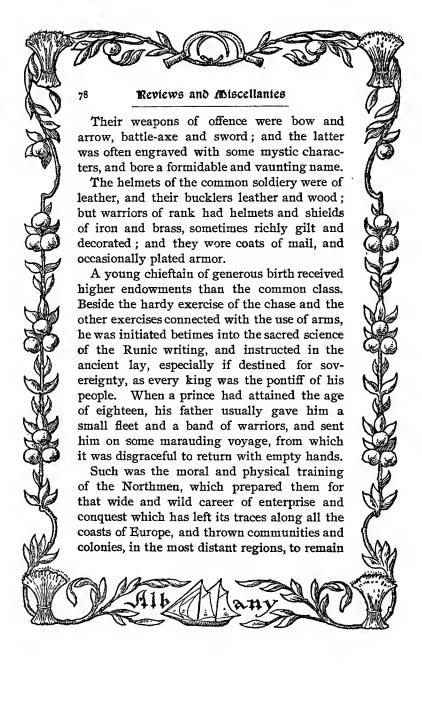
This primitive religion gave place to more complicated beliefs. Odin, elevated, as we have shown, into a divinity, was worshipped as the Supreme Deity, and with him was associated his wife Freya; from these are derived our Odensday—Wodensday or Wednesday—and our Freytag, or Friday. Thor, from whom comes Thursday, was now more limited in his sway, though he still bent the rainbow,

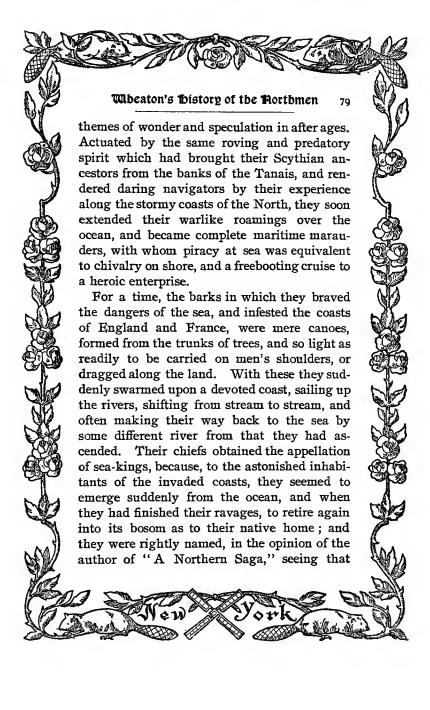


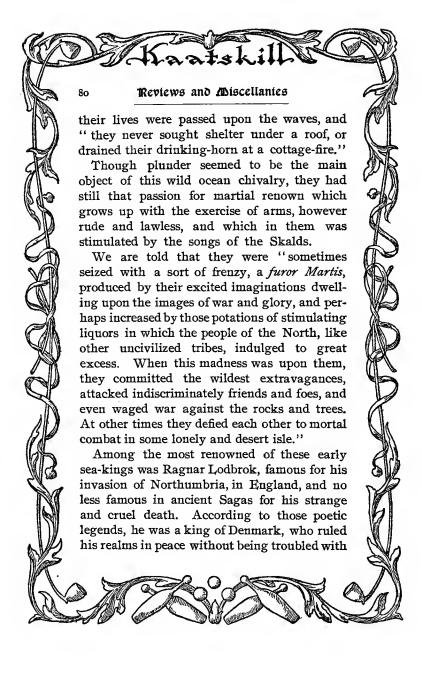


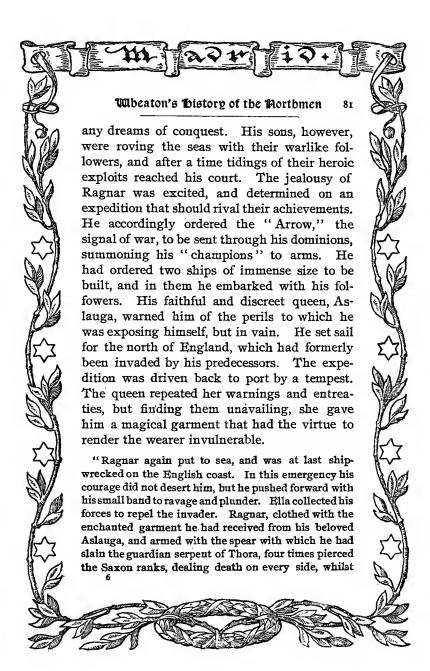


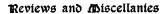












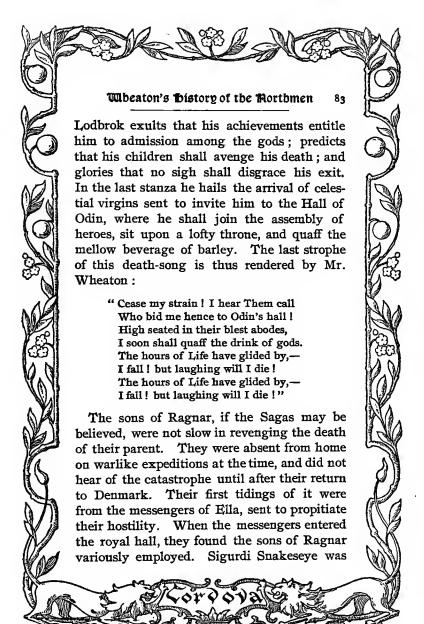
his own body was invulnerable to the blows of his enemies. His friends and champions fell one by one around him, and he was at last taken prisoner alive. Being asked who he was, he preserved an indignant silence. Then King Ella said,- 'If this man will not speak, he shall endure so much the heavier punishment for his obduracy and contempt.' So he ordered him to be thrown into the dungeon full of serpents, where he should remain till he told his name. Ragnar, being thrown into the dungeon, sat there a long time before the serpents attacked him; which being noticed by the spectators, they said he must be a brave man indeed whom neither arms nor vipers could hurt. Ella, hearing this, ordered his enchanted vest to be stripped off, and soon afterwards, the sepents clung to him on all sides. Then Ragnar said, 'How the young cubs would roar if they knew what the old boar suffers!' and expired with a laugh of defiance."—Pp. 152, 153.

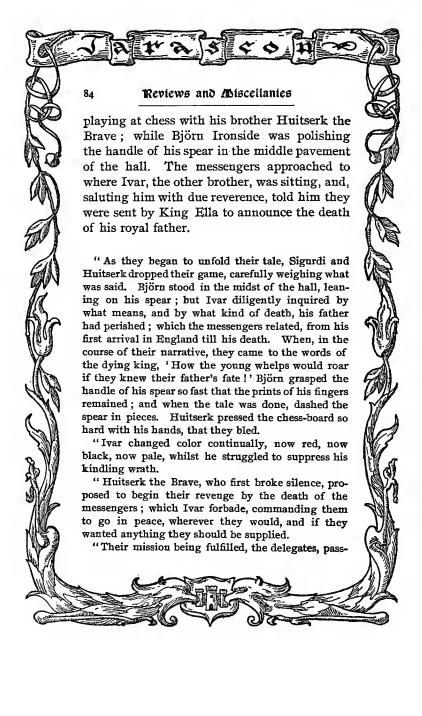
The death-song of Ragnar Lodbrok will be found in an appendix to Henderson's *Iceland*, both in the original and in a translation. The version, however, which is in prose, conveys but faintly the poetic spirit of the original. It consists of twenty-nine stanzas, most of them of nine lines, and contains, like the death-song of a warrior among the American Indians, a boastful narrative of his expeditions and exploits. Each stanza bears the same burden:

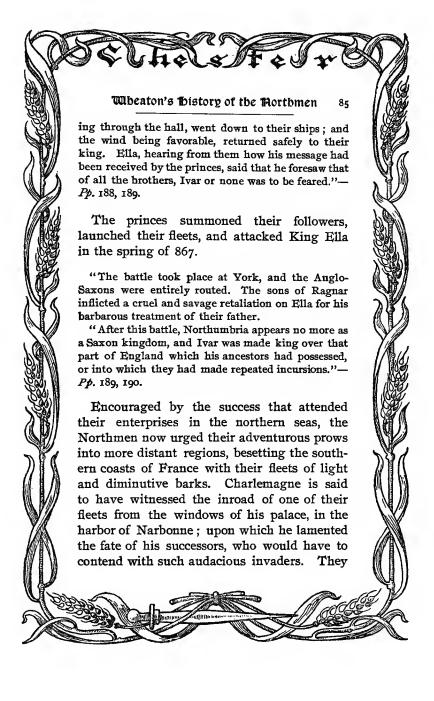
"Hiuggom ver med hiarvi."

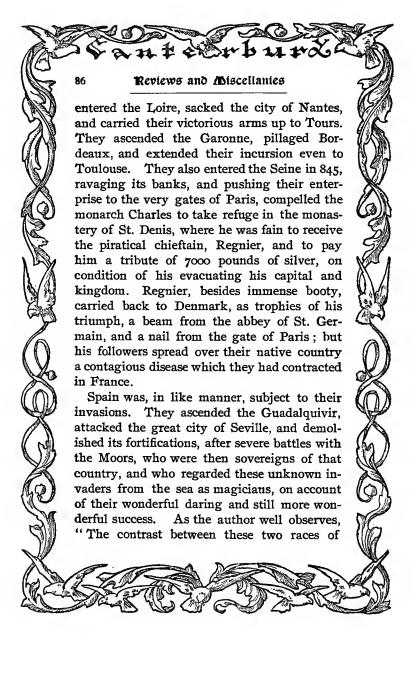
"We hewed them with our swords."

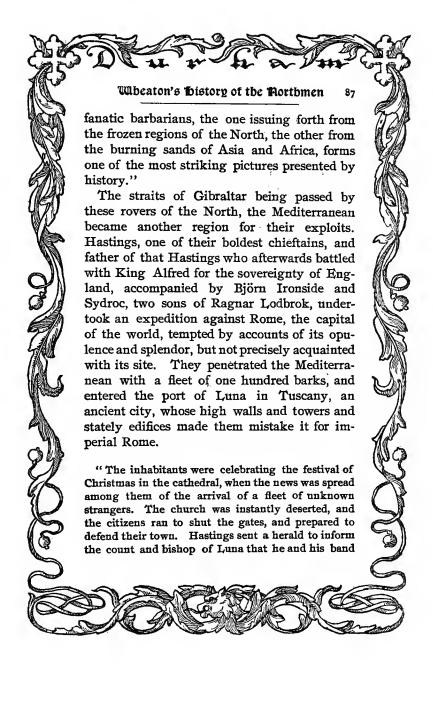
The shape

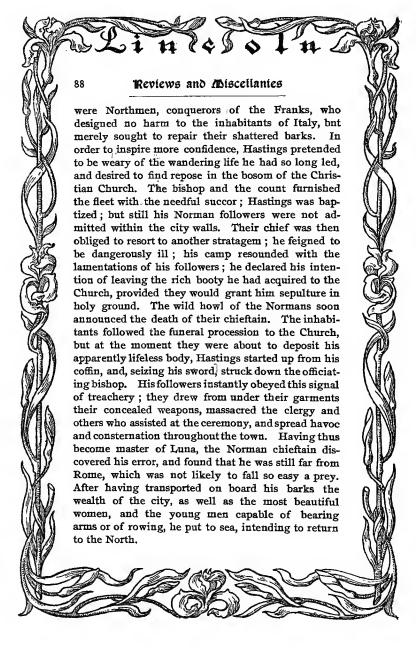


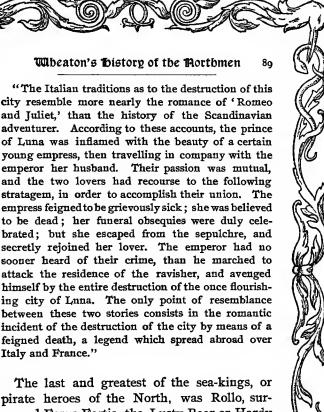






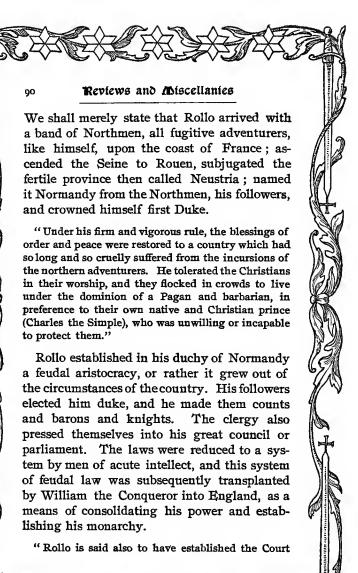


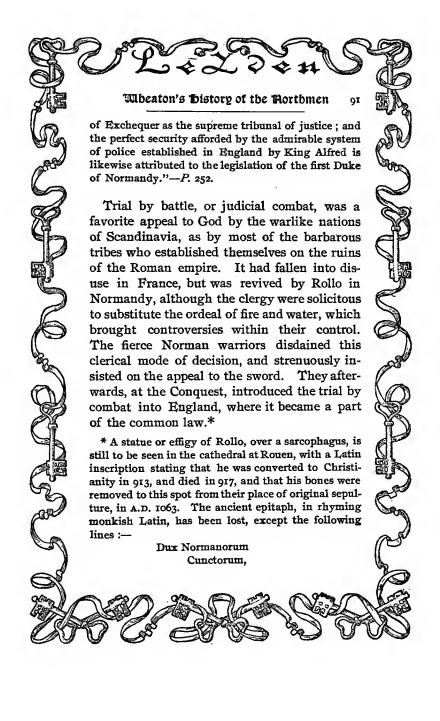


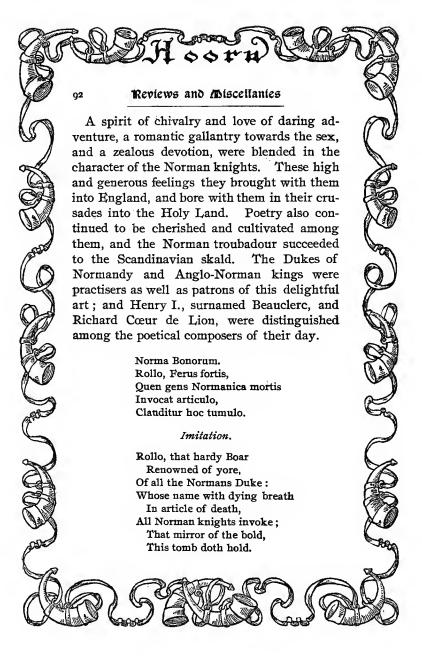


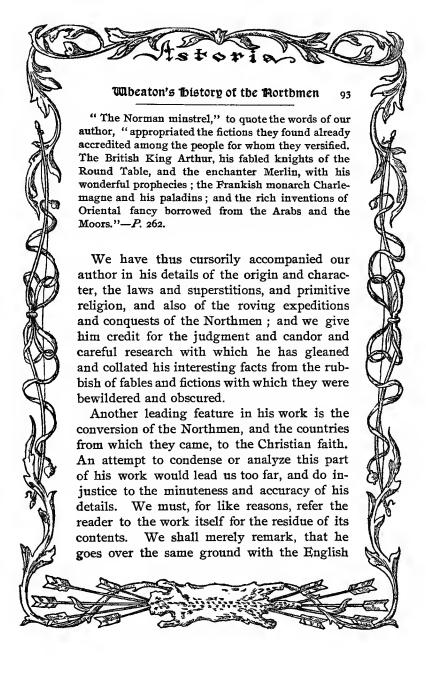
The last and greatest of the sea-kings, or pirate heroes of the North, was Rollo, surnamed Ferus Fortis, the Lusty Boar or Hardy Beast, from whom William the Conqueror comes in lineal, though not legitimate, descent. Our limits do not permit us to detail the early history of this warrior, as selected by our author from among the fables of the Norman chronicles, and the more simple, and, he thinks, more veritable narratives in the Icelandic Sagas.

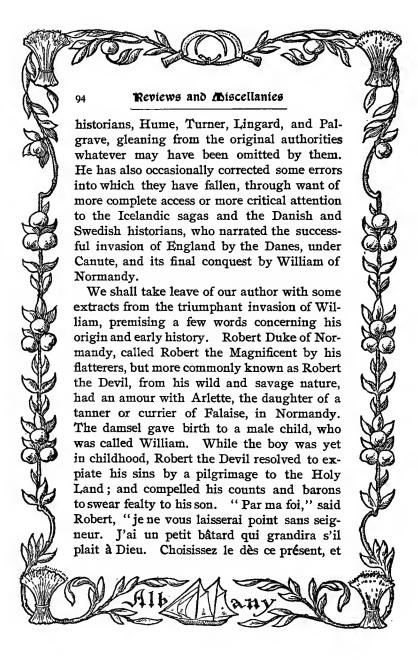
The Hague





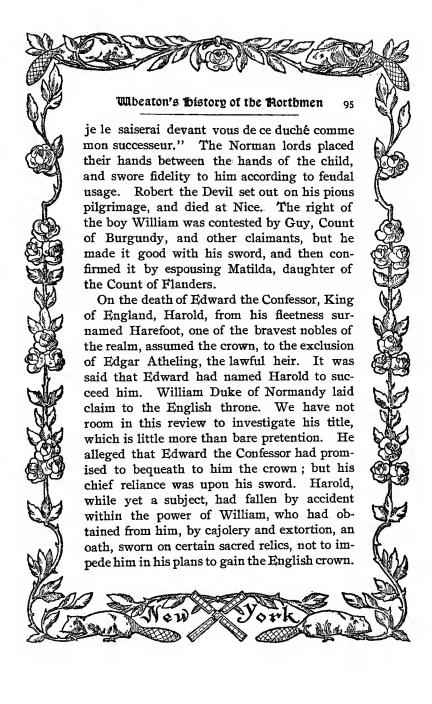


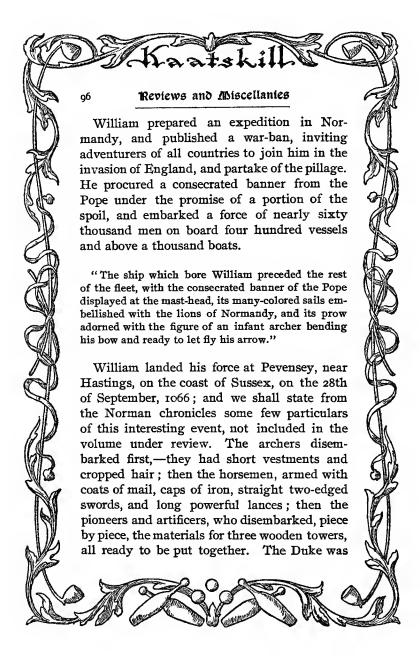


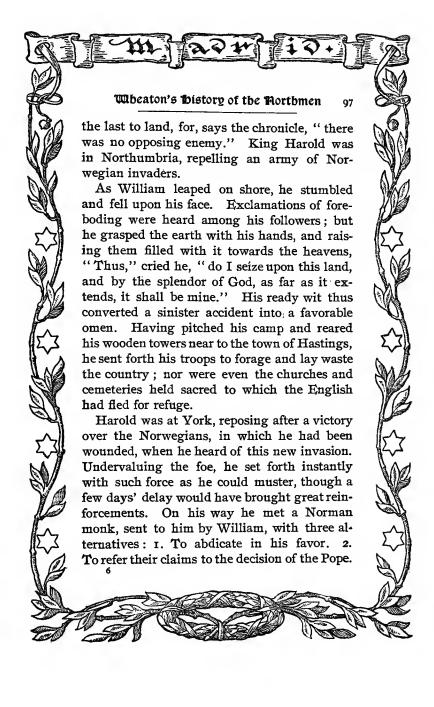


William the Conqueror From an Engraving by G. Vertue









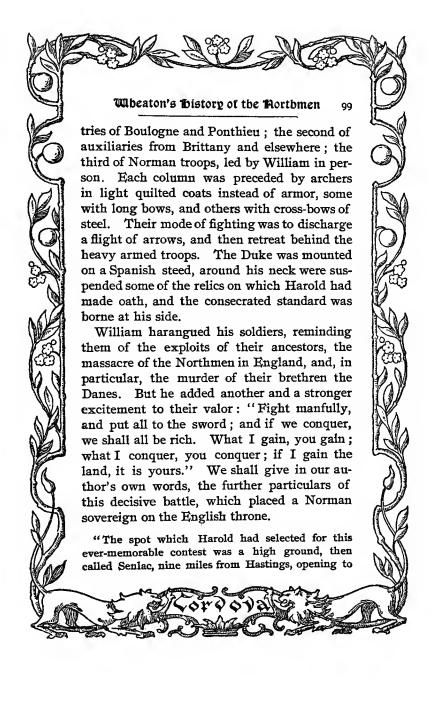


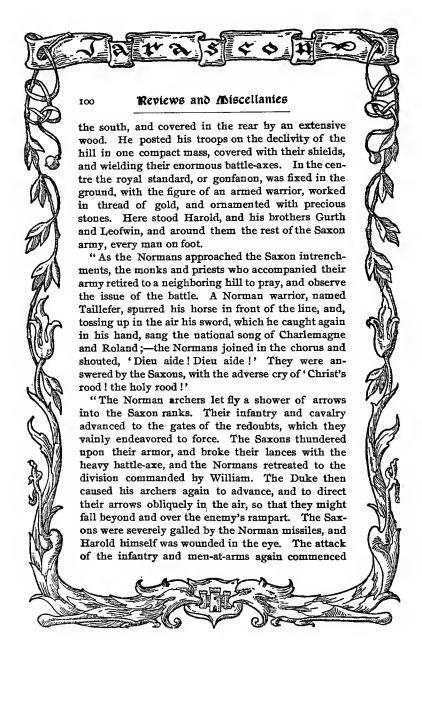
3. To determine them by single combat. Harold refused all three, and quickened his march; but finding as he drew nearer, that the Norman army was thrice the number of his own, he intrenched his host seven miles from their camp, upon a range of hills, behind a rampart of palisades and osier hurdles.

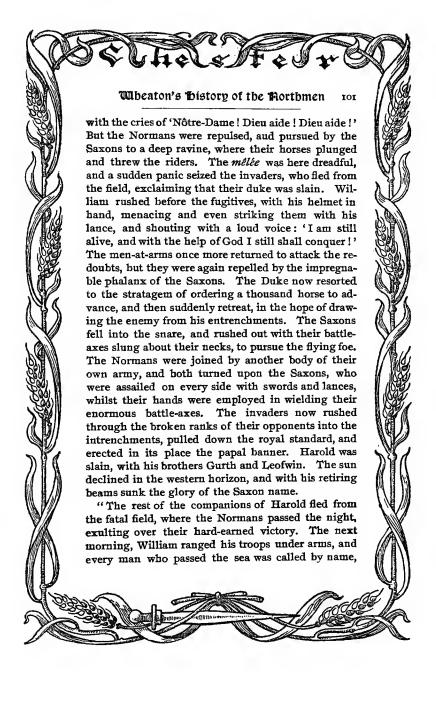
The impending night of the battle was passed by the Normans in warlike preparations, or in confessing their sins and receiving the sacrament and the camp resounded with the prayers and chantings of priests and friars. As to the Saxon warriors, they sat round their campfires, carousing horns of beer and wine, and singing old national war-songs.

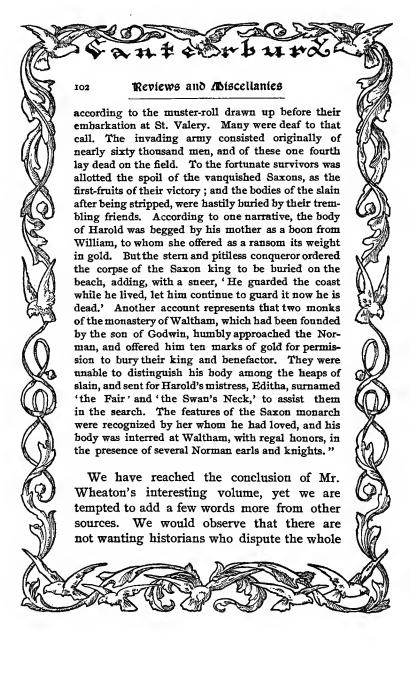
At an early hour in the morning of the 14th of October, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, and bastard brother of the Duke, being a son of his mother Arlette, by a burgher of Falaise, celebrated mass, and gave his benediction to the Norman army. He then put a hauberk under his cassock, mounted a powerful white charger, and led forth a brigade of cavalry; for he was as ready with the spear as with the crosier, and for his fighting and other turbulent propensities, well merited his surname of Odo the Unruly.

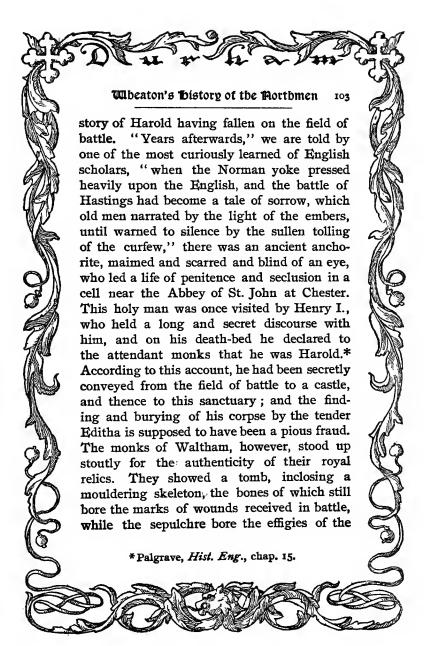
The army was formed into three columns; one composed of mercenaries from the coun-

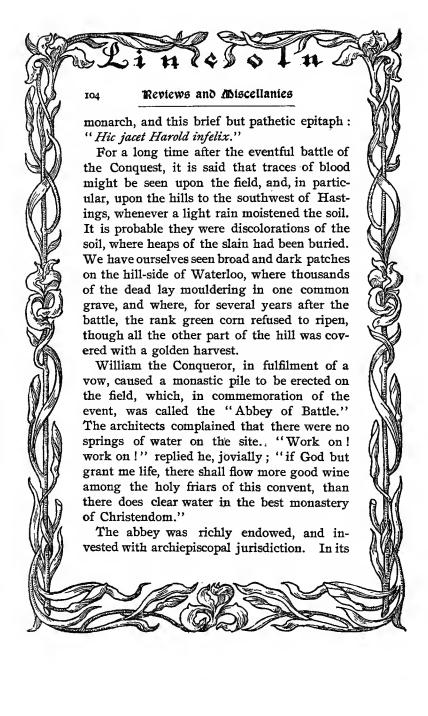


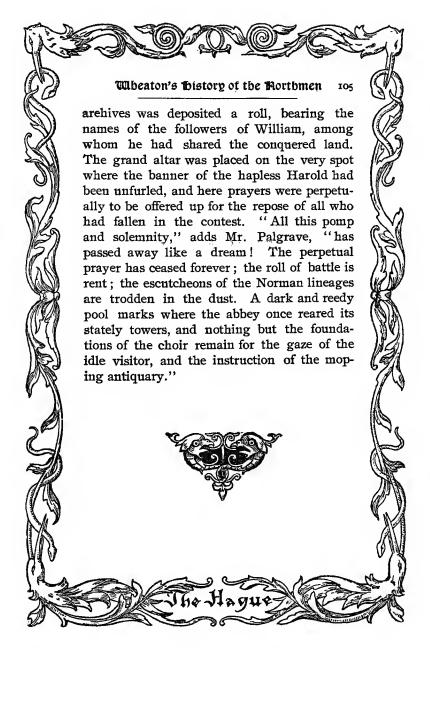


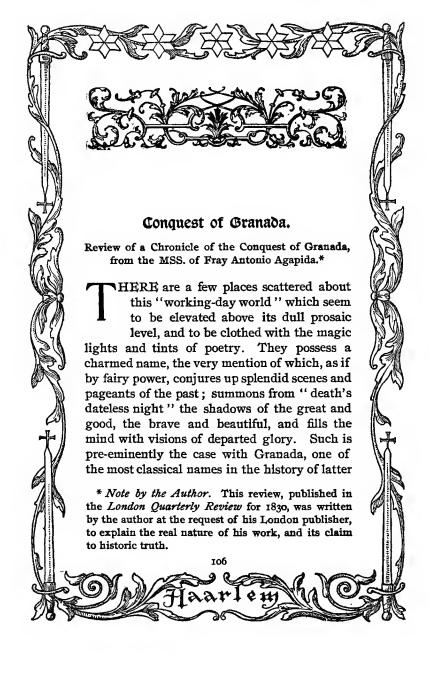


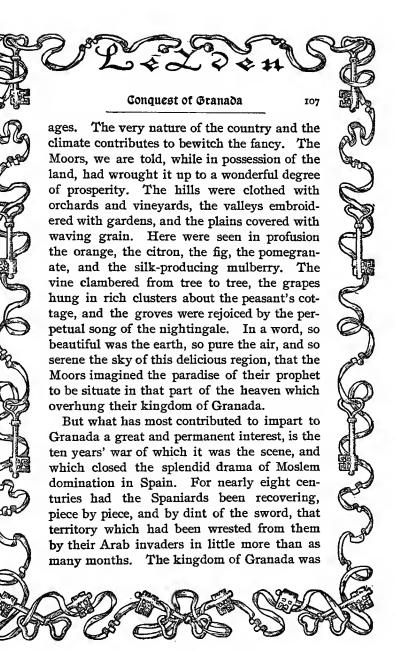


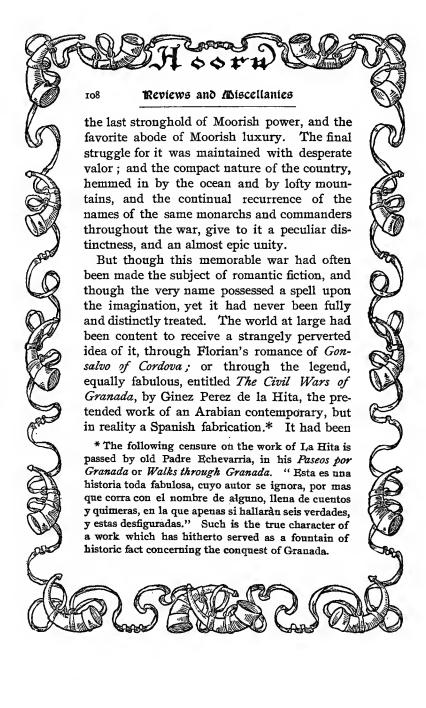


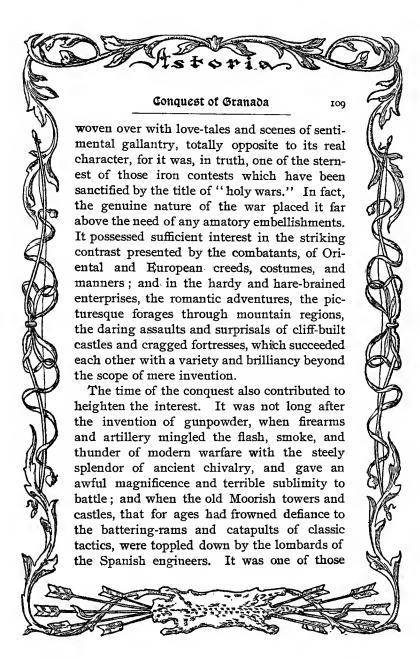


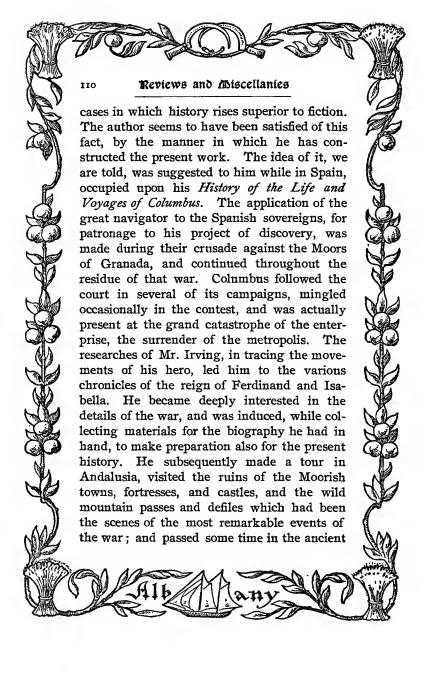


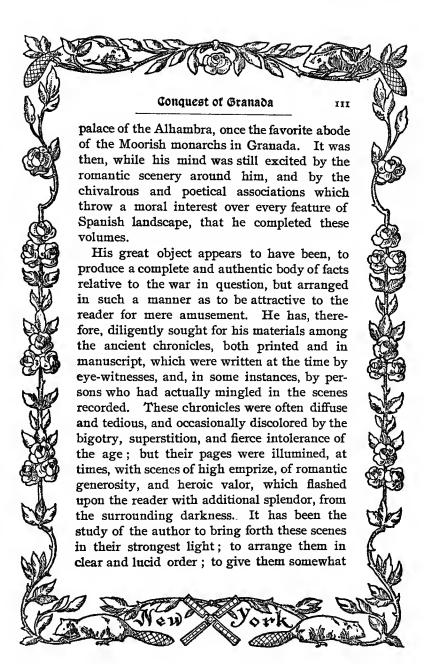


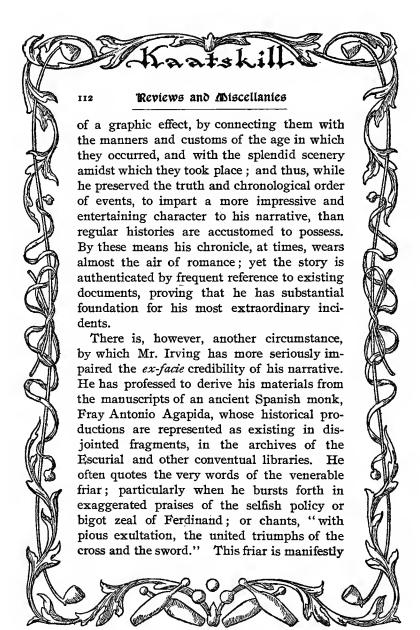


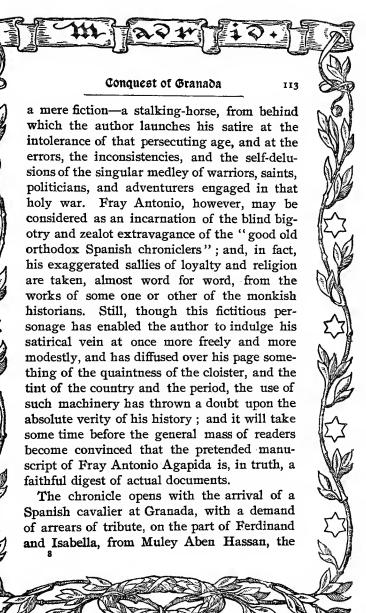


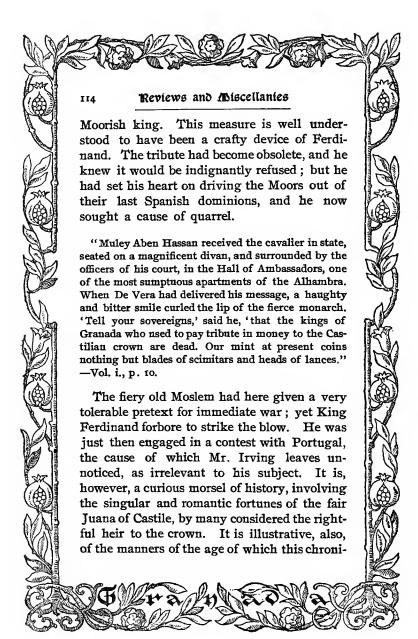


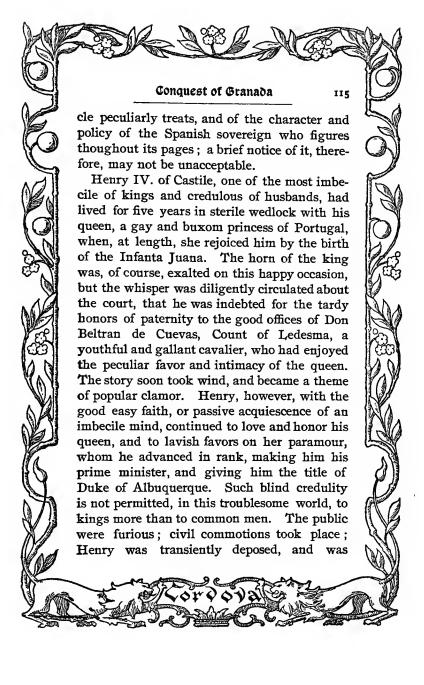


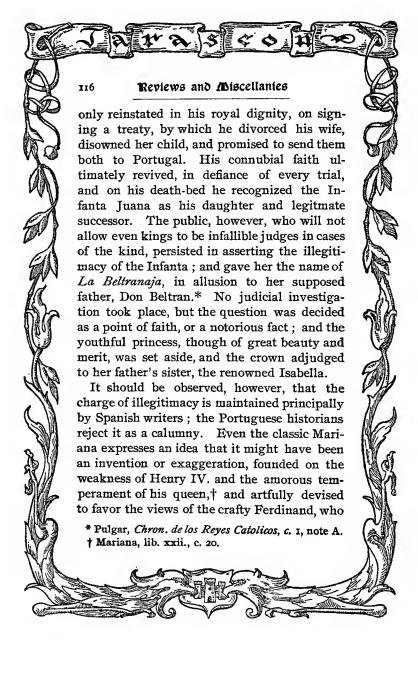


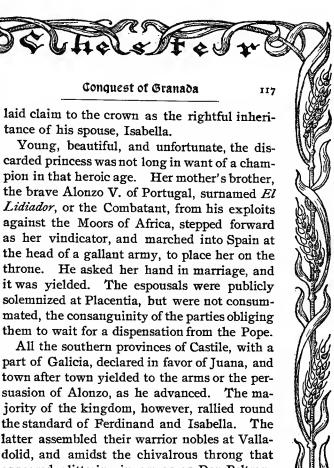




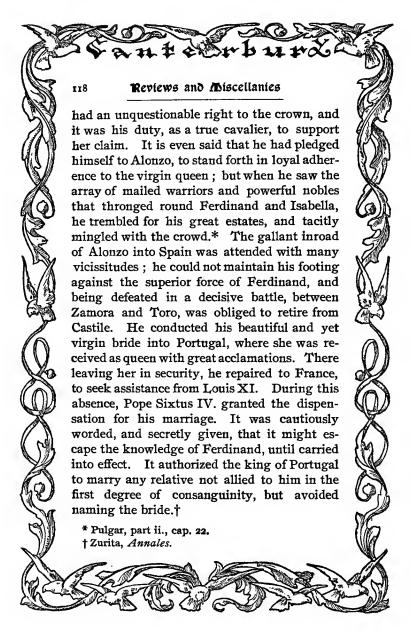




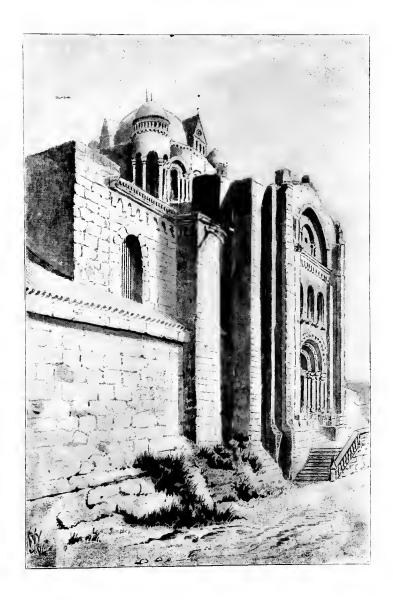


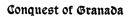


jority of the kingdom, however, rallied round the standard of Ferdinand and Isabella. The latter assembled their warrior nobles at Valladolid, and amidst the chivalrous throng that appeared glittering in arms was Don Beltran, Duke of Albuquerque, the surmised father of Juana. His predicament was singular and delicate. If, in truth, the father of Juana, natural affection called upon him to support her interests; if she were not his child, then she



Cathedral of Zamora
Redrawn from an Old Print



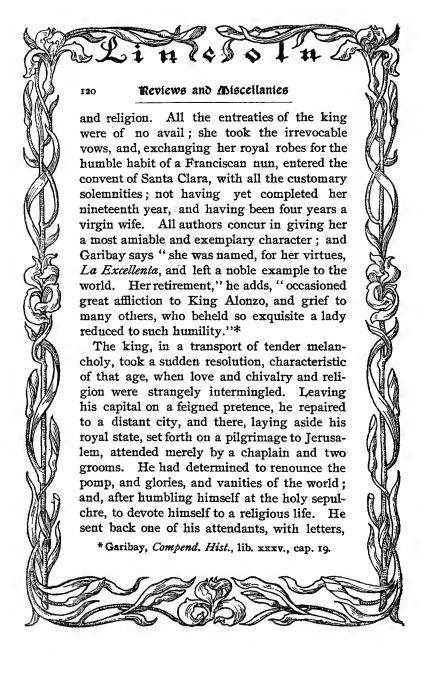


The negotiation of Alonzo at the court of France was protracted during many weary months, and was finally defeated by the superior address of Ferdinand. He returned to Portugal, to forget his vexations in the arms of his blooming bride; but even here he was again disappointed by the crafty intrigues of his rival. The pliant pontiff had been prevailed upon to issue a patent bull, overruling his previous dispensation, as having been obtained without naming both of the persons to be united in marriage, and as having proved the cause of wars and bloodshed.* The royal pair were thus obliged to meet in the relations of uncle and niece, instead of husband and wife. Peace was finally negotiated by the intervention of friends, on the condition that Donna Juana should either take the veil and become a nun, or should be wedded to Don Juan, the infant son and heir of Ferdinand and Isabella, as soon as he should arrive at a marriageable age: This singular condition, which would place her on the throne from which she had been excluded, has been adduced as a proof of her legitimate right.

Alonzo V. was furious, and rejected the treaty; but Donna Juana shrunk from being any longer the cause of war and bloodshed, and determined to devote herself to celibacy

* Zurita.





in which he took a tender leave of Donna Juana, and directed his son to assume the crown. His letters threw the court into great affliction; his son was placed on the throne, but several of the ancient courtiers set out in pursuit of the pilgrim king. They overtook him far on his journey, and prevailed on him to return and resume his sceptre, which was dutifully resigned to him by his son. Still restless and melancholy, Alonzo afterwards undertook a crusade for the recovery of the holy sepulchre, and proceeded to Italy with a fleet and army; but was discouraged from the enterprise by the coldness of Pope Pius II. He then returned to Portugal; and his love melancholy reviving in the vicinity of Donna Juana, he determined, out of a kind of romantic sympathy, to imitate her example, and to take the habit of St. Francis. sadness and depression, however, increased to such a degree as to overwhelm his forces, and he died, in 1481, at Cintra, in the chamber in which he was born.*

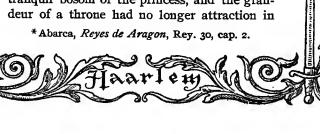
We cannot close the brief record of this romantic story without noticing the subsequent fortunes of Donna Juana. She resided in the monastery of Santa Anna, with the seclusion of a nun, but the state of a princess.

* Faria y Sousa, Hist. Portugal, pt. iii., cap. 13.

The Hague

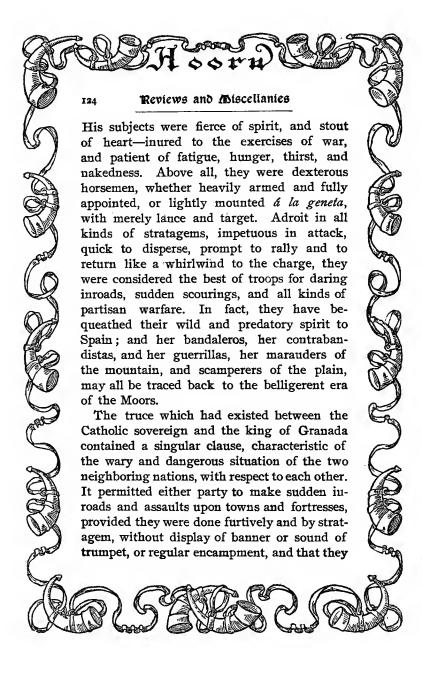


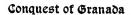
The fame of her beauty and her worth drew suitors to the cloisters; and her hand was. solicited by the youthful king of Navarre, Don Francisco Phebus, surnamed the Hand-His courtship, however, was cut short by his sudden death, in 1483, which was surmised to have been caused by poison.* For six-and-twenty years did the royal nun continue shut up in holy seclusion from the world. The desire of youth and the pride of beauty had long passed away, when suddenly, in 1505, Ferdinand himself, her ancient enemy, the cause of all her sorrows and disappointments, appeared as a suitor for her hand. His own illustrious queen, the renowned Isabella, was dead, and had bequeathed her hereditary crown of Castile to their daughter, for whose husband, Philip I., he had a jealous It was supposed that the crafty and ambitious monarch intended, after marrying Juana, to revive her claim to that throne, from which his own hostility had excluded His conduct in this instance is another circumstance strongly in favor of the lawful right of Juana to the crown of Castile. vanity of the world, however, was dead in the tranquil bosom of the princess, and the grandeur of a throne had no longer attraction in



her eyes. She rejected the suit of the most politic and perfidious of monarchs; and, continuing faithful to her vows, passed the remainder of her days in the convent of Santa Anna, where she died in all the odor of holiness, and of immaculate and thrice-proved virginity, which had passed unscorched even through the fiery ordeal of matrimony.

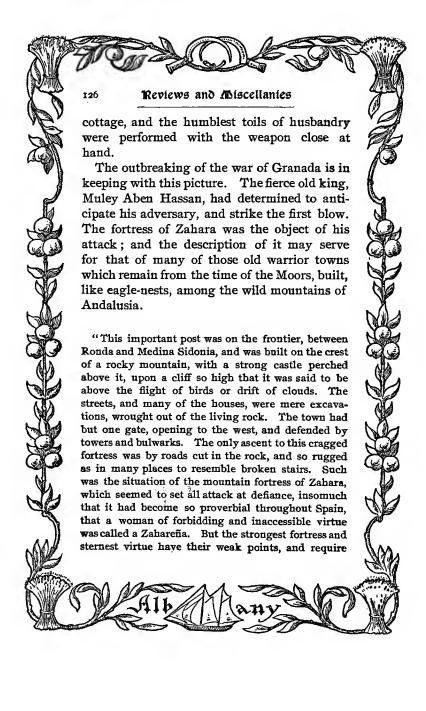
To return to Mr. Irving's narrative. nand having successfully terminated the war with Portugal, and seated himself and Isabella firmly on the throne of Castile, turned his attention to his contemplated project—the conquest of Granada. His plan of operations was characteristic of his cautious and crafty nature. He determined to proceed step by step, taking town after town, and fortress after fortress, before he attempted the Moorish cap-"I will pick out the seeds of this pomeital. granate one by one," said the wary monarch, in allusion to Granada,—the Spanish name both for the kingdom and the fruit. intention of the Catholic sovereign did not escape the eagle eye of old Muley Aben Hassan. Being, however, possessed of great treasures, and having placed his territories in a warlike posture, and drawn auxiliary troops from his allies, the princes of Barbary, he felt confident in his means of resistance.

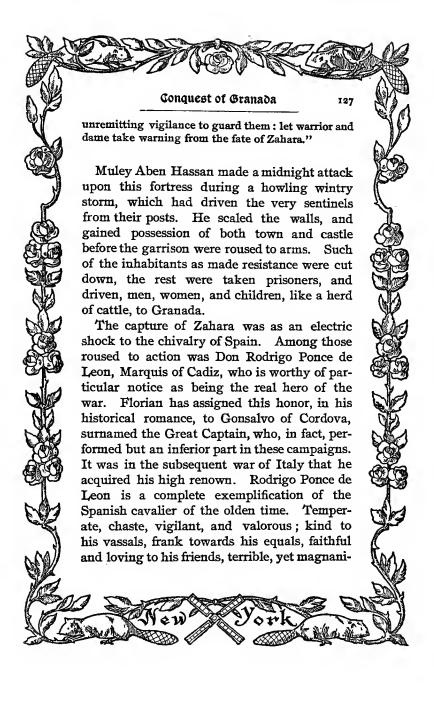


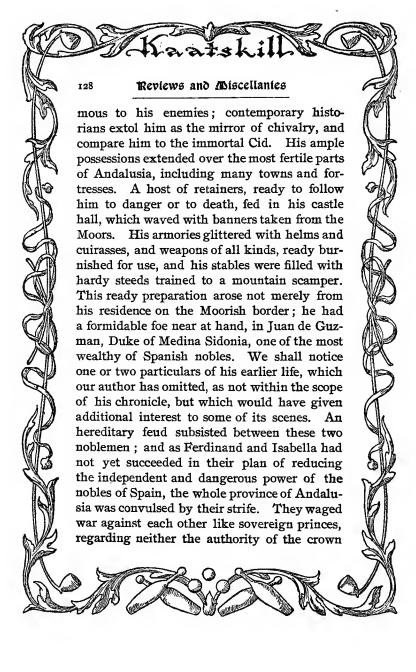


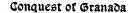
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did not last above three days. This gave rise to frequent enterprises of a hardy and adventurous character, in which castles and strongholds were taken by surprise, and carried sword in Monuments of these border scourings, and the jealous watchfulness awakened by them, may still be seen by the traveller in every part of Spain, but particularly in Andalusia. The mountains which formed the barriers of the Christian and Moslem territories are still crested with ruined watch-towers, where the helmed and turbaned sentinels kept a lookout on the Vega of Granada, or the plains of the Guadalquivir. Every rugged pass has its dismantled fortress, and every town and village, and even hamlet, the mountain or valley, its strong tower of defence. Even on the beautiful little stream of the Guadavra, which now winds peacefully among flowery banks and groves of myrtles and oranges, to throw itself into the Guadalquivir, the Moorish mills, which have studded its borders for centuries, have each its battlemented tower, where the miller and his family could take refuge until the foray which swept the plains, and made hasty sack and plunder in its career, had passed away. Such was the situation of Moor and Spaniard in those days, when the sword and spear hung ready on the wall of every



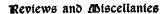






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nor the welfare of the country. Every fortress and castle became a stronghold of their partisans, and a kind of club law prevailed over the land, like the faust recht once exercised by the robber counts of Germany. The sufferings of the province awakened the solicitude of Isabella, and brought her to Seville, where, seated on a throne in a great hall of the Alcazar or Moorish palace, she held an open audience to receive petitions and complaints. The nobles of the province hastened to do her homage. The Marquis of Cadiz alone did not appear. The Duke of Medina Sidonia accused him of having been treasonably in the interest of Portugal, in the late war of the succession; of exercising tyrannical sway over certain royal domains; of harassing the subjects of the crown with his predatory bands, and keeping himself aloof in warlike defiance, in his fortified city of Xeres. The continued absence of the marquis countenanced these charges, and they were reiterated by the relations and dependants of the Duke, who thronged and controlled the ancient city of Seville. The indignation of the queen was roused, and she determined to reduce the supposed rebel by force of arms. Tidings of these events were conveyed to Ponce de Leon, and roused him to vindicate his honor with frankness and decision. He instantly set

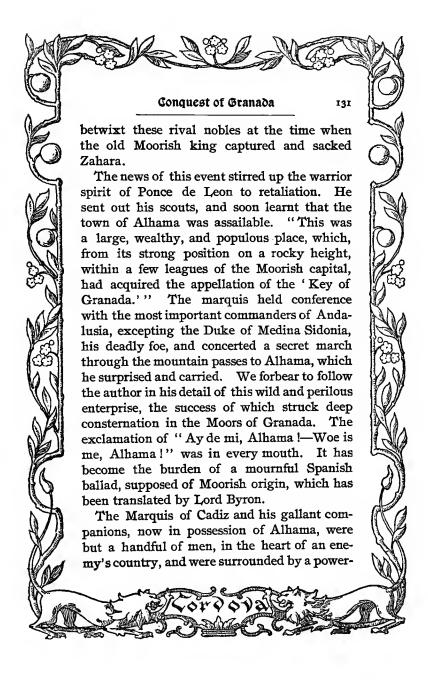


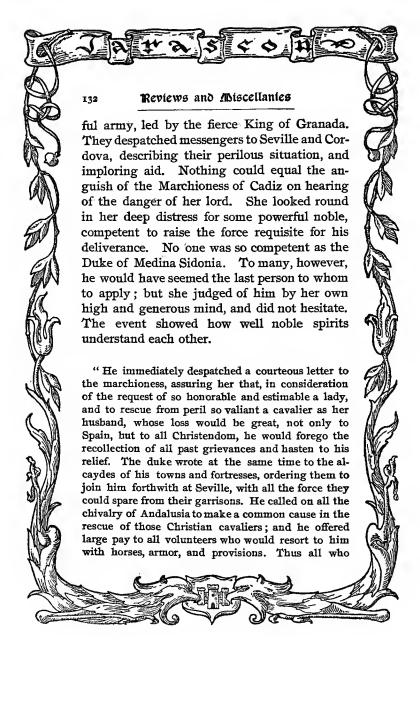
off from Xeres, attended by a single servant. Spurring across the country, and traversing the hostile city, he entered the palace by a private portal, and penetrating to the apartment of the queen, presented himself suddenly before her.

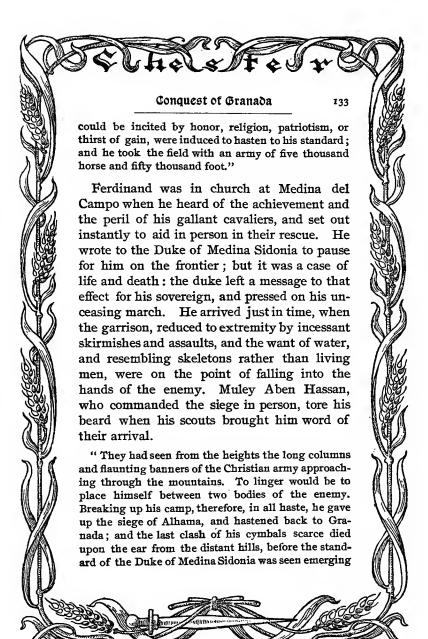
"Behold me here, most potent sovereign!" exclaimed he, "to answer any charge in person. I come not to accuse others, but to vindicate myself; not to deal in words, but in deeds. It is said that I hold Xeres and Alcala fortified and garrisoned, in defiance of your authority: send and take possession of them, for they are yours. Do you require my patrimonial hereditaments? From this chamber I will direct their surrender; and here I deliver up my very person into your power. As to the other charges, let investigation be made; and if I stand not clear and loyal, impose on me whatever pain or penalty you may think proper to inflict." *

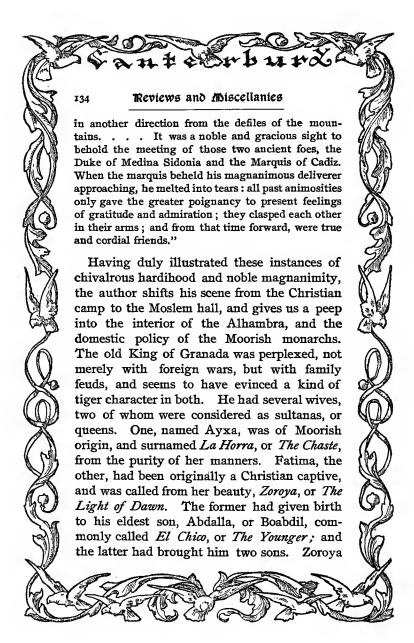
Isabella saw in the intrepid frankness of the marquis strong proof of innocence, and declared, that had she thought him guilty, his gallant confidence would have insured her clemency. She took possession of the fortresses surrendered, but caused the duke to give up equally his military posts, and to free Seville from these distracting contests, ordered either chief to dwell on his estate. Such was the feud

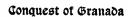
* Pulgar, c. 70, etc.





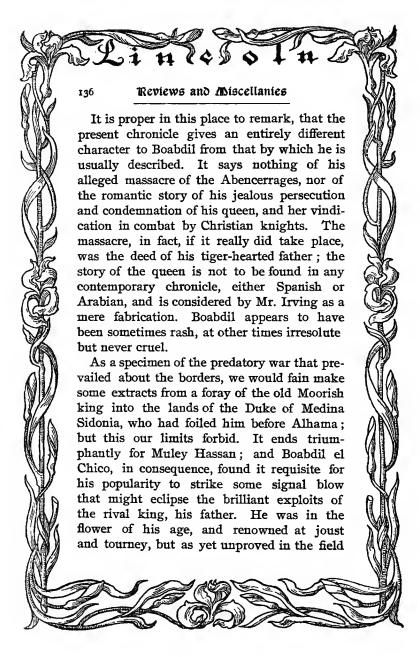






abused the influence that her youth and beauty gave her over the hoary monarch, inducing him to repudiate the virtuous Ayxa, and exciting his suspicions against Boabdil to such a degree that he determined upon his death. It was the object of Zoroya, by these flagitious means, to secure the succession for one of her own children.

"The Sultana Ayxa was secretly apprised of the cruel design of the old monarch. She was a woman of talents and courage, and, by means of her female attendants, concerted a plan for the escape of her son. A faithful servant was instructed to wait below the Alhambra, in the dead of the night, on the banks of the river Darro, with a fleet Arabian courser. sultana, when the castle was in a state of deep repose, tied together the shawls and scarfs of herself and her female attendants, and lowered the youthful prince from the tower of Comares. He made his way in safety down the steep rocky hill to the banks of the Darro, and, throwing himself on the Arabian courser, was thus spirited off to the city of Guadix. Here he lay for some time concealed, until gaining adherents, he fortified himself in the place, and set his tyrant father at defiance. Such was the commencement of those internal feuds which hastened the downfall of Granada. The Moors became separated into two hostile factions, headed by the father and the son, and several bloody encounters took place between them; yet they never failed to act with all their separate force against the Christians, as a common enemy."

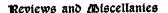


of battle. He was encouraged to make a daring inroad into the Christian territories by the father of his favorite sultana, Ali Atar, alcayde of Loxa, a veteran warrior, ninety years of age, whose name was the terror of the borders.

"Boabdil assembled a brilliant army of nine thousand foot and seven hundred horse, comprising the most illustrious and valiant of the Moorish chivalry. His mother, the Sultana Ayxa la Horra, armed him for the field, and gave him her benediction as she girded his cimetar to his side. His favorite wife, Morayma, wept as she thought of the evils that might befall him. 'Why dost thou weep, daughter of Ali Atar?' said the high-minded Ayxa; 'these tears become not the daughter of a warrior, nor the wife of a king. Believe me, there lurks more danger for a monarch within the strong walls of a palace, than within the frail curtains of a tent. It is by perils in the field that thy husband must purchase security on his throne.' But Morayma still hung upon his neck, with tears and sad forebodings; and when he departed from the Alhambra, she betook herself to her mirador. which looks out over the Vega, whence she watched the army as it passed in shining order along the road that leads to Loxa; and every burst of warlike melody that came swelling on the breeze was answered by a gush of sorrow. .

"At Loxa, the royal army was reinforced by old Ali Atar, with the chosen horsemen of his garrison, and many of the bravest warriors of the border towns. The people of Loxa shouted with exultation when

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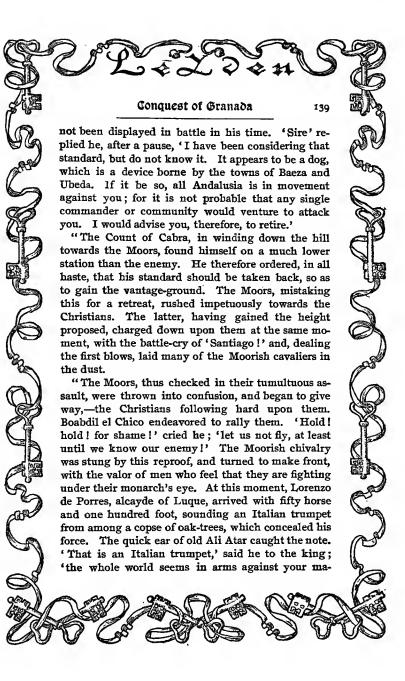
they beheld Ali Atar armed at all points, and once more mounted on his Barbary steed, which had often borne him over the borders. The veteran warrior, with nearly a century of years upon his head, had all the fire and animation of a youth at the prospect of a foray, and careered from rank to rank with the velocity of an Arab of the desert. The populace watched the army as it paraded over the bridge, and wound into the passes of the mountains; and still their eyes were fixed upon the pennon of Ali Atar, as it hore with it an assurance of victory."

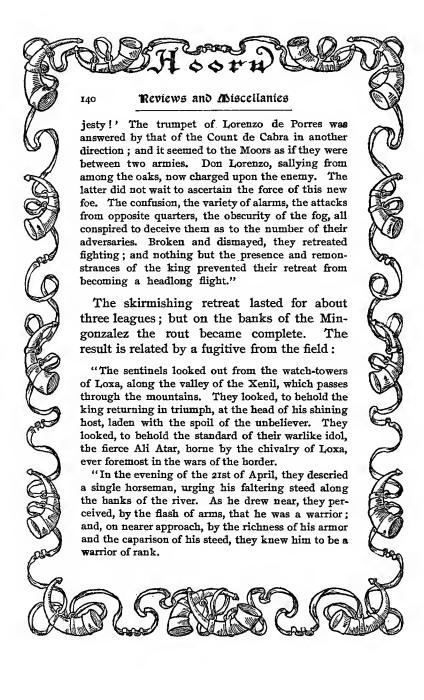
The enemy has scarcely had a day's ravage in the Christian land, when the alarm-fires give notice that the Moor is over the border. Our limits do not permit us to give this picture of the sudden rising of a frontier in those times of Moorish inroad. We pass on to the scene of action, when the hardy Count de Cabra came up with the foe, having pressed fearlessly forward at the head of a handful of household troops and retainers.

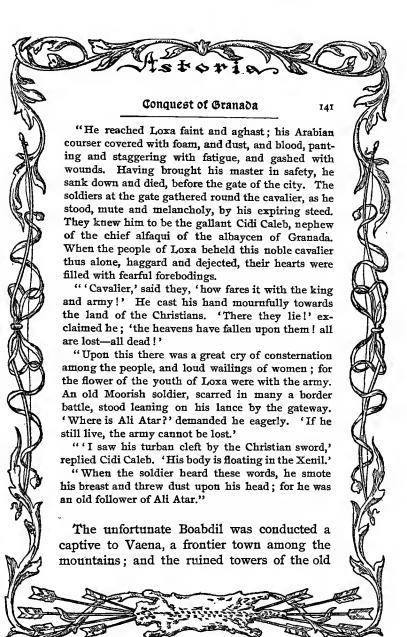
"The Moorish king descried the Spanish forces at a distance, although a slight fog prevented his seeing them distinctly and ascertaining their numbers. His old father-in-law, Ali Atar, was by his side, who, being a veteran marauder, was well acquainted with all the standards and armorial bearings of the frontiers. When the king beheld the ancient and long-disused banner of Cabra emerging from the mist, he turned to Ali Atar, and demanded whose ensign it was. The old borderer was for once at a loss, for the banner had

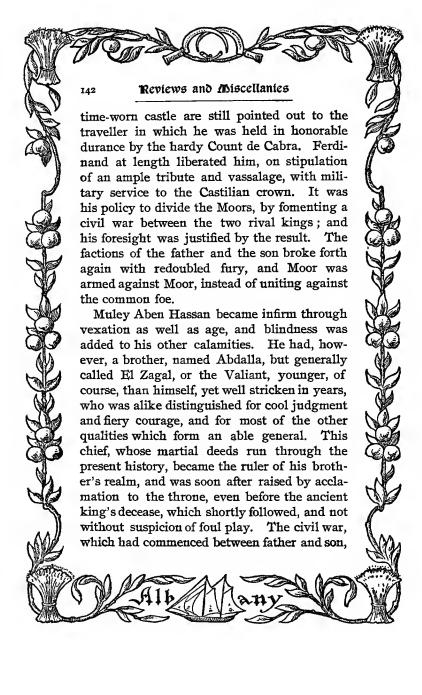


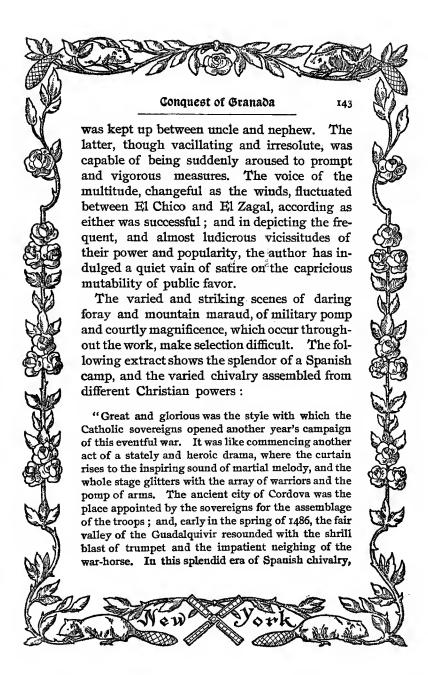
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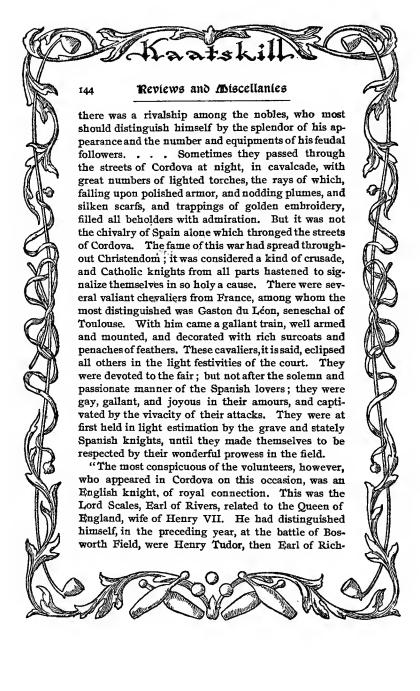


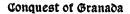








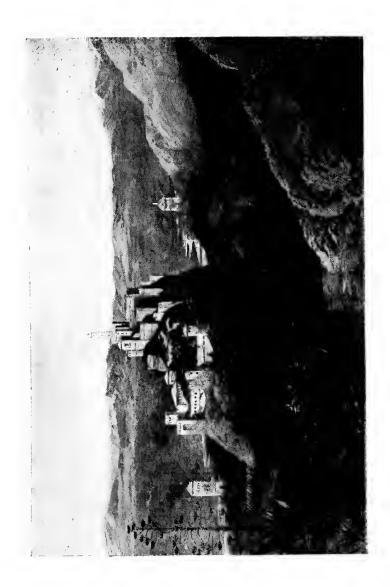


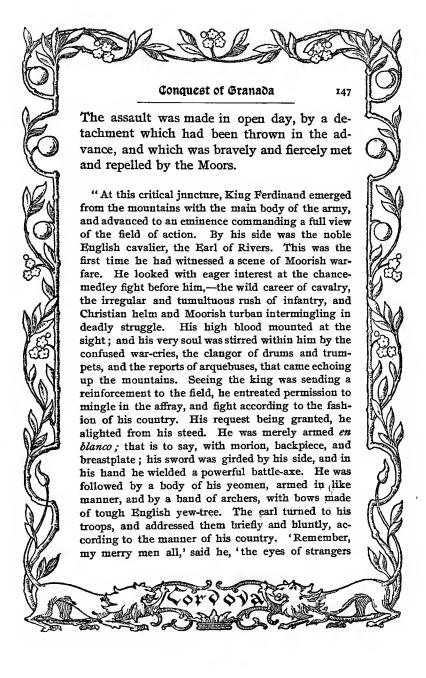


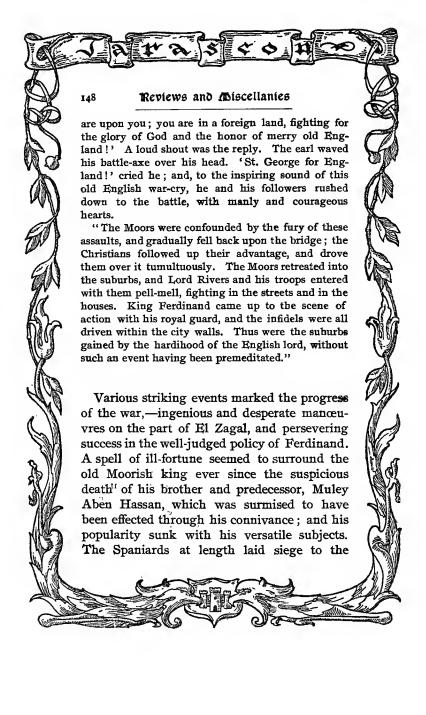
mond, overcame Richard III. That decisive battle having left the country at peace, the Earl of Rivers, retaining a passion for warlike scenes, repaired to the Castilian court, to keep his arms in exercise in a campaign against the Moors. He brought with him a hundred archers, all dexterous with the long-bow and the cloth-yard arrow; also two hundred veomen, armed cap-a-pie, who fought with pike and battle-axe, -men robust of frame, and of prodigious strength. The worthy Padre Fray Antonio Agapida describes this stranger knight and his followers with his accustomed accuracy and minuteness. 'This cavalier,' he observes, 'was from the island of England, and brought with him a train of his vassals; men who had been hardened in certain civil wars which had waged in their country. They were a comely race of men, but too fair and fresh for warriors,-not having the sunburnt, martial hue of our old Castilian soldiery. were huge feeders, also, and deep carousers; and could not accommodate themselves to the sober diet of our troops, but must fain eat and drink after the manner of their own country. They were often noisy and unruly, also, in their wassail; and their quarter of the camp was prone to be a scene of loud revel and sudden brawl. They were withal of great pride; yet it was not like our inflammable Spanish pride; they stood not much upon the pundonor and high punctilio, and rarely drew the stiletto in their disputes; but their pride was silent and contumelious. Though from a remote and somewhat barbarous island, they yet believed themselves the most perfect men upon earth; and magnified their chieftain, the Lord Scales, beyond the greatest of our grandees. With all this, it must be said of them that they were marvellous good men

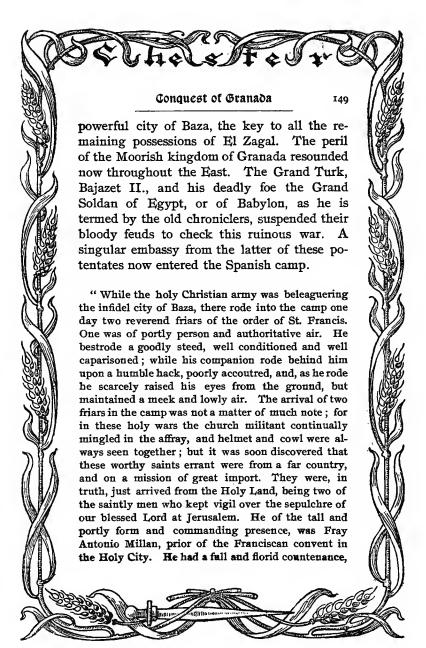
in the field, dexterous archers, and powerful with the battle-axe. In their great pride and self-will, they always sought to press in the advance, and take the post of danger, trying to outvie our Spanish chivalry. They did not rush forward fiercely, or make a brilliant onset, like the Moorish and Spanish troops, but they went into the fight deliberately, and persisted obstinately, and were slow to find out when they were beaten. Withal, they were much esteemed, yet little liked, by our soldiery, who considered them stanch companions in the field, yet coveted but little fellowship with them in the camp. Their commander, the Lord Scales, was an accomplished cavalier, of gracious and noble presence, and fair speech. It was a marvel to see so much courtesy in a knight brought up so far from our Castilian court. He was much honored by the king and queen, and found great favor with the fair dames about the court; who, indeed are rather prone to be pleased with foreign cavaliers. He went always in costly state, attended by pages and esquires, and accompanied by noble young cavaliers of his country, who had enrolled themselves under his banner, to learn the gentle exercise of arms. In all pageants and festivals, the eyes of the populace were attracted by the singular bearing and rich array of the English earl and his train, who prided themselves in always appearing in the garb and manner of their country; and were, indeed, something very magnificent, delectable, and strange to behold."

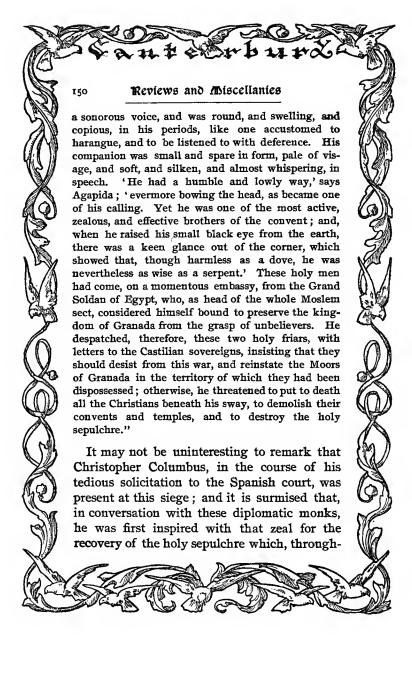
Ferdinand led this gallant army to besiege Loxa, a powerful city on the Moorish frontier, before which he had formerly been foiled. Loxa Redrawn from an Old Print

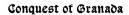








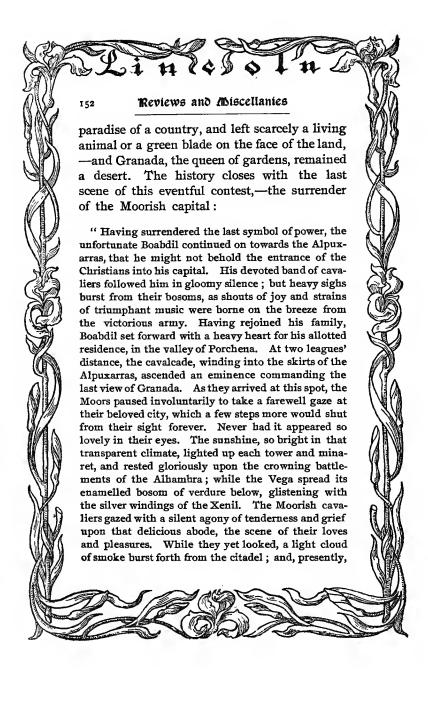




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out the remainder of his life, continued to animate his fervent and enthusiastic spirit, and beguile him into magnificent schemes and speculations. The ambassadors of the Soldan, meantime, could produce no change in the resolution of Ferdinand. Baza yielded after more than six months' arduous siege, and was followed by the surrender of most of the fortresses of the Alpuxarra Mountains; and at length the fiery El Zagal, tamed by misfortunes and abandoned by his subjects, surrendered his crown to the Christian sovereigns for a stipulated revenue or productive domain.

Boabdil el Chico remained the sole and unrivalled sovereign of Granada, the vassal of the Christian sovereigns, whose assistance had supported him in his wars against his uncle. he was now to prove the hollow-hearted friendship of the politic Ferdinand. Pretences were easily found where a quarrel was already predetermined, and he was presently required to surrender the city and crown of Granada. ravage of the Vega enforced the demand, and the Spanish armies laid siege to the metropolis. Ferdinand had fulfilled his menace; he had picked out the seeds of the promegranate. Every town and fortress had successively fallen into his hand, and the city of Granada stood He led his desolating armies over this



a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost forever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself. 'Allah achbar! God is great!' said he; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears. His mother, the intrepid Sultana Ayxa la Horra, was indignant at his weakness. 'You do well,' said she, 'to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend like a man!' The vizier. Aben Comixa, endeavored to console his royal master. 'Consider, sire,' said he, 'that the most signal misfortunes often render men as renowned as the most prosperous achievements, provided they sustain them with magnanimity.' The unhappy monarch, however, was not to be consoled. His tears continued to flow. 'Allah achbar!' exclaimed he, 'when did misfortunes ever equal mine!' From this circumstance, the hill, which is not far from Padul, took the name of Feg Allah Achbar; but the point of view commanding the last prospect of Granada is known among Spaniards by the name of el ultimo suspiro del Moro, or 'the last sigh of the Moor.' "

Here ends the Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada, for here the author lets fall the curtain. We shall, however, extend our view a little further. The rejoicings of the Spanish sovereigns were echoed at Rome, and throughout Christendom. The venerable chronicler, Pedro Abarca, assures us that King Henry VII. of England celebrated the conquest by a grand procession to St. Paul's, where the

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Chancellor pronounced an eloquent eulogy on King Ferdinand, declaring him not only a glorious captain and conqueror, but also entitled to a seat among the Apostles.*

The pious and politic monarch governed his new kingdom with more righteousness than mercy. The Moors were at first a little restive under the yoke; there were several tumults in the city, and a quantity of arms were discovered in a secret cave. Many of the offenders were tried, condemned, and put to death, some being quartered, others cut in pieces: and the whole mass of infidel inhabitants was well sifted, and purged of upwards of forty thousand delinquents. This system of wholesome purgation was zealously continued by Fray Francisco (afterwards Cardinal) Ximenes. who, seconded by Fernando de Talavera, Archbishop of Granada, and clothed in the terrific power of the Inquisition, undertook the conversion of the Moors. We forbear to detail the various modes-sometimes by blandishment, sometimes by rigor, sometimes exhorting, sometimes entreating, sometimes hanging, sometimes burning—by which the hard hearts of the infidels were subdued, and above fifty thousand coaxed, teased, and terrified into baptism.

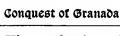
* Abarca, Anales de Aragon, p. 30.



Cardinal Nimines

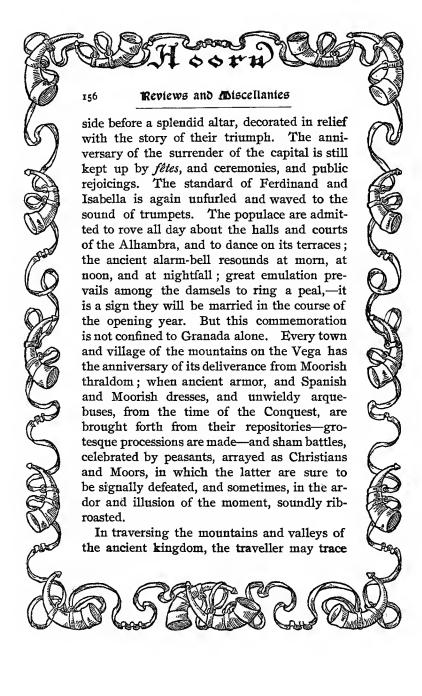
From an Engraving by C. E. Wagstaff in the
Florence Gallery

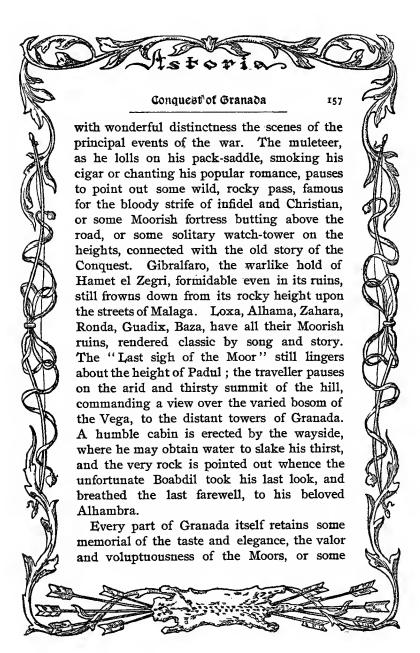


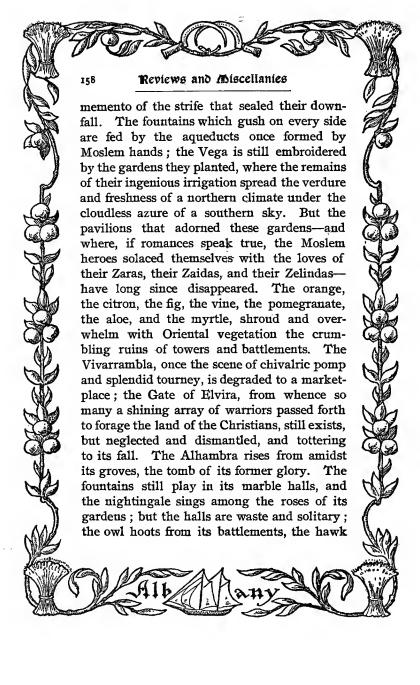


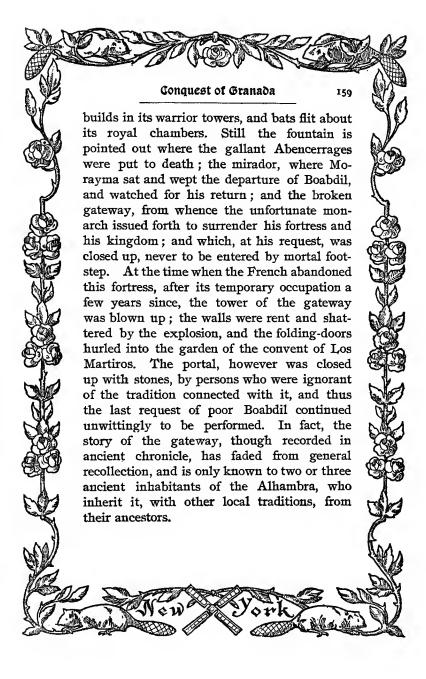
One act of Ximenes has been the subject of particular regret. The Moors had cultivated the sciences while they lay buried in Europe. and were renowed for the value of their literature. Ximenes, in his bigoted zeal to destroy the Koran, extended his devastation to the indiscriminate destruction of their works, and burnt five thousand manuscripts on various subjects, some of them very splendid copies, and others of great intrinsic worth, sparing a very few, which treated chiefly of medicine. Here we shall pause, and not pursue the subject to the further oppression and persecution, and final expulsion, of these unhappy people; the latter of which events is one of the most impolitic and atrocious recorded in the pages of history.

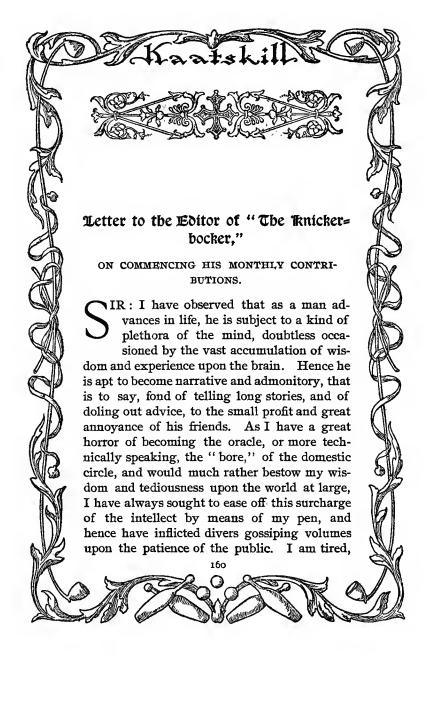
Centuries have elapsed since the time of this chivalrous and romantic struggle, yet the monuments of it still remain, and the principal facts still linger in the popular traditions and legendary ballads with which the country abounds. The likenesses of Ferdinand and Isabella are multiplied, in every mode, by painting and sculpture, in the churches, and convents, and palaces of Granada. Their ashes rest in sepulchral magnificence in the royal chapel of the cathedral, where their effigies in alabaster lie side by

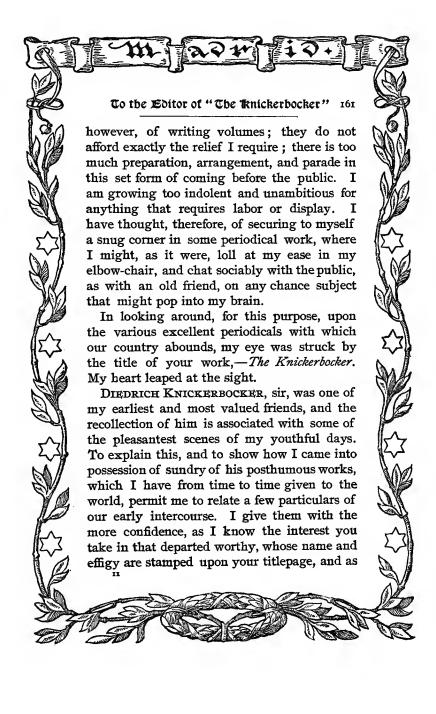


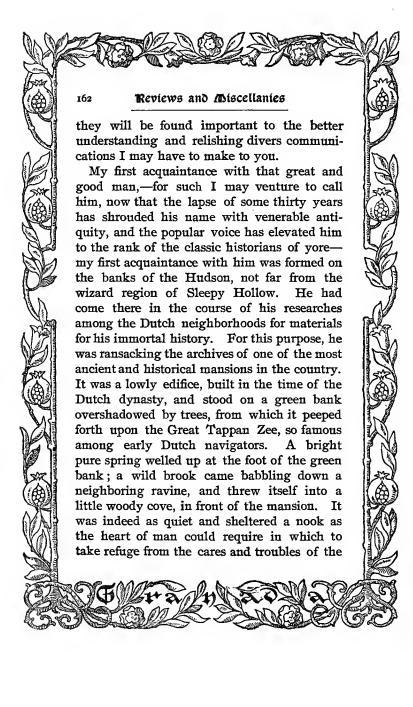






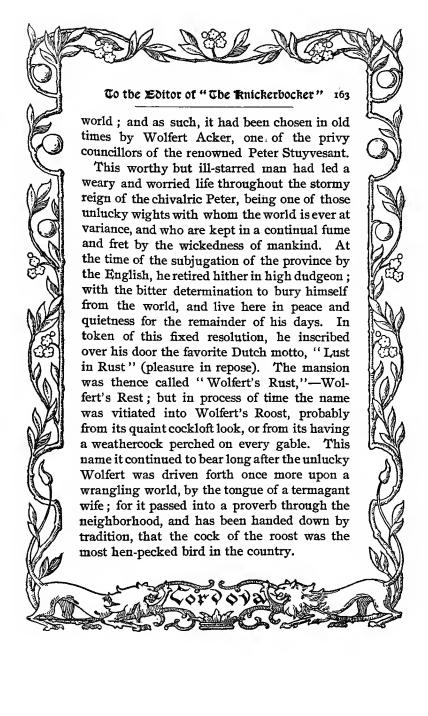


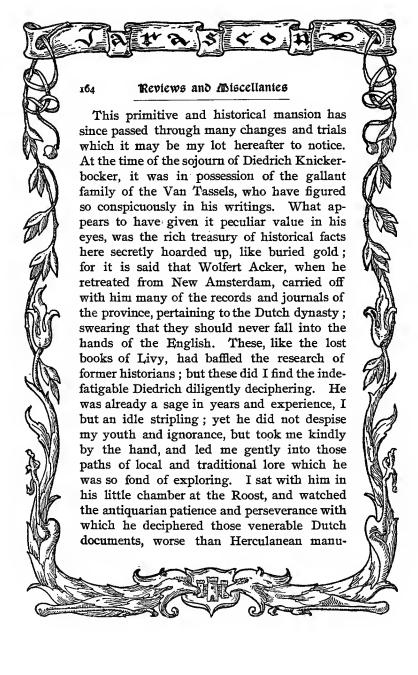


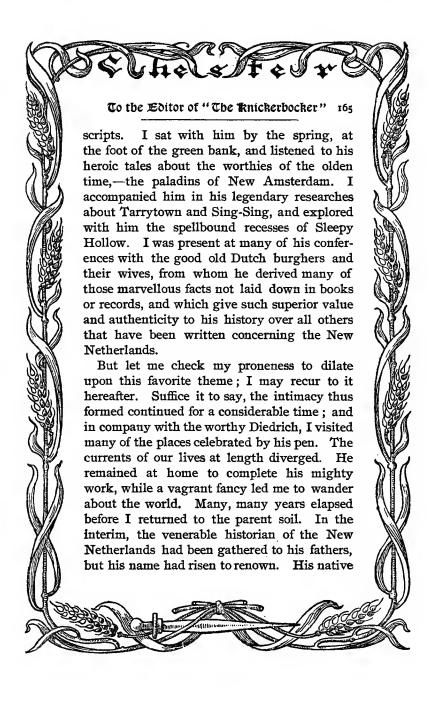


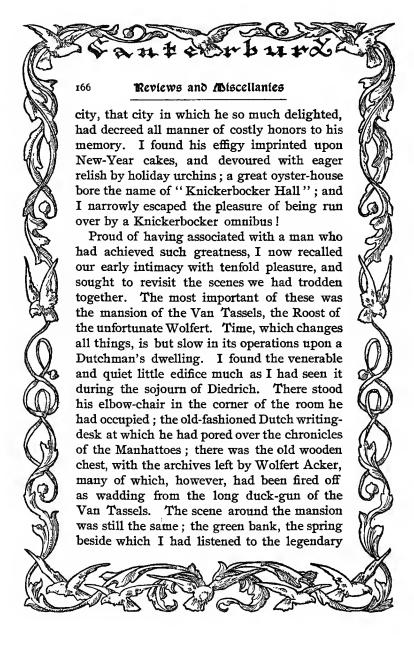
Brook at Sunnyside From a Photograph

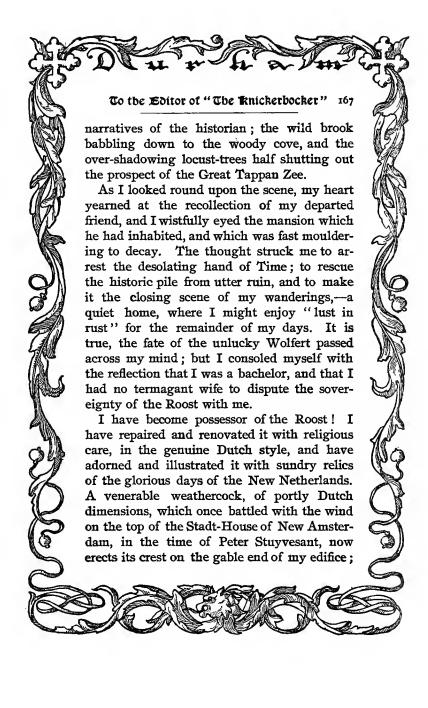


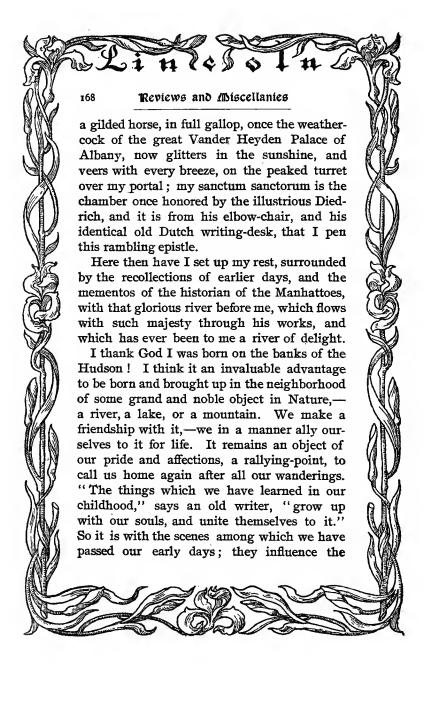




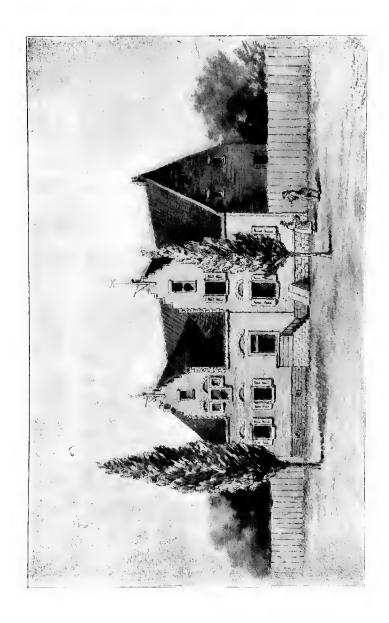


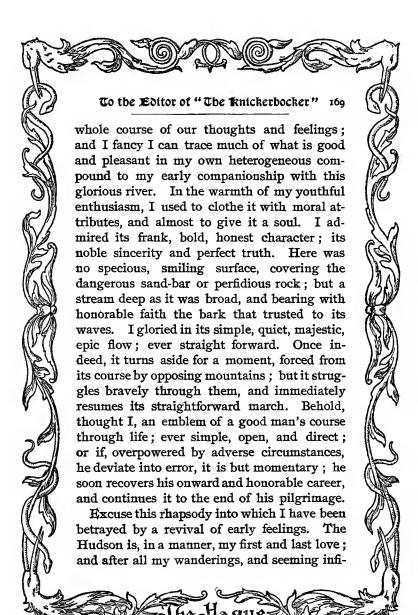


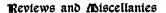




The Vander Heyden Palace
Redrawn from Munsell's "Annals of Albany"



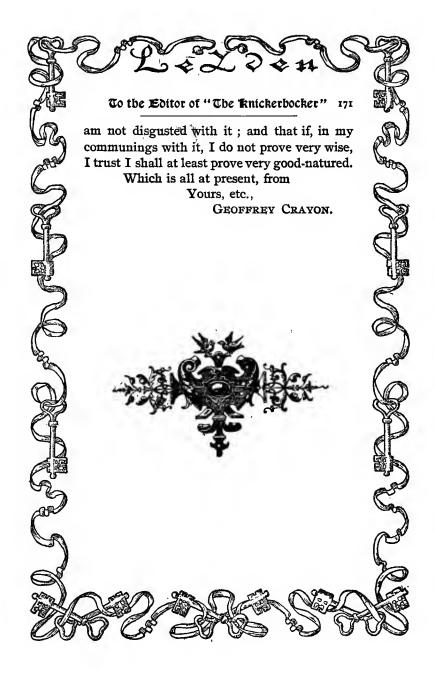


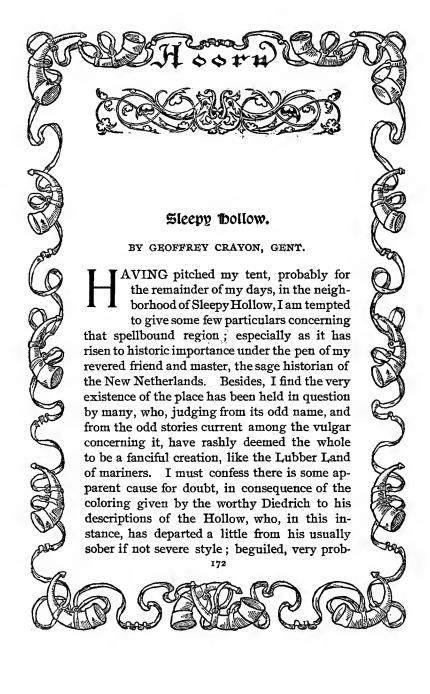


delities, I return to it with a heartfelt preference over all the other rivers in the world. I seem to catch new life, as I bathe in its ample billows, and inhale the pure breezes of its hills. It is true, the romance of youth is past that once spread illusions over every scene. I can no longer picture an Arcadia in every green valley, nor a fairy-land among the distant mountains, nor a peerless beauty in every villa gleaming among the trees; but, though the illusions of youth have faded from the land-scape, the recollections of departed years and departed pleasures shed over it the mellow charm of evening sunshine.

Permit me then, Mr. Editor, through the medium of your work, to hold occasional discourse from my retreat with the busy world I have abandoned. I have much to say about what I have seen, heard, felt, and thought, through the course of a varied and rambling life, and some lucubrations that have long been encumbering my portfolio; together with divers reminiscences of the venerable historian of the New Netherlands, that may not be unacceptable to those who have taken an interest in his writings, and are desirous of anything that may cast a light back upon our early history. Let your readers rest assured of one thing, that, though retired from the world, I



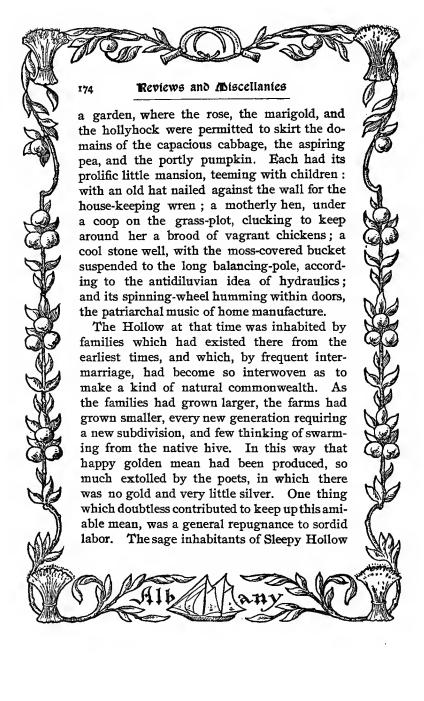






ably, by his predilection for the haunts of his youth, and by a certain lurking taint of romance, whenever anything connected with the Dutch was to be described. I shall endeavor to make up for this amiable error, on the part of my venerable and venerated friend, by presenting the reader with a more concise and statistical account of the Hollow; though I am not sure that I shall not be prone to lapse, in the end, into the very error I am speaking of, so potent is the witchery of the theme.

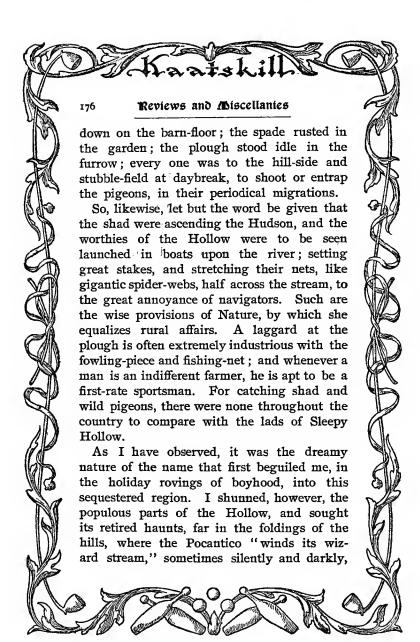
I believe it was the very peculiarity of its name, and the idea of something mystic and dreamy connected with it, that first led me, in my boyish ramblings, into Sleepy Hollow. The character of the valley seemed to answer to the name: the slumber of past ages apparently reigned over it; it had not awakened to the stir of improvement, which had put all the rest of the world in a bustle. Here reigned good old long-forgotten fashions: the men were in homespun garbs, evidently the product of their own farms, and the manufacture of their own wives; the women were in primitive short gowns and petticoats, with the venerable sunbonnets of Holland origin. The lower part of the valley was cut up into small farms: each consisting of a little meadow and cornfield; an orchard of sprawling, gnarled apple-trees; and



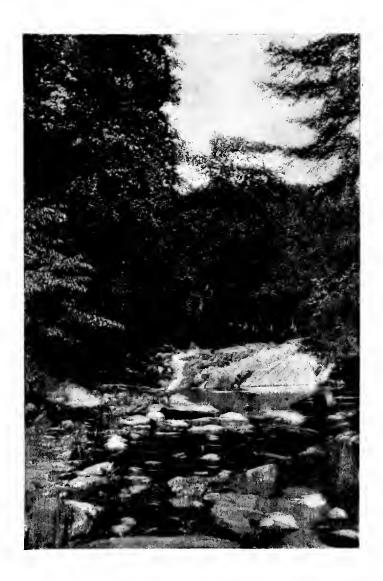


had read in their Bible, which was the only book they studied, that labor was originally inflicted upon man as a punishment of sin: they regarded it, therefore, with pious abhorrence, and never humiliated themselves to it but in case of extremity. There seemed, in fact, to be a league and covenant against it, throughout the Hollow, as against a common enemy. Was any one compelled by dire necessity to repair his house, mend his fences, build a barn, or get in a harvest, he considered it a great evil, that entitled him to call in the assistance of his friends. He accordingly proclaimed a "bee," or rustic gathering; whereupon all his neighbors hurried to his aid, like faithful allies; attacked the task with the desperate energy of lazy men, eager to overcome a job: and when it was accomplished, fell to eating and drinking, fiddling and dancing, for very joy that so great an amount of labor had been vanquished, with so little sweating of the brow.

Yet let it not be supposed that this worthy community was without its periods of arduous activity. Let but a flock of wild pigeons fly across the valley, and all Sleepy Hollow was wide awake in an instant. The pigeon season had arrived! Every gun and net was forthwith in requisition. The flail was thrown



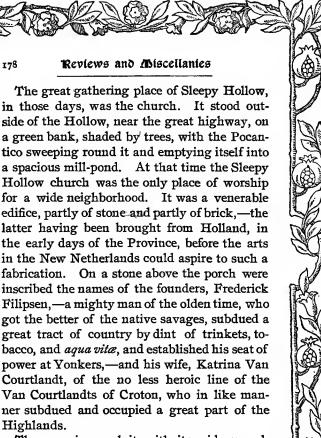
The Pocantico River
From a Photograph





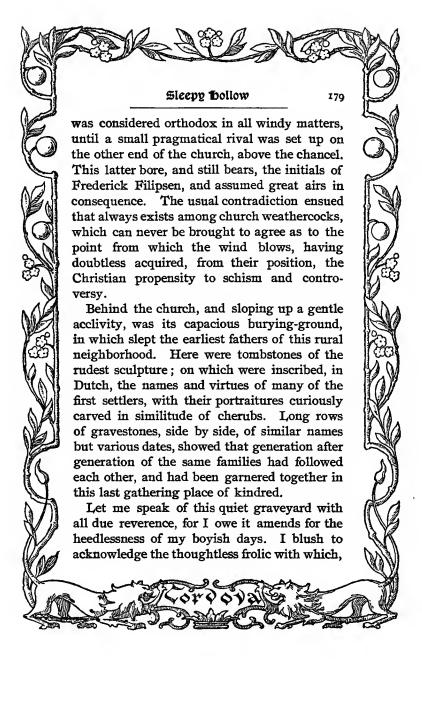
through solemn woodlands; sometimes sparkling between grassy borders, in fresh green meadows; sometimes stealing along the feet of ragged heights, under the balancing sprays of beech and chestnut trees. A thousand crystal springs, with which this neighborhood abounds. sent down from the hill-sides their whimpering rills, as if to pay tribute to the Pocantico. this stream I first essayed my unskilful hand at angling. I loved to loiter along it, with rod in hand, watching my float as it whirled amid the eddies, or drifted into dark holes, under twisted roots and sunken logs, where the largest fish are apt to lurk. I delighted to follow it into the brown recesses of the woods: to throw by my fishing-gear and sit upon rocks beneath towering oaks and clambering grapevines; bathe my feet in the cool current, and listen to the summer breeze playing among the tree-tops. My boyish fancy clothed all Nature around me with ideal charms, and peopled it with the fairy beings I had read of in poetry and fable. Here it was I gave full scope to my incipient habit of day-dreaming, and to a certain propensity to weave up and tint sober realities with my own whims and imaginings, which has sometimes made life a little too much like an Arabian tale to me, and this "workingday world" rather like a region of romance.

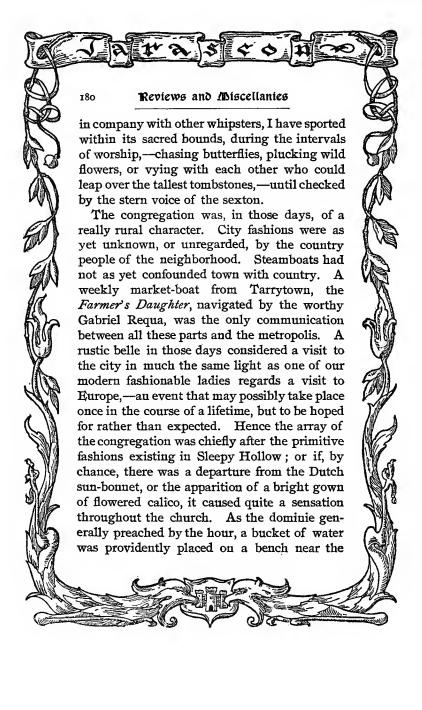
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The capacious pulpit, with its wide-spreading sounding-board, was likewise an early importation from Holland; as also the communion-table, of massive form and curious The same might be said of a weathercock, perched on top of the belfry, and which







Old Church Graveyard
From a Photograph





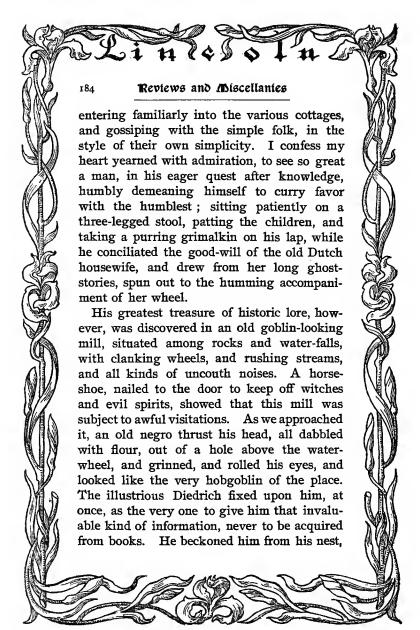
door, in summer, with a tin cup beside it, for the solace of those who might be athirst, either from the heat of the weather or the drought of the sermon.

Around the pulpit, and behind the communion-table, sat the elders of the church, reverend, gray-headed, leathern-visaged men, whom I regarded with awe, as so many apos-They were stern in their sanctity, kept a vigilant eye upon my giggling companions and myself, and shook a rebuking finger at any boyish device to relieve the tediousness of compulsory devotion. Vain, however, were all their efforts at vigilance. Scarcely had the preacher held forth for half an hour, in one of his interminable sermons, than it seemed as if the drowsy influence of Sleepy Hollow breathed into the place: one by one the congregation sank into slumber; the sanctified elders leaned back in their pews, spreading their handkerchiefs over their faces, as if to keep off the flies; while the locusts in the neighboring trees would spin out their sultry summer notes, vying with the sleep-provoking tones of the dominie.

I have thus endeavored to give an idea of Sleepy Hollow and its church, as I recollect them to have been in the days of my boyhood. It was in my stripling days, when a few years brown gravestones, half sunk in earth, on which were recorded, in Dutch, the names of the patriarchs of ancient days,—the Ackers, the Van Tassels, and the Van Warts. As we sat on one of the tombstones, he recounted to me the exploits of many of these worthies; and my heart smote me, when I heard of their great doings in days of yore, to think how heedlessly I had once sported over their graves.

From the church the venerable Diedrich proceeded in his researches up the Hollow. The genius of the place seemed to hail its future historian. All nature was alive with gratulation. The quail whistled a greeting from the cornfield; the robin carolled a song of praise from the orchard; the loquacious catbird flew from bush to bush, with restless wing. proclaiming his approach in every variety of note, and anon would whisk about and perk inquisitively into his face, as if to get a knowledge of his physiognomy; the woodpecker. also, tapped a tattoo on the hollow apple-tree, and then peered knowingly round the trunk to see how the great Diedrich relished his salutation; while the ground-squirrel scampered along the fence, and occasionally whisked his tail over his head by way of a huzza!

The worthy Diedrich pursued his researches in the valley with characteristic devotion;



sat with him by the hour on a broken millstone, by the side of the water-fall, heedless of the noise of the water and the clatter of the mill; and I verily believe it was to his conference with this African sage, and the precious revelations of the good dame of the spinning-wheel, that we are indebted for the surprising though true history of Ichabod Crane and the Headless Horseman, which has since astounded and edified the world.

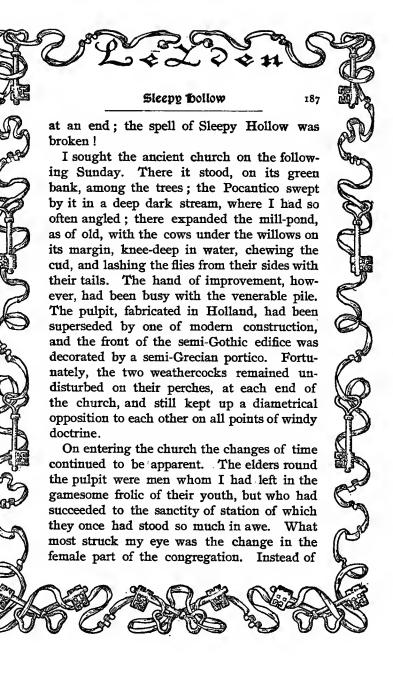
But I have said enough of the good old times of my youthful days; let me speak of the Hollow as I found it, after an absence of many years, when it was kindly given me once more to revisit the haunts of my boyhood. It was a genial day as I approached that fated region. The warm sunshine was tempered by a slight haze, so as to give a dreamy effect to the landscape. Not a breath of air shook the foliage. The broad Tappan Sea was without a ripple, and the sloops, with drooping sails, slept on its glassy bosom. Columns of smoke, from burning brushwood, rose lazily from the folds of the hills, on the opposite side of the river, and slowly expanded in mid-air. The distant lowing of a cow, or the noontide crowing of a cock, coming faintly to the ear, seemed to illustrate, rather than disturb, the drowsy quiet of the scene.

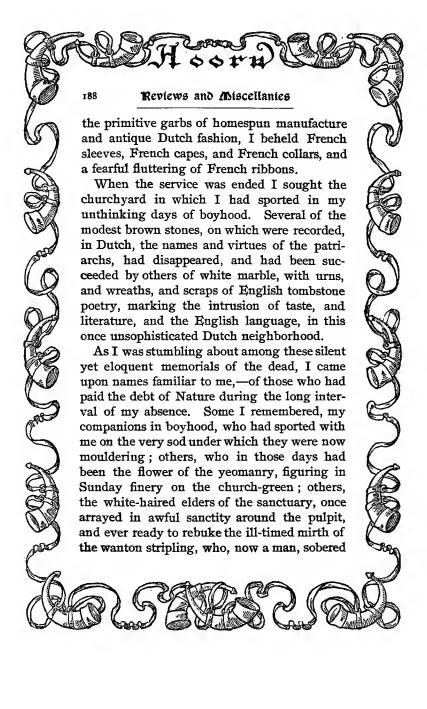
The Hague

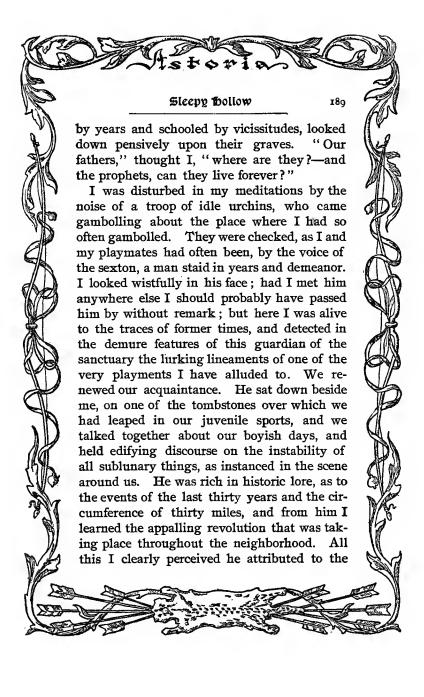


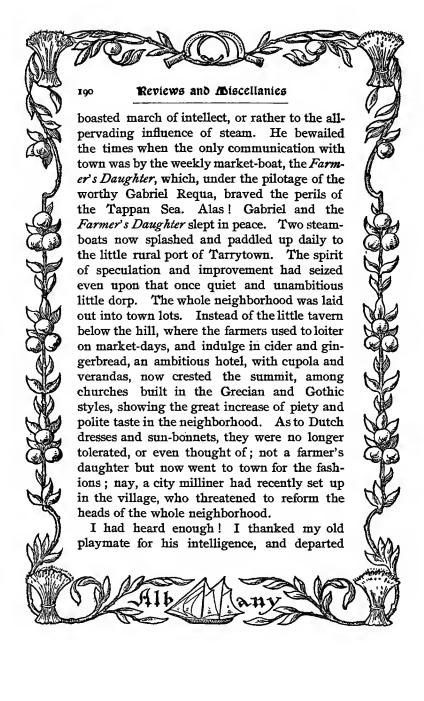
I entered the Hollow with a beating heart. There were the same little farms and green meadows; nor were there wanting joythis valley a fairy-land to me. Alas! alas! to me everything now stood revealed in its simple reality. The echoes no longer answered with wizard tongues; the dream of youth was

186 Contrary to my apprehensions, I found it but little changed. The march of intellect, which had made such rapid strides along every river and highway, had not yet, apparently, turned down into this favored valley. Perhaps the wizard spell of ancient days still reigned over the place, binding up the faculties of the inhabitants in happy contentment with things as they had been handed down to them from vore. farm-houses, with their old hats for the housekeeping wren; their stone wells, moss-covered buckets, and long balancing-poles. were the same little rills, whimpering down to pay their tributes to the Pocantico; while that wizard stream still kept on its course, as of old, through solemn woodlands and fresh ous holiday boys, to loiter along its banks. as I had done; throw their pin-hooks in the stream, or launch their mimic barks. watched them with a kind of melancholy pleasure, wondering whether they were under the same spell of the fancy that once rendered



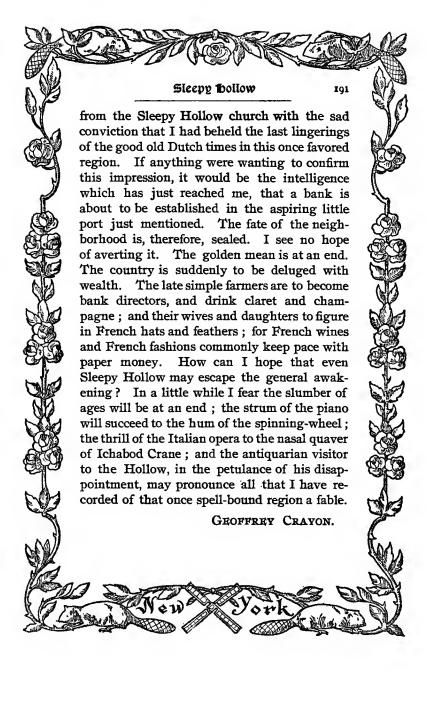


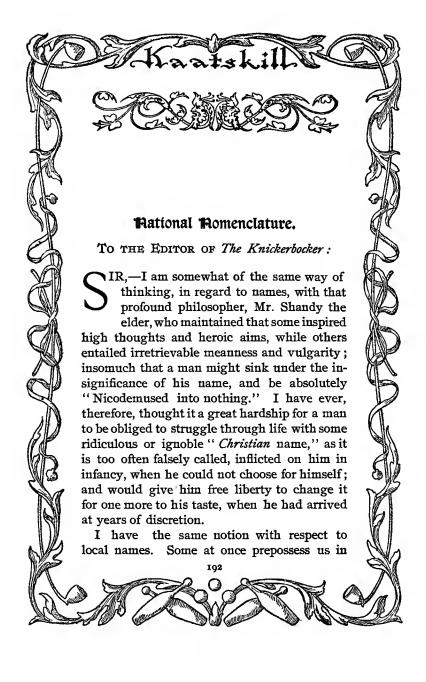


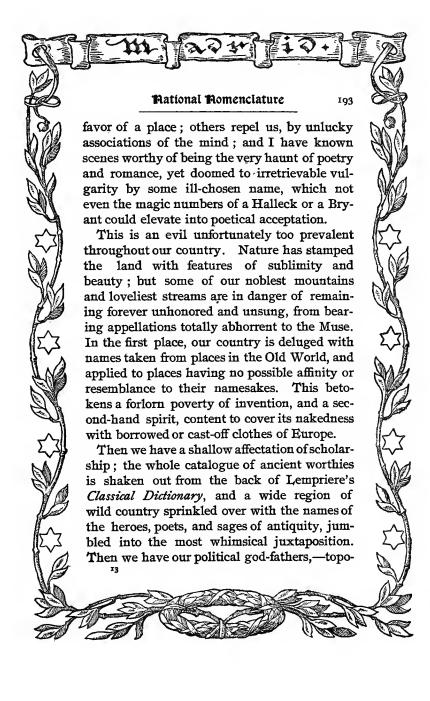


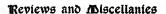
Old Lane From a Photograph







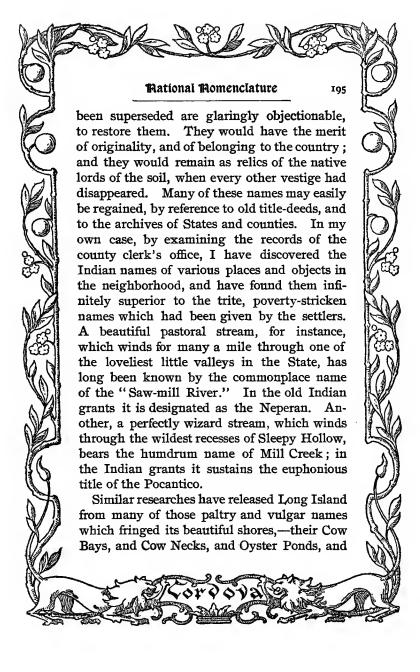


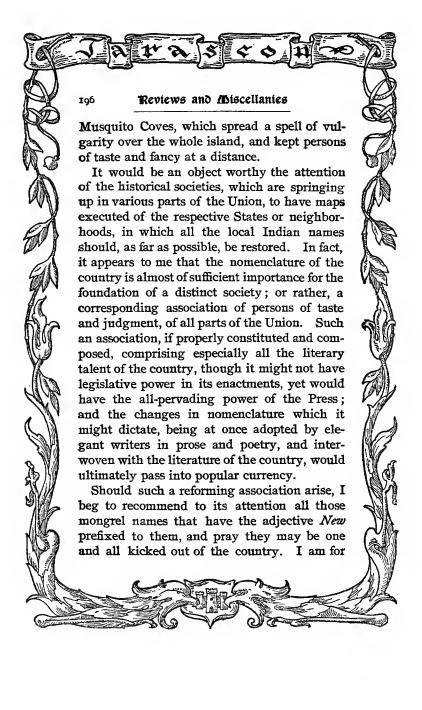


graphical engineers, perhaps, or persons employed by government to survey and lay out townships. These, forsooth, glorify the patrons that give them bread; so we have the names of the great official men of the day scattered over the land, as if they were the real "salt of the earth," with which it was to be seasoned. Well for us is it when these official great men happen to have names of fair acceptation; but woe unto us should a Tubbs or a Potts be in power; we are sure, in a little while, to find Tubbsvilles and Pottsylvanias springing up in every direction.

Under these melancholy dispensations of taste and loyalty, therefore, Mr. Editor, it is with a feeling of dawning hope that I have lately perceived the attention of persons of intelligence beginning to be awakened on this subject. I trust that if the matter should once be taken up, it will not be readily abandoned. We are yet young enough, as a country, to remedy and reform much of what has been done, and to release many of our rising towns and cities, and our noble streams, from names calculated to yulgarize the land.

I have, on a former occasion, suggested the expediency of searching out the original Indian names of places, and wherever they are striking and euphonious, and those by which they have





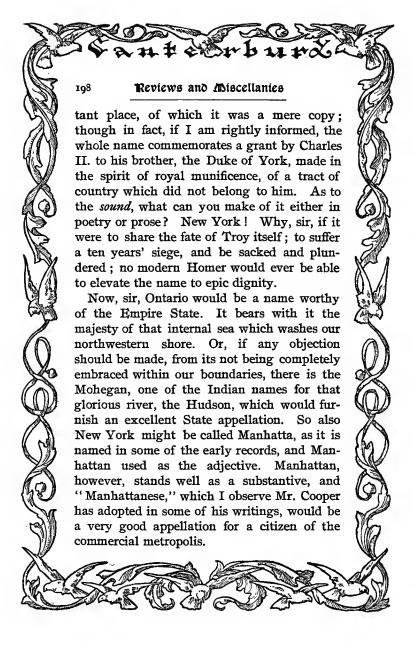


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none of these second-hand appellations that stamp us a second-hand people, and that are to perpetuate us a new country to the end of time. Odds my life! Mr. Editor, I hope and trust we are to live to be an old nation, as well as our neighbors, and have no idea that our cities, when they shall have attained to venerable antiquity, shall still be dubbed *New* York and *New* London, and *new* this and *new* that, like the Pont Neuf (the New Bridge) at Paris, which is the oldest bridge in that capital, or like the Vicar of Wakefield's horse, which continued to be called "the colt" until he died of old age.

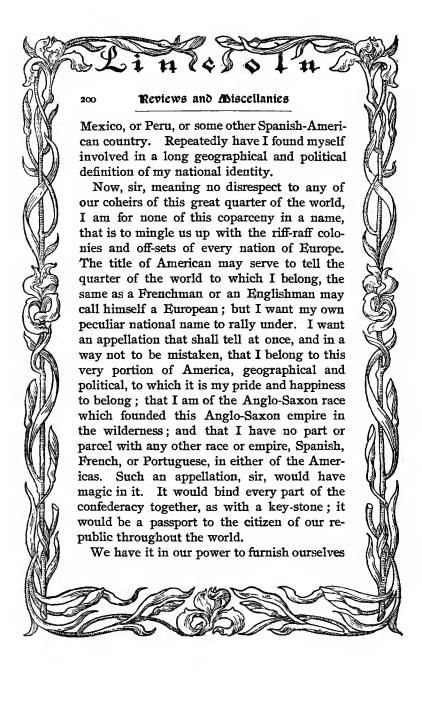
Speaking of New York, reminds me of some observations which I met with some time since, in one of the public papers, about the name of our State and city. The writer proposes to substitute for the present names, those of the State of Ontario and the City of Manhattan. I concur in his suggestion most heartily. Though born and brought up in the city of New York, and though I love every stick and stone about it, yet I do not, nor ever did, relish its name. I like neither its sound nor its significance. As to its significance, the very adjective new gives to our great commercial metropolis a second-hand character, as if referring to some older, more dignified, and impor-

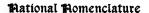




A word or two more, Mr. Editor, and I have We want a national name. it poetically, and we want it politically. With the poetical necessity of the case I shall not trouble myself. I leave it to our poets to tell how they manage to steer that collocation of words, "The United States of North America," down the swelling tide of song, and to float the whole raft out upon the sea of heroic I am now speaking of the mere purposes of common life. How is a citizen of this republic to designate himself? As an American? There are two Americas, each subdivided into various empires, rapidly rising in importance. As a citizen of the United States? It is a clumsy, lumbering title, yet still it is not distinctive; for we have now the United States of Central America, and Heaven knows how many "United States" may spring up under the Proteus changes of Spanish America.

This may appear matter of small concernment; but any one that has travelled in foreign countries must be conscious of the embarrassment and circumlocution sometimes occasioned by the want of a perfectly distinct and explicit national appellation. In France, when I have announced myself as an American, I have been supposed to belong to one of the French colonies; in Spain, to be from





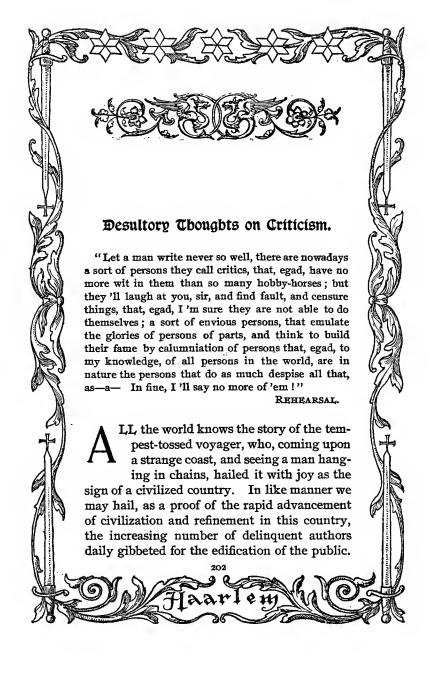
with such a national appellation, from one of the grand and eternal features of our country; from that noble chain of mountains which formed its backbone, and ran through the "old confederacy," when it first declared our national independence. I allude to the Appalachian or Alleghany mountains. We might do this without any very inconvenient change in our present titles. We might still use the phrase "The United States," substituting Appalachia, or Alleghania (I should prefer the latter) in place of America. The title of Appalachian, or Alleghanian, would still announce us as Americans, but would specify us as citizens of the Great Republic. Even our old national cypher of U.S.A. might remain unaltered, designating the United States of Alleghania.

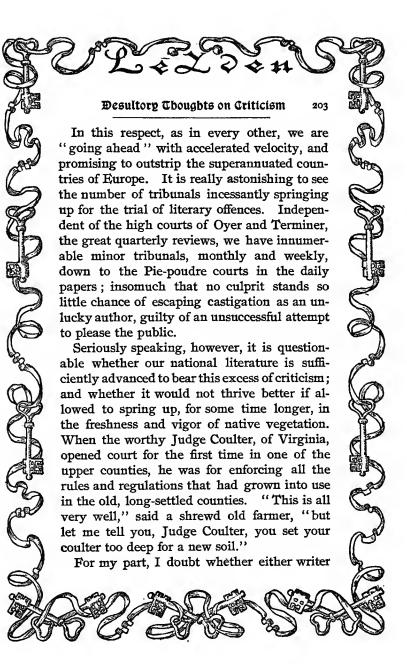
These are crude ideas, Mr. Editor, hastily thrown out, to elicit the ideas of others, and to call attention to a subject of more national importance than may at first be supposed.

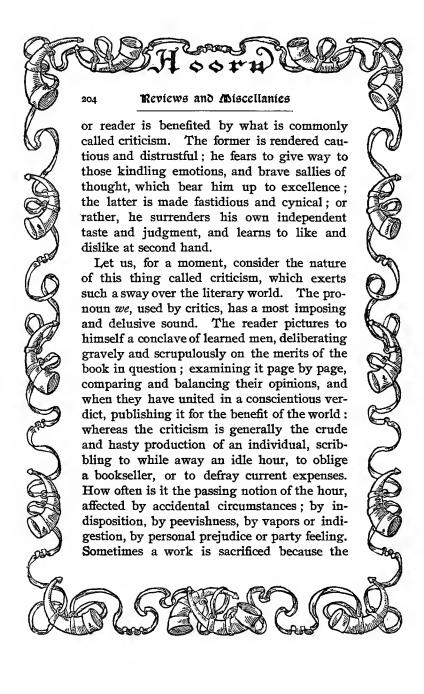
Very respectfully yours,

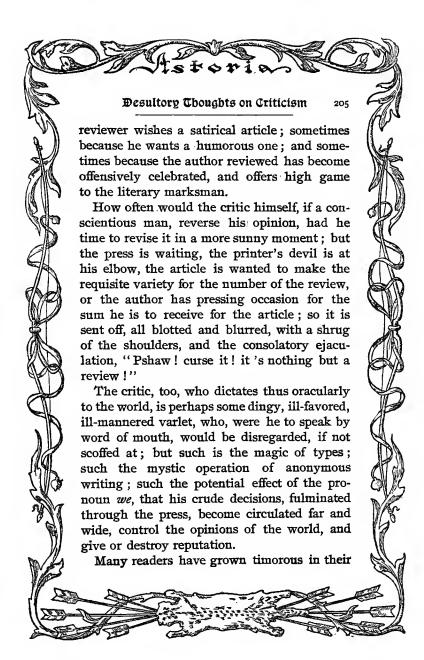
GEOFFREY CRAYON.

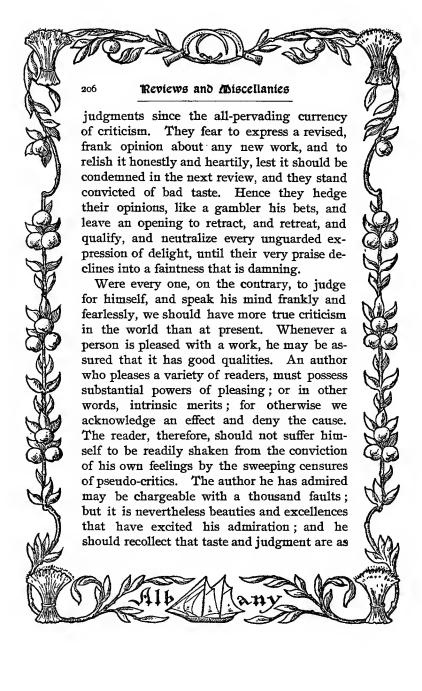
The Hague

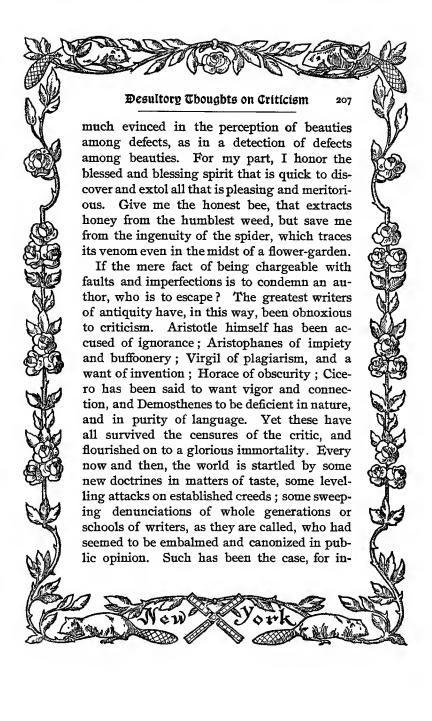


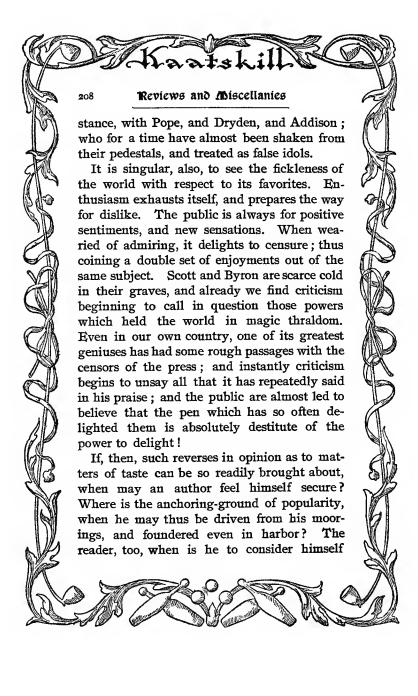


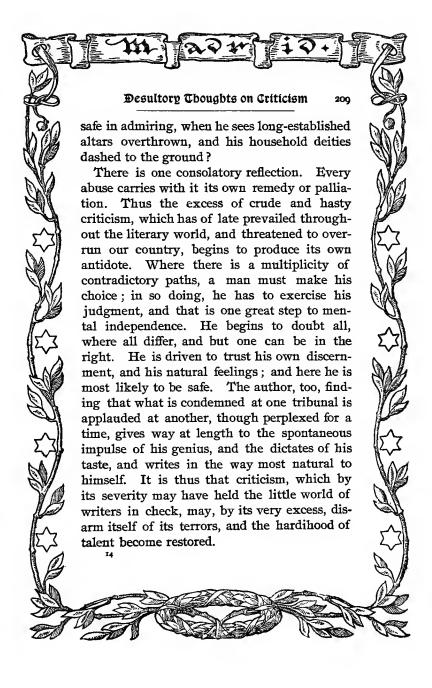


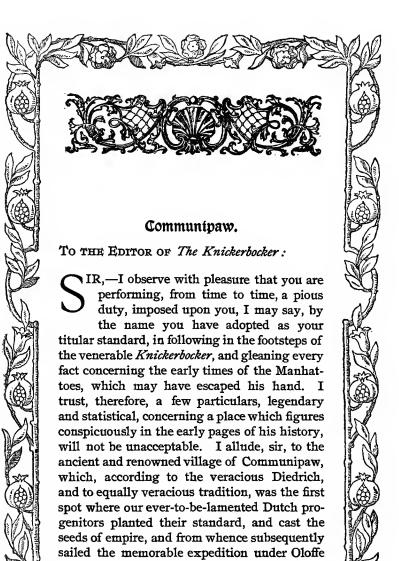


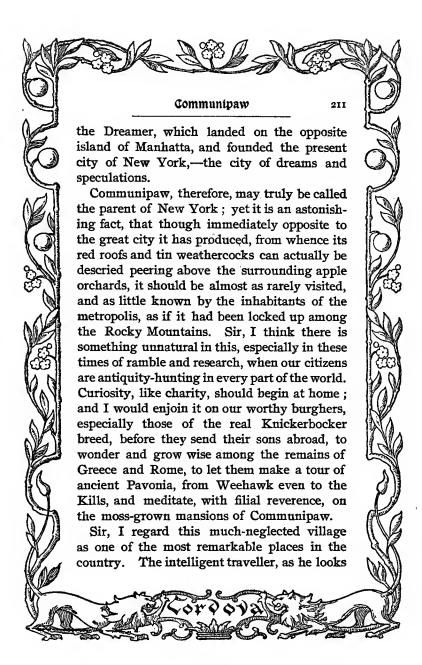


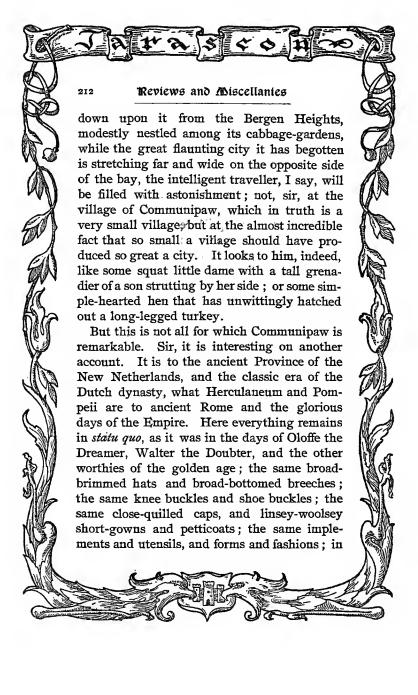




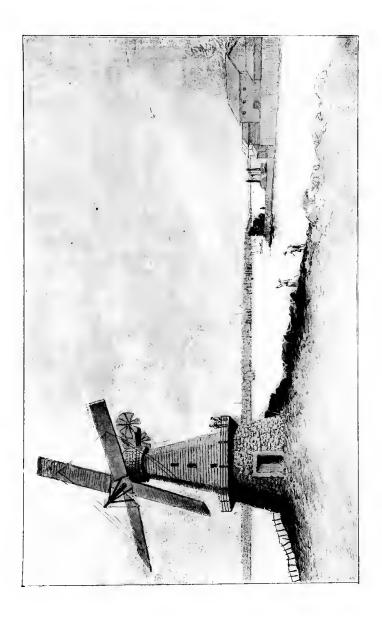








New York from Jersey City—1830
Redrawn from a Picture by Burford in "New York
Mirror"



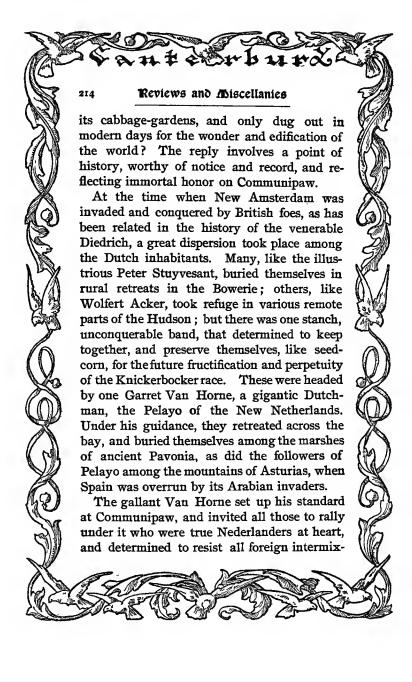


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a word, Communipaw at the present day is a picture of what New Amsterdam was before the conquest. The "intelligent traveller." aforesaid, as he treads its streets, is struck with the primitive character of everything around Instead of Grecian temples for dwellinghouses, with a great column of pine boards in the way of every window, he beholds high, peaked roofs, gable-ends to the street, with weathercocks at top, and windows of all sorts and sizes,-large ones for the grown-up members of the family, and little ones for the little folk. Instead of cold marble porches, with close-locked doors, and brass knockers, he sees the doors hospitably open; the worthy burgher smoking his pipe on the old-fashioned stoop in front, with his "vrouw" knitting beside him: and the cat and her kittens at their feet, sleeping in the sunshine.

Astonished at the obsolete and "old-world" air of everything around him, the intelligent traveller demands how all this has come to pass. Herculaneum and Pompeii remain, it is true, unaffected by the varying fashions of centuries; but they were buried by a volcano and preserved in ashes. What charmed spell has kept this wonderful little place unchanged, though in sight of the most changeful city in the universe? Has it, too, been buried under

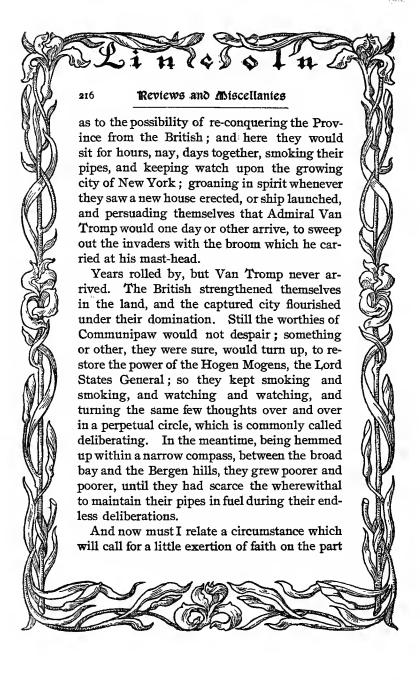




ture or encroachment. A strict non-intercourse was observed with the captured city; not a boat ever crossed to it from Communipaw, and the English language was rigorously tabooed throughout the village and its dependencies. Every man was sworn to wear his hat, cut his coat, build his house, and harness his horses, exactly as his father had done before him; and to permit nothing but the Dutch language to be spoken in his household.

As a citadel of the place, and a stronghold for the preservation and defence of everything Dutch, the gallant Van Horne erected a lordly mansion, with a chimney perched at every corner, which thence derived the aristocratical name of "The House of the Four Chimneys," Hither he transferred many of the precious relics of New Amsterdam,-the great roundcrowned hat that once covered the capacious head of Walter the Doubter, and the identical shoe with which Peter the Headstrong kicked his pusillanimous councillors down stairs. Saint Nicholas, it is said, took this loyal house under his especial protection; and a Dutch soothsayer predicted that, as long as it should stand, Communipaw would be safe from the intrusion either of Briton or Yankee.

In this house would the gallant Van Horne and his compeers hold frequent councils of war,





of the reader; but I can only say that if he doubts it he had better not utter his doubts in Communipaw, as it is among the religious beliefs of the place. It is, in fact, nothing more nor less than a miracle, worked by the blessed Saint Nicholas, for the relief and sustenance of this loyal community.

It so happened, in this time of extremity, that in the course of cleaning the House of the Four Chimneys, by an ignorant housewife, who knew nothing of the historic value of the relics it contained, the old hat of Walter the Doubter, and the executive shoe of Peter the Headstrong, were thrown out of doors as rubbish. But mark the consequence. The good Saint Nicholas kept watch over these precious relics, and wrought out of them a wonderful providence.

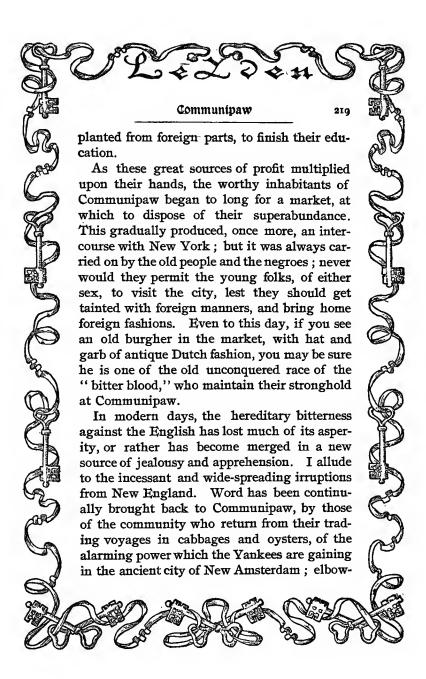
The hat of Walter the Doubter, falling on a stercoraceous heap of compost, in the rear of the house, began forthwith to vegetate. Its broad brim spread forth grandly, and exfoliated, and its round crown swelled, and crimped, and consolidated, until the whole became a prodigious cabbage, rivalling in magnitude the capacious head of the Doubter. In a word, it was the origin of that renowned species of cabbage, known by all Dutch epicures by the name of the Governor's Head, and which is to this day the glory of Communipaw.

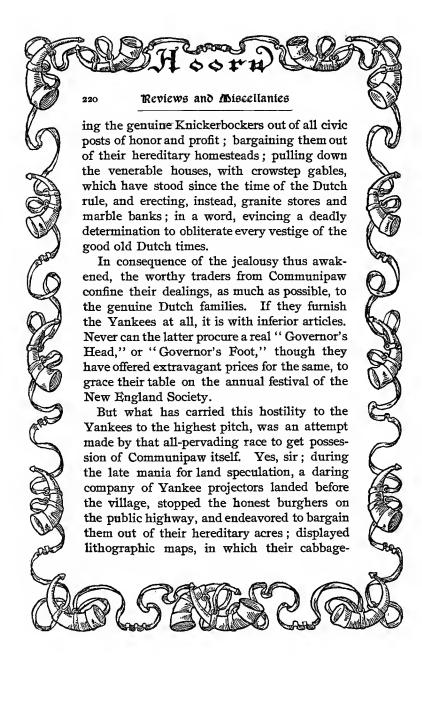
The Hague

On the other hand, the shoe of Peter Stuyvesant, being thrown into the river, in front of the house, gradually hardened, and concreted, and became covered with barnacles, and at length turned into a gigantic oyster; being the progenitor of that illustrious species, known throughout the gastronomical world by the name of the Governor's Foot.

These miracles were the salvation of Communipaw. The sages of the place immediately saw in them the hand of Saint Nicholas, and understood their mystic signification. They set to work, with all diligence, to cultivate and multiply these great blessings; and so abundantly did the gubernatorial hat and shoe fructify and increase, that in a little time great patches of cabbages were to be seen extending from the village of Communipaw quite to the Bergen Hills; while the whole bottom of the bay in front became a vast bed of ovsters. Ever since that time, this excellent community has been divided into two great classes—those who cultivate the land, and those who cultivate the water. The former have devoted themselves to the nurture and edification of cabbages. rearing them in all their varieties; while the latter have formed parks and plantations under water, to which juvenile oysters are trans-

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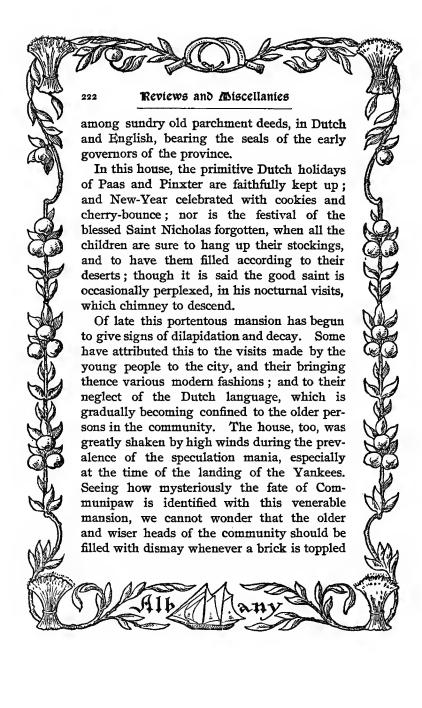


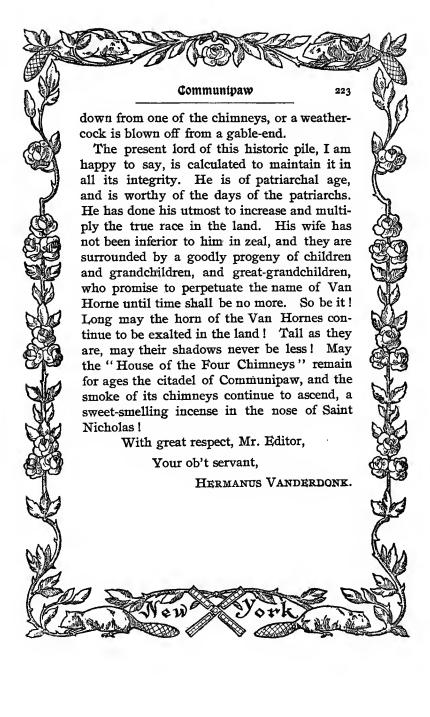
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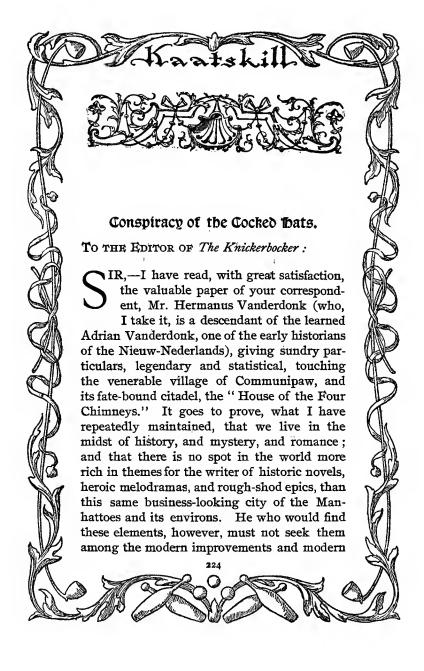
gardens were laid out into town lots; their oyster-parks into docks and quays; and even the "House of the Four Chimneys" metamorphosed into a bank, which was to enrich the whole neighborhood with paper money.

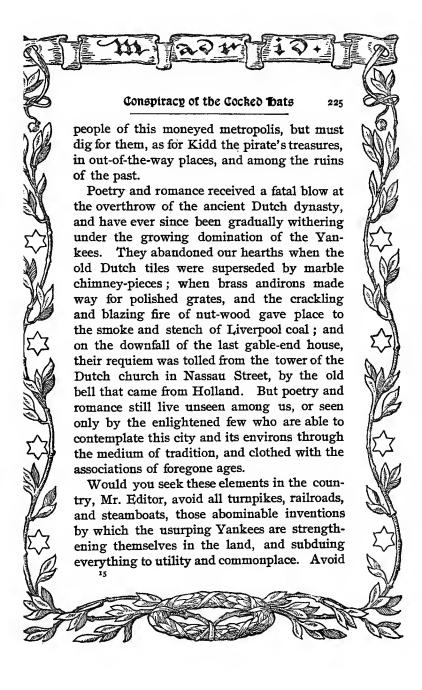
Fortunately, the gallant Van Hornes came to the rescue, just as some of the worthy burghers were on the point of capitulating. The Vankees were put to the rout, with signal confusion, and have never since dared to show their faces in the place. The good people continue to cultivate their cabbages, and rear their oysters; they know nothing of banks, nor joint-stock companies, but treasure up their money in stocking-feet, at the bottom of the family chest, or bury it in iron pots, as did their fathers and grandfathers before them.

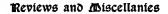
As to the "House of the Four Chimneys," it still remains in the great and tall family of the Van Hornes. Here are to be seen ancient Dutch corner cupboards, chests of drawers, and massive clothes-presses, quaintly carved, and carefully waxed and polished; together with divers thick, black-letter volumes, with brass clasps, printed of yore in Leyden and Amsterdam, and handed down from generation to generation, in the family, but never read. They are preserved in the archives,





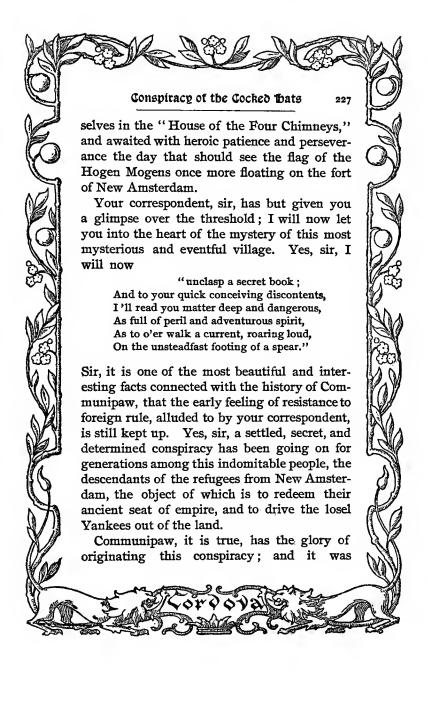


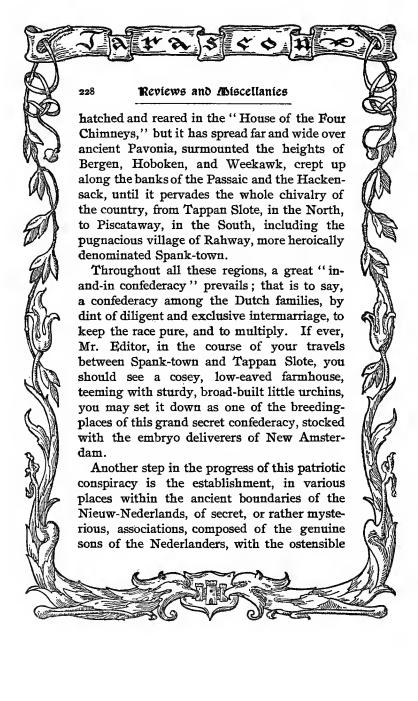


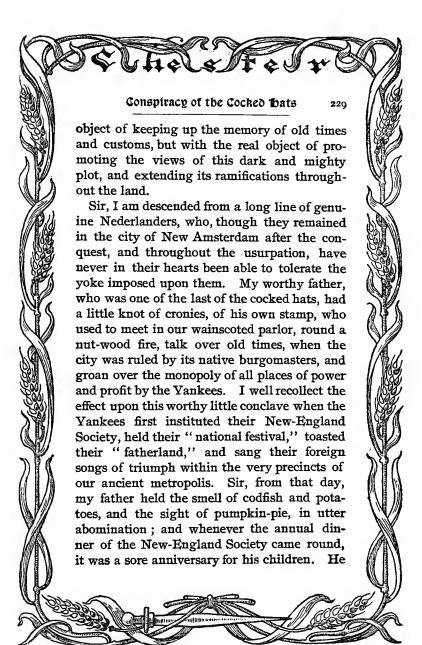


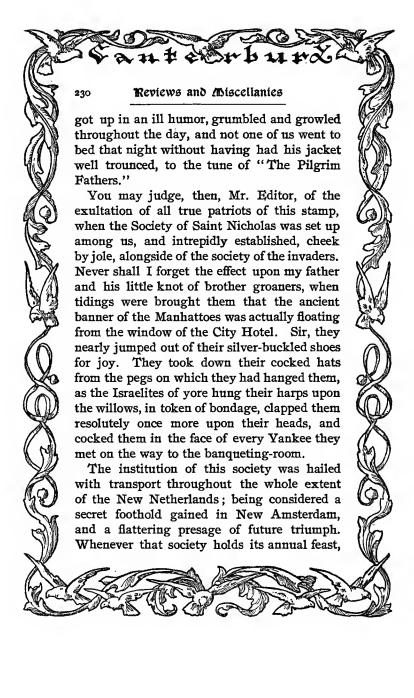
all towns and cities of white clapboard palaces, and Grecian temples, studded with "Academies," "Seminaries," and "Institutes," which glisten along our bays and rivers; these are the strongholds of Yankee unsurpation; but if haply you light upon some rough, rambling road, winding between stone fences, gray with moss, and overgrown with elder. pokeberry, mullen, and sweetbrier, with here and there a low, red-roofed, whitewashed farmhouse, cowering among apple and cherry trees; an old stone church, with elms, willows, and button-woods as old-looking as itself, and tombstones almost buried in their own graves: and, peradventure, a small log school-house, at a cross-road, where the English is still taught with a thickness of the tongue, instead of a twang of the nose; should you, I say, light upon such a neighborhood, Mr. Editor, you may thank your stars that you have found one of the lingering haunts of poetry and romance.

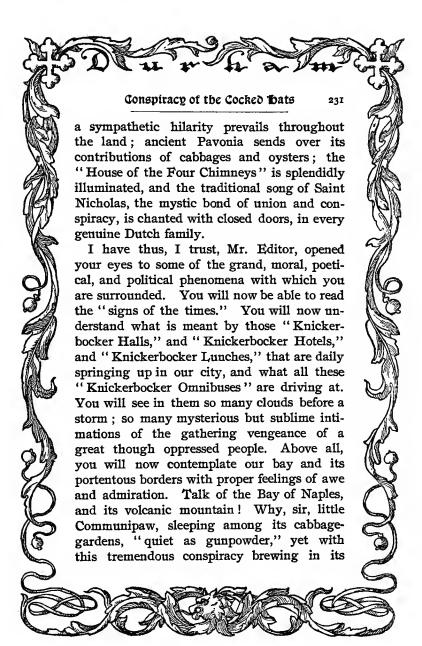
Your correspondent, sir, has touched upon that sublime and affecting feature in the history of Communipaw, the retreat of the patriotic band of Nederlanders, led by Van Horne, whom he justly terms the Pelayo of the New Netherlands. He has given you a picture of the manner in which they ensconced them-

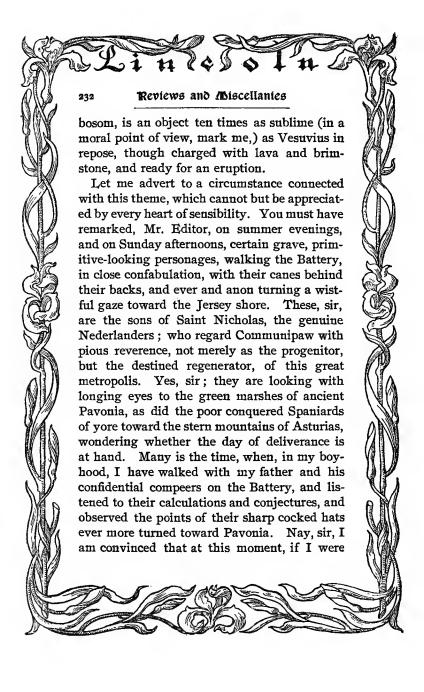














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to take down the cocked hat of my lamented father from the peg on which it has hung for years, and were to carry it to the Battery, its centre point, true as the needle to the pole, would turn to Communipaw.

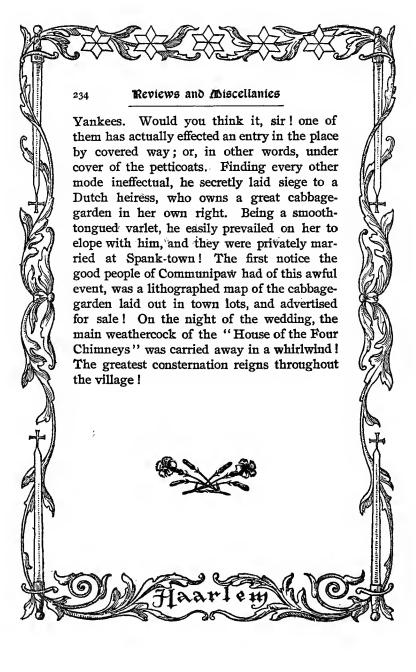
Mr. Editor, the great historic drama of New Amsterdam is but half acted. The reigns of Walter the Doubter, William the Testy, and Peter the Headstrong, with the rise, progress, and decline of the Dutch dynasty, are but so many parts of the main action, the triumphant catastrophe of which is yet to come. Yes, sir! the deliverance of the New Nederlands from Yankee domination will eclipse the far-famed redemption of Spain from the Moors, and the oft-sung Conquest of Granada will fade before the chivalrous triumph of New Amsterdam. Would that Peter Stuyvesant could rise from his grave to witness that day!

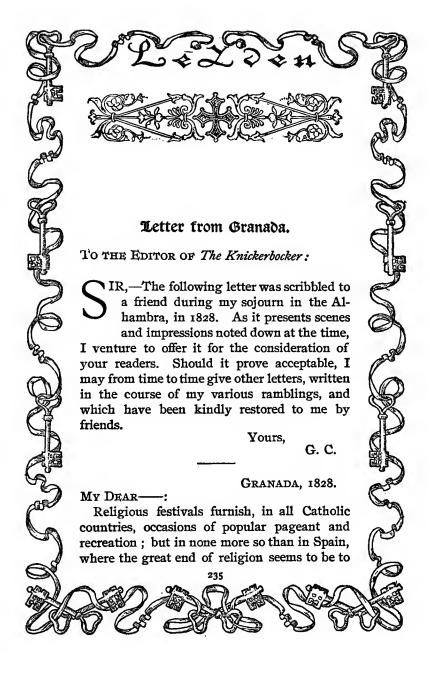
Your humble servant,

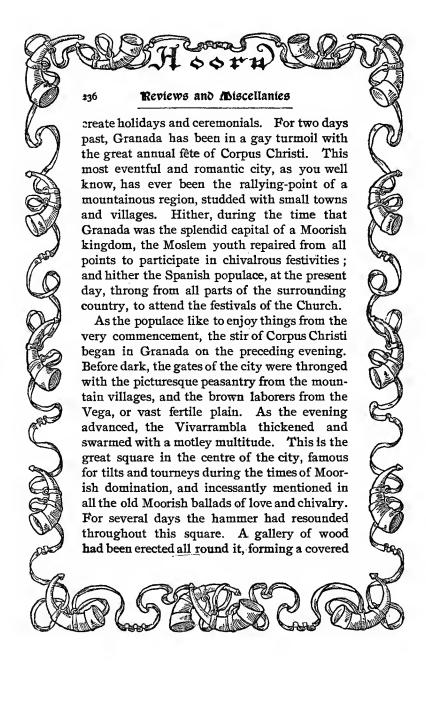
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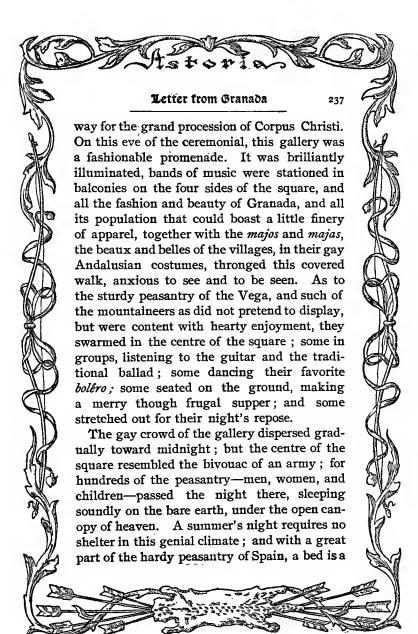
P.S.—Just as I had concluded the foregoing epistle, I received a piece of intelligence which makes me tremble for the fate of Communipaw. I fear, Mr. Editor, the grand conspiracy is in danger of being countermined and counteracted by those all-pervading and indefatigable

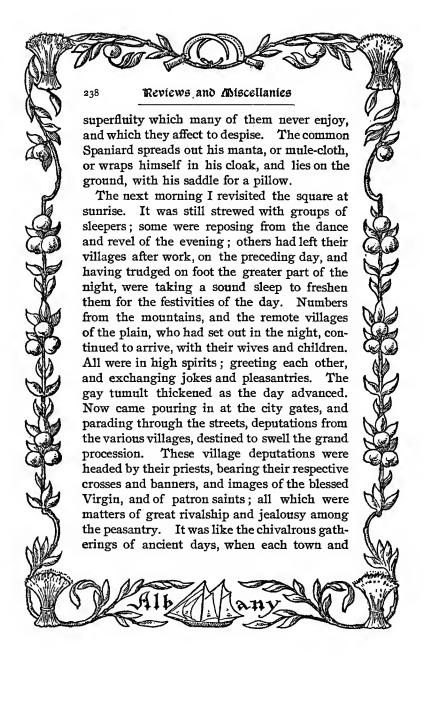
The Hague

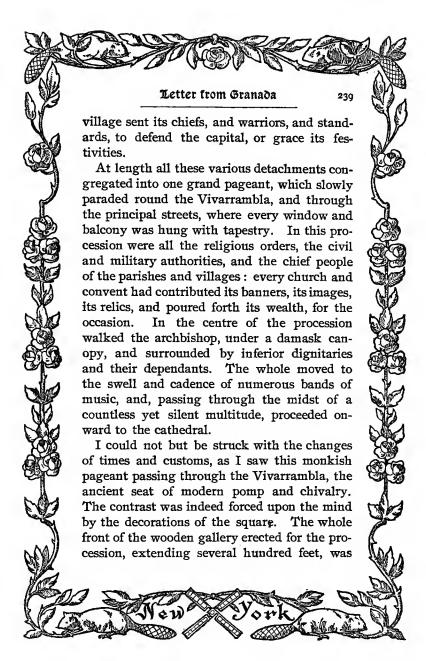


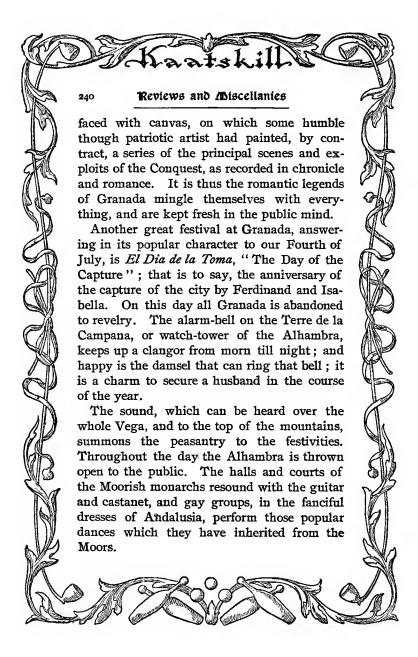


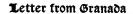












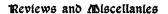
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In the meantime a grand procession moves through the city. The banner of Ferdinand and Isabella, that precious relic of the Conquest, is brought forth from its depository, and borne by the Alferez Mayor, or grand standard-bearer, through the principal streets. The portable camp-altar, which was carried about with them in all their campaigns, is transported into the chapel royal, and placed before their sepulchre, where their effigies lie in monumental marble. The procession fills the chapel. High mass is performed in memory of the Conquest; and at a certain part of the ceremony the Alferez Mayor puts on his hat and waves the standard above the tomb of the conquerors.

A more whimsical memorial of the Conquest is exhibited on the same evening at the theatre, where a popular drama is performed, entitled "Ave Maria." This turns on the oft-sung achievement of Hernando del Pulgar, surnamed *El de las Hazañas*, "He of the Exploits," the favorite hero of the populace of Granada.

During the time that Ferdinand and Isabella besieged the city, the young Moorish and Spanish knights vied with each other in extravagant bravados. On one occasion Hernando del Pulgar, at the head of a handful of

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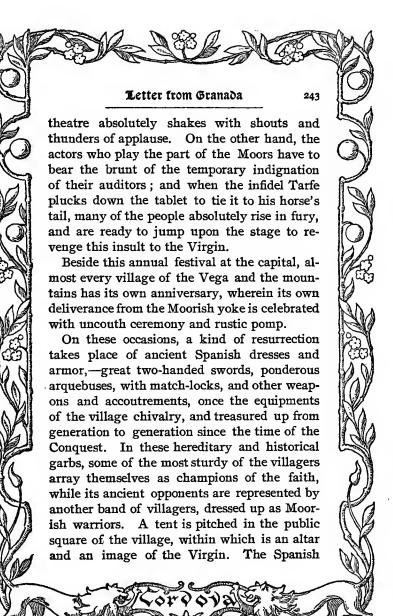


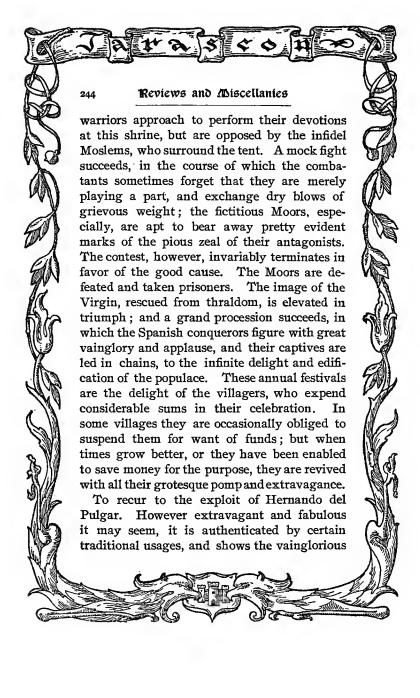
youthful followers, made a dash into Granada at the dead of the night, nailed the inscription of AVE MARIA, with his dagger, to the gate of the principal mosque, as a token of having consecrated it to the Virgin, and effected his retreat in safety.

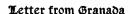
While the Moorish cavaliers admired this daring exploit, they felt bound to revenge it. On the following day, therefore, Tarfe, one of the stoutest of the infidel warriors, paraded in front of the Christian army, dragging the sacred inscription of AVE MARIA at his horse's tail. The cause of the Virgin was eagerly vindicated by Garcilaso de la Vega, who slew the Moor in single combat, and elevated the inscription of AVE MARIA, in devotion and triumph, at the end of his lance.

The drama founded on this exploit is prodigiously popular with the common people. Although it has been acted time out of mind, and the people have seen it repeatedly, it never fails to draw crowds, and so completely to engross the feelings of the audience, as to have almost the effect on them of reality. When their favorite Pulgar strides about with many a mouthy speech, in the very midst of the Moorish capital, he is cheered with enthusiastic bravos; and when he nails the tablet of AVE MARIA to the door of the mosque, the

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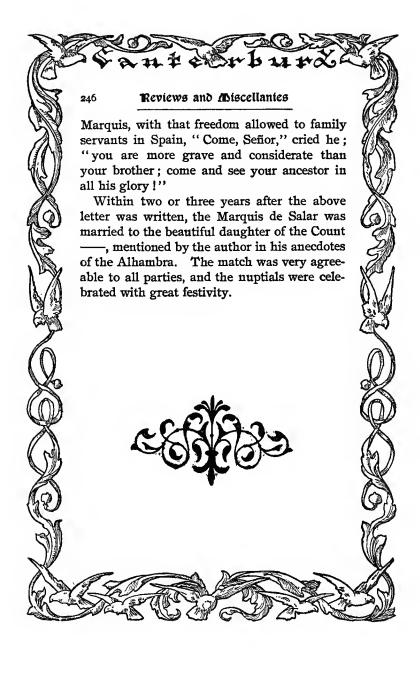


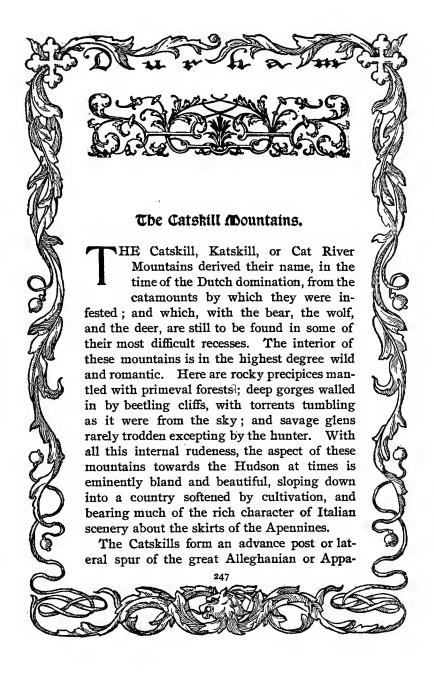


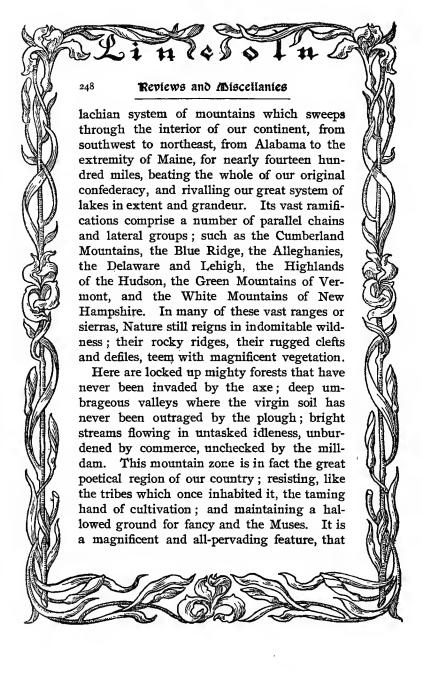
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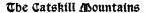
daring that prevailed between the youthful warriors of both nations, in that romantic war. The mosque thus consecrated to the Virgin was made the cathedral of the city after the Conquest; and there is a painting of the Virgin beside the royal chapel, which was put there by Hernando del Pulgar. The lineal representative of the hare-brained cavalier has the right, to this day, to enter the church on certain occasions, on horseback, to sit within the choir, and to put on his hat at the elevation of the host, though these privileges have often been obstinately contested by the clergy.

The present lineal representative of Hernando del Pulgar is the Marquis de Salar, whom I have met occasionally in society. is a young man of agreeable appearance and manners, and his bright black eyes would give indication of his inheriting the fire of his ancestor. When the paintings were put up in the Vivarrambla, illustrating the scenes of the Conquest, an old gray-headed family servant of the Pulgars was so delighted with those which related to the family hero, that he absolutely shed tears, and hurrying home to the Marquis, urged him to hasten and behold the family trophies. The sudden zeal of the old man provoked the mirth of his young master; upon which, turning to the brother of the









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might have given our country a name, and a poetical one, had not the all-controlling powers of commonplace determined otherwise.

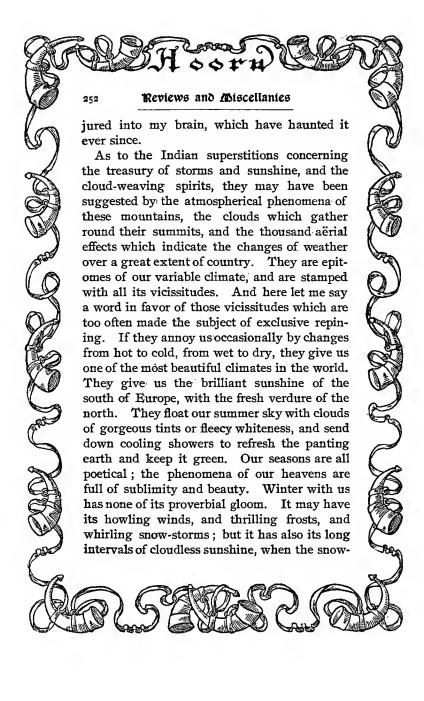
The Catskill Mountains, as I have observed, maintain all the internal wildness of the labyrinth of mountains with which they are connected. Their detached position, overlooking a wide lowland region, with the majestic Hudson rolling through it, has given them a distinct character, and rendered them at all times a rallying-point for romance and fable. of the fanciful associations with which they have been clothed may be owing to their being peculiarly subject to those beautiful atmospherical effects which constitute one of the great charms of Hudson River scenery. me they have ever been the fairy region of the Hudson. I speak, however, from early impressions, made in the happy days of boyhood, when all the world had a tinge of fairy-land. I shall never forget my first view of these mountains. It was in the course of a voyage up the Hudson, in the good old times before steamboats and railroads had driven all poetry and romance out of travel. A voyage up the Hudson in those days was equal to a voyage to Europe at present, and cost almost as much time: but we enjoyed the river then; we relished it as we did our wine, sip by sip, not as

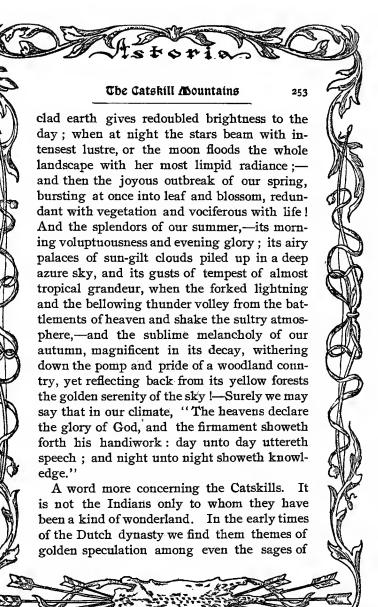
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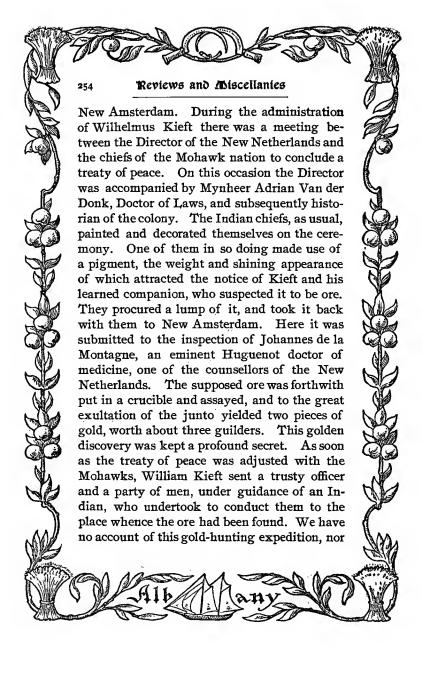
at present, gulping all down at a draught, without tasting it. My whole voyage up the Hudson was full of wonder and romance. I was a lively boy, somewhat imaginative, of easy faith, and prone to relish everything that partook of the marvellous. Among the passengers on board of the sloop was a veteran Indian trader, on his way to the lakes to traffic with the natives. He had discovered my propensity, and amused himself throughout the voyage by telling me Indian legends and grotesque stories about every noted place on the River,-such as Spuyten Devil Creek, the Tappan Sea, the Devil's Dans Kammer, and other hobgoblin places. The Catskill Mountains especially called forth a host of fanciful traditions. We were all day slowly tiding along in sight of them, so that he had full time to weave his whimsical narratives. these mountains, he told me, according to Indian belief, was kept the great treasury of storm and sunshine for the region of the Hudson. An old squaw spirit had charge of it, who dwelt on the highest peak of the moun-Here she kept Day and Night shut up in her wigwam, letting out only one of them at a time. She made new moons every month. and hung them up in the sky, cutting up the old ones into stars. The great Manitou, or

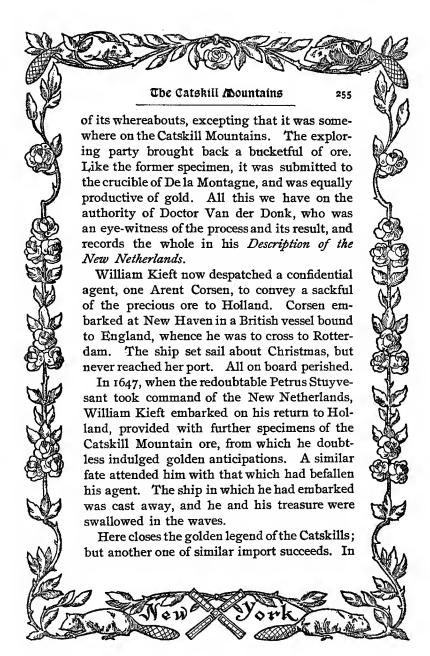


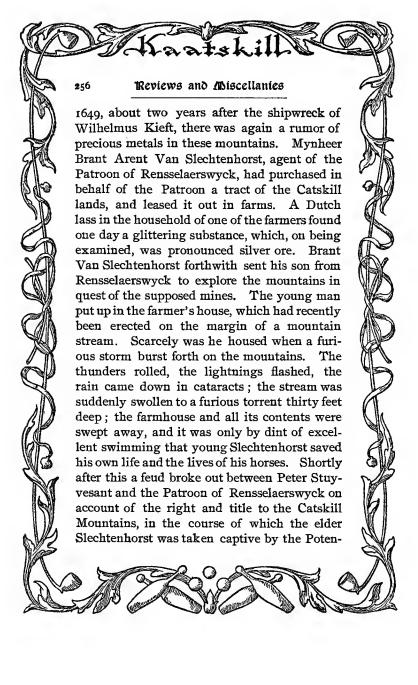
master-spirit, employed her to manufacture clouds: sometimes she wove them out of cobwebs, gossamers, and morning dew, and sent them off flake after flake, to float in the air and give light summer showers. Sometimes she would brew up black thunder-storms, and send down drenching rains to swell the streams and sweep everything away. He had many stories, also, about mischievous spirits who infested the mountains in the shape of animals, and played all kinds of pranks upon Indian hunters, decoying them into quagmires and morasses, or to the brinks of torrents and precipices. All these were doled out to me as I lay on the deck throughout a long summer's day, gazing upon these mountains, the everchanging shapes and hues of which appeared to realize the magical influences in question. Sometimes they seemed to approach; at other to recede; during the heat of the day they almost melted into a sultry haze; as the day declined they deepened in tone; their summits were brightened by the last rays of the sun, and later in the evening their whole outline was printed in deep purple against an amber sky. As I beheld them thus shifting continually before my eye, and listened to the marvellous legends of the trader, a host of fanciful notions concerning them was con-

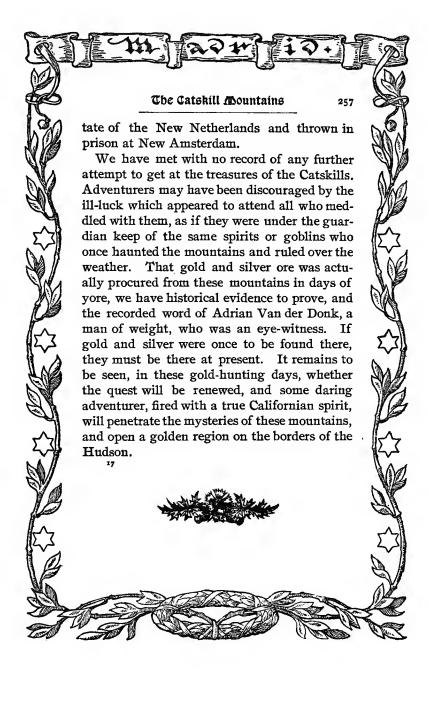


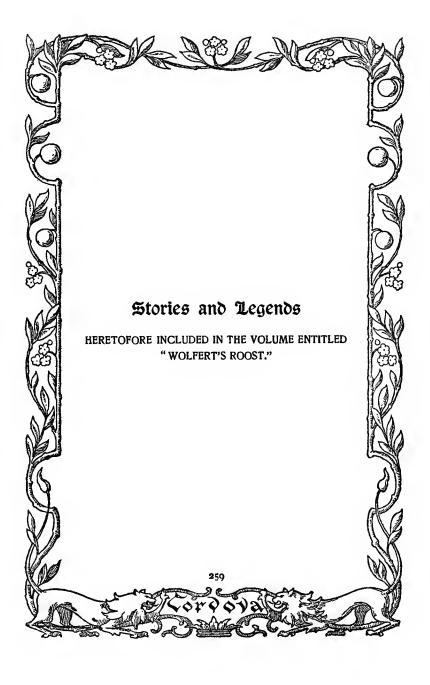


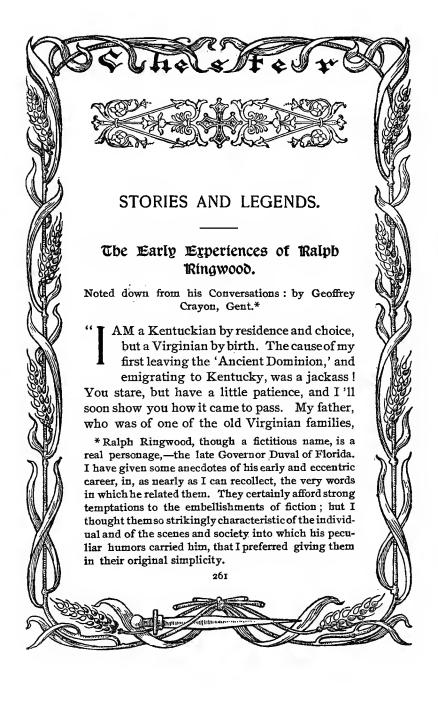


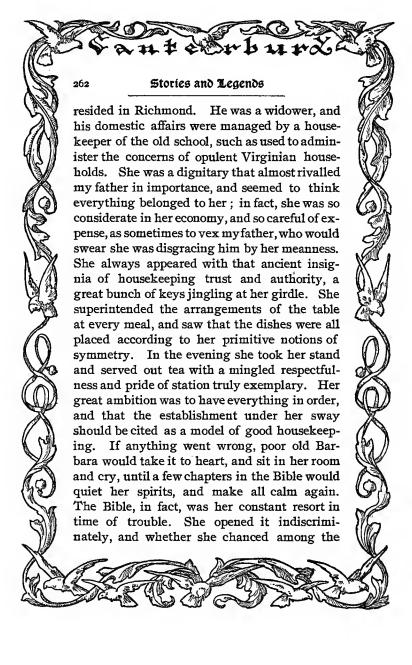


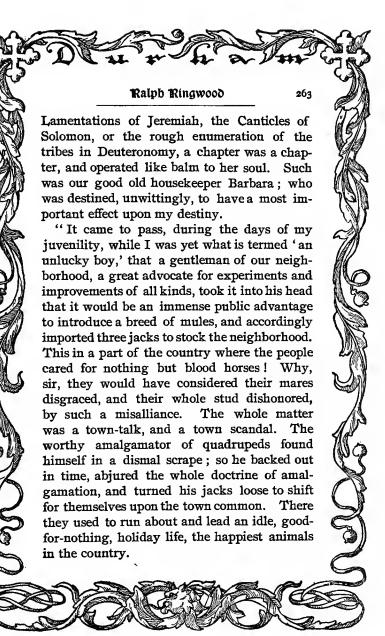


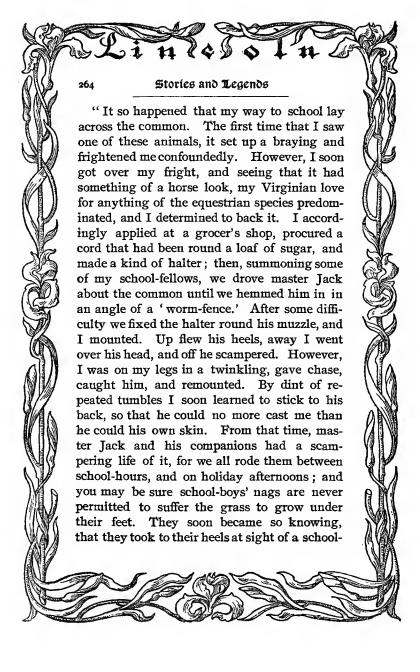














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boy; and we were generally much longer in chasing than we were in riding them.

"Sunday approached, on which I projected an equestrian excursion on one of these longeared steeds. As I knew the jacks would be in great demand on Sunday morning, I secured one over night, and conducted him home, to be ready for an early outset. But where was I to quarter him for the night? I could not put him in the stable; our old black groom George was as absolute in that domain as Barbara was within doors, and would have thought his stable, his horses, and himself disgraced by the introduction of a jackass. I recollected the smoke-house.—an outbuilding appended to all Virginian establishments, for the smoking of hams and other kinds of meat. So I got the key, put master Jack in, locked the door, returned the key to its place, and went to bed, intending to release my prisoner at an early hour, before any of the family were awake. I was so tired, however, by the exertions I had made in catching the donkey, that I fell into a sound sleep, and the morning broke without my waking.

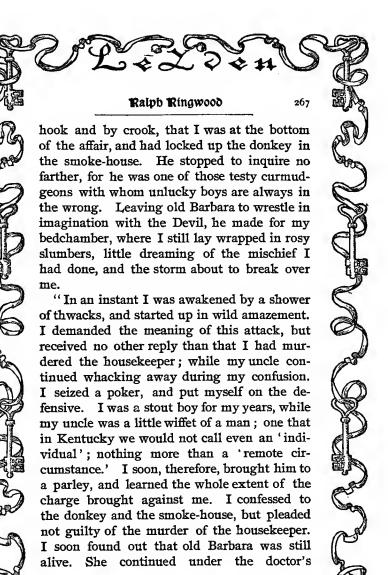
"Not so with dame Barbara, the housekeeper. As usual, to use her own phrase, 'she was up before the crow put his shoes on,' and bustled about to get things in order for breakfast.

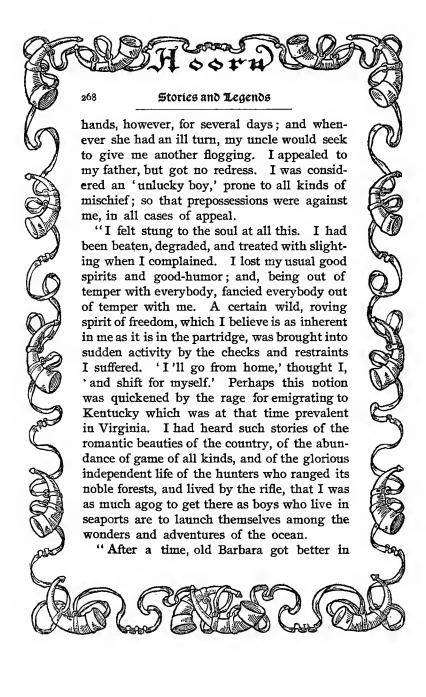
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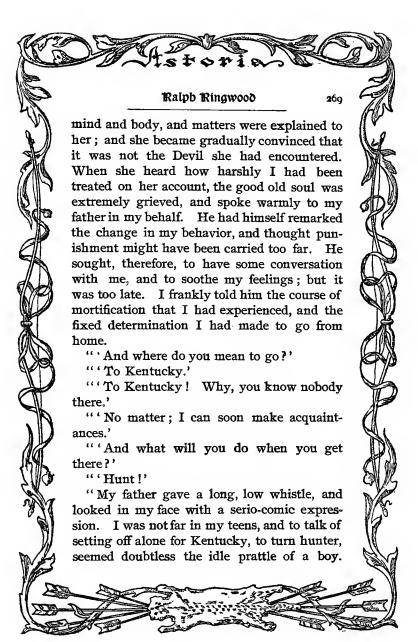
Her first resort was to the smoke-house. Scarce had she opened the door, when master Jack, tired of his confinement, and glad to be released from darkness, gave a loud bray, and rushed Down dropped old Barbara; the animal trampled over her, and made off for the Poor Barbara! She had never before seen a donkey; and having read in the Bible that the Devil went about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour, she took it for granted that this was Beelzebub himself. The kitchen was soon in a hubbub: the servants hurried to the spot. There lay old Barbara in fits; as fast as she got out of one, the thoughts of the Devil came over her, and she fell into another, for the good soul was devoutly superstitious.

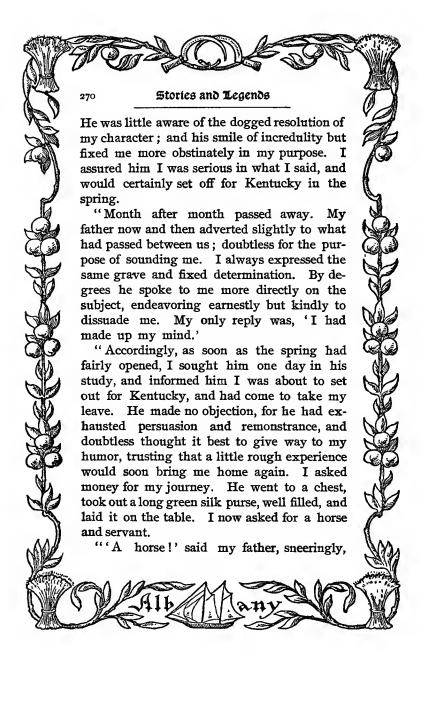
"As ill luck would have it, among those attracted by the noise, was a little, cursed, fidgety, crabbed uncle of mine; one of those uneasy spirits that cannot rest quietly in their beds in the morning, but must be up early, to bother the household. He was only a kind of half-uncle, after all, for he had married my father's sister; yet he assumed great authority on the strength of this left-handed relationship, and was a universal intermeddler and family pest. This prying little busybody soon ferreted out the truth of the story, and discovered, by

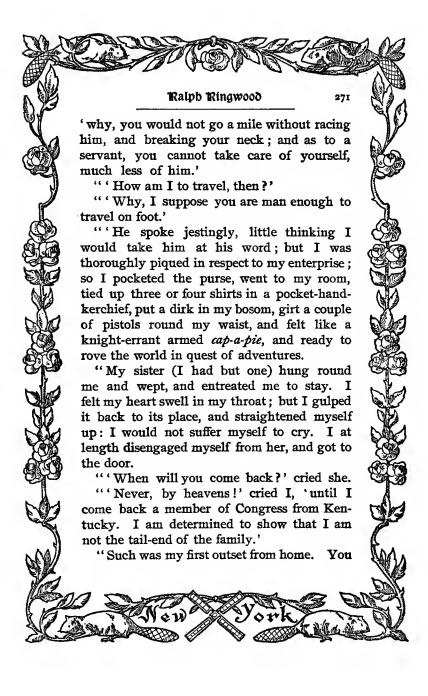
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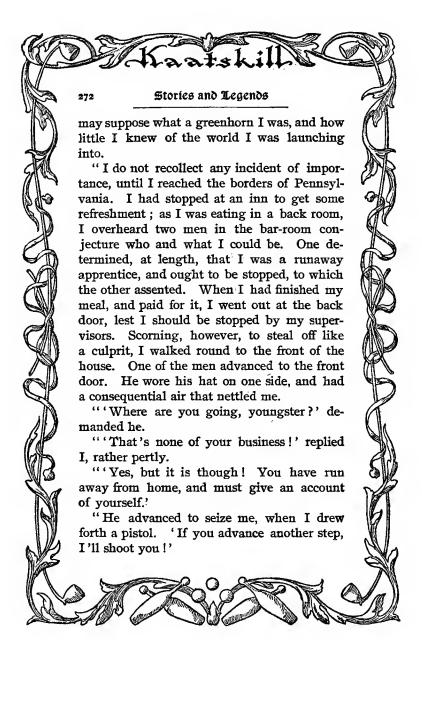


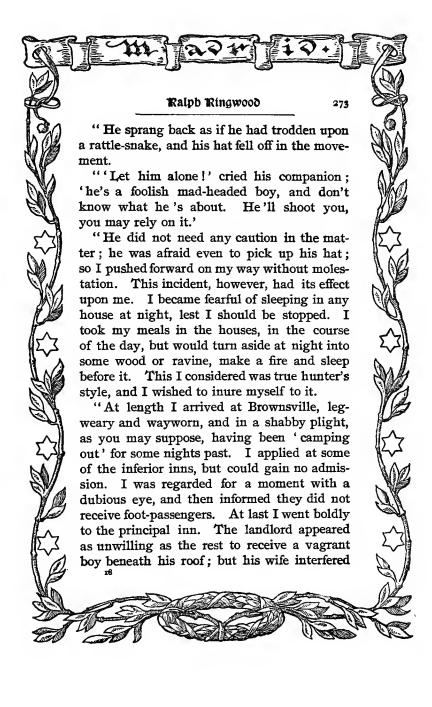










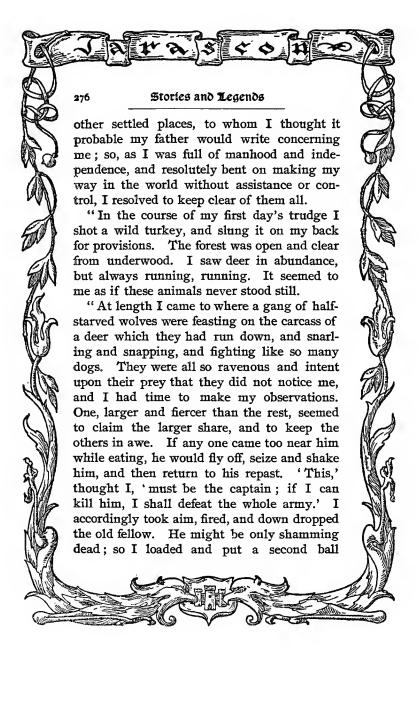


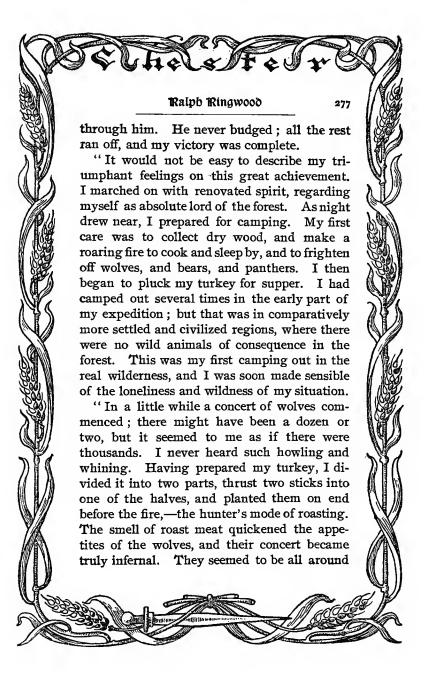


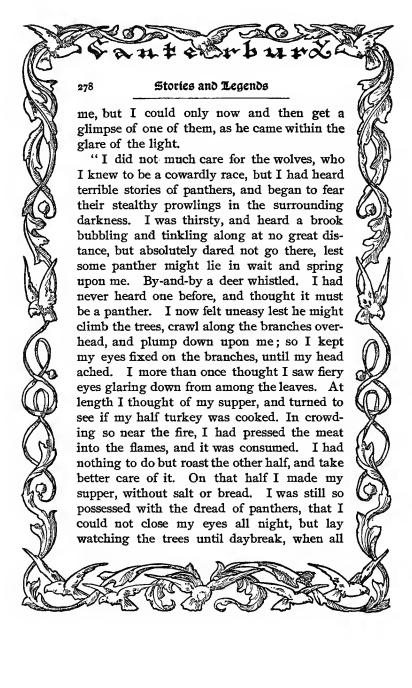
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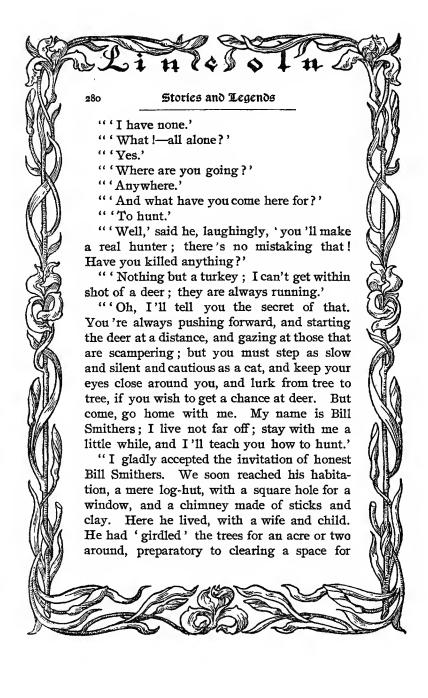
ned out. The forest overhung the water's edge, and was occasionally skirted by immense canebrakes. Wild animals of all kinds abounded. We heard them rushing through the thickets and plashing in the water. Deer and bears would frequently swim across the river; others would come down to the bank, and gaze at the boat as it passed. I was incessantly on the alert with my rifle; but, somehow or other, the game was never within shot. Sometimes I got a chance to land and try my skill on shore. I shot squirrels, and small birds, and even wild turkeys; but though I caught glimpses of deer bounding away through the woods, I never could get a fair shot at them.

"In this way we glided in our broad-horn past Cincinnati, the 'Queen of the West,' as she is now called, then a mere group of log-cabins; and the site of the bustling city of Louisville, then designated by a solitary house. As I said before, the Ohio was as yet a wild river; all was forest, forest, forest! Near the confluence of Green River with the Ohio I landed, bade adieu to the broad-horn, and struck for the interior of Kentucky. I had no precise plan; my only idea was to make for one of the wildest parts of the country. I had relatives in Lexington and









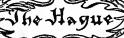


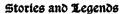
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corn and potatoes. In the meantime he maintained his family entirely by his rifle, and I soon found him to be a first-rate huntsman. Under his tutelage I received my first effective lessons in 'woodcraft.'

"The more I knew of a hunter's life, the more I relished it. The country, too, which had been the promised land of my boyhood, did not, like most promised lands, disappoint me. No wilderness could be more beautiful than this part of Kentucky in those times. forests were open and spacious, with noble trees, some of which looked as if they had stood for centuries. There were beautiful prairies. too, diversified with groves and clumps of trees, which looked like vast parks, and in which you could see the deer running, at a great distance. In the proper season, these prairies would be covered in many places with wild strawberries, where your horse's hoofs would be dyed to the fetlock. I thought there could not be another place in the world equal to Kentucky:-and I think so still.

"After I had passed ten or twelve days with Bill Smithers, I thought it time to shift my quarters, for his house was scarce large enough for his own family, and I had no idea of being an encumbrance to any one. I accordingly made up my bundle, shouldered my rifle, took





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a friendly leave of Smithers and his wife, and set out in quest of a Nimrod of the wilderness, one John Miller, who lived alone, nearly forty miles off, and who I hoped would be well pleased to have a hunting companion.

"I soon found out that one of the most important items in woodcraft, in a new country, was the skill to find one's way in the wilder-There were no regular roads in the forests, but they were cut up and perplexed by paths leading in all directions. these were made by the cattle of the settlers, and were called 'stock-tracks,' but others had been made by the immense droves of buffaloes which roamed about the country from the flood until recent times. were called buffalo-tracks, and traversed Kentucky from end to end, like highways. Traces of them may still be seen in uncultivated parts, or deeply worn in the rocks where they crossed the mountains. I was a young woodsman, and sorely puzzled to distinguish one kind of track from the other, or to make out my course through this tangled While thus perplexed, I heard a labyrinth. distant roaring and rushing sound; a gloom stole over the forest. On looking up, when I could catch a stray glimpse of the sky, I beheld the clouds rolled up like balls, the lower

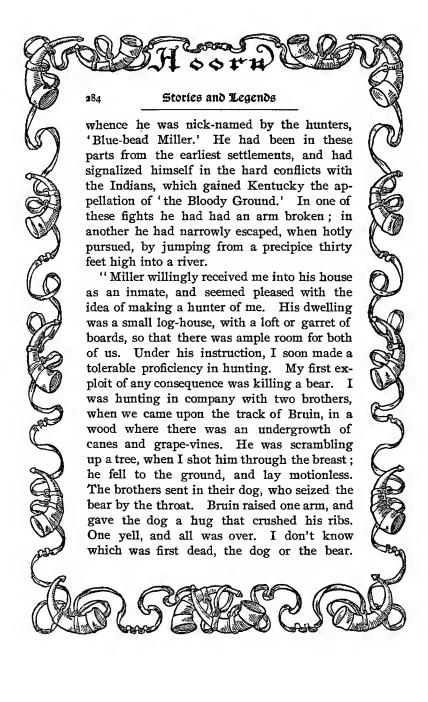
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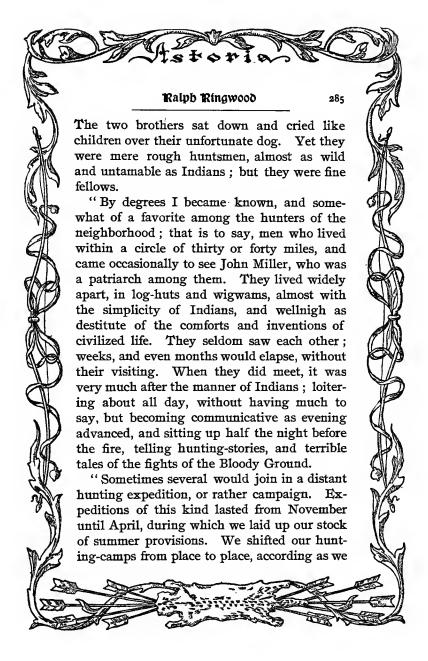


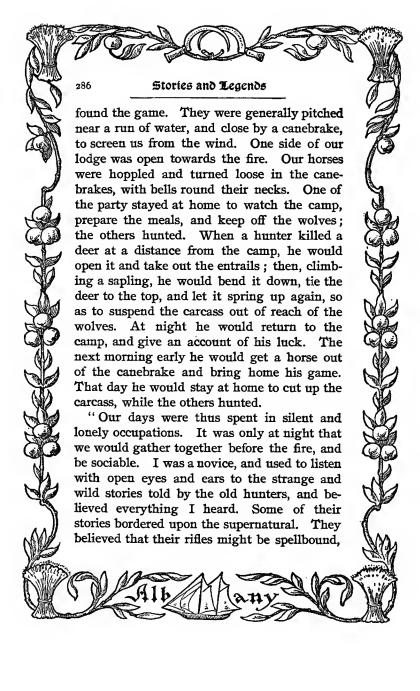
part as black as ink. There was now and then an explosion, like a burst of cannonry afar off, and the crash of a falling tree. heard of hurricanes in the woods, and surmised that one was at hand. It soon came crashing its way, the forest writhing, and twisting, and groaning before it. The hurricane did not extend far on either side, but in a manner ploughed a furrow through the woodland, snapping off or uprooting trees that had stood for centuries, and filling the air with whirling branches. I was directly in its course, and took my stand behind an immense poplar, six feet in diameter. It bore for a time the full fury of the blast, but at length began to yield. Seeing it falling, I scrambled nimbly round the trunk like a squirrel. Down it went, bearing down another tree with it. I crept under the trunk as a shelter, and was protected from other trees which fell around me, but was sore all over, from the twigs and branches driven against me by the blast.

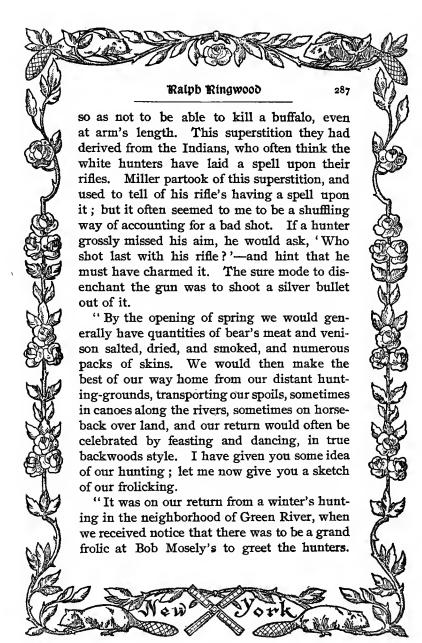
"This was the only incident of consequence that occurred on my way to John Miller's, where I arrived on the following day, and was received by the veteran with the rough kindness of a backwoodsman. He was a grayhaired man, hardy and weather-beaten, with a blue wart, like a great bead, over one eye,

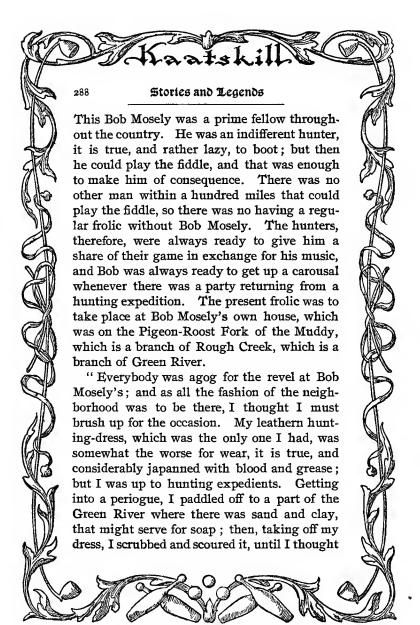
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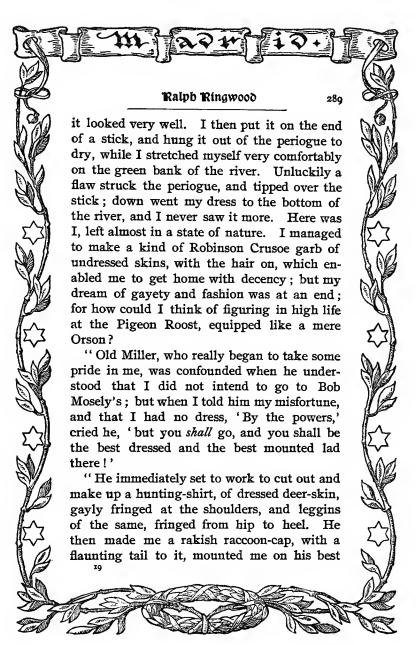


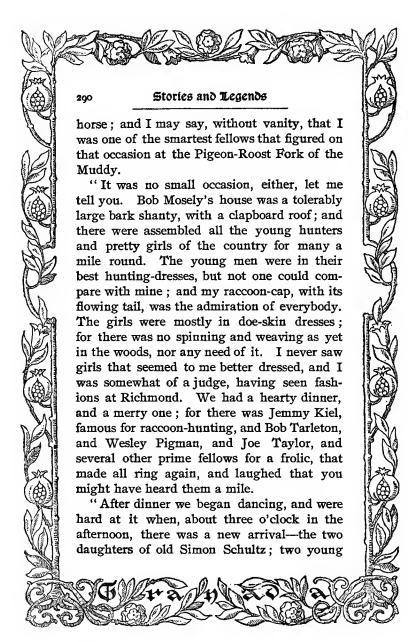


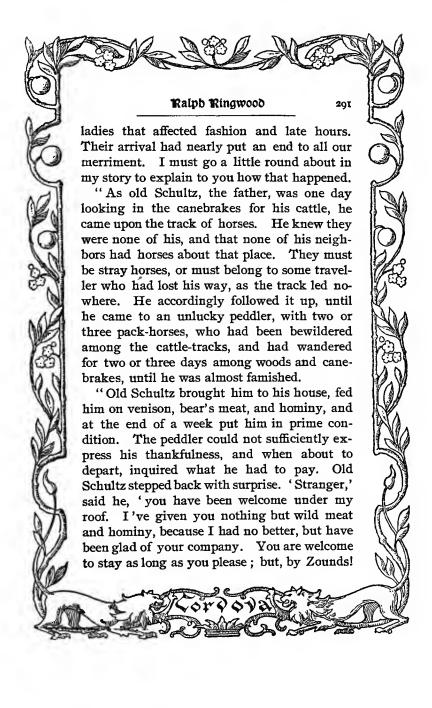


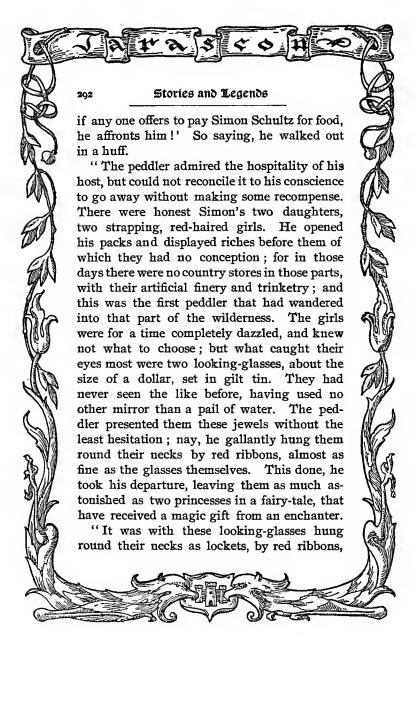


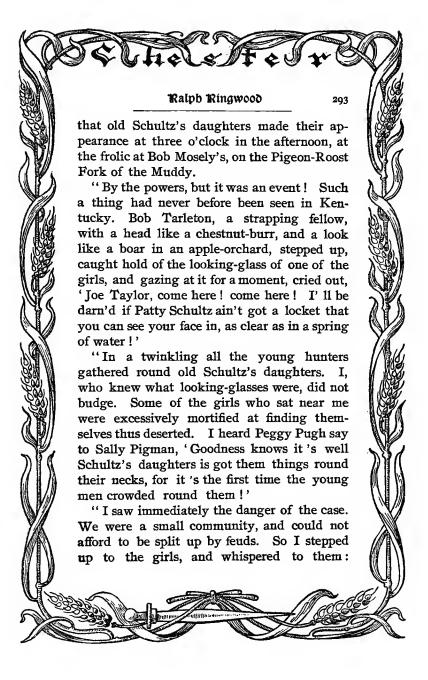


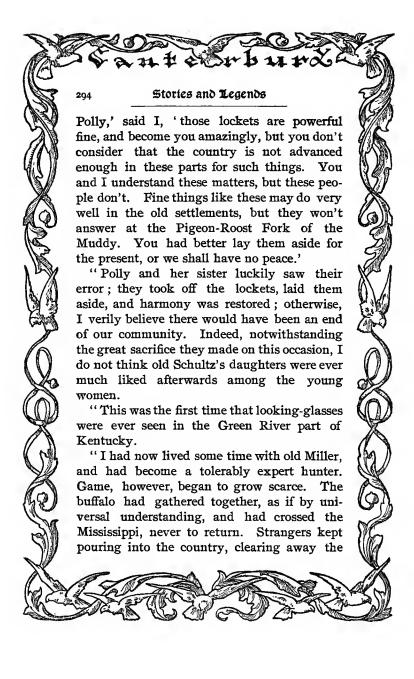








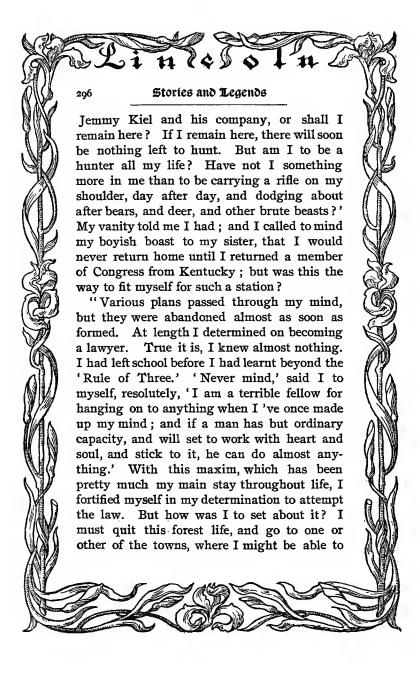




forests, and building in all directions. The hunters began to grow restive. Jemmy Kiel, the same of whom I have already spoken for his skill in raccoon catching, came to me one day. 'I can't stand this any longer,' said he, 'we're getting too thick here. Simon Schultz crowds me so that I have no comfort of my life.'

"'Why, how you talk!' said I; 'Simon Schultz lives twelve miles off.'

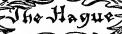
"'No matter; his cattle run with mine, and I 've no idea of living where another man's cattle can run with mine. That 's too close neighborhood; I want elbow room. This country, too, is growing too poor to live in; there 's no game; so two or three of us have made up our minds to follow the buffalo to the Missouri, and we should like to have you of the party.' Other hunters of my acquaintance talked in the same manner. This set me thinking: but the more I thought, the more I was perplexed. I had no one to advise with: old Miller and his associates knew of but one mode of life, and I had no experience in any other, but I had a wider scope of thought. When out hunting alone, I used to forget the sport, and sit for hours together on the trunk of a tree, with rifle in hand, buried in thought, and debating with myself: 'Shall I go with



study and to attend the courts. This, too, required funds. I examined into the state of my finances. The purse given me by my father had remained untouched, in the bottom of an old chest up in the loft, for money was scarcely needed in these parts. I had bargained away the skins acquired in hunting, for a horse and various other matters, on which, in case of need, I could raise funds. I therefore thought I could make shift to maintain myself until I was fitted for the bar.

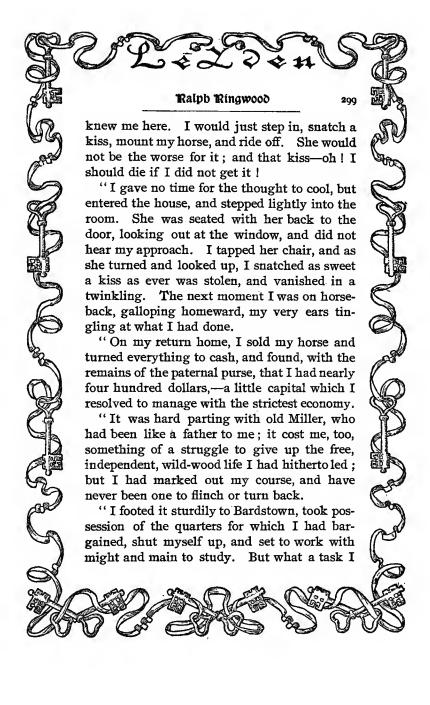
"I informed my worthy host and patron, old Miller, of my plan. He shook his head at my turning my back upon the woods when I was in a fair way of making a first-rate hunter; but he made no effort to dissuade me. I accordingly set off in September, on horseback, intending to visit Lexington, Frankfort, and other of the principal towns, in search of a favorable place to prosecute my studies. choice was made sooner than I expected. had put up one night at Bardstown, and found, on inquiry, that I could get comfortable board and accommodation in a private family for a dollar and a half a week. I liked the place, and resolved to look no farther. So the next morning I prepared to turn my face homeward, and take my final leave of forest life.

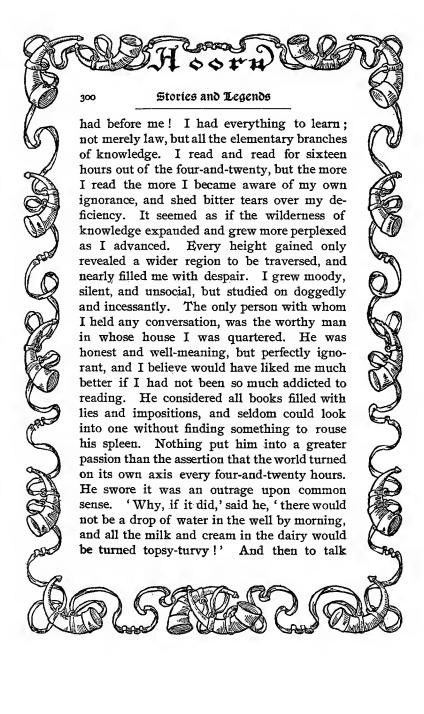
"I had taken my breakfast, and was wait-



ing for my horse, when, in pacing up and down the piazza, I saw a young girl seated near a window, evidently a visitor. She was very pretty, with auburn hair and blue eyes, and was dressed in white. I had seen nothing of the kind since I had left Richmond, and at that time I was too much of a boy to be much struck by female charms. She was so delicate and dainty-looking, so different from the hale, buxom, brown girls of the woods; and then her white dress !--it was perfectly dazzling! Never was poor youth more taken by surprise and suddenly bewitched. My heart yearned to know her; but how was I to accost her? I had grown wild in the woods, and had none of the habitudes of polite life. Had she been like Peggy Pugh, or Sally Pigman, or any other of my leathern-dressed belles of the Pigeon Roost, I should have approached her without dread; nay, had she been as fair as Schultz's daughters, with their looking-glass lockets. I should not have hesitated: but that white dress and those auburn ringlets, and blue eyes, and delicate looks quite daunted while they fascinated me. I don't know what put it into my head, but I thought, all at once, that I would kiss her! It would take a long acquaintance to arrive at such a boon, but I might seize upon it by sheer robbery. Nobody









storio

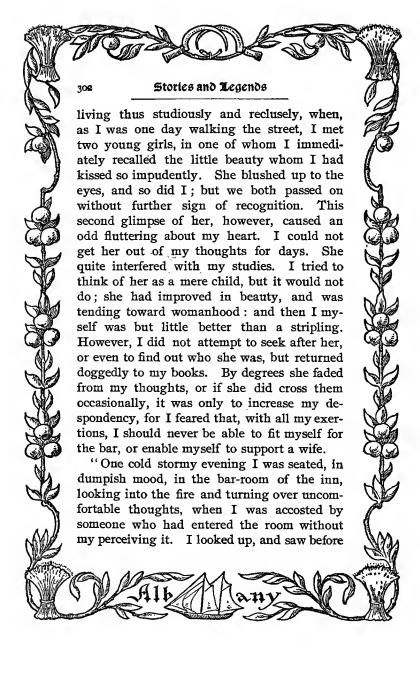
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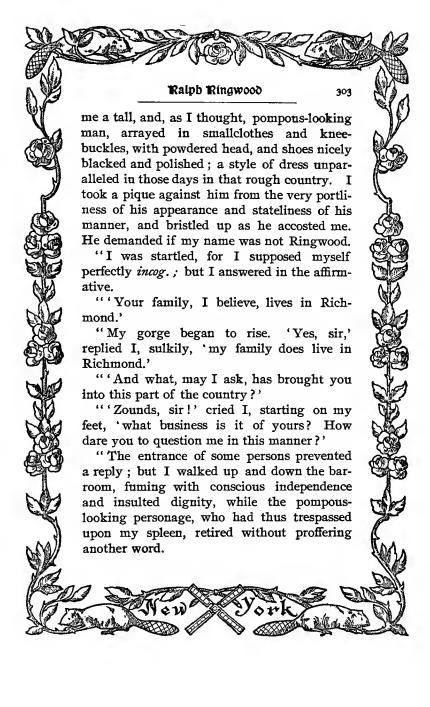
of the earth going round the sun! 'How do they know it? I've seen the sun rise every morning and set every evening for more than thirty years. They must not talk to me about the earth's going round the sun!'

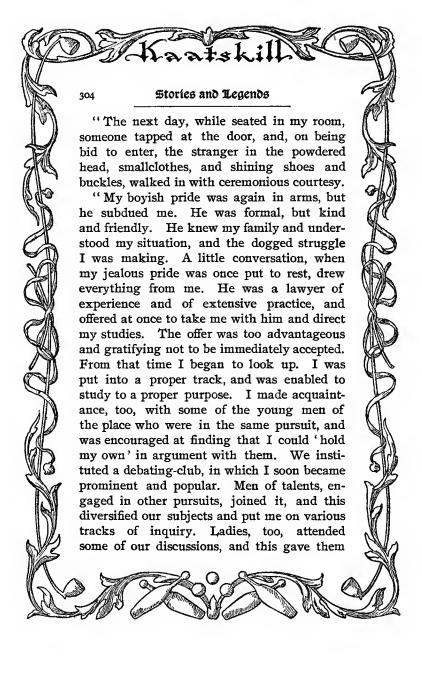
"At another time he was in a perfect fret at being told the distance between the sun and moon. 'How can any one tell the distance?' cried he. 'Who surveyed it? who carried the chain? By Jupiter! they only talk this way before me to annoy me. But then there 's some people of sense who give in to this cursed humbug! There's Judge Broadnax, now, one of the best lawyers we have; is n't it surprising he should believe in such stuff? Why, sir, the other day I heard him talk of the distance from a star he called Mars to the He must have got it out of one or other of those confounded books he 's so fond of reading: a book some impudent fellow has written, who knew nobody could swear the distance was more or less.'

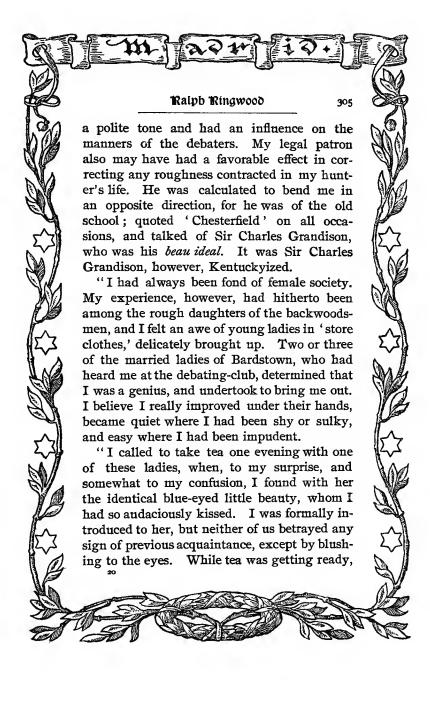
"For my own part, feeling my own deficiency in scientific lore, I never ventured to unsettle his conviction that the sun made his daily circuit round the earth; and for aught I said to the contrary, he lived and died in that belief.

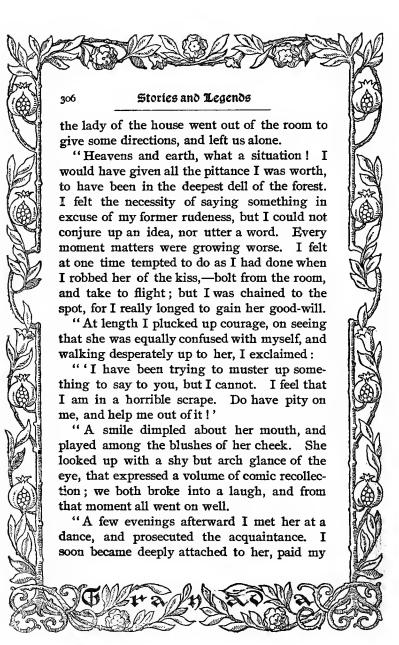
"I had been about a year at Bardstown,

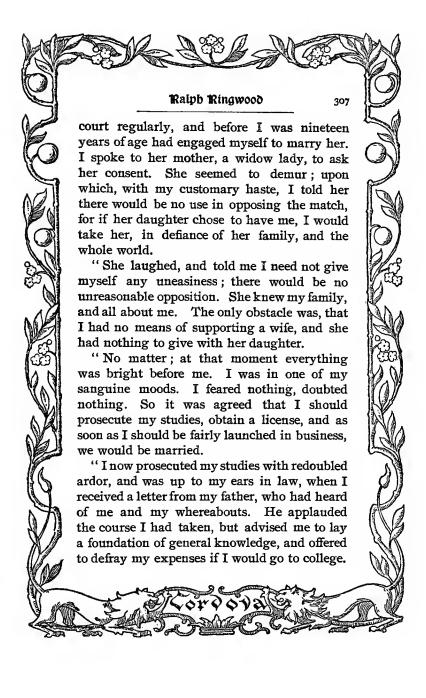


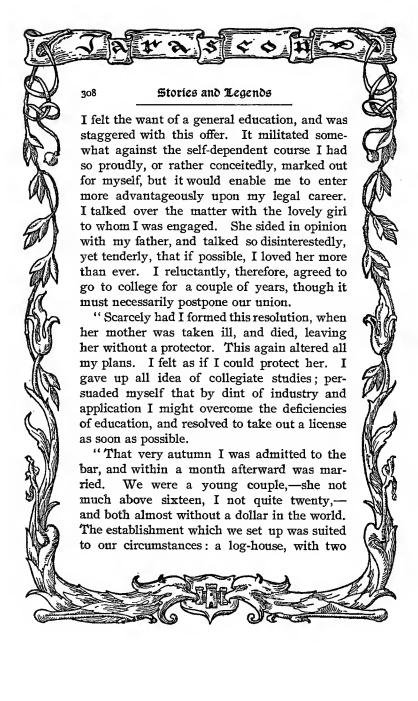


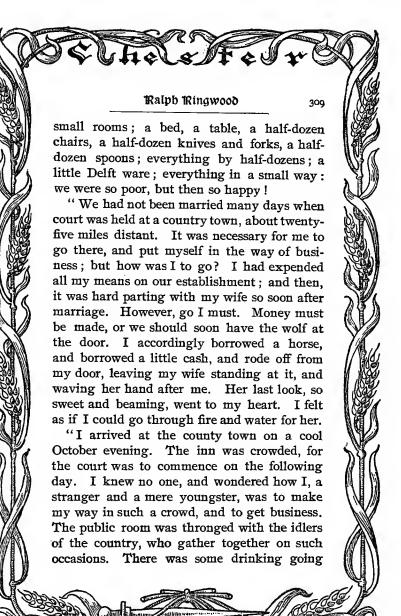


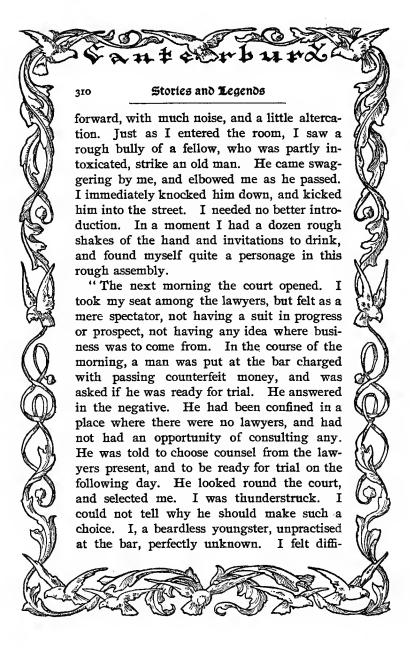










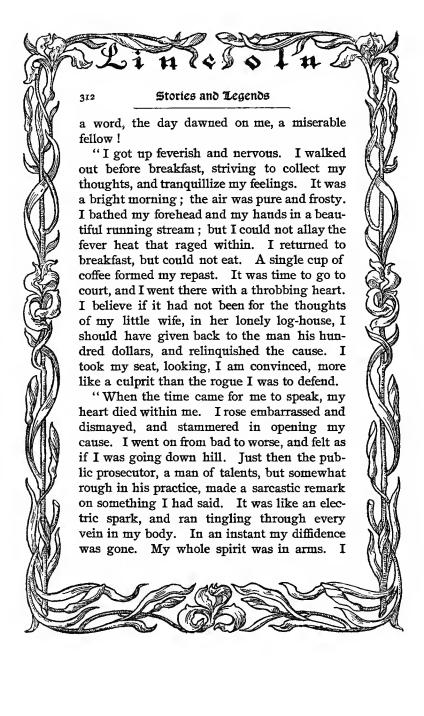




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dent, yet delighted, and could have hugged the rascal.

"Before leaving the court, he gave me one hundred dollars in a bag, as a retaining fee. I could scarcely believe my senses; it seemed like a dream. The heaviness of the fee spoke but lightly in favor of his innocence, but that was no affair of mine. I was to be advocate, I followed him to jail. not judge, nor jury. and learned from him all the particulars of his case: thence I went to the clerk's office, and took minutes of the indictment. I then examined the law on the subject, and prepared my brief in my room. All this occupied me until midnight, when I went to bed, and tried to sleep. It was all in vain. Never in my life was I more wide awake. A host of thoughts and fancies kept rushing through my mind; the shower of gold that had so unexpectedly fallen into my lap; the idea of my poor little wife at home, that I was to astonish with my good fortune! But then the awful responsibility I had undertaken !--- to speak for the first time in a strange court; the expectations the culprit had evidently formed of my talents; all these, and a crowd of similar notions, kept whirling through my mind. tossed about all night, fearing the morning would find me exhausted and incompetent; in



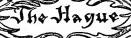


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answered with promptness and bitterness, for I felt the cruelty of such an attack upon a novice in my situation. The public prosecutor made a kind of apology; this, from a man of his redoubted powers, was a vast concession. I renewed my argument with a fearless glow; carried the case through triumphantly, and the man was acquitted.

"This was the making of me. Everybody was curious to know who this new lawver was. that had thus suddenly risen among them, and bearded the attorney-general at the very The story of my début at the inn, on the preceding evening, when I had knocked down a bully, and kicked him out of doors, for striking an old man, was circulated, with favorable exaggerations. Even my very beardless chin and juvenile countenance were in my favor, for the people gave me far more credit than I really deserved. The chance business which occurs in our country courts came thronging upon me. I was repeatedly employed in other causes; and by Saturday night, when the court closed, and I had paid my bill at the inn, I found myself with a hundred and fifty dollars in silver, three hundred dollars in notes, and a horse that I afterwards sold for two hundred dollars more.

"Never did miser gloat on his money with



more delight. I locked the door of my room, piled the money in a heap upon the table, walked round it, sat with my elbows on the table and my chin upon my hands, and gazed upon it. Was I thinking of the money? I was thinking of my little wife at home. other sleepless night ensued; but what a night of golden fancies and splendid air-castles! soon as morning dawned, I was up, mounted the borrowed horse with which I had come to court, and led the other, which I had received as a fee. All the way I was delighting myself with the thoughts of the surprise I had in store for my little wife; for both of us had expected nothing but that I should spend all the money I had borrowed, and should return in debt.

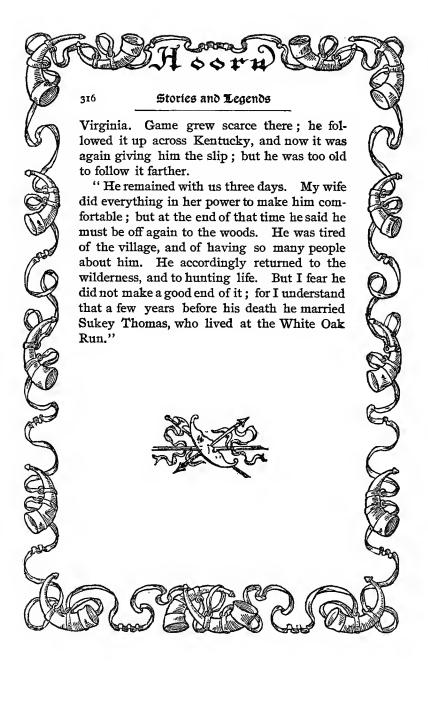
"Our meeting was joyous, as you may suppose; but I played the part of the Indian hunter, who, when he returns from the chase, never for a time speaks of his success. She had prepared a snug little rustic meal for me, and while it was getting ready, I seated myself at an old-fashioned desk in one corner, and began to count over my money and put it away. She came to me before I had finished and asked who I had collected the money for.

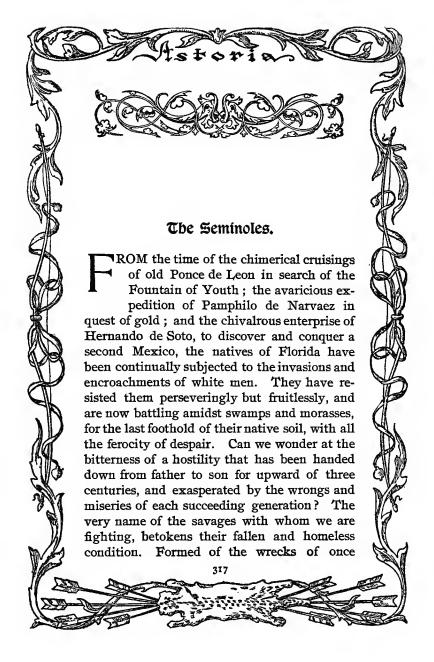
"'For myself, to be sure,' replied I, with affected coolness; 'I made it at court.'

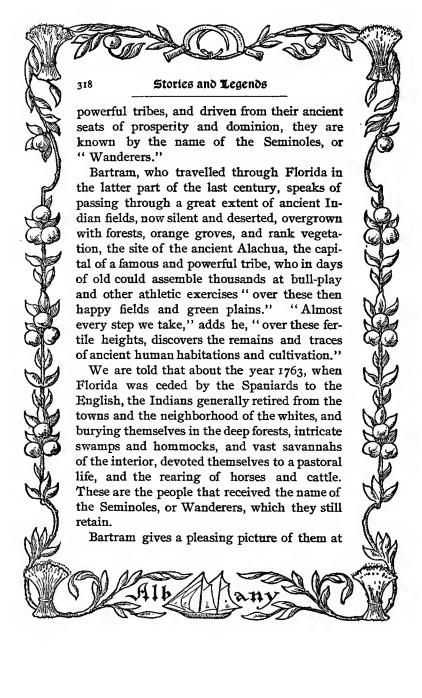


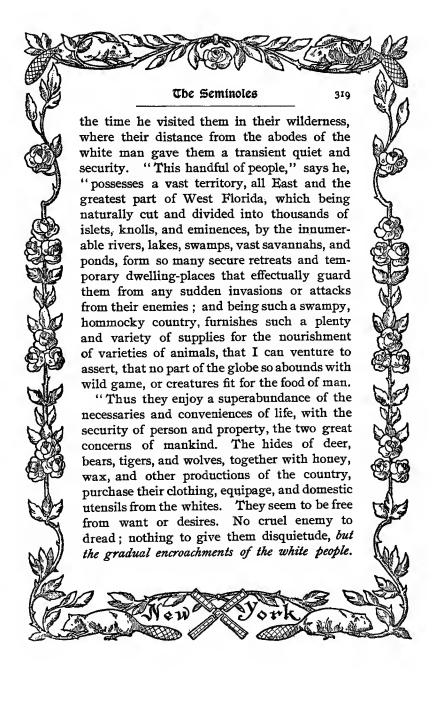
"She looked me for a moment in the face, incredulously. I tried to keep my countenance, and to play Indian, but it would not do. My muscles began to twitch; my feelings all at once gave way. I caught her in my arms; laughed, cried, and danced about the room, like a crazy man. From that time forward, we never wanted for money.

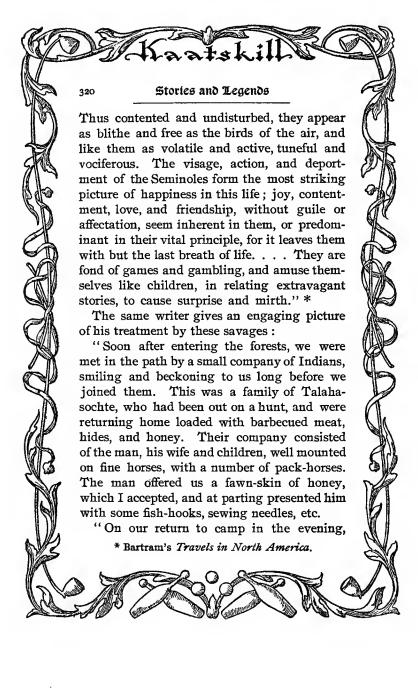
"I had not been long in successful practice, when I was surprised one day by a visit from my woodland patron, old Miller. The tidings of my prosperity had reached him in the wilderness, and he had walked one hundred and fifty miles on foot to see me. By that time I had improved my domestic establishment and had all things comfortable about me. He looked around him with a wondering eye, at what he considered luxuries and superfluities; but supposed they were all right, in my altered circum-He said he did not know, upon the whole, but that I acted for the best. It is true, if game had continued plenty, it would have been a folly for me to quit a hunter's life; but hunting was pretty nigh done up in Kentucky. The buffalo had gone to Missouri; the elk were nearly gone also; deer, too, were growing scarce: they might last out his time, as he was growing old, but they were not worth setting up life upon. He had once lived on the borders of











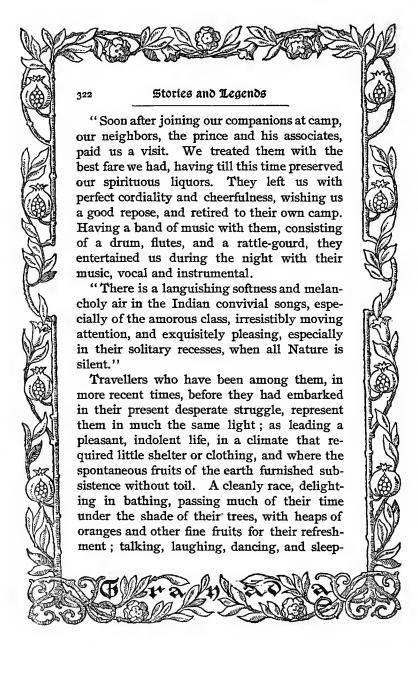


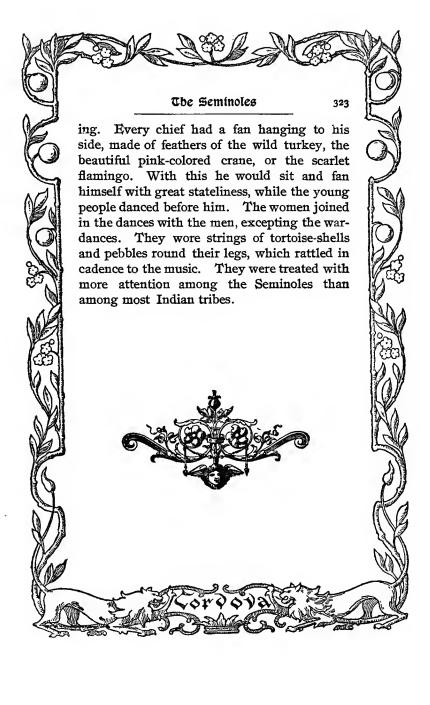
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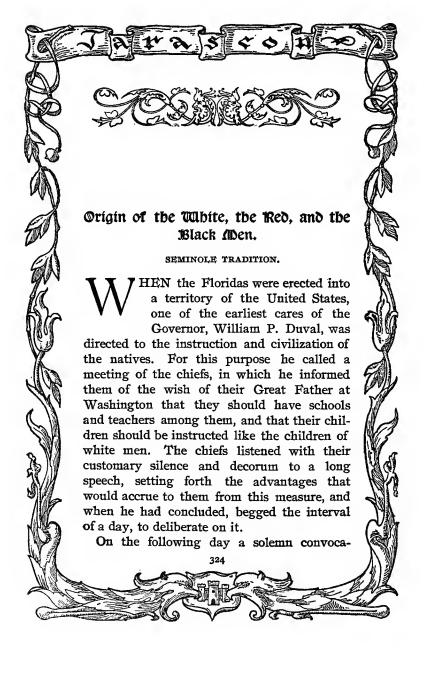
we were saluted by a party of young Indian warriors, who had pitched their tents on a green eminence near the lake, at a small distance from our camp, under a little grove of oaks and palms. This company consisted of seven young Seminoles, under the conduct of a young prince or chief of Talahasochte, a town southward in the Isthmus. They were all dressed and painted with singular elegance, and richly ornamented with silver plates, chains, etc., after the Seminole mode, with waving plumes of feathers on their crests. our coming up to them, they arose and shook hands; we alighted, and sat a while with them by their cheerful fire.

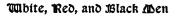
"The young prince informed our chief that he was in pursuit of a young fellow who had fled from the town, carrying off with him one of his favorite young wives. He said, merrily, he would have the ears of both of them before he returned. He was rather above the middle stature, and the most perfect human figure I ever saw; of an amiable, engaging countenance, air, and deportment; free and familiar in conversation, yet retaining a becoming gracefulness and dignity. We arose, took leave of them, and crosssed a little vale, covered with a charming green turf, already illuminated by the soft light of the full moon.

21





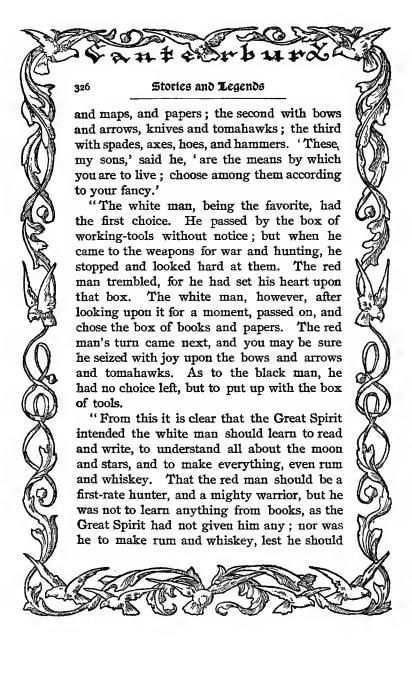


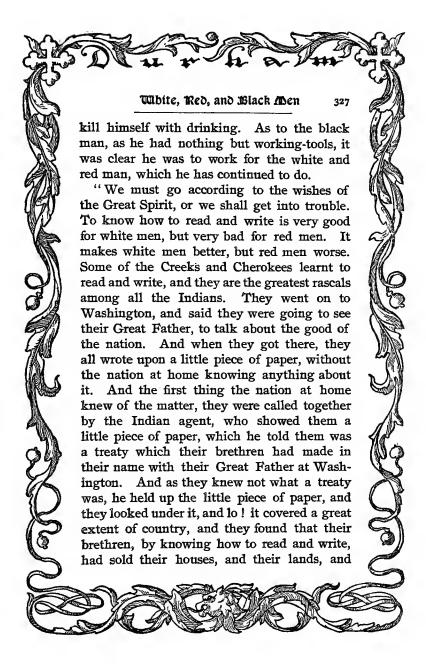


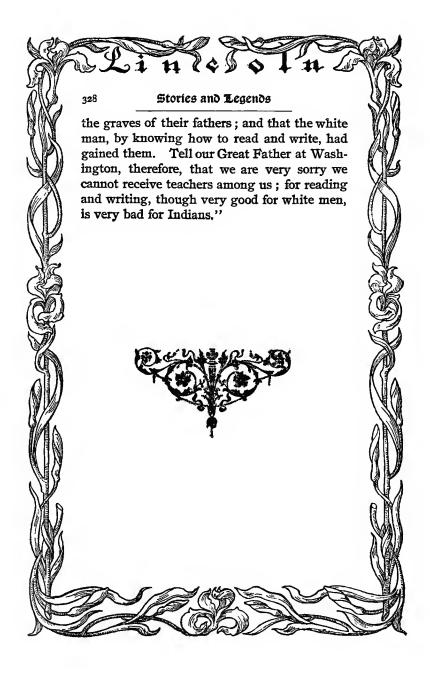
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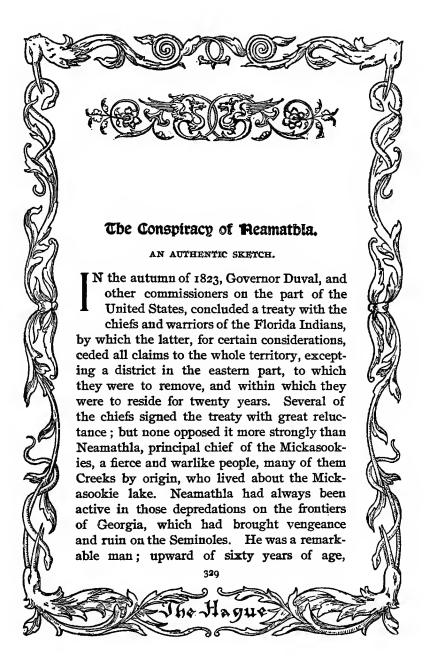
tion was held, at which one of the chiefs addressed the Governor in the name of all the "My brother," said he, "we have been thinking over the proposition of our Great Father at Washington, to send teachers and set up schools among us. We are very thankful for the interest he takes in our welfare: but after much deliberation have concluded to decline his offer. What will do very well for white men, will not do for red men. I know you white men say we all come from the same father and mother, but you are mistaken. We have a tradition handed down from our forefathers, and we believe it, that the Great Spirit, when he undertook to make men, made the black man; it was his first attempt, and pretty well for a beginning; but he soon saw he had bungled; so he determined to try his hand again. He did so, and made the red He liked him much better than the black man, but still he was not exactly what he wanted. So he tried once more, and made the white man; and then he was satisfied. You see, therefore, that you were made last, and that is the reason I call you my youngest brother.

"When the Great Spirit had made the three men, he called them together and showed them three boxes. The first was filled with books,









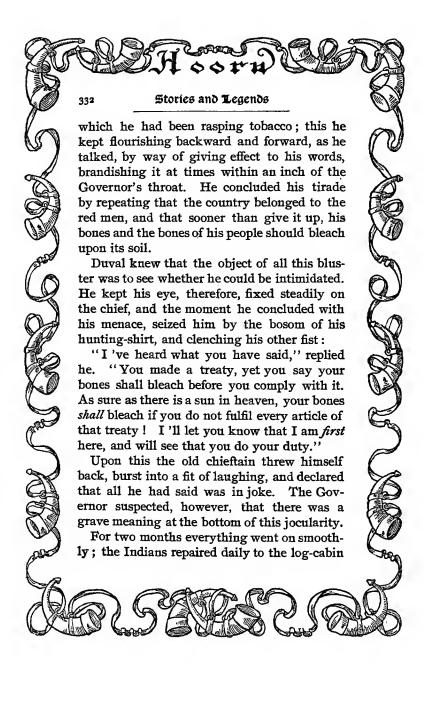
about six feet high, with a fine eye, and a strongly marked countenance, over which he possessed great command. His hatred of the white men appeared to be mixed with contempt; on the common people he looked down with infinite scorn. He seemed unwilling to acknowledge any superiority of rank or dignity in Governor Duval, claiming to associate with him on terms of equality, as two great chieftains. Though he had been prevailed upon to sign the treaty, his heart revolted at it. In one of his frank conversations with Governor Duval, he observed: "This country belongs to the red man; and if I had the number of warriors at my command that this nation once had, I would not leave a white man on my lands. I would exterminate the whole. I can say this to you, for you can understand me; you are a man; but I would not say it to your people. They 'd cry out I was a savage, and would take my life. They cannot appreciate the feelings of a man that loves his country."

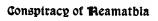
As Florida had but recently been erected into a territory, everything as yet was in rude and simple style. The Governor, to make himself acquainted with the Indians, and to be near at hand to keep an eye upon them, fixed his residence at Tallahassee, near the



Fowel towns, inhabited by the Mickasookies. His government palace for a time was a mere log-house, and he lived on hunter's fare. The village of Neamathla was but about three miles off, and thither the Governor occasionally rode. to visit the old chieftain. In one of these visits he found Neamathla seated in his wigwam, in the centre of the village, surrounded by his warriors. The Governor had brought him some liquor as a present, but it mounted quickly into his brain, and rendered him quite boastful and belligerent. The theme ever uppermost in his mind was the treaty with "It was true," he said, "the red the whites. men had made such a treaty, but the white men had not acted up to it. The red men had received none of the money and the cattle that had been promised them; the treaty, therefore, was at an end, and they did not mean to be bound by it."

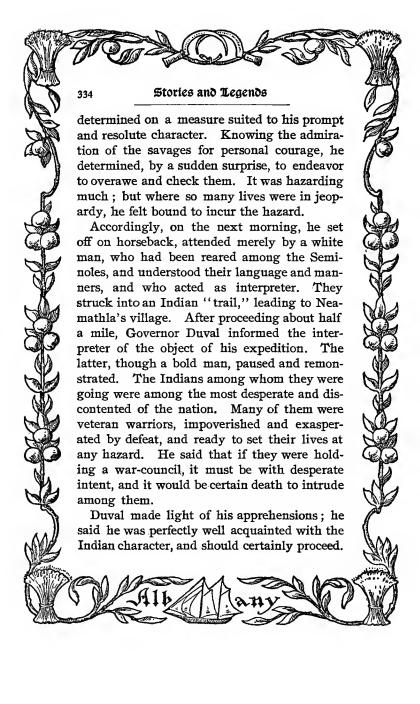
Governor Duval calmly represented to him that the time appointed in the treaty for the payment and delivery of the money and the cattle had not yet arrived. This the old chieftain knew full well, but he chose, for the moment, to pretend ignorance. He kept on drinking and talking, his voice growing louder and louder, until it resounded all over the village. He held in his hand a long knife, with

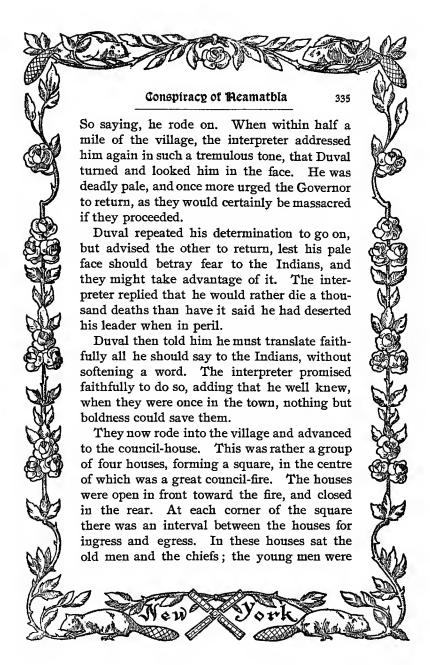


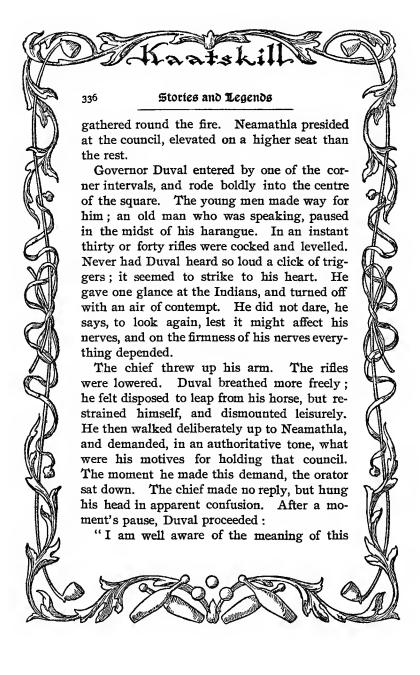


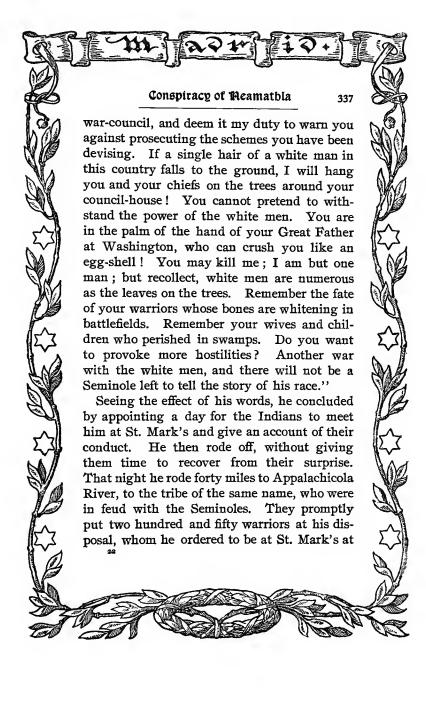
palace of the Governor at Tallahassee, and appeared perfectly contented. All at once they ceased their visits, and for three or four days not one was to be seen. Governor Duval began to apprehend that some mischief was brewing. On the evening of the fourth day, a chief named Yellow-Hair, a resolute, intelligent fellow, who had always evinced an attachment for the Governor, entered his cabin about twelve o'clock at night, and informed him, that between four and five hundred warriors. painted and decorated, were assembled to hold a secret war-talk at Neamathla's town. had slipped off to give intelligence, at the risk of his life, and hastened back lest his absence should be discovered.

Governor Duval passed an anxious night after this intelligence. He knew the talent and the daring character of Neamathla; he recollected the threats he had thrown out; he reflected that about eighty white families were scattered widely apart over a great extent of country, and might be swept away at once, should the Indians, as he feared, determine to clear the country. That he did not exaggerate the dangers of the case, has been proved by the horrid scenes of Indian warfare which have since desolated that devoted region. After a night of sleepless cogitation, Duval









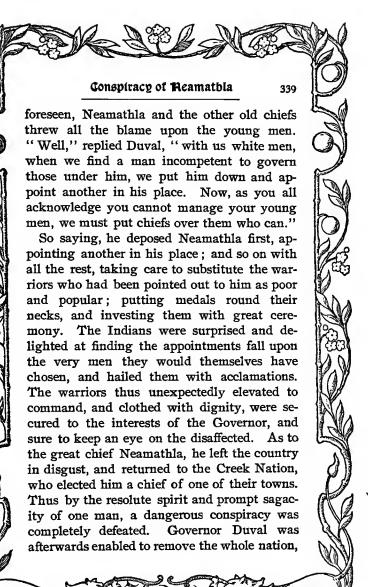


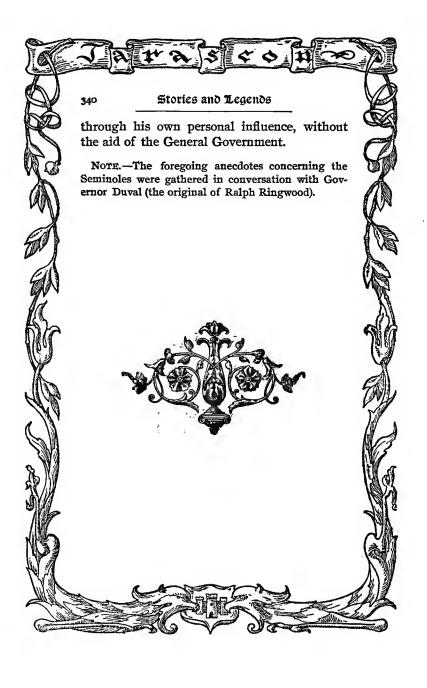
the appointed day. He sent out runners also, and mustered one hundred of the militia to repair to the same place, together with a number of regulars from the army. All his arrangements were successful.

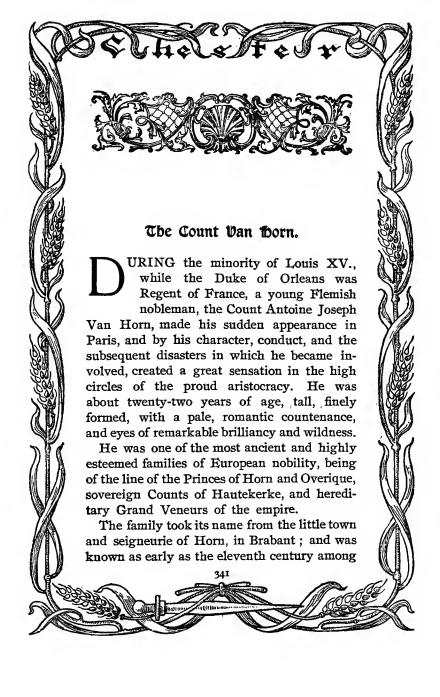
Having taken these measures, he returned to Tallahassee, to the neighborhood of the conspirators, to show them that he was not afraid. Here he ascertained, through Yellow-Hair, that nine towns were disaffected, and had been concerned in the conspiracy. He was careful to inform himself, from the same source, of the names of the warriors in each of those towns who were most popular, though poor and destitute of rank and command.

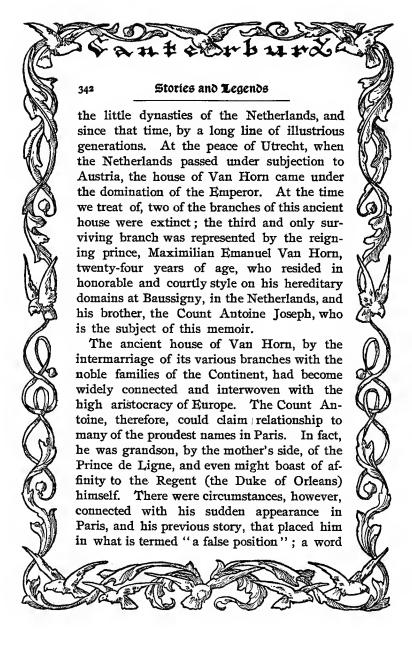
When the appointed day was at hand for the meeting at St. Mark's, Governor Duval set off with Neamathla, who was at the head of eight or nine hundred warriors, but who feared to venture into the fort without him. As they entered the fort, and saw troops and militia drawn up there, and a force of Appalachicola soldiers stationed on the opposite bank of the river, they thought they were betrayed, and were about to fly, but Duval assured them they were safe, and that when the talk was over they might go home unmolested.

A grand talk was now held, in which the late conspiracy was discussed. As he had





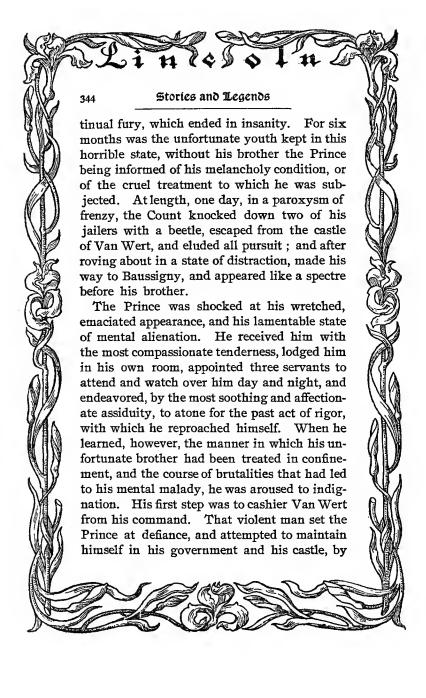






of baleful significance in the fashionable vocabulary of France.

The young Count had been captain in the service of Austria, but had been cashiered for irregular conduct, and for disrespect to Prince of Baden, commander-in-chief. check him in his wild career, and bring him to sober reflection, his brother the Prince caused him to be arrested, and sent to the old castle of Van Wert, in the domains of Horn. This was the same castle in which, in former times, John Van Horn, Stadtholder of Gueldres, had imprisoned his father; a circumstance which has furnished Rembrandt with the subject of an admirable painting. The governor of the castle was one Van Wert, grandson of the famous John Van Wert, the hero of many a popular song and legend. It was the intention of the Prince that his brother should be held in honorable durance, for his object was to sober and improve, not to punish and afflict him. Van Wert, however, was a stern, harsh man, of violent passions. He treated the youth in a manner that prisoners and offenders were treated in the strongholds of the robber counts of Germany in old times; confined him in a dungeon, and inflicted on him such hardships and indignities, that the irritable temperament of the young count was roused to con-



instigating the peasants, for several leagues round, to revolt. His insurrection might have been formidable against the power of a petty prince; but he was put under the ban of the empire, and seized as a state prisoner. The memory of his grandfather, the oft-sung John Van Wert, alone saved him from a gibbet; but he was imprisoned in the strong tower of Hornop-Zee. There he remained until he was eighty-two years of age, savage, violent, and unconquered to the last; for we are told that he never ceased fighting and thumping as long as he could close a fist or wield a cudgel.

In the meantime, a course of kind and gentle treatment and wholesome regimen, and, above all, the tender and affectionate assiduity of his brother the Prince, produced the most salutary effects upon Count Antoine. He gradually recovered his reason; but a degree of violence seemed always lurking at the bottom of his charcter, and he required to be treated with the greatest caution and mildness, for the least contradiction exasperated him.

In this state of mental convalescence he began to find the supervision and restraints of brotherly affection insupportable; so he left the Netherlands furtively, and repaired to Paris, whither, in fact, it is said he was called

The Hague

by motives of interest, to make arrangements concerning a valuable estate which he inherited from his relative the Princess d'Epinay.

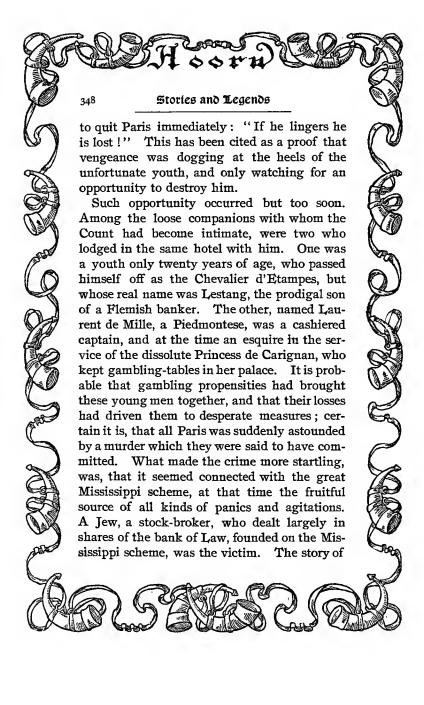
On his arrival in Paris, he called upon the Marquis of Créqui, and other of the high nobility with whom he was connected. received with great courtesy; but, as he brought no letters from his elder brother, the Prince, and as various circumstances of his previous history had transpired, they did not receive him into their families, nor introduce him to their ladies. Still they fêted him in bachelor style, gave him gay and elegant suppers at their separate apartments, and took him to their boxes at the theatres. He was often noticed, too, at the doors of the most fashionable churches, taking his stand among the young men of fashion; and at such times his tall, elegant figure, his pale but handsome countenance, and his flashing eyes, distinguished him from among the crowd, and the ladies declared that it was almost impossible to support his ardent gaze.

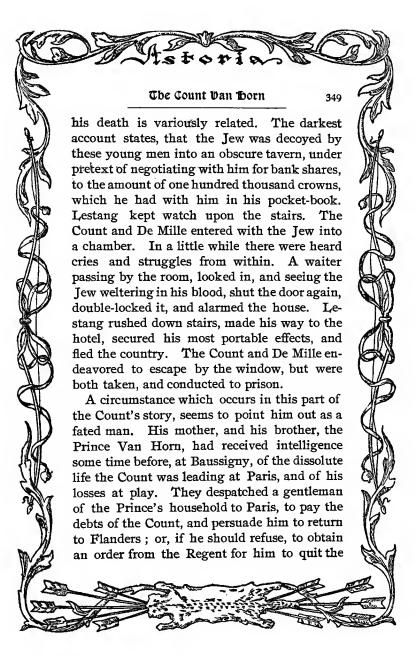
The Count did not afflict himself much at his limited circulation in the fastidious circles of the high aristocracy. He relished society of a wilder and less ceremonious cast; and meeting with loose companions to his taste, soon ran into all the excesses of the capital, in

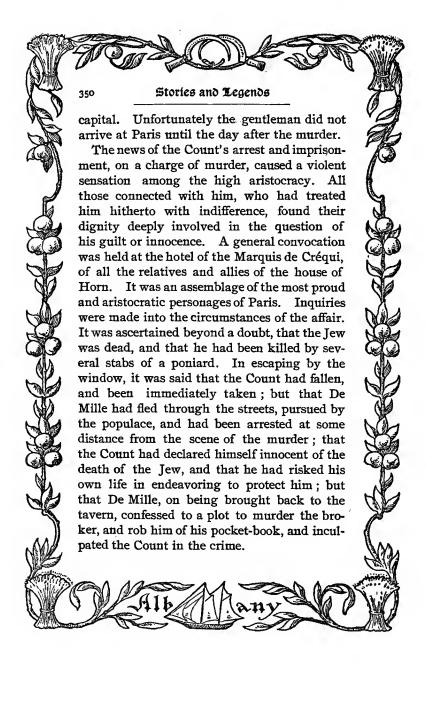


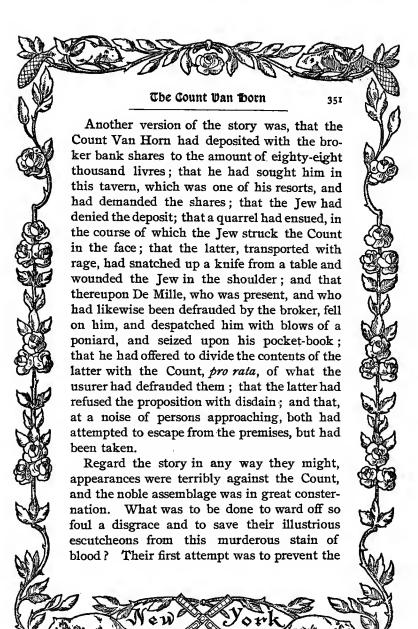
that most licentious period. It is said that, in the course of his wild career, he had an intrigue with a lady of quality, a favorite of the Regent, that he was surprised by that prince in one of his interviews, that sharp words passed between them, and that the jeal-ousy and vengeance thus awakened ended only with his life.

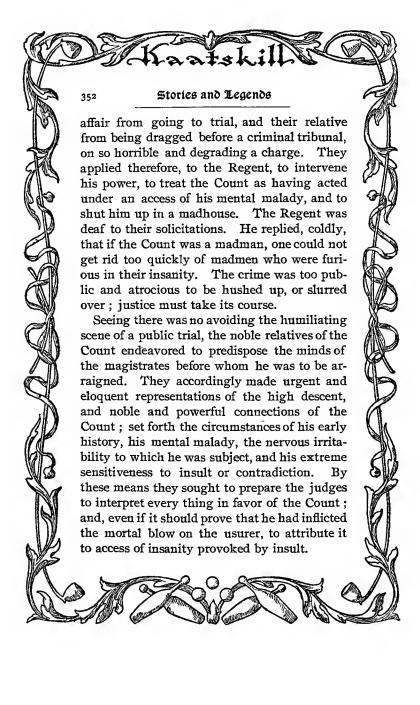
About this time, the famous Mississippi scheme of Law was at its height, or rather it began to threaten that disastrous catastrophe which convulsed the whole financial world. Every effort was making to keep the bubble inflated. The vagrant population of France was swept off from the streets at night, and conveyed to Havre de Grace, to be shipped to the projected colonies; even laboring people and mechanics were thus crimped and spirited As Count Antoine was in the habit of away. sallying forth at night, in disguise, in pursuit of his pleasures, he came near being carried off by a gang of crimps; it seemed, in fact, as if they had been lying in wait for him, as he had experienced very rough treatment at their hands. Complaint was made of his case by his relation, the Marquis de Créqui, who took much interest in the youth; but the Marquis received mysterious intimations not to interfere in the matter, but to advise the Count













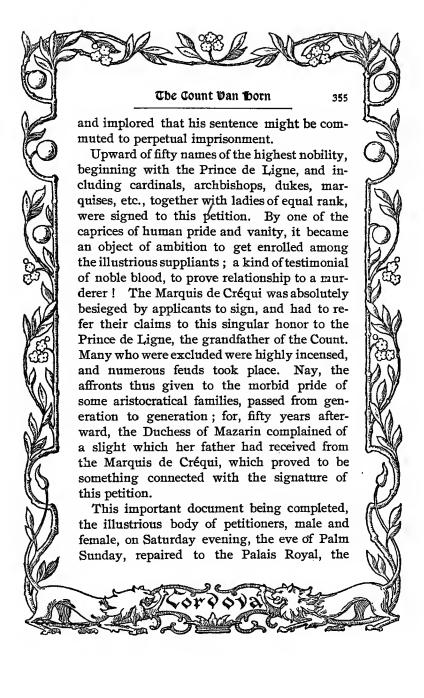
To give full effect to these representations, the noble conclave determined to bring upon the judges the dazzling rays of the whole assembled aristocracy. Accordingly, on the day that the trial took place, the relations of the Count, to the number of fifty-seven persons, of both sexes and of the highest rank, repaired in a body to the Palace of Justice, and took their stations in a long corridor which led to the court-room. Here, as the judges entered, they had to pass in review this array of lofty and noble personages, who saluted them mournfully and significantly as they passed. Any one conversant with the stately pride and jealous dignity of the French noblesse of that day, may imagine the extreme state of sensitiveness that produced this self-abasement. It was confidently presumed, however, by the noble suppliants, that having once brought themseves to this measure, their influence over the tribunal would be irresistible. There was one lady present, however, Madame de Beauffremont, who was affected with the Scottish gift of second sight, and related such dismal and sinister apparitions as passing before her eyes, that many of her female companions were filled with doleful presentiments.

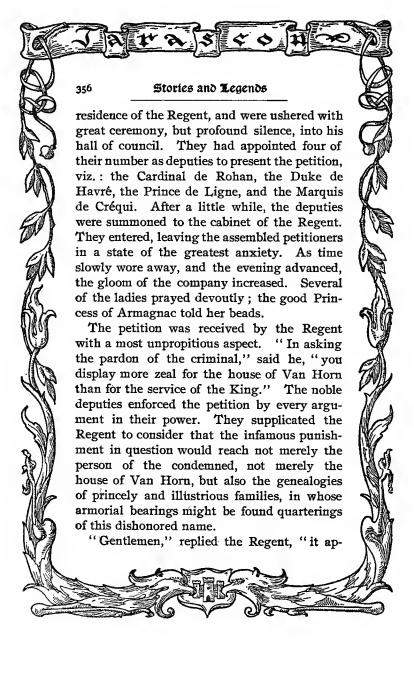
Unfortunately for the Count, there was another interest at work, more powerful even

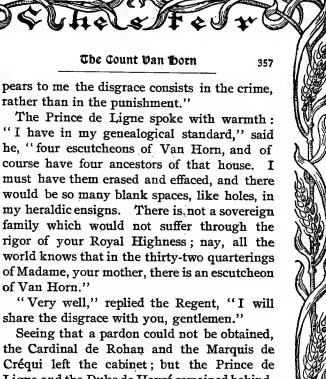
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than the high aristocracy. The infamous but all-potent Abbé Dubois, the grand favorite and bosom counsellor of the Regent, was deeply interested in the scheme of Law and the prosperity of his bank, and of course in the security of the stock-brokers. Indeed, the Regent himself is said to have dipped deep in the Mississippi scheme. Dubois and Law, therefore, exerted their influence to the utmost to have the tragic affair pushed to the extremity of the law, and the murderer of the broker punished in the most signal and appalling manner. Certain it is, the trial was neither long nor intricate. The Count and his fellow-prisoner were equally inculpated in the crime, and both were condemned to a death the most horrible and ignominious—to be broken alive on the wheel!

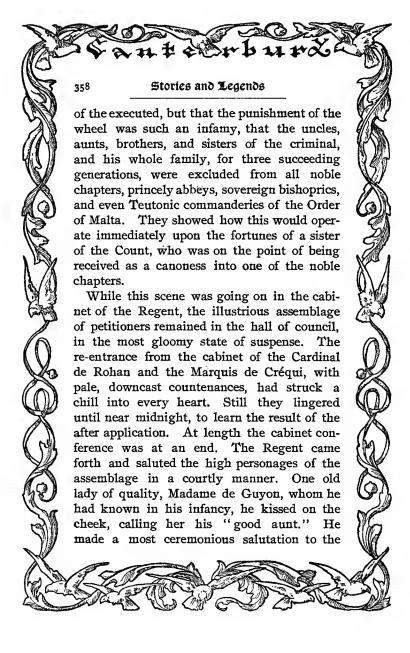
As soon as the sentence of the court was made public, all the nobility, in any degree related to the house of Van Horn, went into mourning. Another grand aristocratical assemblage was held, and a petition to the Regent, on behalf of the Count, was drawn out and left with the Marquis de Créqui for signature. This petition set forth the previous insanity of the Count, and showed that it was an hereditary malady in his family. It stated various circumstances in mitigation of his offence,







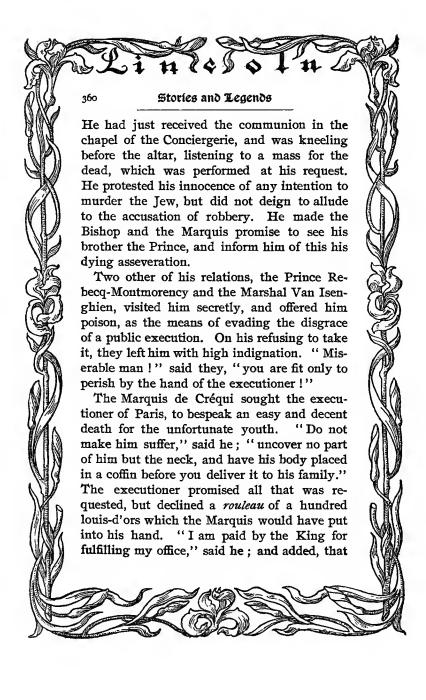
Seeing that a pardon could not be obtained, the Cardinal de Rohan and the Marquis de Créqui left the cabinet; but the Prince de Ligne and the Duke de Havré remained behind. The honor of their houses, more than the life of the unhappy Count, was the great object of their solicitude. They now endeavored to obtain a minor grace. They represented that in the Netherlands and in Germany there was an important difference in the public mind as to the mode of inflicting the punishment of death upon persons of quality. That decapitation had no influence on the fortunes of the family



stately Marchioness de Créqui, telling her he was charmed to see her at the Palais Royal, "a compliment very ill-timed," said the Marchioness, "considering the circumstance which brought me there." He then conducted the ladies to the door of the second saloon, and there dismissed them, with the most ceremonious politeness.

The application of the Prince de Ligne and the Duke de Havré, for a change of the mode of punishment, had, after much difficulty, been successful. The Regent had promised solemnly to send a letter of commutation to the attorney-general, on Holy Monday, the 25th of March, at 5 o'clock in the morning. According to the same promise, a scaffold would be arranged in the cloister of the Conciergerie. or prison, where the Count would be beheaded on the same morning, immediately after having received absolution. This mitigation of the form of punishment gave but little consolation to the great body of petitioners, who had been anxious for the pardon of the youth; it was looked upon as all-important, however, by the Prince de Ligne, who, as has been before observed, was exquisitely alive to the dignity of his family.

The Bishop of Bayeux and the Marquis de Créqui visited the unfortunate youth in prison.





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he had already refused a like sum offered by another relation of the Marquis.

The Marquis de Créqui returned home in a state of deep affliction. There he found a letter from the Duke de St. Simon, the familiar friend of the Regent, repeating the promise of that Prince, that the punishment of the wheel should be commuted to decapitation.

"Imagine," says the Marchioness de Créqui, who in her memoirs gives a detailed account of this affair, "imagine what we experienced, and what was our astonishment, our grief, and indignation, when, on Tuesday the 26th of March, an hour after midday, word was brought us that the Count Van Horn had been exposed on the wheel in the Place de Grève, since half-past six in the morning, on the same scaffold with the Piedmontese, De Mille, and that he had been tortured previous to execution!"

One more scene of aristocratic pride closed this tragic story. The Marquis de Créqui, on receiving this astounding news, immediately arrayed himself in the uniform of a general officer, with his cordon of nobility on the coat. He ordered six valets to attend him in grand livery, and two of his carriages, each with six horses, to be brought forth. In this sumptuous state he set off for the Place de Grève,

The Hague



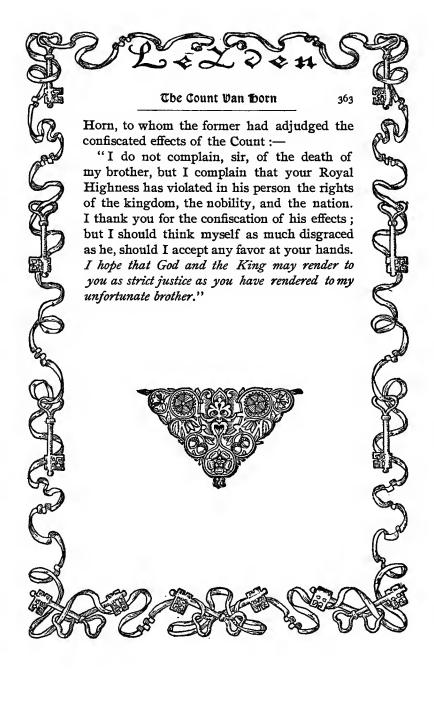
where he had been preceded by the Princes de Ligne, de Rohan, de Croüy, and the Duke de Hayré.

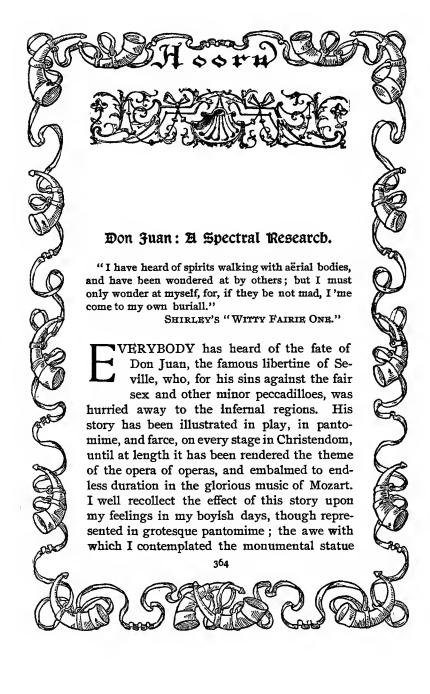
The Count Van Horn was already dead, and it was believed that the executioner had had the charity to give him the coup de grâce, or "death-blow," at eight o'clock in the morning. At five o'clock in the evening, when the Judge Commissary left his post at the Hotel de Ville, these noblemen, with their own hands, aided to detach the mutilated remains of their relation; the Marquis de Créqui placed them in one of his carriages, and bore them off to his hotel, to receive the last sad obsequies.

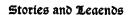
The conduct of the Regent in this affair excited general indignation. His needless severity was attributed by some to vindictive jealousy; by others to the persevering machinations of Law and the Abbé Dubois. The house of Van Horn, and the high nobility of Flanders and Germany, considered themselves flagrantly outraged; many schemes of vengeance were talked of, and a hatred engendered against the Regent that followed him through life, and was wreaked with bitterness upon his memory after his death.

The following letter is said to have been written to the Regent by the Prince Van



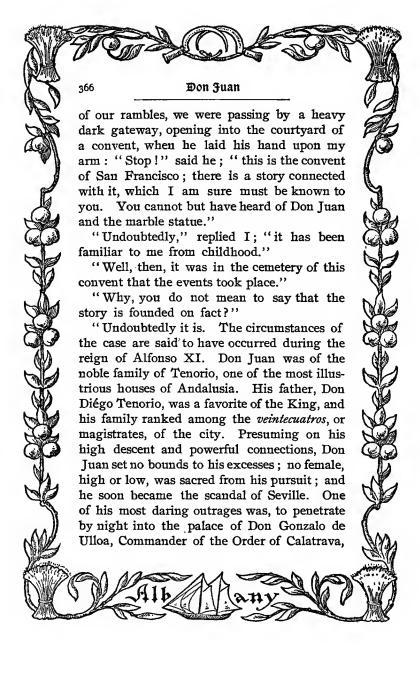


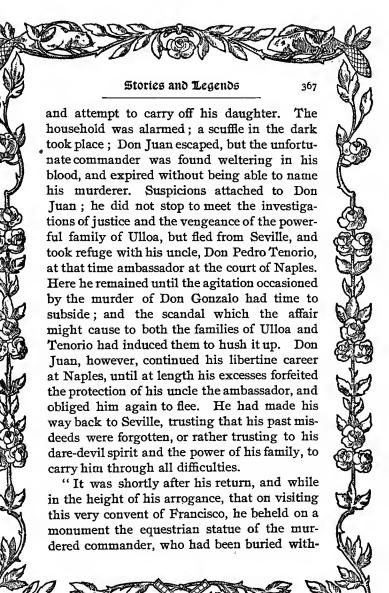


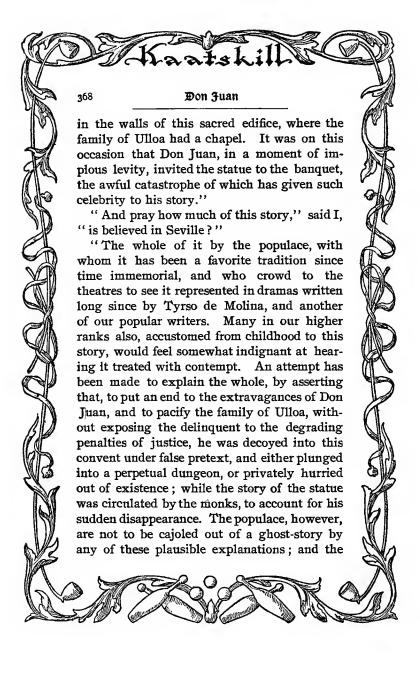


on horseback of the murdered commander. gleaming by pale moonlight in the convent cemetery; how my heart quaked as he bowed his marble head, and accepted the impious invitation of Don Juan; how each footfall of the statue smote upon my heart, as I heard it approach, step by step, through the echoing corridor, and beheld it enter, and advance, a moving figure of stone, to the supper-table! But then the convivial scene in the charnelhouse, where Don Juan returned the visit of the statue, was offered a banquet of skulls and bones, and on refusing to partake, was hurled into a yawning gulf under a tremendous shower of fire! These were accumulated horrors enough to shake the nerves of the most pantomime-loving school-boy. Many have supposed the story of Don Juan a mere I myself thought so once; but "seeing is believing." I have since beheld the very scene where it took place, and now to indulge any doubt on the subject, would be preposterous.

I was one night perambulating the streets of Seville, in company with a Spanish friend, a curious investigator of the popular traditions and other good-for-nothing lore of the city, and who was kind enough to imagine he had met, in me, with a congenial spirit. In the course









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marble statue still strides the stage, and Don Juan is still plunged into the infernal regions, as an awful warning to all rake-helly youngsters, in like case offending."

While my companion was relating these anecdotes, we had traversed the exterior courtyard of the convent, and made our way into a great interior court, partly surrounded by cloisters and dormitories, partly by chapels, and having a large fountain in the centre. The pile had evidently once been extensive and magnificent; but it was for the greater part in ruins. By the light of the stars, and of twinkling lamps placed here and there in the chapels and corridors, I could see that many of the columns and arches were broken; the walls were rent and riven; while burnt beams and rafters showed the destructive effects of The whole place had a desolate air; the night breeze rustled through grass and weeds flaunting out of the crevices of the walls, or from the shattered columns; the bat flitted about the vaulted passages, and the hooted from the ruined belfry. Never was any scene more completely fitted for a ghoststory.

While I was indulging in picturings of the fancy, proper to such a place, the deep chant of the monks from the convent church came

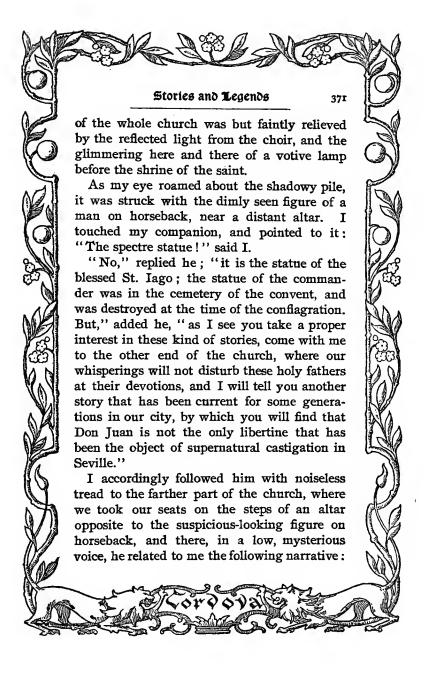
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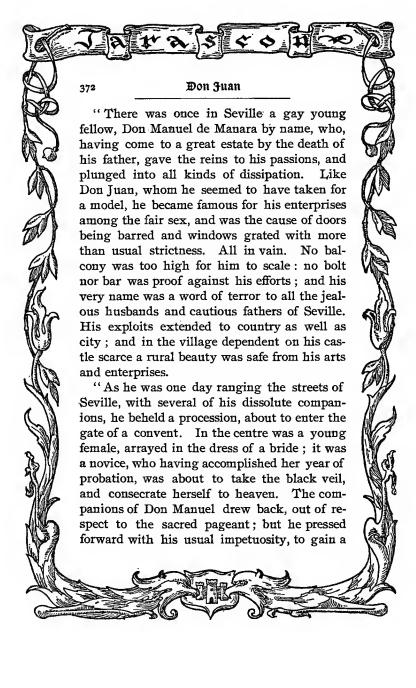
swelling upon the ear. "It is the vesper service," said my companion; "follow me."

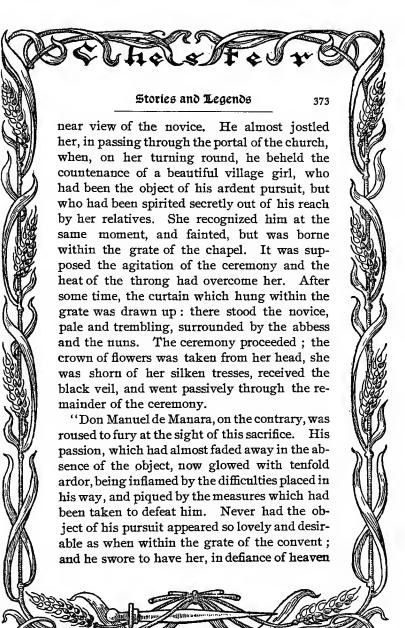
Leading the way across the court of the cloisters, and through one or two ruined passages, he reached the portal of the church. and pushing open a wicket, cut in the foldingdoors, we found ourselves in the deep arched vestibule of the sacred edifice. To our left was the choir, forming one end of the church, and having a low vaulted ceiling, which gave it the look of a cavern. About this were ranged the monks, seated on stools, and chanting from immense books placed on musicstands, and having the notes scored in such gigantic characters as to be legible from every A few lights on these part of the choir. dimly illumined the music-stands gleamed on the shaven heads of the monks. and threw their shadows on the walls. were gross, blue-bearded, bullet-headed men, with bass voices, of deep metallic tone, that reverberated out of the cavernous choir.

To our right extended the great body of the church. It was spacious and lofty; some of the side chapels had gilded grates, and were decorated with images and paintings, representing the sufferings of our Saviour. Aloft was a great painting by Murillo, but too much in the dark to be distinguished. The gloom









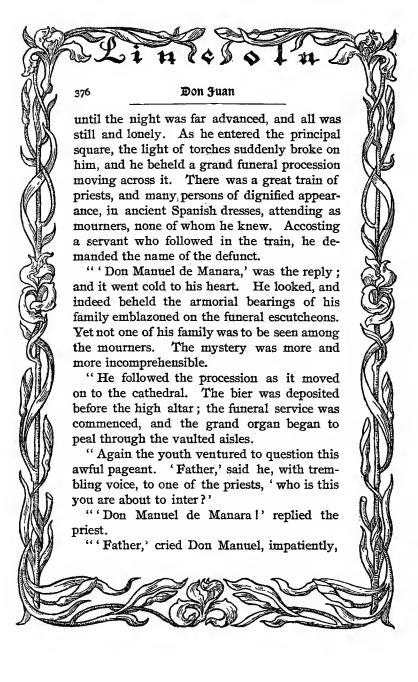


and apprehension, he ventured back to Seville. Irresistibly his footsteps took the direction of the convent, but he paused and hovered at a distance from the scene of blood. Several persons were gathered round the place, one of whom was busy nailing something against the convent-wall. After a while they dispersed, and one passed near to Don Manuel. The latter addressed him with hesitating voice.

- "'Señor,' said he, 'may I ask the reason of yonder throng?'
- "'A cavalier,' replied the other, 'has been murdered.'
- "'Murdered!' echoed Don Manuel; 'and can you tell me his name?'
- "'Don Manuel de Manara,' replied the stranger, and passed on.

"Don Manuel was startled at this mention of his own name, especially when applied to the murdered man. He ventured, when it was entirely deserted, to approach the fatal spot. A small cross had been nailed against the wall, as is customary in Spain, to mark the place where a murder has been committed; and just below it he read, by the twinkling light of a lamp: 'Here was murdered Don Manuel de Manara. Pray to God for his soul!'

"Still more confounded and perplexed by this inscription, he wandered about the streets





'you are deceived. This is some imposture. Know that Don Manuel de Manara is alive and well, and now stands before you. I am Don Manuel de Manara!'

"Avaunt, rash youth!' cried the priest, 'know that Don Manuel de Manara is dead!—is dead!—and we are all souls from purgatory, his deceased relatives and ancestors, and others that have been aided by masses from his family, who are permitted to come here and pray for the repose of his soul!'

"Don Manuel cast round a fearful glance upon the assemblage in antiquated Spanish garbs, and recognized in their pale and ghastly countenances the portraits of many an ancestor that hung in the family picture-gallery. now lost all self-command, rushed up to the bier, and beheld the counterpart of himself, but in the fixed and livid lineaments of death. Just at that moment the whole choir burst forth with a 'Requiescat in pace,' that shook the vaults of the cathedral. Don Manuel sank senseless on the pavement. He was found there early the next morning by the sacristan, and conveyed to his home. When sufficiently recovered, he sent for a friar, and made a full confession of all that had happened.

"'My son,' said the friar, 'all this is a miracle and a mystery intended for thy con-

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version and salvation. The corpse thou hast seen was a token that thou hadst died to sin and the world; take warning by it, and henceforth live to righteousness and heaven!

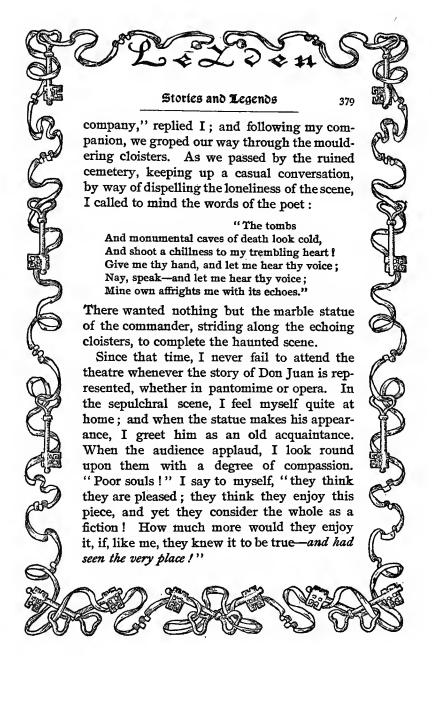
"Don Manuel did take warning by it. Guided by the counsels of the worthy friar, he disposed of all his temporal affairs, dedicated the greater part of his wealth to pious uses, especially to the performance of masses for souls in purgatory, and finally, entering a convent, became one of the most zealous and exemplary monks in Seville."

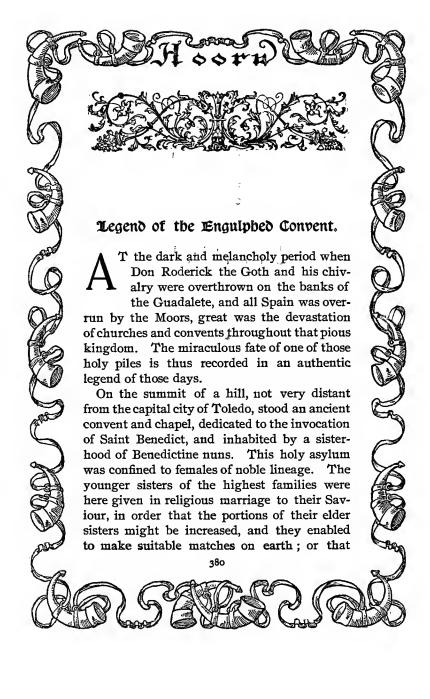
While my companion was relating this story, my eyes wandered, from time to time, about the dusky church. Methought the burly countenances of the monks in the distant choir assumed a pallid, ghastly hue, and their deep metallic voices a sepulchral sound. By the time the story was ended, they had ended their chant, and, extinguishing their lights, glided, one by one, like shadows, through a small door in the side of the choir. A deeper gloom prevailed over the church; the figure opposite me on horseback grew more and more spectral, and I almost expected to see it bow its head.

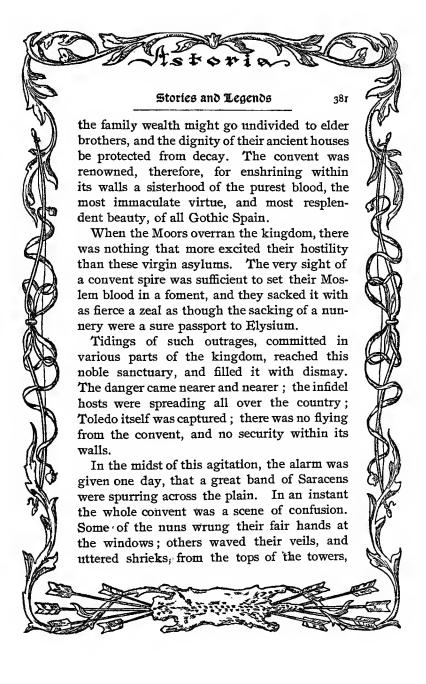
"It is time to be off," said my companion, "unless we intend to sup with the statue."

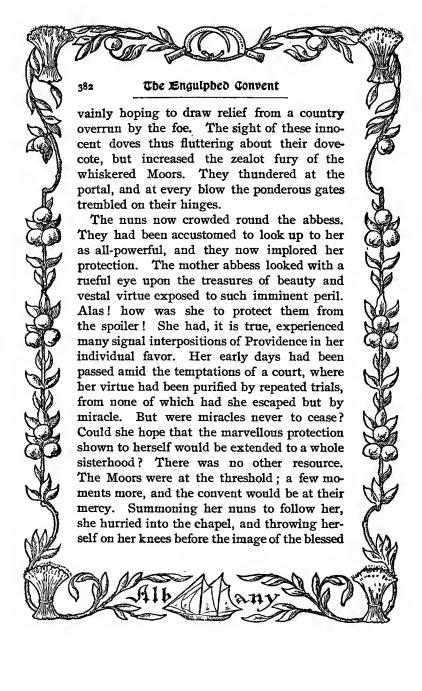
"I have no relish for such fare nor such

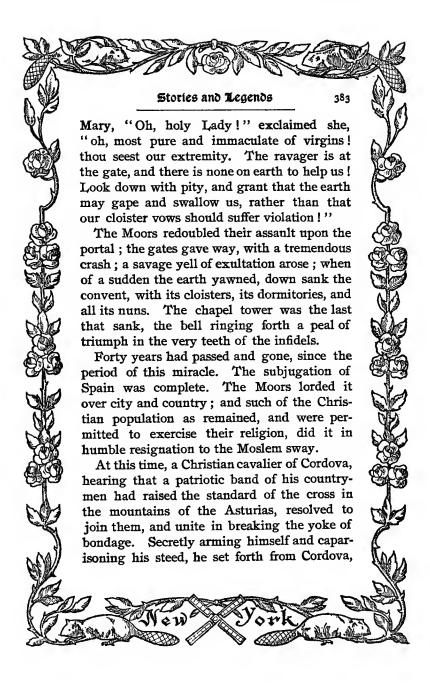


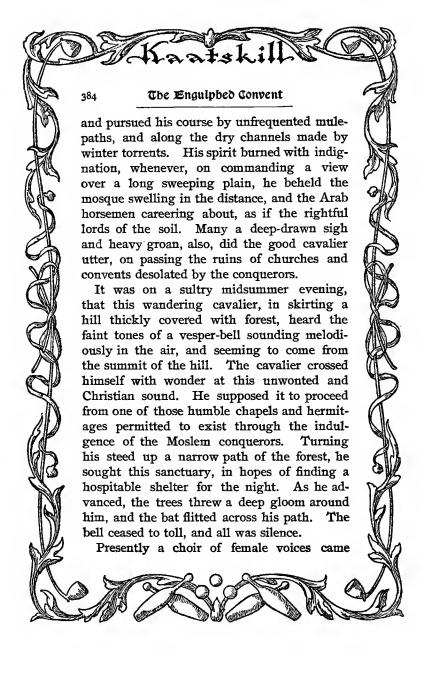












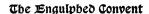


stealing sweetly through the forest, chanting the evening service, to the solemn accompaniment of an organ. The heart of the good cavalier melted at the sound, for it recalled the happier days of his country. Urging forward his weary steed, he at length arrived at a broad grassy area, on the summit of the hill, surrounded by the forest. Here the melodious voices rose in full chorus, like the swelling of the breeze; but whence they came, he could not tell. Sometimes they were before, sometimes behind him; sometimes in the air, sometimes as if from within the bosom of the earth. At length they died away, and a holy stillness settled on the place.

The cavalier gazed around with bewildered eye. There was neither chapel nor convent, nor humble hermitage, to be seen; nothing but a moss-grown stone pinnacle, rising out of the centre of the area, surmounted by a cross. The green sward appeared to have been sacred from the tread of man or beast, and the surrounding trees bent toward the cross, as if in adoration.

The cavalier felt a sensation of holy awe. He alighted, and tethered his steed on the skirts of the forest, where he might crop the tender herbage; then approaching the cross, he knelt and poured forth his evening prayers

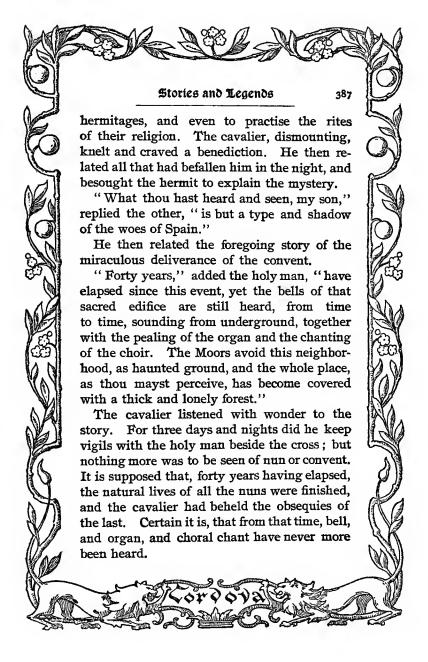
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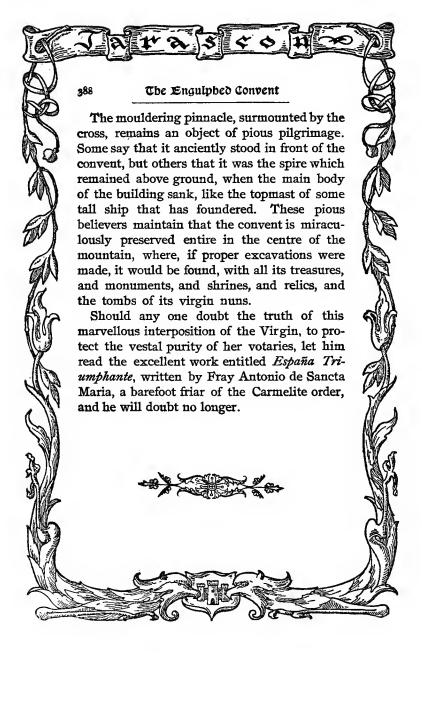


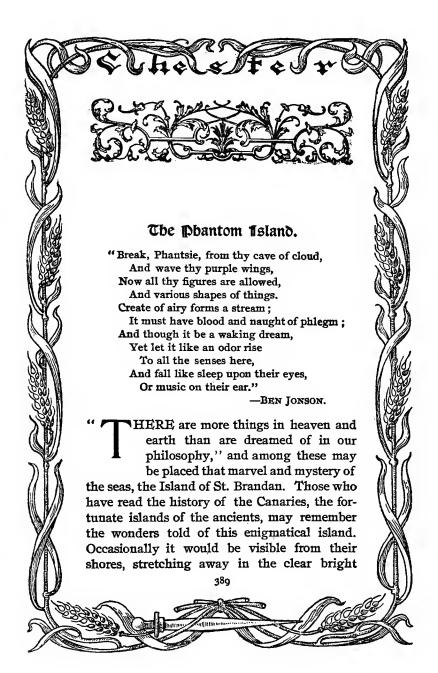
before this relic of the Christian days of Spain. His orisons being concluded, he laid himself down at the foot of the pinnacle, and reclining his head against one of its stones, fell into a deep sleep.

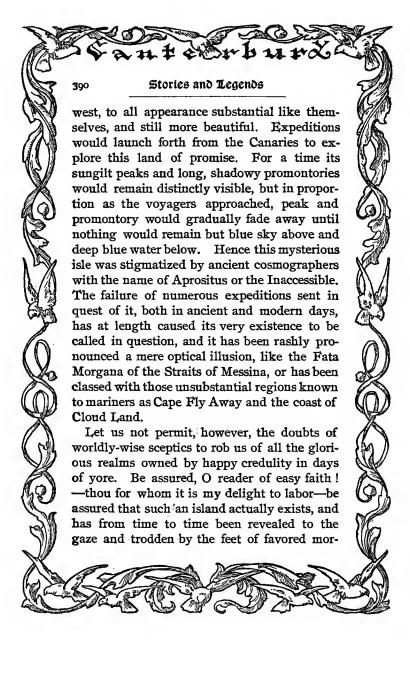
About midnight he was awakened by the tolling of a bell, and found himself lying before the gate of an ancient convent. train of nuns passed by, each bearing a taper. He rose and followed them into the chapel; in the centre was a bier, on which lay the corpse of an aged nun. The organ performed a solemn requiem, the nuns joining in chorus. When the funeral service was finished, a melodious voice chanted, "Requiescat in pace!" -"May she rest in peace!" The lights immediately vanished; the whole passed away as a dream; and the cavalier found himself at the foot of the cross, and beheld. by the faint rays of the rising moon, his steed quietly grazing near him.

When the day dawned he descended the hill, and following the course of a small brook, came to a cave, at the entrance of which was seated an ancient man, in hermit's garb, with rosary and cross, and a beard that descended to his girdle. He was one of those holy anchorites permitted by the Moors to live unmolested in the dens and caves, and humble





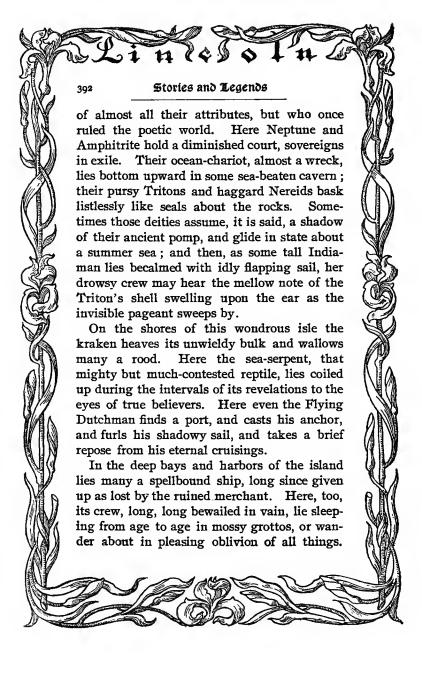


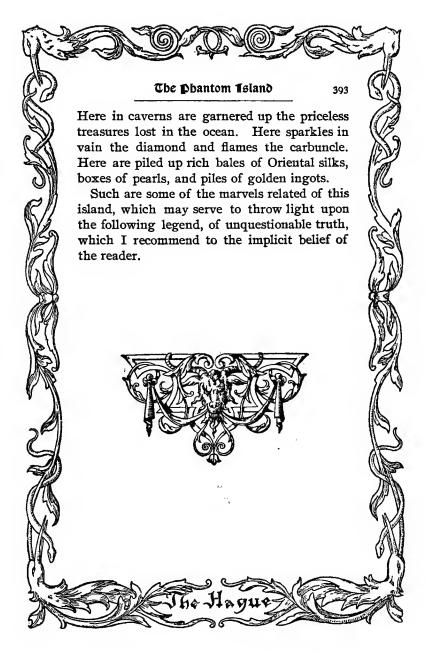


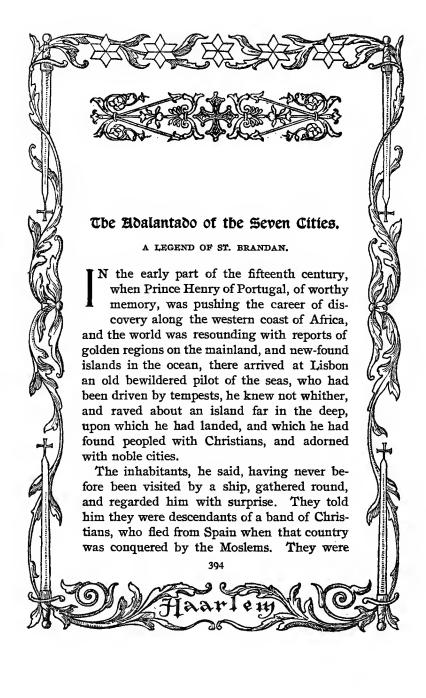
Historians and philosophers may have their doubts, but its existence has been fully attested by that inspired race, the poets; who, being gifted with a kind of second sight, are enabled to discern those mysteries of nature hidden from the eyes of ordinary men. this gifted race it has ever been a kind of wonder-land. Here once bloomed, and perhaps still blooms, the famous garden of the Hesperides, with its golden fruit. Here, too, the sorceress Armida had her enchanted garden, in which she held the Christian paladin, Rinaldo, in delicious but inglorious thraldom, as set forth in the immortal lay of Tasso. in this island that Sycorax the witch held sway, when the good Prospero and his infant daughter Miranda were wafted to its shores. Who does not know the tale as told in the magic page of Shakespeare? The isle was then

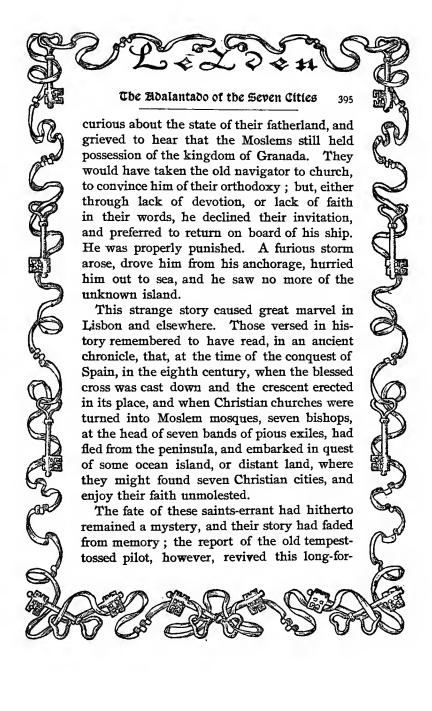
-----"full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt
not."

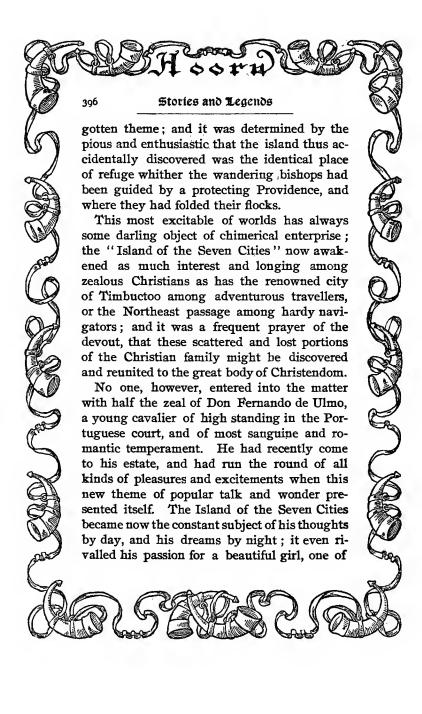
The island, in fact, at different times, has been under the sway of different powers, genii of earth, and air, and ocean, who have made it their shadowy abode. Hither have retired many classic but broken-down deities, shorn

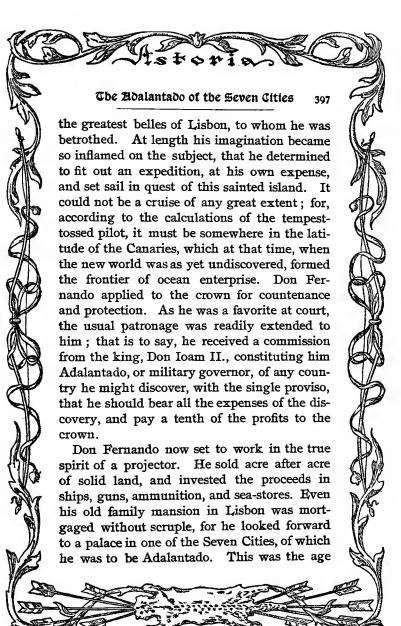


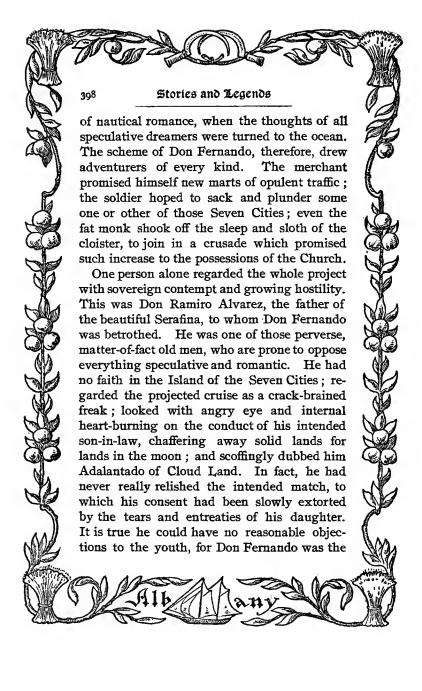


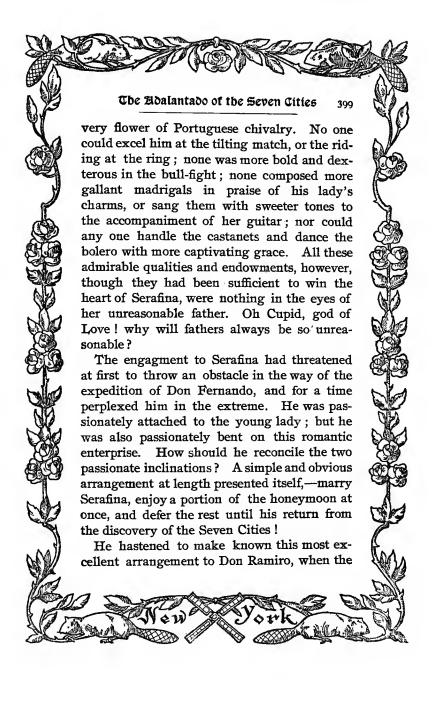


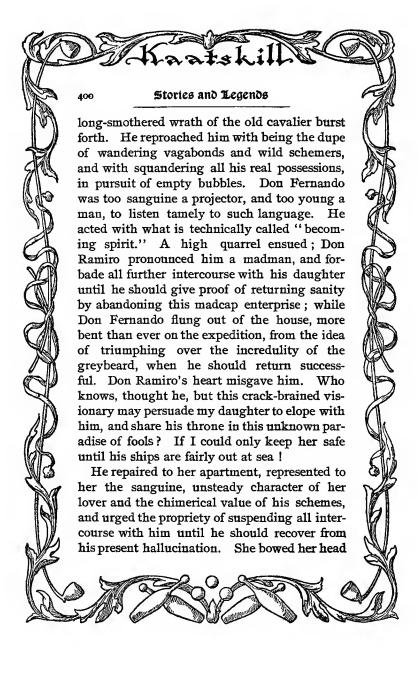


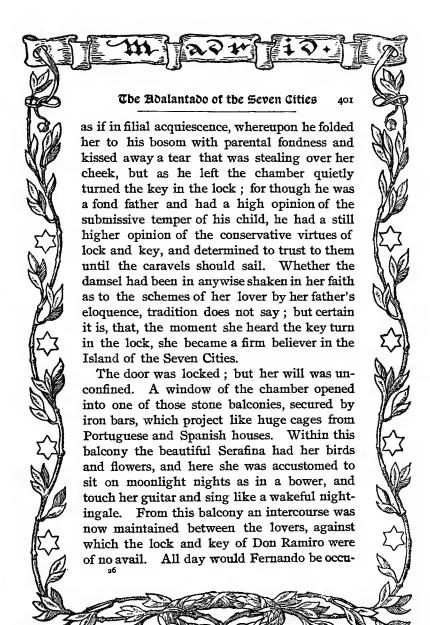


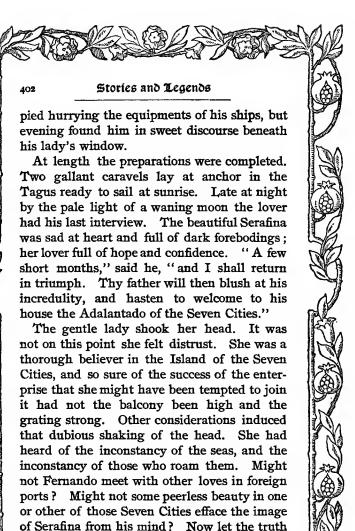




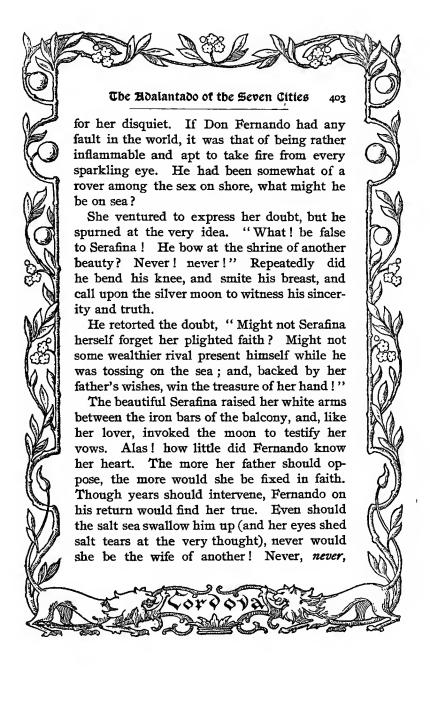


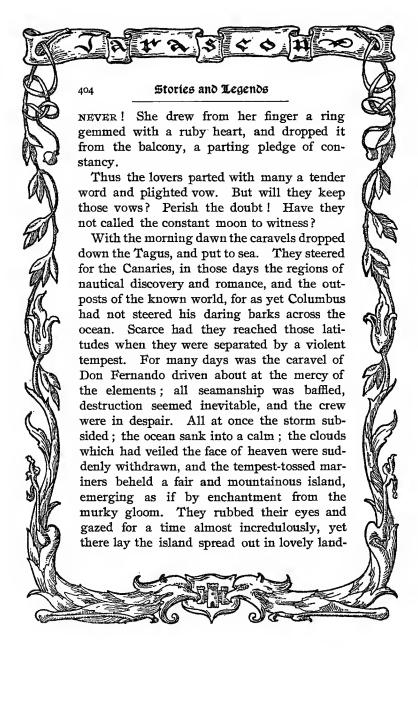


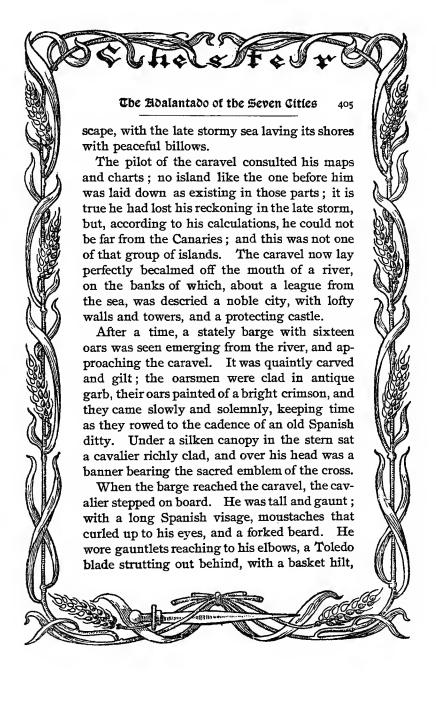


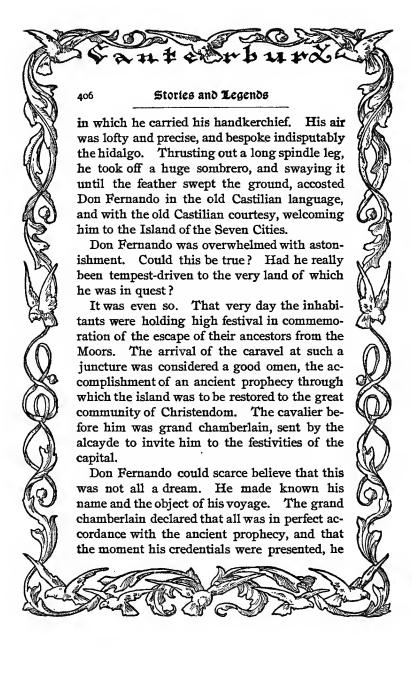


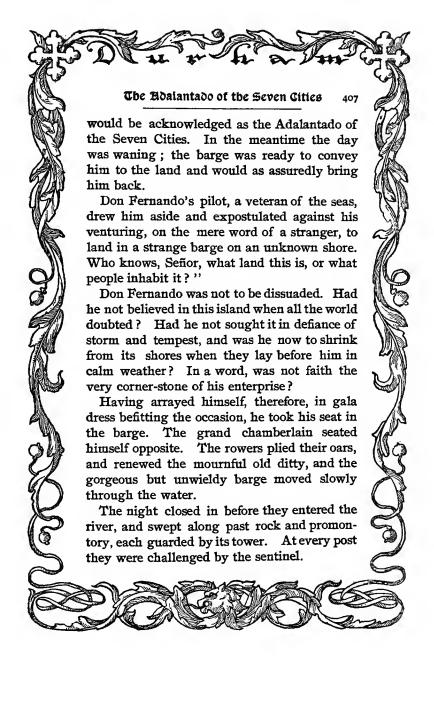
be spoken, the beautiful Serafina had reason

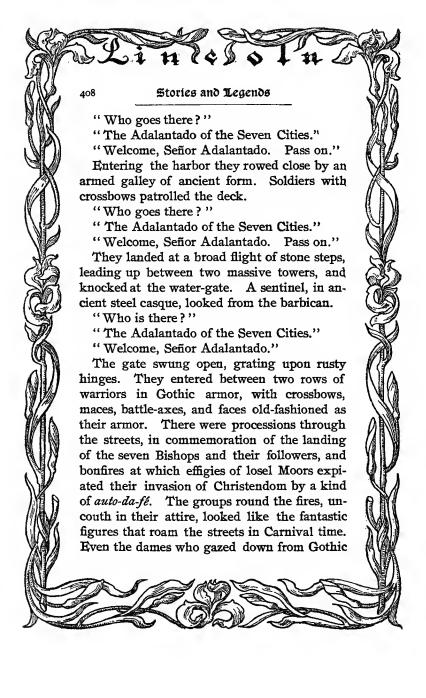


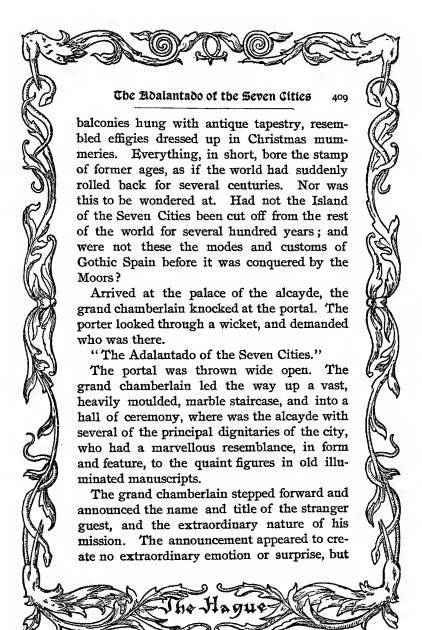


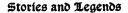












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to be received as the anticipated fulfilment of a prophecy.

The reception of Don Fernando, however, was profoundly gracious, though in the same style of stately courtesy which everywhere prevailed. He would have produced his credentials, but this was courteously declined. The evening was devoted to high festivity; the following day, when he should enter the port with his caravel, would be devoted to business, when the credentials would be received in due form, and he inducted into office as Adalantado of the Seven Cities.

Don Fernando was now conducted through one of those interminable suites of apartments, the pride of Spanish palaces, all furnished in a style of obsolete magnificence. In a vast saloon, blazing with tapers, was assembled all the aristocracy and fashion of the city,—stately dames and cavaliers, the very counterpart of the figures in the tapestry which decorated the walls. Fernando gazed in silent marvel. It was a reflex of the proud aristocracy of Spain in the time of Roderick the Goth.

The festivities of the evening were all in the style of solemn and antiquated ceremonial. There was a dance, but it was as if the old tapestry were put in motion, and all the figures moving in stately measure about the floor.



