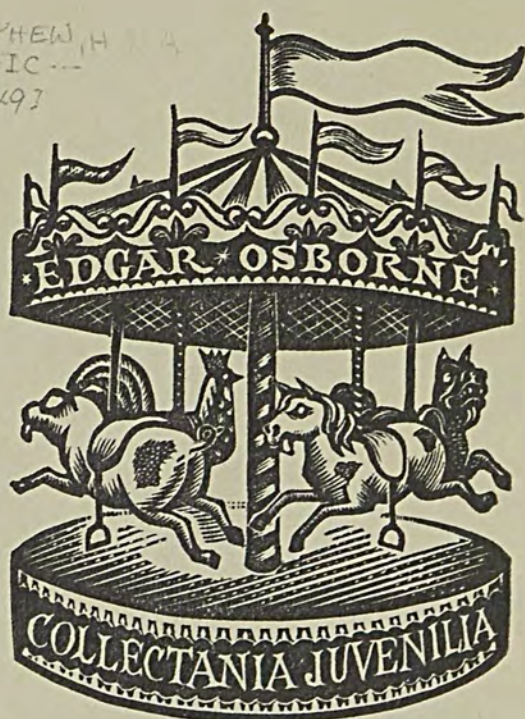


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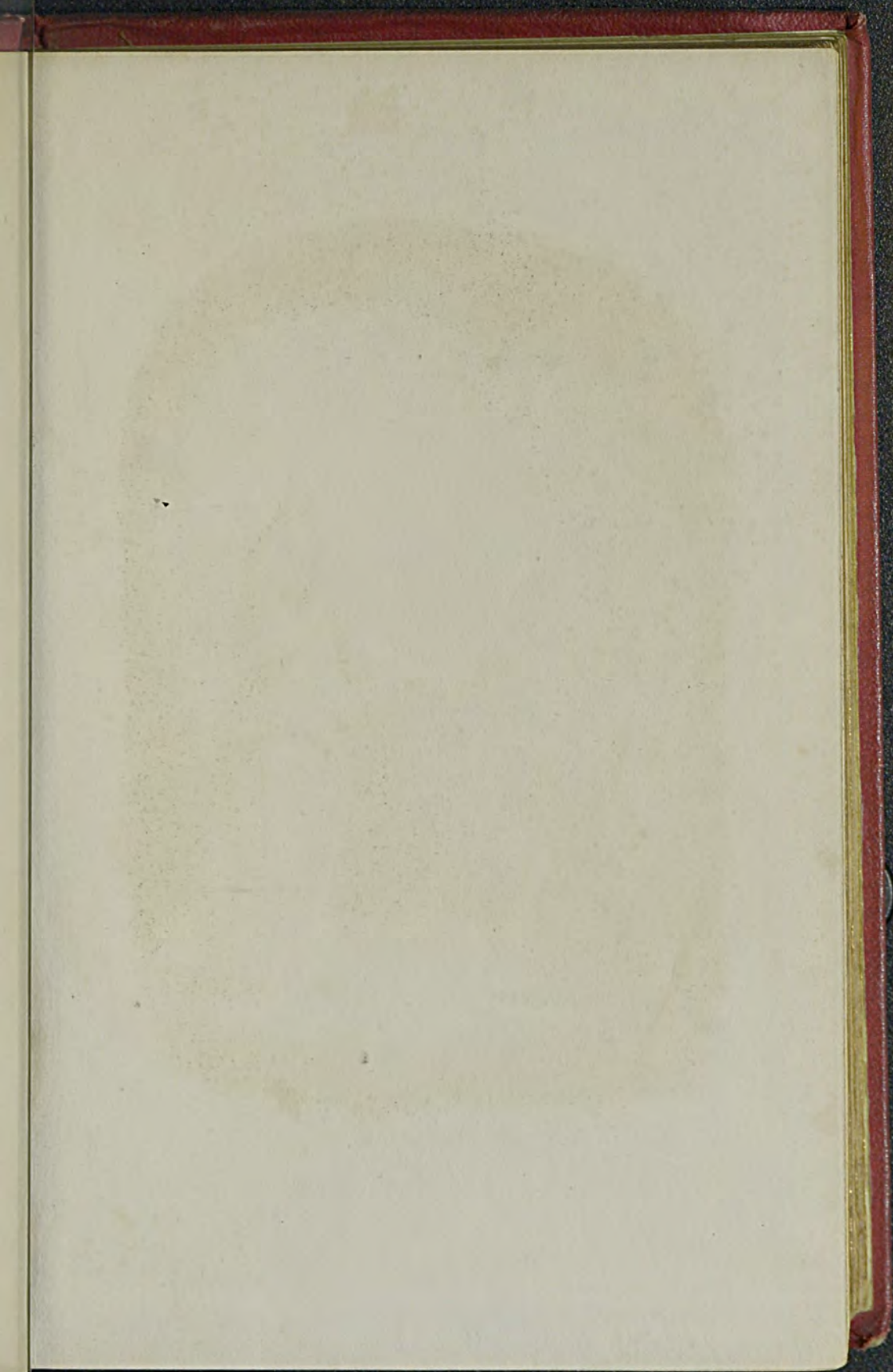
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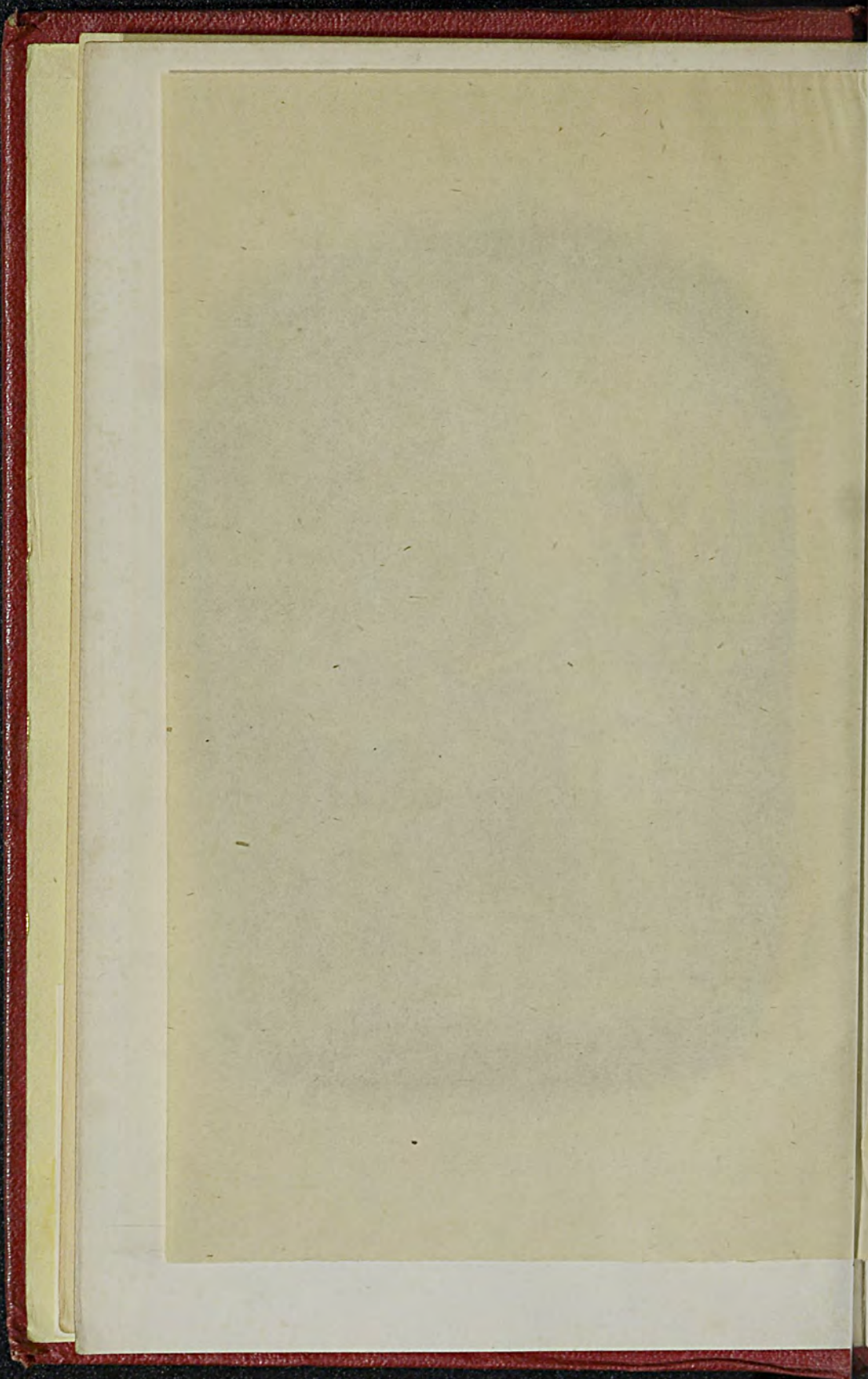
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The Spirit of Kindness arms the dwarf.

THE WONDERFUL
STORY OF THE GOOD MAN

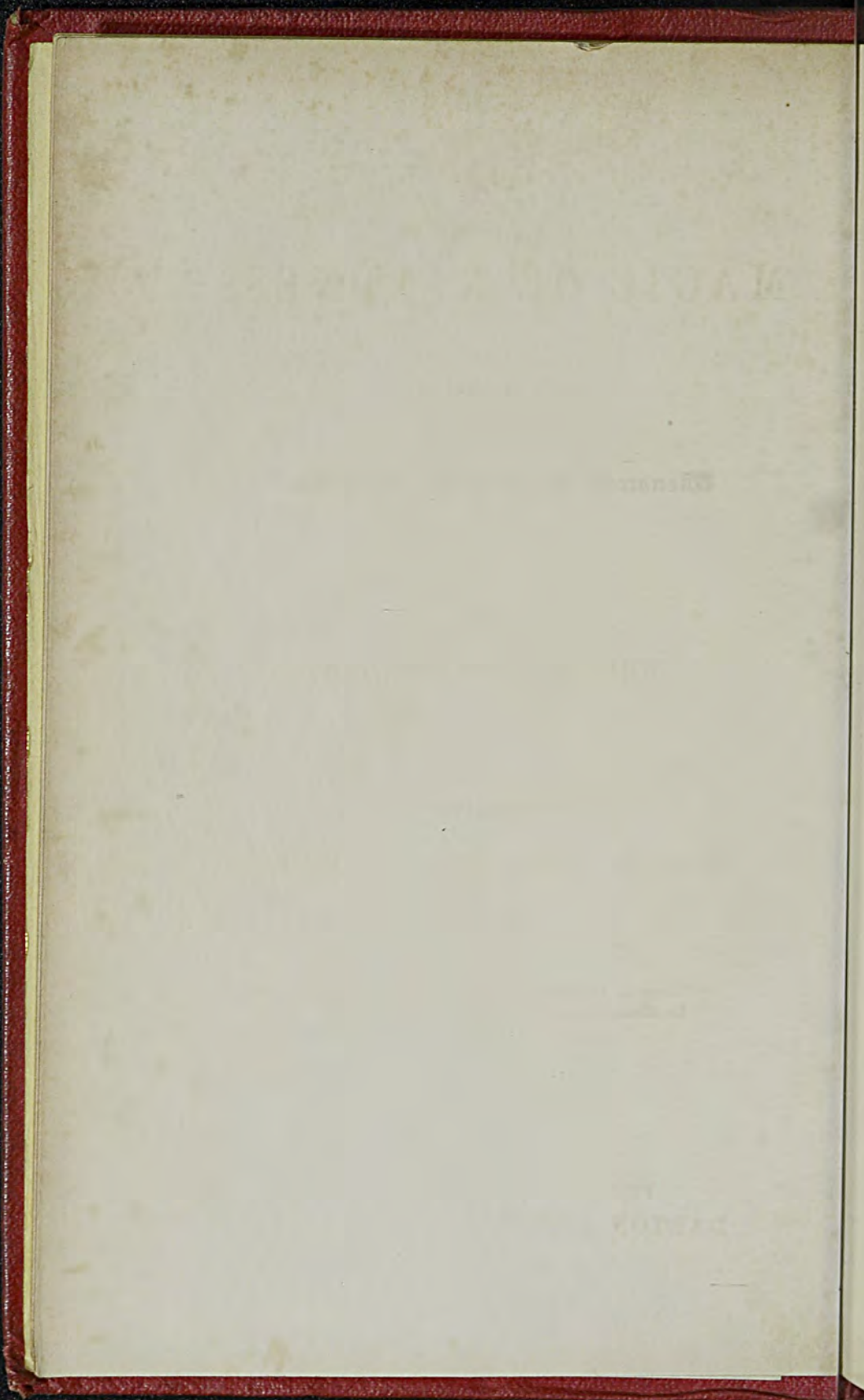


STORY

THE MAGIC OF KINDNESSES OR



THE WONDEROUS
STORY OF THE GOOD HUAN.



THE
MAGIC OF KINDNESS;

OR, THE

Wondrous Story of the Good Juan.

BY

THE BROTHERS MAYHEW,

ILLUSTRATED BY

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK AND KENNY MEADOWS.

"There is goodness, like wild honey hived,
In strange nooks and corners of the earth."

Douglas Jerrold.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY
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LONDON :
LEWIS AND SON, FINCH LANE, CORNHILL.

TO

"LITTLE AMY"

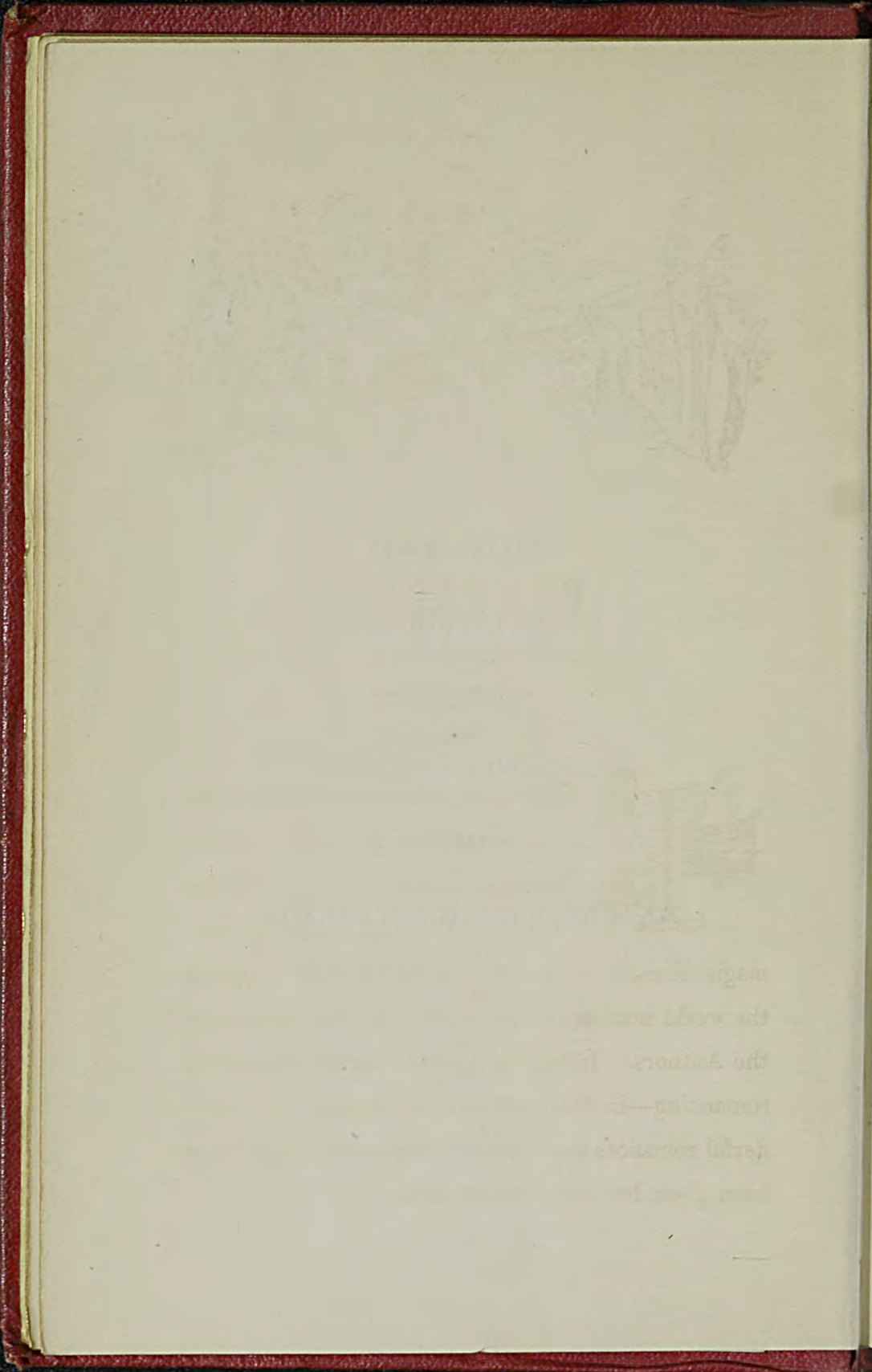
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED,

IN THE HOPE THAT

THE PRINCIPLE OF KINDNESS

MAY BECOME

THE GUIDING PRINCIPLE OF HER LIFE.





PREFACE.



THIS book is more a matter of fact than a matter of fiction. For, strange to say, though professing to be a fairy tale, there is not a magic change in it that has not had its origin in the world without rather than in the imaginations of the Authors. Indeed, to prevent the appearance of romancing—in this perhaps one of the most wonderful romances ever written—chapter and verse have been given for every wonder in it.

The Authors are well aware how imperfectly and prosaically the subject—which is an endless poem in itself—has been handled. The only credit they take to themselves is that they believe they have been truthful—and indeed, with this view, they have often preferred the language of those from whom they have gleaned their facts to their own. And here they wish to acknowledge how much they are indebted to Mr. Mackay for his admirable work of “POPULAR DELUSIONS”—to Dr. Conolly, the Pinel of England, for his benevolent treatise “ON THE CONSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT OF LUNATIC ASYLUMS,”—and to Mr. Williams’s wondrous NARRATIVE of his Christian labours in the South Sea Islands. The description they have attempted to give of the ravages of a great pestilence has been borrowed chiefly from De Foe’s “HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE,” that being a more picturesque—though perhaps less literal—account than those of Sydenham, Pepys or Hodges.

Moreover, the Authors claim some little indulgence as well for the omissions as for the commissions of their book, on account of the difficulties they have

had to encounter in weaving into a story—that should be in any way consistent with the principles of constructive art—and connecting together by the thread of human emotions the originally disjointed incidents of the work. It was their wish to have included in the *MAGIC OF KINDNESS* many more of those wonders of benevolence that have become at once the history and the glory of our own time. The miracles worked by sympathy upon criminals have been—from sheer necessity—left untouched, so that the magic changes wrought by Captain Maconochie, Howard and Mrs. Fry upon the hearts of those who seemed the least of all susceptible of the kindly influence, remain for others to work into a tale of almost incredible enchantment. The quiet influence of Kindness among families has also been left untouched—the scheme of the present book only admitting of the more striking and less homely effects.

The scene of the tale has been laid in the East, so that the frequent mention of names sacred among Englishmen might be avoided in—what perhaps some might still look upon as—a mere story-book.

The Authors likewise wish it to be known that the present work was conceived long before they had seen the beautiful little book entitled "ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LAW OF KINDNESS."

Nor is the creed of Kindness a creed that has been taken up to serve the purposes of the day—one of the Authors having, many years ago, in a work entitled, "WHAT TO TEACH AND HOW TO TEACH IT, *so that the child may become a wise and good man,*" attempted to apply the principle of Kindness to the art of Education—and, moreover, having, some time after that, founded and originally edited the periodical entitled "Punch" upon the same principle.

1849.





THE

MAGIC OF KINDNESS;

OR, THE WONDROUS

Story of the Good Juan.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.



IN the days of Enchantment lived Ulphilas, the King of Asulon.

King Ulphilas was a mighty king. Surrounding nations paid him tribute. Monarchs, far and near, did him homage. But, growing tired of conquest, and surfeited with glory, and feeling age creeping upon him while

he was yet childless, he laid aside his sword, and proclaimed peace with all his neighbours.

Then from among the fair daughters of the nobles of Asulon he chose the fairest, and made her his Queen. And, when he first entered the apartment of his bride, he scattered over her a shower of large pearls from a tray of gold. Then, lifting the veil from her face, he laid his hand on the hair of her forehead, and called upon Allah to bless their union, and to bestow upon him offspring by her, and to bestow upon her offspring by him.

And he gave a great Feast, the like of which had never been seen before, and men of all degrees were welcomed to it. To the aged and helpless poor he distributed numberless pieces of gold and silver, in Charity. And he ordered Prayers to be said, praying the Prophet to beseech Allah to vouchsafe unto him a son, who should be worthy to rule over so great and powerful a nation.

But the Feast, the Charity, and the Prayers of Ulphilas were of no avail; for in time his wife bore him a daughter. And the monarch grieved and murmured at his fate.

But, when they brought the little girl to him, his heart was softened at the sight of his first-born—for it was the breathing miniature of the mother he loved so well; and his grief and murmurings were turned into joy and thankfulness. Then, taking it in his arms, he pressed it to his bosom, and, kissing it, praised Allah for the loving gift, and called the child Evöe.

At sun-set, alone in his chamber, he prayed that the little babe might live to be a solace and a comfort to him in the winter of his days, and that she might cling unto him, and so twine around him in his old age, that she should shed a new beauty over his decay, and pour about him the perfume of life, even to his parting hour—like a Rose beside a Ruin.

But Ulphilas was stricken to the ground with sorrow, to find that, as the infant bud blossomed into the child, his little Evöe neither spake nor heard. Yet he hoped in patience.

Two years passed, and still the little one neither spake nor heard.

And, when Ulphilas found that the ears of his first-born were sealed to the fond babblings of its

mother, and that its tongue was tied and could not utter the long-wished-for music of "Abba, Father." he grew sad at heart and sullen. And he shut himself in his chamber and railed at the world, saying, "There is nought but evil in it."

In the depth of his affliction, he sent for the wisest and most learned of his Dervishes. And, when the Priest had come to him, the King said, "Tell me, O Welee! thou favourite of God, what hath my little one done, that He whom thou callest all Justice should have visited her thus heavily."

The Dervish, bowing, answered, "the ways of Allah were hidden from his children, but that He was the Compassionate, the Merciful."

Then Ulphilas, with a laugh of scorn, blasphemed, and, murmuring at the will of the Most High, asked in mockery whether it was "*merciful* or *compassionate* to punish the innocent?"

So the Dervish strove to comfort the King, and spake of the wondrous bounty spread over the face of the Earth, telling him how each little ill was found, when rightly understood, to minister to some great and kindly end.

But Ulphilas only thought of the affliction of his child, and laughed in scorn the more, saying, "It is a dark and dreary world, and there is no good in it."

Then the Welee, moved by the blasphemous stubbornness of the monarch, drew himself up in anger and said, in a solemn voice, "Listen, proud King! thou to whom the world is dark and dreary, and who canst see no good in it. Listen! and gather knowledge from the birds of the air."

And he spake this Fable:—

"Of all the birds, the Owl was held to be the wisest. He lived by himself in a mighty castle, far away from the haunts of men. He never went abroad but at night, and saw the world only in its darkness. All the day through he sat in his dusky chamber, brooding over the eternal gloom that seemed to him to cover up the whole Earth. For so perverted was his sight, that, in his dull eyes, the brightest light was as the blackest shade; and what was sunny day to others was cloudy night to him.

"And, when at twilight his dismal day began, he

would sally forth, and, as he flew through the damp and chilly air and saw the black fields spread out beneath him, he would hoot at everything—saying, ‘It is a dark and dreary world, and there is no good in it.’

“And so, because he railed at all things, looking at Nature only in her dullest aspect, and dwelt alone, shunning communion with every creature, he was said to be the most sedate and wisest of birds.

“Now, it chanced one morning, as the sun was rising, that the Owl, seeing his night beginning to set in, was hastening home to rest, when a little Lark, fresh risen from its grassy bed, was singing high up in the air above him.

“The Lark heard the hooting of the Owl, and the Owl heard the carolling of the Lark; and, in the ears of the happy little Lark, to whom all Nature seemed to be rejoicing in the increasing brightness, the railing of the Owl sounded harsh and ungrateful—while, to the melancholy Owl, in whose eyes the world appeared only to be growing more dark and dreary than before, the gay song of the

Lark sounded but as the outpouring of thoughtless vanity.

“Then the Owl, looking up, said to the Lark, ‘Cease that empty song, thou silly bird! When the world is dark and dreary, and the Earth full of woe, is it meet for one of God’s creatures to sing? Go home, foolish one! and learn some strain more fitting to the gloom that overshadows all things.’

“But the little Lark, wondering within himself how the Owl could see that gloomy which to him appeared bathed in a flood of light, cried down to the Owl, saying, ‘Come up with me! come up with me! Thou art too close to the Earth to see its brightness. Come nearer Heaven, and look down upon the beauty spread so bounteously over all things, and then thou wilt sing as joyously as I do, seeing the world is not dark and dreary, nor the Earth full of woe.’

“So the Owl, with great labour, mounted after the Lark. And, as he travelled up, the Lark cried to the Owl, ‘Now, look down, and see the opening flowers—their colours freshened with the dew! See how they shine in the sun, like a rainbow spread over

the earth, as another token of God's loving-kindness to man! Look at the rivers, like threads of silver! Look at the cornfields, like plates of gold! Look at the fruit-trees, bowed down with their luscious loads, that sparkle like many-coloured gems in the sunshine! Look at the shadows of the passing clouds, fleeting over the sunny fields like breath upon a mirror! Look at the warm, smooth valleys, spread out like a peaceful lake; and look at the billowy, snow-topped mountains, heaving as if they were the white-crested waves of the land!

“And, as the Lark said this, he sang louder than before; and the burden of his song was, ‘thanks be to God for his wondrous goodness! for the Earth is not dark and dreary, nor the world full of woe.’

“But the Owl was blinded with the light that the Lark rejoiced in, and only answered, ‘Foolish bird! thou shouldst look at the world with *my* eyes, and then thou wouldst see nothing bright in it. The nearer *I* get to Heaven the blacker the earth appears to me; for, verily, it is a dark and dreary world with no good in it!’

“ So the Lark flew away, saying, ‘ Wise as they say thou art, O Owl! still couldst thou look at the Earth with *my* eyes, thou wouldst know that the universal gloom thou seest exists not in the world, but in thine own perverted sight.’

“ And, verily, O King,” added the Welee, “ the wisdom of the happy Lark was tenfold the wisdom of the melancholy Owl.”

Now, when the monarch heard this, he grew sad, and beat his breast, and upbraided himself for his complainings. And he put on a woollen garment of a sad-blue colour, and fasted each day, from the rising to the setting of the sun. Then, on the first Friday of the new moon, he went on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and he there made a vow never more to murmur at the will of Heaven. And, invoking blessings and peace on the Prophet, he again prayed him to beseech Allah to vouchsafe unto him a son, or at least a child blest with the power to listen to his counsels and call him “ Father.”

Nor did he return till the ninth of the next month. Then he gave camels, and buffaloes, and

mules, and goats, and gold and silver, in alms to the poor. And, in the night of that day, he had a vision in his sleep, and all he saw was green ; and he was comforted, for he knew that the dream was auspicious.





Chapter the Second.



AFTER this vision, Ulphilas became an altered man, and again sought pleasure in the chase. And the first day that he did so, a gazelle passed by him with its right side towards him; whereupon he was filled with joy, for he saw in it a good omen.

As he returned to the city, one of the royal Eunuchs came hastening to meet him; and, as the man approached Ulphilas, he kissed the ground before him, saying, "O King, I bring thee glad tidings, thy Queen hath borne thee a son."

Then the King's joy knew no bounds. Dismount-

ing, he kissed the hand of the messenger, and, taking from his side his royal scimitar—the head of which was alight with large jewels of many colours and exceeding value—the monarch gave it to the slave. And he bade the emirs and nobles that were with him reward the man for the glorious news he had brought him. So some gave the Eunuch their neck-ornaments and bracelets, set with pearls and jacinths; and some took off their costly robes of honour, and gave them to him; and others descended from the horses they rode upon, and made the slave the owner of them; while many presented him with large sums of money, till the bounty of the court was such as no man ever received before.

Then, as the King entered the gates of the capital, he found all the houses and shops adorned with shawls and brocades and rich dresses; and different kinds of costly articles of merchandise suspended in front of them. Across the streets were hung many-coloured lamps and silk flags of red and green. From each house came the sound of music and rejoicing, and the whole city was fragrant with the burning of ambergris.

As the monarch passed on his way to the palace, the exulting people cried with one voice, "Long live the Prince! Long live great Ulphilas, our King!"

But Ulphilas made no reply; for he saw that the flowers and other ornamental devices with which his subjects had decorated their doors had, in the haste, been painted on a dark-blue background. And he shook with fear; for he knew it was the colour of mourning, and looked on it as the harbinger of evil.

But, when the King reached the palace, he soon forgot the idle omen, in the delight he felt at the sight of the infant boy that had fulfilled all his hopes and prayers.

When he had kissed and blessed the babe, he called his vizier, and ordered him to proclaim a seven days' feast throughout the land. And he commanded that the streets should be canopied over from end to end, and the city decorated and lighted with lamps, countless as the stars; and that fires of aloes and other scented woods should be placed in all the public ways; and, that the shops should be closed neither night nor day. Then he ordered that kitchens

should be set up around the city walls, and that all kinds of viands should be cooked there, both by day and by night; and that all who were in the city, and that all who were in the country around, far and near, should eat and drink, and carry home to their houses. And he directed that every one who was in the prisons, both the criminal and the debtor, should be set free. And, after this, he published an edict that he would receive no tribute for three years to come from such as lived by the labour of their hands; and he made over to the poor the remainder of the tribute that should be paid him by the nobles and merchants during that time.

But scarcely had the feast begun, than she who bore the King his son, died; and Ulphilas bowed down his head like a reed in the storm.

Then the countless lamps were extinguished and the fires of aloes-wood put out, and the brief revelry of the city gave way to long sorrowing. And the broken-hearted King had the walls of his chamber smeared over with woad. And he cast off his robes of bright colours, and wore nothing but woollen garments of a sad, sombre hue. And the gold-worked

cushions and the rich embroidered coverings of his divans were placed face downwards, and the carpets were turned with their patterns to the ground.

And the old monarch wept like a child over his infant son, saying, "If this bereavement be a loss to me, how much greater a loss is it to thee, my poor little-one! If the cup of joy has been dashed from my lips, has not the fountain of life been snatched from thine? Who shall be a mother to thee? Who shall tend and watch over thy babyhood as *she* would have tended and watched over thee?—thee, in whom I had longed to see her gentleness mingled with my rougher nature. But, alas! no sooner art thou sent unto me, than she—the gentle one—is torn from me, and both of us are robbed of our greatest treasure. While I could not spare her for past happiness, thou couldst not spare her for happiness to come."

Then the King sent out messengers to all the country round, to seek a fitting foster-mother for the young prince, whom he named Aleph, for he said, "he shall be a great leader among men."

But the messengers found not any to please the

King; and he bade them go forth again and seek the healthiest matron in all his dominions, so that his royal son might grow into a stalwart man, as vigorous in body as in mind, and be blessed with a frame fit for the fatigues of conquest.

At length the messengers returned, bringing with them the robust and comely wife of Ergastor the labourer, with her infant son Huan in her arms and her little daughter Anthy at her side, as proofs of the justness of their choice.

When the King saw the dame's sun-burnt face, ruddy as a ripe apple—and beheld the firm and round limbs of the infant boy, the flesh plumped out with exuberance of health—and, when he gazed upon the rustic beauty of the little girl Anthy, with her dimpled cheeks, dyed crimson with the hues of morning and yet fair as rose-leaves steeped in milk; and her full eyes, blue and clear and deep as the sea far away from land; and her long, loose hair, golden and wavy as a corn-field in autumn—he commended his messengers for the choice they had made, and doubled the sum they had promised the matron for her nurture of the Prince.

Then the pretty little Anthy and the still-sleeping Huan were taken back to their home, while the mother remained behind, to nourish the royal Aleph with the milk that Nature had vouchsafed for the nourishment of her own little one.





Chapter the Third.



AS the infant Prince waxed stronger and stronger with the sustenance of Huan's mother, the little peasant-boy grew weaker and weaker from the want of it; so that, as the limbs of the King's son became plump and firm, the muscles of the labourer's child became flaccid and pitted with the touch; and his bones grew soft and bent under him, as he tried to use his little feet.

And, when two summers had passed, and the royal Aleph was taken from the breast, the mother left the monarch's boy a little lion in strength, and returned

home—to find her own child with his right leg withered, and crippled for life.

Summer after summer rolled on ; and still the labourer's son, though a youth in years, was a babe in strength and helplessness. Then his father, Ergastor, began to see that the lad would always be a burthen on his labour ; and that, where other men like him found their boys adding to the weekly wealth, his could only take from it, and ever remain an useless drone in the busy hive.

And, as he contrasted the deformity of the Cripple Huan with the fair proportions of the pretty Anthy, and glanced from the comeliness of the girl to the unseemliness of the boy, he grew more and more fond of the one, and more and more neglectful of the other ; until at length he got to spoil the maid and spurn the lad, loving to see the little damsel decked out in all the gaudy finery he could afford to lavish on her, and leaving the “locust” boy to crawl about in rags.

At nightfal, on his return from labour, Ergastor had always a kiss and a kind word for the one,

and a cuff and a harsh word for the other. And, when it was holiday-time, and pleasure led him to the city, he would take his little rosebud Anthy with him, and leave the "good-for-nothing" Huan to sit, as usual, on the door-step, basking in the sun. Then the father's bosom would swell with pride to hear the flattering things that were sure to be said of the loveliness of his girl, and his heart sink within him, when his friends asked with pity after his poor afflicted boy.

So things went on—the labourer ever praising his darling beauty, and muttering at the poor Cripple—till the once-artless little girl grew—poor thing!—into the vain, coquettish maid, and the neglected boy became moody and sullen, and moped his sportless youth away, so that—while yet a frolicksome lad in years—he was a morose old man in habit and in heart.

Nor was the premature moroseness of poor Huan to be wondered at. He had hardly heard a word of loving-kindness from his cradle—unless, indeed, it came from passing strangers, who pitied him, as they

noticed the poor Cripple moping on the threshold. For, while his father only saw in the helplessness of the lad an everlasting tax upon his labour, and was ever taunting the wretched boy with his infirmities, his mother, though less harsh, was scarcely more kind. She remembered the pretty and well-formed babe he was; and, reading in the youth's crooked and stunted limbs a bitter reproach to herself for giving to another the nourishment that should have gone to him, she got to dislike the sight of the lad, and to shun him for the ugly lesson he was to her.

Little Anthy, indeed, was the sole friend he had. Blinded by early habit to his deformities, the girl only saw and felt for the privations of her Cripple-brother. All she knew was, he lacked the strength to sport and play as she did, and this made her pity, and love to help and befriend, him. So she would stand between her brother and her father's anger, shielding the poor boy from many a blow; and, when Ergastor brought her any new toy or childish gift, she would share it by stealth with the unthought-of Cripple.

Thus Huan grew to find in his sister the only charm life had for him, and to love her as he loved the sunshine, which warmed his numbed and withered limbs.

But it was far otherwise with the Prince. As *he* advanced to man's estate, *his* thoughtless days danced along with ever-changing sports, and the whole country round rang with the skill, the spirit, and the promise of the handsome youth. None could sit the Arab horse as he did! None could cast the javelin so sure and far as he! Who was so bold a hunter as Prince Aleph? Who was so brave and generous a youth? Could any compare with him in manly vigour or manly beauty?

And, when Huan heard these praises echoed at his father's board, he looked at his withered and stunted limbs, and his heart sank within him.

Then, as the Cripple sat by the door, he would brood over the fine things he had heard said of the young Prince, repeating them to himself with sneers. And he would begin to think that the strength of the royal boy ought to have been his. And he would

mutter to himself, "It was the milk that should have been mine that gave this manly vigour and this manly beauty to his frame. It was the mother's milk, that kind Providence gave to nerve and nourish me, that has made *him* the young hero; and it was the stealing of it from me that has made *me* the Cripple. The muscles that make him throw the javelin so sure and far should have been mine. The skill and courage that all admire him for should have been mine. The form, the power, the health and spirits of the man should have been mine—they were my birthright—my inalienable property—if ever human being justly had property on earth—God's free gift to me, sent with the first breath I drew—yes, all, in common honesty, were mine, and, in common justice, should be mine still. But, robbed of them, what a helpless beggar am I left—doomed to eat the food I long, but want the power to earn. A hideous Cripple! Aye, a Cripple! when the labour of my muscles was all I had wherewith to get a living for myself."

The chord once struck, vibrated and vibrated

in the wretched Huan's bosom, until, at length, he would sit day after day in the sunshine, listening to its solemn and melancholy music.

So, in time, he got to hate the royal youth, as one who had done him some deadly wrong; and he loved to nurse bitter and savage thoughts against young Aleph; while each harsh word and cuff Huan got, he would add, in his own mind, to the long score of suffering he owed the Prince.

Sometimes the happy Aleph, on his way to the chase, or returning from it, would stop at the labourer's cot, to say a passing word of greeting to his foster-mother, or else to take another glance at the budding beauty of the graceful Anthy. Then Huan would look at him from under his brows, and run his eyes ascant up and down the well-knit form of the noble lad; and he would look on the Prince with a grim delight, as if in him he saw himself as he ought to have been. And he would think that such as Aleph was Huan *would* have been too, had not the thews and sinews of that very form been pilfered from him before he was able to raise even

a voice against the wrong. And, when the Prince spoke kindly to the Cripple, and looked at him with pity—as indeed he seldom failed to do—Huan would sneer, and mutter to himself from between his teeth, “By right *I* should be the pitier!”





Chapter the Fourth.

WHEN the royal youth had grown a man, his proud father gave him the sword and suit of Davidean mail with which he himself had so often carved his way to victory; and, placing him at the head of his troops, he blessed the stripling Chief, and bade him go forth with them, and make his enemies bend the knee to Aleph as they once had bent the knee to Ulphilas.

And, when the news came of his boy's first victory, the exulting monarch made the whole city merry with his lavish bounty; and on the poets that

sang the Prince's praises Ulphilas bestowed dresses of honour of exceeding splendour and great value, and gold-embroidered turbans, and neck-rings and bracelets set with jewels.

Then, on the return of the beardless hero, his father hugged him to his swelling bosom, and wept over him with joy.

After the Prince had sojourned for a time in the city, the ambitious Ulphilas sent him forth a second time to reap new honour in the battle-field.

A second time the lad returned victorious, and a second time the happy King made the city rejoice in the triumph.

Again and again his father sent him forth, and again and again the people and the poets hailed him Conqueror, until at length his praises were on every man's lips. Old warriors wondered at the prowess of the lad, and maidens loved to listen to the story of his battles. The nation almost worshipped the warrior-boy for the glory of his deeds, and all, without a murmur, poured forth their share of the tribute—though each fresh conquest nearly doubled the sum required at their hands.

Then Ergastor the labourer, who—burthened as he was with the Cripple Huan—had before found it hard, out of his little earnings, to furnish his share of the tribute-money, and still dress his pretty daughter as he loved to see her, now felt the payments of the tax fall so heavy, and come round so often, that he began to see he must forego all further finery for his pet girl—at least, “so long as he was cursed with that locust, good-for-nothing son of his.”

And, when he beheld the once-smart Anthy clad in garments as plain and humble as the daughters of his neighbours, he began to wish his Cripple-boy were dead, and to grudge him each crust he saw him eat.

Then, as Ergastor was alone at his work, he would think to himself, if that drone of his were dead and gone, how happy he might be at home with the money the fellow took to keep him; saying, he would no longer feel ashamed then, as he did now, to take his darling Anthy to the city with him of a holiday.

Thus he would pass day after day, until he got

to harbour ugly thoughts against the wretched Cripple, and pray Allah it would please Him to remove the hateful burthen from his back.

At length he made up his mind that the boy should at least *try* to do something for what he ate. Surely he could tend swine—there wasn't much labour in that, at any rate—and it would be teaching him he wasn't to fatten upon the bread of idleness all his life, but must begin to look about for himself a little, instead of lolling and dozing the whole day through in the sun, as he did.

So, on the morrow, the labourer placed his son on his mule, and journeyed with him and the herd into the forest. And, when he had reached the heart of it, he helped the lad down, and, giving him his crutch, bade him let him see whether he couldn't do *something* for his living.

But the poor Cripple limped in vain after the swine. His unnerved limbs soon began to fail him, and, crying and sinking with fatigue, he leant against a tree, while the herd went straggling on.

When his father saw how unequal the lad was to the task, and how utterly useless the Cripple was, he grew savage, and swore at him, and tried to cuff him on.

At length, finding even this of no avail, he turned round more savage than before, and, gathering the herd, told the affrighted boy that he might hobble home as best he could—and went his way, leaving the poor helpless wretch alone in the forest.

As Huan saw his father's form disappear among the trees, and heard the grunting of the departing swine grow fainter and fainter in the distance, he cried after him, "Father! Father! Father!" each cry growing louder and louder with his fear. Nearly wild with fright, he took to his crutch once more, and limped after him, till his weak and aching muscles refused to carry him.

Then, as he lay upon the ground, Huan felt assured his father would relent and come back for him—he never could mean to leave him to starve and die in the woods. Next he thought, if his father *did* return, he would go to the spot where they had parted,

but, finding no one there, he would not know where to seek him.

So Huan crawled back again to the place he had left, and sat weeping on the ground, waiting with wretched anxiety, and listening to every sound he caught, till he felt sure each one was the noise of the approaching herd.

At length the measured blows of a distant axe roused him. In a moment he was up and scrambling towards the quarter whence the sound proceeded, shrieking and screaming, "Help! Help!" And when after a time the blows ceased, he fancied the woodman had heard his cries and was coming to seek him.

Then, tearing a piece from his ragged clothes, he tied it to the end of his crutch, and waved it as high as he could in the air, hallooing and hallooing, and looking first this way and then that, among the distant trees; until at length, worn out with his vain hopes, and spent with the wild energy of his exertions, he sank to the ground in an agony of despair.

Suddenly he started up again, as a distant murmuring fell upon his ear. "Thank Heaven, there they were at last! He knew his father only wanted to frighten him. Yes! there could be no mistake this time, for *that* was the grunting of the swine—and, hark! *that* was the voice of his father shouting to him."

Then, as he thought he could hear the sounds taking a wrong direction, he put his hands to his mouth, and shrieked through them at the top of his voice. But no one came; and still the murmurings went on, for it was only the rising breeze at sundown moaning and whistling through the forest.

And, when he saw the distance grow blacker and blacker in the thickening dusk, and the trunks of the trees fade one by one from before his straining eyes, he became the sport of his senses, for, in the dimness, every object assumed the form of that which he longed to see. Now he beheld his kind sister Anthy coming to seek him, with her little basket on her arm—filled no doubt with food for him. Then, yonder was his mother approaching

with the old mule to carry him back; then after that he could see woodman after woodman returning, with their loads, home from their labour.

But, when the shades of nightfall had filled up each chink of light, all hope fled, and, falling on his knees, he prayed his heavenly Father to look with pity on his helplessness, and show him the mercy which he now knew it was idle to expect from his earthly one.

Soon the growling of the beasts of prey put an end to the trance into which he had fallen; and, as he saw their bright eyes moving like lights between the trees, the fright of the crippled boy returned tenfold, and quickened his frame with unnatural strength.

Then, crutch in hand, he crawled and crawled about, through brake and bramble, till his palms were scored and his rags half stripped from him by the briars in his way—for stay still he dare not.

At length, something white in the distance loomed before him. It must be some woodman's cot, and, thank God! he was safe at last.

But, as he neared it, he found the cot a rock.

Then, limping round it in search of some shelter for the night, he perceived a cave; so, praising Heaven for the mercy it had shown, he entered, and, cold and worn, laid his wearied body down and tried to rest.





Chapter the Fifth.



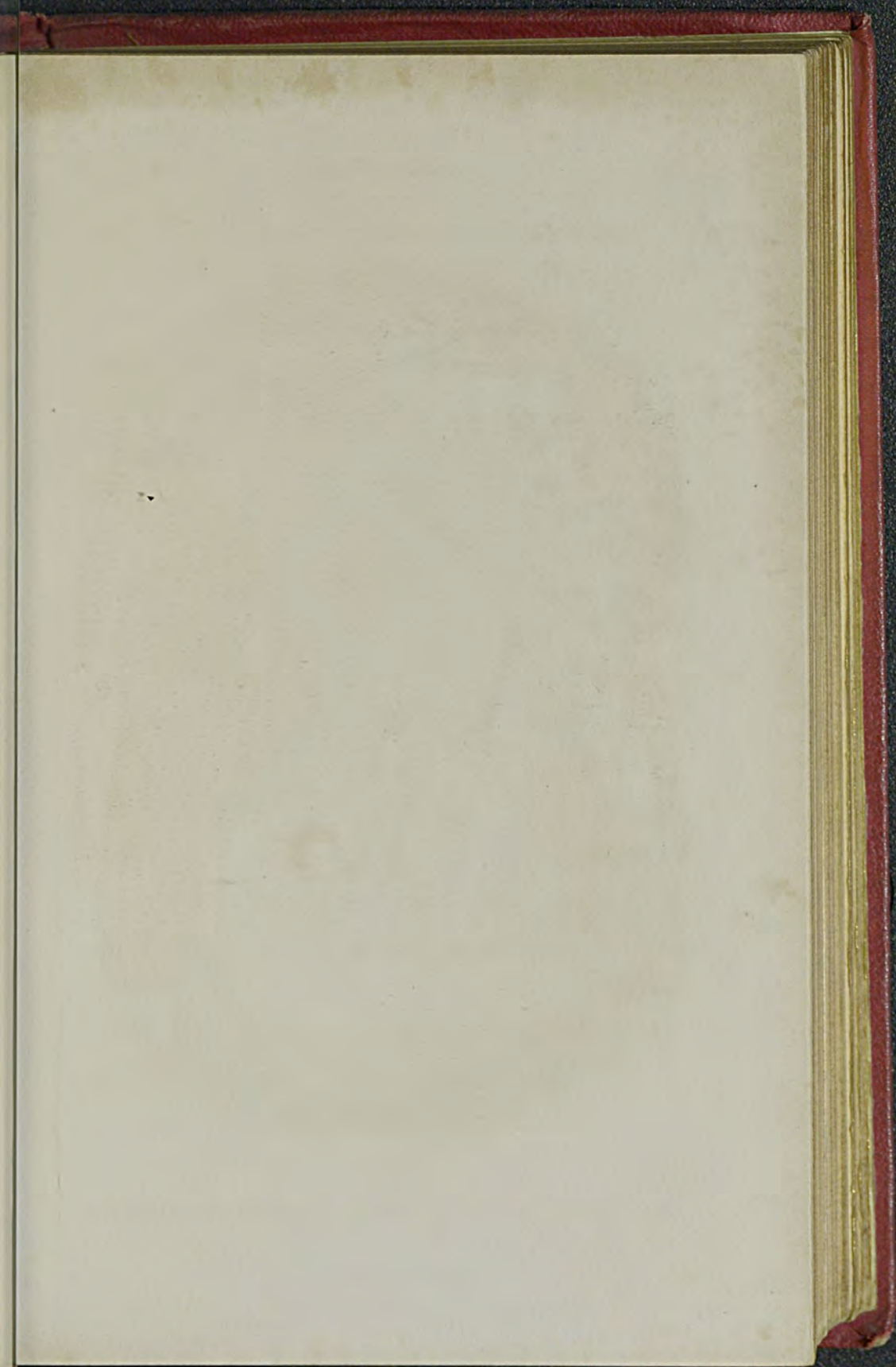
BUT poor Huan was too hungry to sleep. The few acorns he had picked up in the forest had served to increase rather than stay his cravings. Besides, he feared to close his eyes, lest the wild beasts that he knew infested the wood, might scent him out and attack him as he slumbered. So he gathered together the dry leaves and sticks at the mouth of the cave, and made a fire with them, in order to scare the prowling creatures from him.

Then, as the burning twigs and faggots sent forth their lurid flames, he cast his eyes timidly

around, and, to his horror, saw the broken sides of the cave all wet with a crimson dew, and red drops, like goutts of blood, falling from the roof. Turning his head, to look further into the black recess, he saw pale-blue lights floating midway in the air.

Taking one of the burning branches from the fire, he moved, as if drawn on by some magic spell, to see into what strange place he had strayed. Then, as he advanced, trembling, into the depths of the cavern, a low murmuring sound fell upon his ear, and the dank walls glistened, as, torch in hand, he staggered on. In every dark hole he saw bright lights, like eyes, glaring at him, and here and there he stumbled on some green bone that lay rotting on the ground. Now, he had to bend his head, as he went along the narrow way, and now the passage so widened, that the sides were lost to him, while the roof grew so high, that he could not see it in the gloom.

Then, as the passages narrowed again, he saw, cut out of the jagged rock, a mighty throne, and seat after seat raised around it, one above the other—he



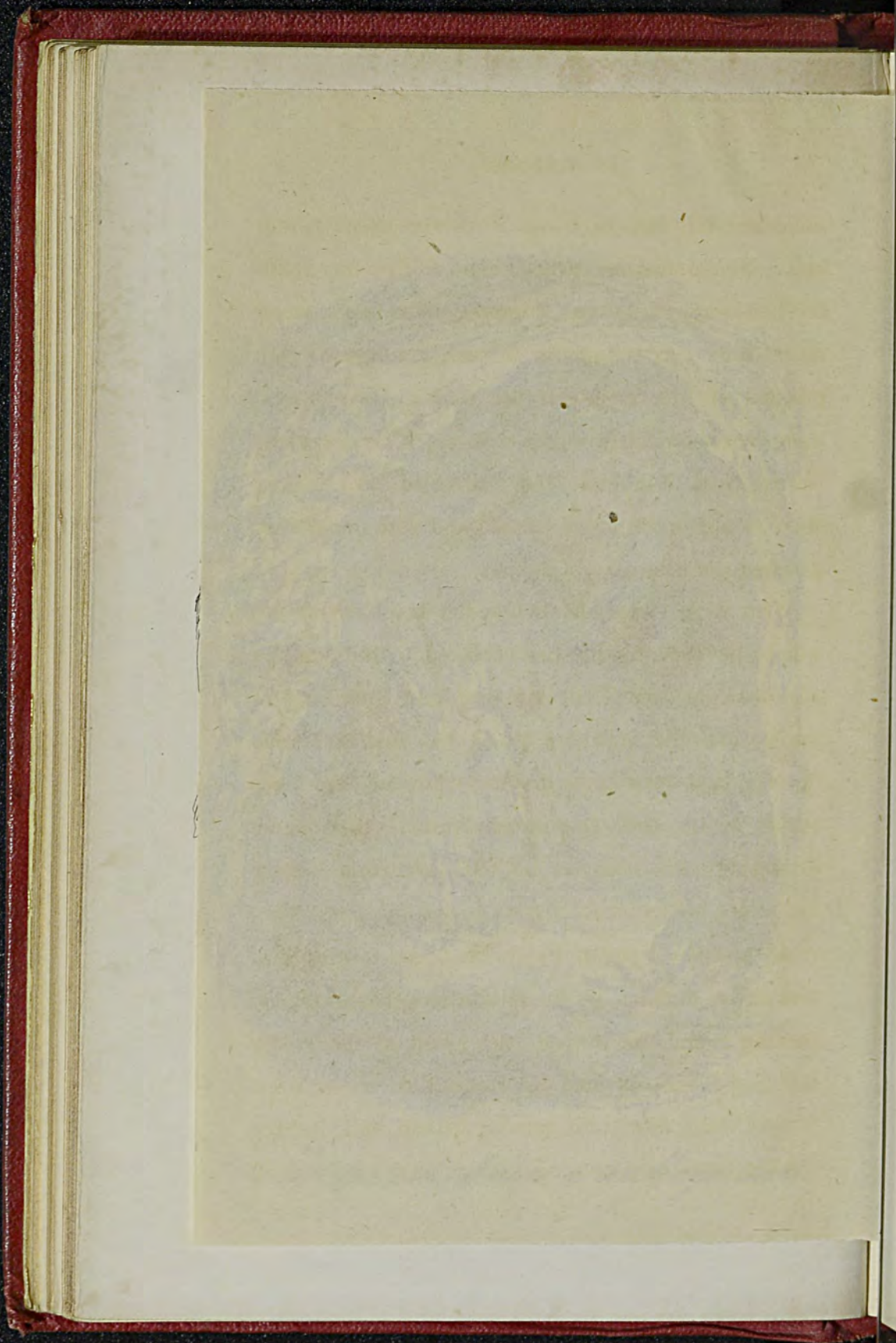


The Cripple seeks shelter in the Magic Cave.

could not tell how high—as if it were some goblin
hall. Frightened, he turned round to fly; but where
he had entered by the passage, now many stood
before him. At the mouth of every doorway
glared at him from the walls. There was a
huge-headed man before him. There a giant
with a club; and a host of others. They
were all armed with spears and swords, and
glared at him.

While with terror he looked round the hall,
which he thought he had entered. But as he
advanced, he heard the ringing and splashing of
water; and the murmur which had first filled
his ear, now grew into a groan, while he was held
fast by the arms of the giant. The water
was falling from the ceiling, and the groan
became the wail.

At last the light of day began to pierce
the hall. The giant turned round, and
turning round, he looked back upon the goblin
hall; and suddenly he reached it, when some
winged thing flew at his burning breast, and, dashing
out the flame with its wings, dashed off with a scream.



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could not tell how high—as if it were some goblin hall. Frightened, he turned round to fly; but where he had entered by one passage, now many stood before him. At the mouth of each a monster figure grinned at him from out the walls. Here was a huge bearded head frowning at him. There, a giant warrior with a helmet and a coat of mail. And there, a mammoth beast, winged and with open jaws, guarded the passage.

Wild with terror, he hobbled down the one by which he thought he had entered. But, as he advanced, he heard the running and splashing of water; and the murmurs which had first fell upon his ear now grew into groans, while he was half-stifled with the sulphurous fumes that came rolling towards him, as he felt the ground grow hot under his feet.

At last the light of his torch began to grow dim and refuse to burn in the fetid atmosphere. Then, turning round, he limped back again to the goblin hall; and scarcely had he reached it, when some winged thing flew at his burning branch, and, dashing out the flame with its wings, darted off with a screech

that rattled against the walls and down the sides of the cave, till the whole place seemed to ring with the laughter of innumerable fiends.

No sooner was his torch extinguished, than Huan knew by the red glare shining down one of the passages, that his fire was burning at the end of it; and, groping his way through the thick clouds of smoke and mist, at last, nearly frenzied with what he had seen, he was again at the mouth of the cave.

Throwing himself down on the earth, he put his hands before his eyes, and trembled from head to foot, as if his whole frame were palsied; while inwardly the poor frantic boy prayed and prayed for the sweet unconsciousness of sleep.

But his brain was too excited to allow him to know the blessed peace of slumber.

At last, as the lad grew calmer, his mind began to revert to the cause of all his bitter sufferings. He brooded again over the wrongs of his infancy, and saw again in the Prince the worker of all his misery. It was Aleph who had robbed him of his natural nourishment and had made him the Cripple.

It was Aleph whose wars had caused the burthen of his helplessness to press doubly heavy on his father, and had made the Cripple the outcast.

And, in the fury of his injuries, he invoked a curse upon the head of his injurer; and, wishing from his heart that he had the strength of a Giant to crush the hated Prince, Huan grew exhausted with his rage and fell into a restless sleep.

Then, as he slept, he saw the Demons of Wrong and Retribution prompting him on to horrid deeds—one offering him a dagger—another a javelin—while a third taunted him and bade him be a Man—and a fourth spat at him, and called him “coward.” And, as each Demon did his work, he could hear a far-off choir of hidden Fiends chanting the story of his injuries in the same melancholy music that he himself had loved to listen to—until, maddened with their devilish goadings, he made a clutch at the javelin brandished before him, and, in the endeavour to clutch it, woke—and *found himself the Giant he had prayed to be.*

Before him stood the fascinating Spirit of Revenge, tricked out in the unsullied robes of Honour, and

wearing the mask of Right. Around her head a glory seemed to shine, and in her hand she held the sword and scales of Justice.

Putting the wrongs of the Cripple into one scale and the sword into the other, she weighed them against each other, and Huan smiled savagely as he saw the sword kick the beam.

She told him—and, as she spake, her words sounded as the sweetest music in his ears—that the gift of his unnatural strength was hers, and, changing his crutch into a spear, she bade him go forth her servant; and, now that she had made him more than Man, at least to be Man enough to give back wrong for wrong, and to blot out Injury with the blood of the Injurer.

Falling on his knees, the amazed Huan asked by what name he should worship his guardian Angel. Whereupon the Spirit spake as follows:—

“Of the blind Goddess Justice there were born two children. The one was fair and golden-haired as the Morning, the other dark and black-eyed as the daughters of the East. The fair one was weak and gentle like the Lamb—the dark one proud-spirited

and dauntless as the Lion. And the fair and gentle maid they named Forgiveness, while her dark, proud sister they called Revenge.

“When the two had grown up to womanhood, their blind Mother called them to her side, and, having blessed them, bade them say which of her possessions she should bestow upon them as their dower. To her eldest child, Revenge, she gave the first choice.

“And the dark damsel asked for the sword wherewith to protect the Injured and punish the Injurer. But gentle Forgiveness, falling on her knees, besought her Mother that she might inherit her blindness as *her* portion, so that, being blind, she might be merciful to erring Man.

“Then Justice, turning to her younger child, said, ‘Thou hast chosen rightly, my gentle one; for whereas thy sterner sister hath asked of me that which was given to me by Man, thou hast desired of me that which was given to me by God.’

“Then Revenge, jealous of her sister’s praise, parted from Forgiveness for ever, and went abroad to see which of the two would win most favour among the sons of the Earth.

“Wherever she went, high and low, noble and ignoble, bent the knee and worshipped her. And to those who sought her aid she gave such strength and courage, and spoke so winningly, and looked so like her mother, that men mistook her for Justice herself. At her bidding, nation warred against nation; for she preached the captivating creed of blood for blood, until men blessed the sword, and the fairest of the land admired him the most who wielded it the best.

“So that, when at length Forgiveness came, and strove to teach a gentler doctrine to Mankind, they spurned her for her blindness and her weakness; and those that listened to her counsels they branded as cowards, while those that slew the most they praised as heroes.

“Dost thou know me now!” the Spirit asked, as Huan lifted up his clasped hands, in adoration of her.

“I do!” he cried, “I do! thou art the proud spirit of Re——.”

“Hush!” she exclaimed, before the word had passed his lips. “On Earth they call me Honour—in Heaven alone I am known as Revenge!”

Huan was about to swear eternal devotion to the Spirit, but—before the oath had left his lips, he was alone again in the cave.

Then, for the first time, he felt a vigour in all his limbs, and the hot blood of youth dancing and tingling in his veins. Now he chuckled with the new delight, and now he toyed with his spear, till his bosom rose and fell, as he thought of the havoc he would make with it.





Chapter the Sixth.



AT dawn the Giant rushed forth to seek his royal enemy, but Aleph was at the wars; so, finding he could not wreak his vengeance on the object of his hatred, he wreaked it on all that belonged or were dear to him.

By day he waylaid the King—by night he destroyed the Prince's horses and slew his hounds.

Soon, Huan's deeds became the terror of the neighbourhood, and men feared to walk abroad after sunset, or to traverse the woods alone at any time.

When Ulphilas heard of the ravages of the Giant, he sent out an armed band to slay him; but they

never returned—and that night the ravages of the Giant were tenfold what they had been before.

Another and another band went out; but Huan's monster strength prevailed over all—and the terror of the country grew greater than ever.

Each wound only made the Giant more and more savage; and he was for ever hunting and being hunted. In dread of snares and pitfalls, he lived a life of suspicion, and walked the Earth in fear; for he knew that what Men could not compass by strength they would by stratagem.

At length, one night he heard the hum of distant music, and songs of triumph floating on the night-wind. Angry at the sounds of joy, he seized his spear and sallied from the cave.

As he advanced, he saw the light of torches flickering in the plain beneath. He hurried down, and, putting the troop to flight, carried off the favourite mistress of the Prince, as she was on her way to welcome the victorious Aleph back from a fresh conquest.

Overjoyed at the rich prize his revenge had at length obtained, he bore his fainting prisoner to his

cave. As he secured her to the rock, he gloated over the feast of vengeance he would have on the morrow, and thought to himself how, in the torments of Prince Aleph's darling, he would break Prince Aleph's heart.

When he had bound the poor girl fast, he tore the veil from her face—and staggered back, as he discovered in the favourite mistress of his enemy his own beautiful and beloved sister Anthy.

He stood, with his eyes rivetted upon her, still and silent as a statue; and, as he gazed on her pretty face, the love he once had borne her curdled into frantic hate. Bursting with rage, he seized his spear, as if to kill her—but suddenly he threw it from him with a savage chuckle, as if some new cruelty had struck him.

Seating himself by the fire, he fixed his eyes on the trembling girl; and, as he ground his teeth, he taunted her with her infamy, calling her by names that made her shudder as she heard them.

Presently, he rose, and plucked the jewels one by one from her neck and arms, and crushed them on the stone with his heel. Then he paced backwards

and forwards in his cave, telling her, with horrid glee, how, on the morrow, he would go forth and seek out her royal dishonourer, and then she should see her love slain before her eyes.

Thus the night passed!

Early on the morrow, the restless Huan rushed forth to seek the Prince, and as early the Prince rushed forth to seek the Giant—for Aleph had sworn an oath that he, single-handed, would avenge and liberate his darling mistress.

But when the valiant youth saw the Giant he had sworn to crush, even he—bold as he was—quailed before the awful appearance of the monster.

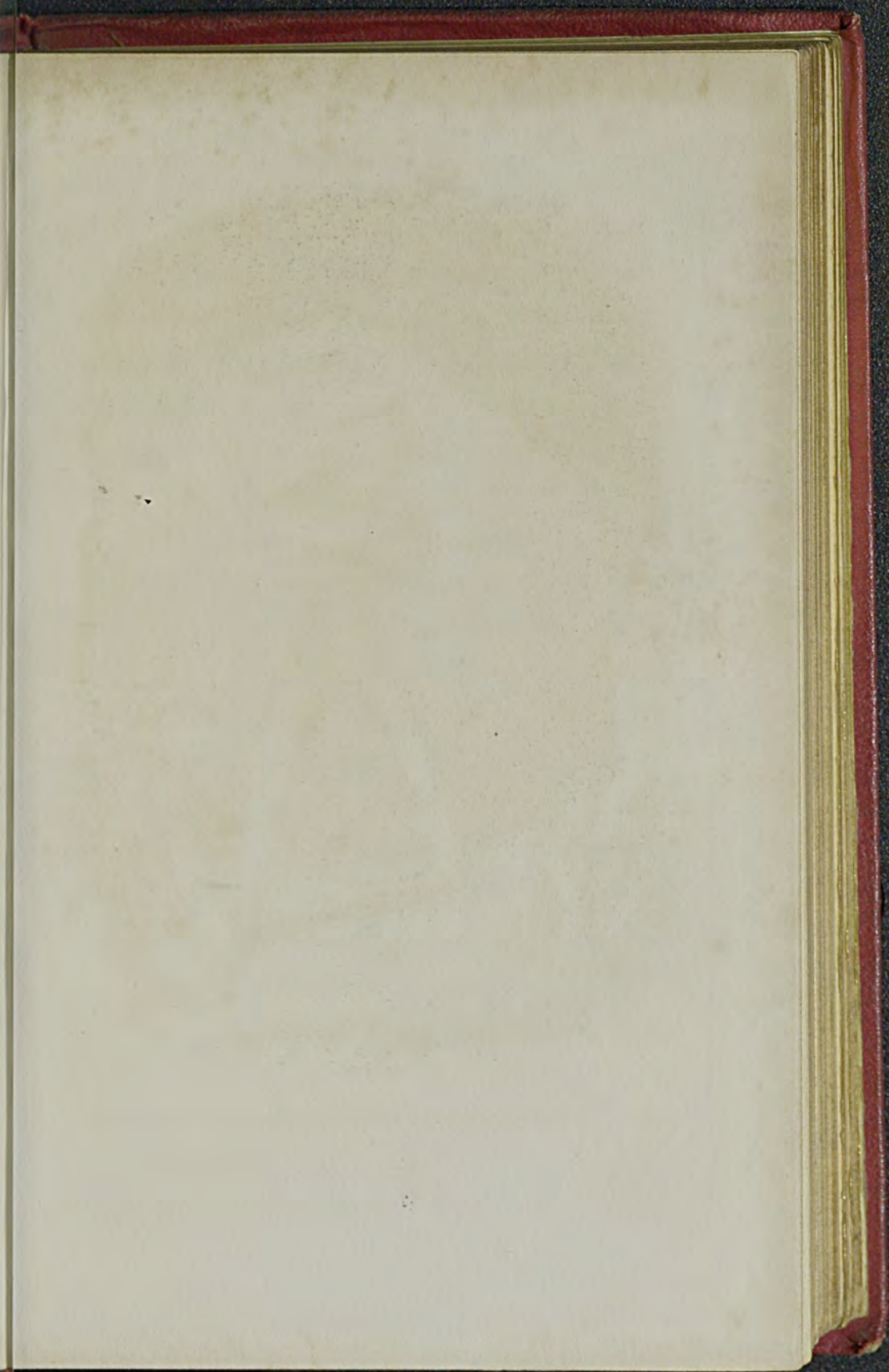
In vain did Aleph raise his skilful sword to parry off the savage thrusts of Huan's spear. In a moment the blade shivered like glass before the Giant's blows, and the warrior-boy of Asulon reeled senseless on the sward.

Raising the stripling in his arms, Huan hurried back exulting to the cave. Then, binding Aleph face to face with her he had come to save, the Giant stanchd the wounds of the bleeding boy, for fear his vengeance should be balked.

And, when he saw the life that he feared had fled before his vengeance was satisfied, come back and crimson the boy's white lips again, Huan's heart leaped within him for very joy; and he almost shrieked with delight, when he beheld his victim shudder as he looked around him.

Then, how the monster grinned at the youth, as he ran over and over again the horrors and the torments that he had in store for him and her he loved so fondly. Now, he would dance around them, brandishing his spear. Then he would shake his burly fist in Aleph's face, and grind his huge teeth close in front of him, and, afterwards, he would smite him on the cheek and spit upon him. And, as he saw the girl grow faint for want of drink, and that her lips were parched and cracked with thirst, he fetched the clearest water from the wood, and, showing her how bright it was, drank it off before her longing eyes.

As the day drew in, he roasted dainty forest-meat beside them, so that the savoury perfumes of it might madden their hunger; and, seating himself between them, he ate of it, smacking his





The Giant prepares to take vengeance on Alphonse.

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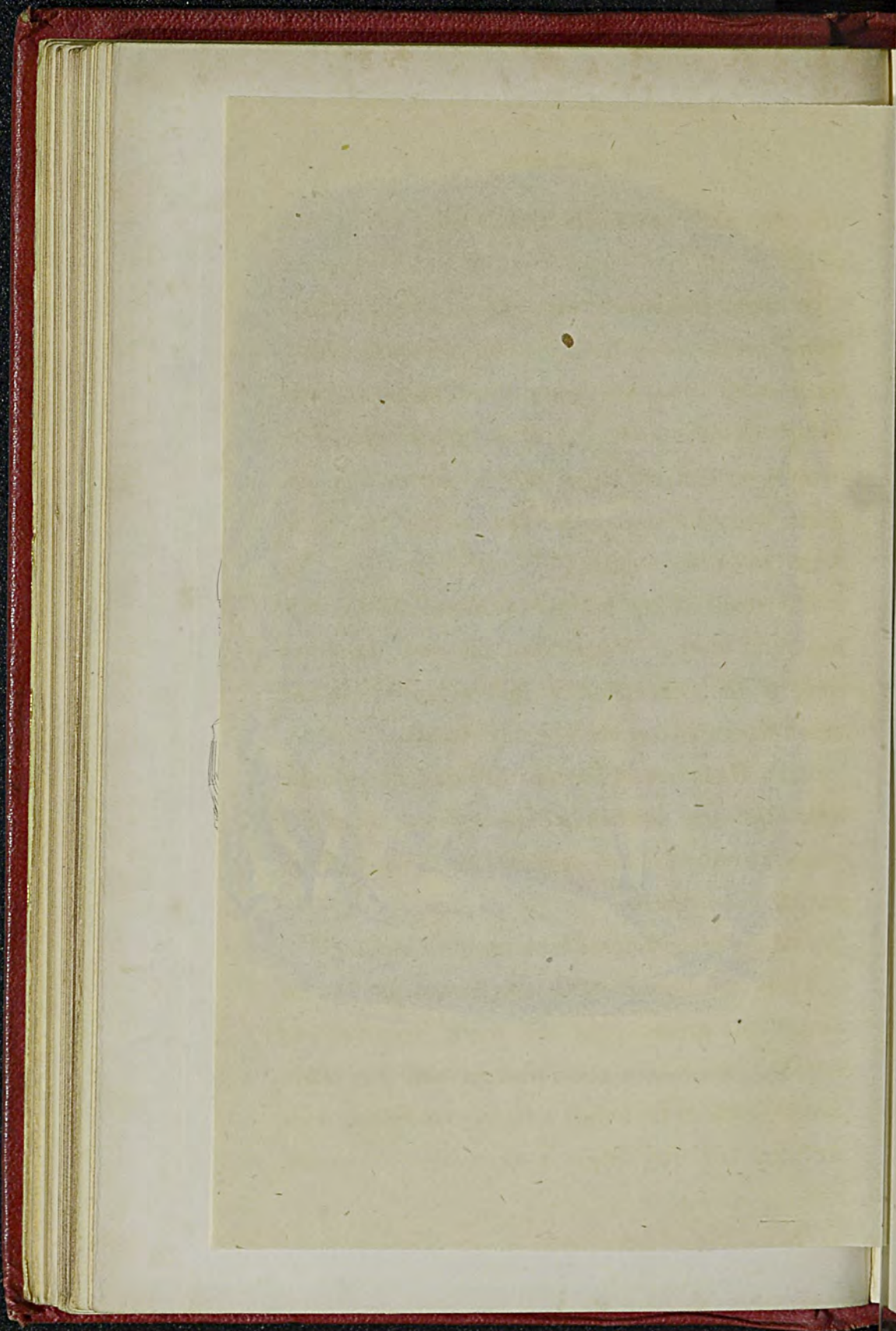
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lips the while, to make them long for it the more.

At night, exhausted with rage, he laid himself down, to ponder over fresh and more savage cruelties ; for none that he had yet devised seemed savage enough to him ; until, at last, he grew so greedy for their lives, that, no longer able to put off the promised treat, he started up, and, seizing his spear, moved towards the girl.

The sound of his heavy foot roused Anthy from her fitful sleep. Waking up, she saw the lifted spear of the Giant ready to pierce her breast, and raised her trembling arms to stay the blow.

Then Huan beheld in her the same supplicating look—the same uplifted hands—the same appeal for mercy, as when he had seen her stand betwixt him and his father's blows.

And the spear dropped harmlessly by his side.

Then, as his head fell on his bosom, he felt his former love for her—the only friend his youth had known—gush, like a pent-up stream, into his breast again. And, as his nature softened, the Giant's rage dwindled into the Cripple's tenderness once more,

and all his little sister's kindnesses stole, one after another, back to his mind.

Turning from her, lest he should again grow savage, he said within himself, "She is the injured and not the injurer!" and moved towards the Prince.

But the kindly spirit had set in, and the savage was half-tamed. Aleph slept, and it was cowardly to kill a sleeping man; and, if he woke him up to kill him, Anthy must remain for ever dishonoured, while, if he lived, the Prince might yet blot out by marriage the stain he had cast upon her. Then, again, it was not the royal boy who was to blame for the wrongs of the Cripple's infancy, but she who had sold his birthright to the King.

In the impulse of the moment, he snapt their bonds asunder, and bade them fly while he was yet human.

But the astounded Aleph, frightened at the strange manner of the Giant, stood transfixed to the ground.

Giving them a lighted brand, Huan entreated them to be gone—gone before he again became the savage.

And, when they *had* gone, a holy peace, that he had never known before, crept over his heart, and Huan felt calm and happy for the first time in his life. He remembered that, as the Cripple, he had at least got *some* little pity; and thought of what a life of strife he had led since he had been the Giant; and, moreover, how the Spirit of Revenge had made him such a monster, that even his own sister could not recognise him.

Falling on his knees, he thanked Heaven for the blessed feelings it had given him, and, bursting into tears, he prayed to be again the Cripple that he before had been.

Softened and soothed by his tears, he fell insensibly asleep. And, as the calm moonlight shone upon his face, it showed the peaceful smile upon his lips, as he lay profoundly at rest on his brown bed of leaves.

And his dreams were of exceeding comfort to his wearied soul. For he saw a light, as of a thousand meteors, streaming down from Heaven, and golden clouds resting on the green fields and piled one above another, till the topmost was lost in the

amazing splendour of the skies. A white-winged host of angels stepped down from cloud to cloud, chanting to the music of their silver lutes a full-throated hymn, in glory of the kindly act. Then, as a thousand clarions trumpeted his praise, the angels moved back again to Heaven, and, mounting, beckoned, and bade Huan rise and follow them.

Filled with a holy awe, the powerless Huan saw the winged host melt one by one from his sight in the brightness of the light above. As the last one stood on the topmost cloud of all, she looked back again, and once more beckoned him to follow her.

As she turned away to leave him for ever, the repentant Giant started up—and, *waking, found himself a Dwarf, instead of the Cripple he had prayed to be.*

The sun was up, and the jagged sides and roof of the cave sparkled with the light-drops, as though studded with myriads of many-coloured gems. And the air was cool with the rising dew and fragrant with the breath of the fields; while from the shady thickets of the forest without, floated the soft notes of the hezar and the wood-pigeon, crying, "Allah! Allah!"

Huan, for the first time since his birth, felt at peace with all the world.

By his side stood the Spirit of Kindness, clad in robes of heavenly blue. Her wings were white as May blossoms, and in her bosom nestled a wounded dove. As she moved, there was a perfume of crushed flowers—like bruised spirits breathing blessings for injuries.

At first Huan looked with suspicion on the Spirit—fancying she had come there not from any love of him, but for some cunning purpose of her own. But she gazed upon him so tenderly from out her tearful eyes, and smiled upon him with so compassionate a smile, that Huan's heart leapt towards her. He would have fallen down and worshipped her, but his bosom was too full to let him speak the blessings he longed to pour upon her, and he felt humbled, as if in the presence of a God.

And yet she looked so weak and gentle, as she leant for support upon the cross she bore, that Huan wondered within himself how she could have such power over him.

She told him she had heard his prayer, and, pitying

him, had changed the unnatural strength of the Giant into the exceeding weakness of the Dwarf. Then, turning his spear into an olive-branch, she bade him go forth her servant, and, by the very might of his weakness, and the magic of its peaceful power, make more glorious conquests than with the weapon of war.

But Huan feeling, as he strove to rise, how feeble and powerless he was, had little faith in what the Spirit spake, and feared to take the proffered branch.

Seeing him hesitate, she advanced towards him, and strove, by gentle words and wise precepts, to strengthen his purpose. And, among other things, she spake this parable:—

“When Man had been sent from the Garden of Eden, to till the ground and live by the sweat of his brow, the Angels, sorrowing at his fall, cried, ‘Surely he will perish, for there is no animal so defenceless as Man.’

“Then Pity, looking down from Heaven, grieved for him, saying, ‘Woe to the race of Man! for of all God’s creatures he is the most helpless in youth, the most imbecile in old age!’

“ And Justice, complaining, said, ‘ Aye, woe ! woe to his race, for every beast of the field God hath clothed, but Man He hath left naked. To every beast of the field He hath given some weapon of defence, but Man He hath left unarmed. What shall his strength avail him against the strength of the lion, or his speed against the speed of the wolf ?’

“ Then Reason rose up and said, ‘ Grieve not for the children of the Earth ; for I will give unto them Cunning, so that what they cannot conquer by force they shall compass by stratagem.’

“ So Cunning took up her abode among men ; and she taught them to fashion the trees of the forest into clubs, wherewith to repel their enemies.

“ But soon Man, made wrath by envy, quarreled with his kind, and, turning the club against his kinsman, slew his younger brother.

“ And, when the Angels saw the first blow struck, they sorrowed more bitterly than before, saying, ‘ We armed him against the beasts of the field, but he hath raised the weapon in anger against his kindred. And, since Man wars with Man, we must protect the weak against the strong, so that, blow following

blow, the strong, in fear, may cease to oppress the weak.'

"Then Vengeance, spear in hand, came down on Earth, and, arming the oppressed against their oppressors, bade them rise and give back tenfold the blows that had been dealt out to them.

"So the Injured slew their Injurers.

"Then the sons of those that had been slain, in their turn, rose up, and, giving back again tenfold the blows, destroyed the slayers and their children too.

"At length, blow begat blow so fast, that tribe warred with tribe, and nation battled with nation.

"And then Peace, affrighted, fled back to Heaven, leaving Strife and Ruin to ravage all the Earth.

"The Angels heard the clatter of the fray, and took council among themselves, saying, 'Verily, the world will never be at rest. For since Man hath learned to meet blow with blow, and to have blood for blood, the circle of destruction must be endless. Oh, for some almighty weapon to stay this universal feud!'

"So they all pondered on the means, and each

Angel, in her turn, named some engine more frightful than the rest, wherewith to rain such certain death on all around, that men, fearing to face it, should cease to battle.

“At last, there remained but one to speak, and the angel-band turned anxiously to her. ‘You seek some new weapon,’ she said, ‘to check the wrath of Man—some weapon to give back so powerful a blow, that men, however brave, shall lack the courage to stand up against it. There is one so mighty, that those you have named shall be weak as reeds to it—one so certain, that the boldest shall be cowed and the strongest be disarmed by its power!’

“And the Angels wondered among themselves, and cried with one voice, ‘Thanks be to God! Thanks be to God! name it! name it!’

“‘Let Man,’ she answered, ‘avenge his wrongs with a kiss, and he shall find it a mightier weapon than the blow.’”

And it was the Spirit of Kindness that spake the words.

Falling on his knees, Huan thanked the Spirit for his altered nature, and, taking the proffered branch of

peace, vowed never again to raise his hand against his erring brother.

As he knelt before her, the Spirit blessed him ; and, while she spake the kindly words, the sun shone full upon her, and, melting in the light, she vanished from the cave.





Chapter the Seventh.



LIVE branch in hand, Huan sallied into the forest. As he looked down the long groves of trees, arched like leafy cloisters high above his head, the holy peacefulness of the place entered his heart, and made him tranquil as the woods around.

Charmed with the scene, he paused, as he saw the long black shadows of the stems of the palm and the cedar streaking the green grass, whilst the sunbeams trickled through the leaves above, and sprinkled the Earth with an almost liquid light.

Then, as he moved on again, the perfume of the

wild flowers that he crushed beneath his feet filled the air as with incense; and, remembering how often he had trod that same path before, and seen it only as a place of gloom, Huan wondered how "the beauty which encompassed him on every side—hanging on every branch and sparkling on every blade—could have been so long lost to him; and it pained him, as he thought of the days upon days that he had lived in the midst of it, and yet lived almost as blind to it as if—instead of the fair earth and glorious sky—he had been the tenant of a dungeon."

And he sat down in the shade, so that the silent beauty of the wood might sink the deeper into his soul.

In a moment, his heart wandered back to home, and, as he thought of his fallen sister, his long dried-up tears streamed forth once more. And he vowed within himself that she should be the first on whom he would try the magic of his power. Aye! he would seek Anthy out, and, by his gentle counsels and loving care, win her back to the sunny path she had strayed from. He would talk to her, not of the dark and loathsome past, but of the bright and blessed future, telling her how the tears of repentance were the waters

of the fountain of life. Not a harsh word would he say to her, but, remembering how severely Heaven had tried her with her beauty, he would pity her for the lovely curse that had been put upon her, and so renew her heart, that she, looking at herself through her tears, should hate the gift that once a Prince had prized.

So he rose up, resolving to go seek his mother, and learn from her where Anthy dwelt.

As he journeyed homeward, all the sufferings of his youth rose up one by one to his mind; and, remembering that his Father had left him—a Cripple—to perish in the woods, he thought how the old man's conscience would smite him, when he saw his boy still living, and how bitterly he would reproach himself when he heard that boy forgive him.

Suddenly, a distant moan murmured through the forest. Huan paused to listen to it.

Again and again the groans echoed through the woods, following one another so quickly and so sadly, that Huan, fired with the glory of his mission, hurried in the direction whence they came.

As he forced his way past the tangled briers and

waded through the long rank grass, the cries grew so loud and deep, that Huan knew it was no human being that suffered.

He stopped for a moment, fearing to advance.

But the sounds were so full of anguish, and so free from rage, that compassion got the better of his fear, and, hurrying on again, at length he reached a low bushy spot, where, stretched among the tall mat-rushes, lay a huge black-maned lion, powerless with pain.

When Huan saw the monster, and heard its roar, his heart sank within him, and he drew back with fright. Still it looked at him with so supplicating a look, and cried so sorrowfully, as it licked its swollen paw, that the trembling Huan, gaining courage, stepped cautiously towards it. As he did so, the suffering beast raised the wounded limb, as if to ask for aid; and, as Huan stooped timidly to see what ailed it, the Lion licked his hand in gratitude.

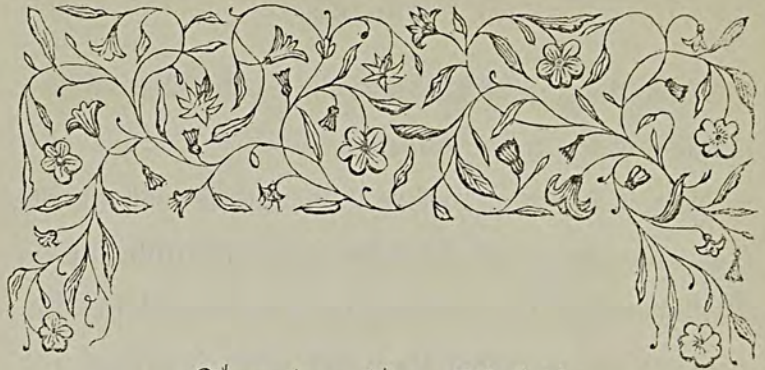
So, shaking off his fear, Huan laid the heavy foot upon his knee, and, pressing the festered ball, drew from out it a thorn; after which, he placed herbs upon it, and bound it up with part of his raiment.

Then the joy of the poor brute, freed from the anguish of the thorn, knew no limit.

Now it crouched before him and fawned at his feet, and now it rolled in the rushes, turning up its white stomach, as if intreating to be fondled by him. And, as Huan patted its dusky sides, it whined out its thanks, till the wood rang again with its noisy gratitude.

Huan was moved almost to tears with the affection his compassion had begotten in the brute, and cried, "If the beasts of the field can be thus conquered by kindness, what miracles shall it not work in Man!"





Chapter the Eighth.



S Huan neared the spot where his father's house had stood, a roofless tenement was all that met his sight. The once white walls were here green with mosses, and there blue with mildew; and in and out of the dark openings where the windows had been, the swallows skimmed, twittering, to their young. The doorstep, on which he had so often sat, basking in the sun, was almost hidden in the tall, rank weeds around it.

And, when he entered, he found the half-burnt logs that still remained upon the hearth grey, as if with age, from the lichens and the beard-moss that

had grown upon them; while the earthen floor was black and sodden with the wet, and dotted with many a fungus.

As he looked into the room where his mother was wont to sleep, an owl, scared from its resting-place, flew, screeching, past him; and Huan hurried back to the fields again, for, though the place had hardly been a home to him, still he could not help loving the spot for Anthy and the sunshine that had comforted him there.

It was in vain he asked at the nearest cottage for tidings of his sister and his parents; for Ergastor's house was so far away from all other dwellings, that the distant neighbours knew little of him.

At the woodman's, near the forest, they told him "the Cripple son had died in the woods, and the pretty daughter had gone away with Prince Aleph; and all they knew was, that shortly afterwards the house had been deserted."

At the fisherman's, beside the river, he learnt that, "after the children had gone, the labourer and his wife had never prospered; and that Mustapha, the travelling barber, had told them 'they had come

to no good!' though what that meant was more than they could say."

So Huan resolved to seek his sister at the palace of Prince Aleph, and set out towards the city.

And, when he had journeyed till he could see the domes of the distant Mosques shining in the sun like bubbles of gold, he met a long train of men—most of whom were blind—carrying strings of a thousand beads, and counting them, as they cried, "There is no Deity but God!" And Huan, thinking of his sister, grew sad, for he knew it was a sign of mourning.

Further on, there came groups of women, with their head and face-veils dyed of a deep blue, their hair unbraided, and their hands and arms stained with indigo. Some shrieked aloud their lamentations, while others beat their tambourines, crying, "Alas! for them! alas! alas! for the city!" And Huan, wondering what their wailing meant, and fearing for his sister, hurried on to the city the quicker.

Shortly afterwards he saw advancing bands of pilgrims, clad in coarse woollen garments, of sad

colours, reciting passages from the Koran, and carrying with them their grave-clothes, which they sprinkled, as they went, with water from the Holy Well in the Temple of Mecca. And, as they passed Huan, they cried out to him, "May no evil befall thee! the Angel of Death hath smitten the city! turn thy steps, and fly from the wrath of the Lord!" But Huan, fearing the more for Anthy, said unto them, "What shall become of the afflicted, if all turn from them?" and still went on.

As he advanced, he met camels and mules, and Mamelukes, and black slaves with furniture, and female slaves, and light-bearers, and litters. And after them came King Ulphilas himself, attended by his court, and surrounded and followed by multitudes of the affrighted merchants and citizens, chanting prayers for the dead, and carrying with them all their wealth; so that the crowd reached to the distant gates of the city.

Still, for Anthy's sake, he journeyed on.

Now Ulphilas, when he saw Huan hastening to the capital, while all others were flying from it, took pity on him, and, thinking him a stranger in their

land, sent one of his nobles to warn him that a pestilence had broken out in the city.

But the courtier soon returned to Ulphilas, and told him his pity was wasted on the man, for that he was a fanatic, and would not listen to his counsels, but had said, "What shall become of the afflicted, if ye all turn from them?"

And, as Huan neared the city, he found the mounds of rubbish round its walls covered with the carcasses of horses and mules; and, when he had reached the gates, he could not enter, for the funerals that streamed through them.

And the dead were of all ranks! Now there passed him the bodies of the poor, in grave-clothing of cotton, and carried upon cords interwoven between two poles; and then came those of the merchants and men of wealth, wrapped in cachmere shawls of green and white—some preceded by camels, bearing bread and water, to be given to the hungry at their graves—and others, by buffaloes, to be sacrificed on their tombs, and the flesh distributed in charity, as a peace-making with God.

And, when at last the stream of death ceased

for a moment and Huan sought to enter, the gate-keepers warned him back, and bade him fly with the rest. But again he only answered, "What shall become of the afflicted, if all turn from them?" and still moved on, to seek his sister at the palace of the Prince.

As Huan hurried through the streets, every house he passed gave him some new and ghastly proof of the terrors of the pest that was ravaging the city. Scarce a door but it was painted blue, as a sign of death within; and on those thus coloured heavy locks and the seal of the chief magistrate were set, while watchmen, staff in hand, stood in front, so that none might enter or leave the infected dwellings. On the closed shutters of some of these was chalked, "*O, Misery!*" while from the windows of others hung placards, on which were written, "*We all shall die! Woe! Woe!*" Over some of the doors that still stood open was inscribed a verse from the Koran, and underneath it, in large letters, "HERE LIVETH A TELLER OF DESTINIES!" And, further on, he came to the house of one who sold "NEVER-FAILING HERBS AND POTIONS TO CURE THE PEST." At the

door of this one stood a woman, weeping aloud and wringing her hand, as she cried, "Haste! haste, or my child will die!" But a neighbouring watchman bade her begone, saying, the Doctor and all were dead within.

And, when he reached the market-streets, he found the bread-shops alone open—for men feared to buy and sell beyond what was required to support life; and even then they would not receive the food from the dealer's hands, but would take it down themselves; nor would the dealer accept the money from their hands, but bade them drop it in a jar of vinegar.

At each end of the several markets there blazed huge fires, some of pitch and sulphur, and others of benjamin; so that the atmosphere around was filled with the odour of them. And the few people that dared to venture abroad, carried scents and perfumes in their hands, and, when they met one another, would cross the road for dread of the contagion.

As Huan hastened through the silk-market, a half-naked man, made fanatic by his fears, rushed by,

shouting, amidst the terrible stillness, "*O, the great and dreadful God! repent ye and prepare!*" While, in the perfume-market, as he passed along, people might be heard in their houses, calling upon God for mercy and confessing their sins aloud, saying, "I have been an adulterer!" "I have been a thief!"

In the money-changers'-market there lay a heavy purse in the middle of the road; and at the window of the house opposite sat a Jew, looking stedfastly at it, but fearing, for his life, to touch it.

Presently, as he went along, sorrowing, lest he should have come too late to comfort his erring sister, a window was thrown suddenly open, and a woman shrieked above his head, "*O Death! Death! Death!*" The blood curdled in Huan's veins; and he sought to enter the house, but the watchmen pushed him from the door, saying, "Fool! wouldst thou die, too?"

Shortly after this, the door of the house of a rich merchant was burst open, and a grey-headed man, pocked all over with the pest, rushed, mad with the fever, from his bed into the street, dancing, and laughing, and singing, and making a thousand antic gestures; and after him ran his weeping wife and

screaming children, crying, and calling upon him, for the Lord's sake, to come back to them; and entreating those around to help them get him to his bed again. As Huan strove to follow and assist them, the watchmen appointed to stop the spreading of the disease held him back; bidding him go to Mosque, if he wished to comfort the afflicted, for the Dervishes were either dead or had fled in fright, and the people cried aloud for consolation.

So Huan, hoping Anthy might have sought refuge in the Temple, bent his way thither; and, when he had reached the porch, he found a crowd gathered outside the building. In the midst of them stood a woman, pointing to the clouds; and, as she did so, she cried, "See yonder, an angel, clothed in white; in his hand is a fiery sword! see, see, he brandishes it over his head, and now points with it to the city!" And, though there was nothing there, still the staring people saw it plainly, and some cried, "Yes, there is his sword of fire!" and others, "He hath a face of glory!" and others "It is a token of God's anger!"

But Huan, pitying their superstitious fears, passed on and entered the Mosque.

It was crowded with the devout and the houseless—with those that came to pray, and those that lived there and slept upon the matting that covered the paved floor—and they all cried, as if with one voice, “Save us, O Lord God the merciful, the compassionate! save us from this thy just wrath!”

Now, when Huan heard the people say it was God the merciful, the compassionate, who had sent the pest among them, he could keep his peace no longer, but moved towards the deserted altar. And the people, taking him for a Welee, or favourite of God, crowded round him, and, kneeling, besought him frantically for his blessing, crying, “Save us! O save us, from this the just wrath of God!”

But Huan rebuked them, saying, “Ye know not what ye speak! ye utter blasphemies instead of prayers!” and then he recited this Parable:—

“A certain city was infested by a mighty serpent; the breath of it was poison and its fangs were the fangs of death. Whomsoever it fastened upon went mad with the venom, and died.

“So men feared to go abroad, lest their enemy should

strike them, for so subtle was the serpent, that none knew where it lurked, and it smote men unawares. Even those that barred their doors against it, and set a watch to keep it from them, would wake and find their little ones carried off by it as they slept, while they themselves ere long would fall a prey to it. And none were safe, for, guard their houses as they would, still the subtle serpent would creep in and destroy all who dwelt there.

“At last, men, dreading the monster, got to worship it, saying, ‘It is no creature of the earth, for its vengeance is terrible; and it moveth from place to place mysteriously as a God.’

“So, thinking it sent from Heaven as a scourge for their sins, they prayed the Lord that He would remove the visitation from them, saying, ‘It cometh from God, and is not born of Earth!’ And so they cried, until scarce a house remained unsmitten.

“But at length their eyes were opened; for, after all their prayers and fastings, they found the eggs of the serpent were hatched in the muck-heaps that surrounded their own dwellings.

“And, verily, the poisonous pest sprang not from the all-good God, but from the filth and corruption of the city.”

Now, when the people heard Huan preach these things from the altar, they rose up against him, saying, “He scoffs at the wrath of Heaven! If he stay among us, he will draw down the vengeance of the Lord on our heads as well as his own!”

So they drove him from the temple.

Then Huan hurried on to the palace of Prince Aleph, hoping that he might find his sister there, still unscathed.

When he reached it, he found the guards fled and the gates wide open. He clapped his hands, to summon the door-keeper, but no one came. Again he clapped his hands, till the silent halls echoed with the noise—and still no one came in answer to him.

So he entered, and, as he walked along the deserted corridors, not a soul did he see or hear; and in some of the chambers were chests filled with brocades of many-coloured silks, and shawls of exceeding value, and drinking cups of the precious

metals, and saucers of crystal, and yet no one stayed to guard them; in others were coffers of red gold and white silver, stored with pearls and jacinths, and precious minerals; while one closet, whose door was open, was filled with suits of Davidean mail, and gilded helmets, and Indian swords, and other instruments of war. And, though the gates, the coffers, and the chests were open, still no man dared to enter or remain within the palace walls, for fear of the contagion.

Wondering within himself what could have befallen his sister, Huan hastened into the thickest of the disease, for he said, "If she be smitten with the pest, I may yet have time to comfort her!"

Wherever he went he found the sick left to die alone, excepting where some kind friend, who had survived the pest, was tending the last moments of his suffering neighbour; and then the deep scars and pits that the pestilence had left on the face of the survivor, and the ulcerous sores that covered the countenance of the sufferer, told how fearful an affliction it was.

In one house, he found a man holding in his arms the dead body of his young wife, and so overwhelmed with grief, that, though Huan strove to comfort him and lead him thence, he would not listen to him, but, still clinging to the corpse, died heart-broken before the night was out.

In another dwelling, a child was brought home from its nurse, who had died of the pest; and yet the tender mother would not refuse to take in the babe, and, though its little head and hands were swollen with the infection, and the purple tokens of death were on it, still she laid it in her bosom and nursed it till it died—and then (kind soul!) she died too.

When Huan saw these things, he wept and prayed to the blessed Spirit of Kindness that she would teach him how to stay the ravages of the pestilence. And immediately his eyes were opened, and he saw as in a vision the means whereby to shield those who had yet escaped from it.

Full of joy, he hurried back to the Mosque once more, and bade those that had fled in terror there,

go home again and tend the sick, promising them, if they would put faith in him, he would make them proof against the infection.

But many laughed at him, whilst some cried in anger, "It is the scoffer again, that seeketh to oppose the will of God."

Others longed, but feared to trust his words. But Huan intreated them so earnestly to have faith in him, that the laughing ceased, and men, wavering, looked inquiringly at one another. Here knelt one who had a suffering wife and had come to pray for her deliverance. There stood another who had a stricken son and had fled in fear from him. Here was a girl whose aged father lay prostrate with the pest, and there a woman whose little daughter lay moaning with the malady.

These, affliction made more bold and desperate than the rest. And they came forward and sought the magic aid of the dwarf, saying, "We *have* faith in thy power."

So Huan blessed them, and touched each on the right arm; and whosoever came under his touch had

a mark left where that touch had been, and on them the pestilence was powerless.

* * * * *

When the new miracle was spread abroad, a smile of joy and wonder sat on every man's face. Those who before had crossed over, to avoid each other, when they met in the public ways, now stopped to shake one another by the hand, and cry, "God bless you!" And in the narrow market-streets the people would throw open their windows, and, calling to their neighbours, ask "how they did;" and if they "had heard the good news?" Some, in return, would say, "What good news?" And, when they were answered that the Pestilence was stayed, they would cry out, "GOD BE PRAISED!" and would weep aloud for joy, blessing them for their glad tidings, saying, "they had heard nothing of it."

On the morrow, hundreds flocked to the Dwarf for the blessing of the touch. And last of all came those who were skilled in medicine; and, though they had scoffed before, they now sought his aid. To these Huan gave the same power as himself, so that the

pestilence was stayed and the whole city rang with the wonder of the deed.

But Huan was sad at heart, for among those that flocked to him to be protected he saw not nor could hear of his sister Anthy.





Chapter the Ninth.



SOON the news reached the King that the havoc of the pestilence had been stayed by the touch of a Dwarf; and Ulphilas despatched messengers with presents to the man, commanding him to come and touch him and his.

So Huan was conducted to a high hill, at the outskirts of the town, where the King with all his court was encamped.

When the Dwarf reached the spot, he found large fires of aloes-wood and scented resins burning at the base of the mountain, so that the air might be

purified ere it reached the King. And the whole multitude were engaged in prayer and fasting; for Ulphilas had ordained that so long as the scourge was on the city no man should eat or drink from the rising to the setting of the sun.

As Huan mounted the sides of the hill, the prayers that the Dervishes chanted for the dead ceased, and the priests and nobles came out to meet him, pouring blessings on his head, and beseeching him for the grace of his touch. And, as he gave it to them, one would ask him how this man had fared, and another whether his father was dead or not; while others, who had all their kindred with them, would seek to know how many had been destroyed.

When Huan had set the charm upon Ulphilas himself, the grateful monarch fell at his feet, and, kneeling, bade him name his reward.

The Dwarf told him he worked not for rewards; still, for the sake of others, there was one that he would ask.

And the grateful King cried, "Name it! name it! were it half my kingdom, thou shouldst have it!"

Then Huan demanded his noblest mansion of the

King; and the courtiers smiled among themselves, saying, "What can he, a Dwarf, want with a royal dwelling!"

Huan heard the whisperings of the nobles, and, turning to them, said, "Behold!" and, with a wave of his magic branch, the Palace of the King was changed into an Hospital for the poor.

Then, as the multitude gazed with wonder at the act, and looked down from on high, they beheld the sick, the maimed and the dying, carried from all parts into the royal building. And, after these, came the Doctors, vying with each other for the honour of tending the poor without fee or reward.

When Ulphilas saw this, his delight knew no bounds; and, as he wept tears of joy, he cried, "Go on with thy good work! go on! Choose for the poor another palace, rather than the sick be without a resting-place on earth."

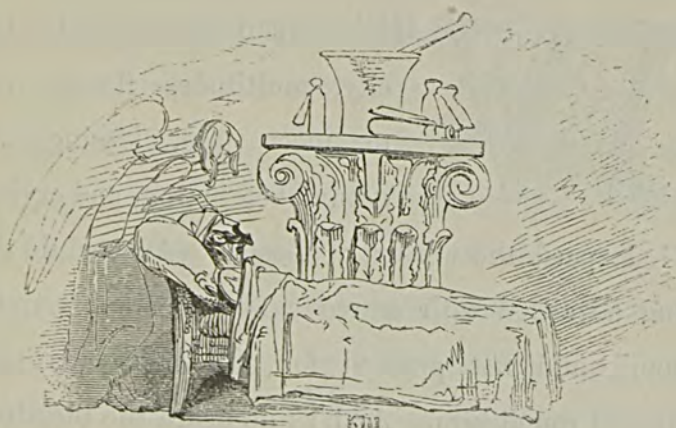
Then the Nobles, fired with the glory of the deed, in their turn, gave each a mansion of his own, until at last almost every ill that troubles Man had a palace set aside for the poor.

There were gorgeous homes for the Mad, the Blind, the Deaf and the Dumb—the Mother-in-labour and the Foundling—the Widow and the Orphan. And the Pauper, the Vagrant and the Wanton—the virtuous old and the sinful young, the veteran Soldier and the worn-out Sailor, had each their palace too; till the city bristled and glittered with the magnificence of the buildings, and the homes of the suffering poor rivalled in grandeur the homes of the monarch himself.

Nor did the charity cease with their own countrymen; for the alien sick had noble homes set apart for them likewise, till the very ships of war that had been created to destroy the people of other lands were given up to save or comfort them in their last moments.

And the kindness that had been shown to the children of other nations, the children of other nations in their turn showed to them. For, when the bounty of the kingdom had been exhausted, so that the last hospital stood half-raised, and Kindness called in vain upon the people to finish the home of their

wasting children, a sweet-voiced bird from other lands poured forth her song, and, as the heavens rang with her melody, the building rose and rose, till it grew to be the noblest of all the noble monuments of love and kindness that graced the city.





Chapter the Tenth.

WHEN Huan returned to the city, multitudes flocked out to meet him, kissing the ground before him, and crying, "God speed the worker of Good!" And, while the King advanced with scarce a follower in his train, Huan could not proceed for the thousands that gathered round him. And, as he heard the blessings of the people raining on his head, he wondered within himself how he, a Dwarf, armed with a simple Olive-branch, should have gained more power over men than Ulphilas with all his host.

When he was alone in his chamber, he thanked

the holy Spirit of Kindness for the change she had wrought in him, and vowed never to rest so long as pain and want were in the world, or Man was at enmity with Man.

So Huan went about, comforting the poor and tending the sick, until each day the people got to love him more and more, and to call him the "Noble Worker of Good."

Now, it chanced one morning, as Huan visited the hospital, he noticed, while all the sufferers he passed had some gentle friend to smooth their pillow and ease their pain, still there was one poor, stricken thing whose bedside was deserted; and, though she lay gasping with the fire of the fever, there was no one near to raise the cool cup to her burning lips.

Filled with pity for her loneliness, he asked of those around the name and history of the sufferer, but none could tell him who or what she was, for they said she had refused to answer all their questionings.

At first, Huan thought it might be his sister Anthy, who, ashamed of the name she bore, had

sought to keep her misery secret from the world. But he remembered that Anthy was the favourite of the Prince, and Aleph, he said, would never leave her, for whom he had once risked his life, to die alone in such a place. And, when Huan sat himself down by her side, and looked at the scarred and riddled face of the girl, his heart beat again, for he felt sure she could not be the pretty Anthy that he sought.

But, though he rejoiced at first to find another stricken in his sister's place, still, as he looked at the poor maid a second time, and read in her sightless eyes how bitterly she had suffered, his heart bled for her, and he vowed that *he* would be a friend and brother to her in her hour of trouble.

Huan tended her so kindly, and spoke to her so gently and cheeringly, that the girl soon got to love and confide in him; so that, as she grew stronger, she would raise herself on her pillow, and, turning her sightless eyes towards him, as he sat watching by her side, would tell him of the days when she was happy, and had found a friend in almost all

who looked upon her. And she would wonder what those, who used to call her "the bright-eyed" then, would say, if they could see her now. Whereupon, she would vow to herself that henceforth she would be as altered in mind as she was in body, so that none might recognise her.

At one time she would thank God for having taken her eyes from her, saying that, "when she had them, she had used them only to look upon herself, until she had got to think she was the fairest thing in all creation; whereas, now that she had lost them she knew she was the foulest. Then, at another time, she would speak to Huan of her brother, telling him how her father had so hated him for his deformity, and loved her for her beauty, that he had driven his poor boy from his house and ruined his weak girl by the vanity of his praises.

So Huan, weighing all these things together, soon got to know that the poor, disfigured object at whose bedside he watched, was the once-lovely Anthy, who, now that her loveliness had passed away, had been

flung aside like a withered flower, and left without a friend to care whether she lived or died.

As he consoled her, he drew from her, little by little, the story of all her sufferings.

She told him she had fallen the victim of her vanity and Aleph's admiration; for her mother and her father, proud to find their girl loved by a Prince, had striven to fan the flame their child's beauty had kindled, leaving her alone with Aleph to listen to his flattery; until at last, she—blinded with the brilliance of the lot he promised should be hers—had left her humble roof for his splendid home. And, when her father found the girl that he had been so proud of, and, to increase whose beauty he had squandered all his earnings, had fled in dishonour from his care, his reason left him, and shortly after her mother died of grief.

Then, as she heard Huan weep aloud, she blessed him for his compassion, and went on to tell him that, "her beauty had been not only her own pest, but the pest of all around. For, to increase the charms she had been cursed with, she had asked of the

Prince—when he begged her to name some precious gift by which he might show the magnitude of his love for her—a shawl of many colours from the far Indies, made of the fine wool of the goat of Thibet, and interwoven with red gold; and how in that shawl the pestilence had been brought into the city, and she deprived by it of the very charms it was intended to enhance; so that Aleph's love had turned to fear, and he had cast her from him, cursing her as a witch."

And, when she had told the wretched tale, Huan, as he wept, confessed to his sister who he was, and consoled her, saying, "he would be ever near to guide and protect her in her darksome way; and, now that she was blind, she should look at the world with his eyes, and find in it beauties that she had never seen before.

Then, as she ran her fingers over his features, she blessed him, as she kissed his hand again and again, thanking Heaven for the hard lesson it had taught her.

* * * * *

As Anthy's health came slowly back again, Huan would find her sometimes sorrowing for the beauty whose loss had deprived her of Aleph's love. And then her brother, seeing her waver, would seek to console and strengthen her in the purpose of her new life, telling her "how all outward beauty was a gorgeous cheat, unless the inner part were beauteous too;" and how "the love which mere external excellence begat, was false and hollow as the beauty which begat it." But that which moved the frail one most, was the story he told her of what befel the pretty Poppy.

"In a field of ripening Corn there grew a Poppy; and, while the homely Corn, dressed in its suit of sober drab, was rough and plain, the Poppy put forth her pretty crimson leaves and blossomed into beauty. And, as the thriving Corn grew tanned in the sun, increasing in wealth each day, the silly Poppy feared to show her face, lest the scorching rays should take the colour from her damask cheeks. And, when the autumn came, the Corn, that had gathered only goodness in the summer of its days, bowed down its

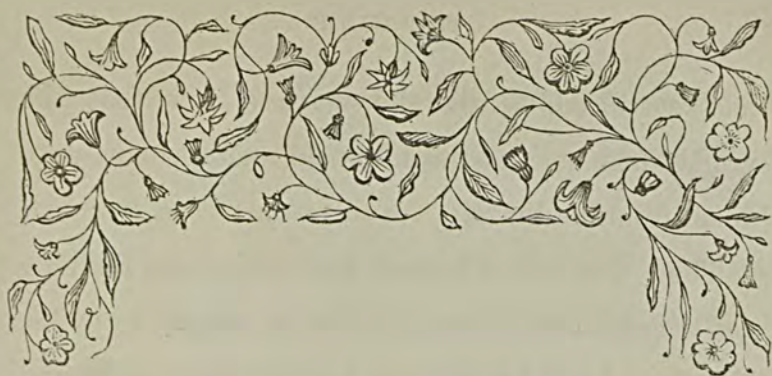
head—for the fuller its head became, the humbler it grew. But the gaudy Poppy, living not for others, and thinking only of herself, was, in her prime, as empty-headed and proud of her fine leaves as in the spring-time of her life; so that every lark that carolled above the field she thought sang only the praises of her charms, flattering herself that, while *she* was there, no one would deign to look with favour on the Corn.

“But, when the reapers came, they passed the vain Poppy by, as a showy, useless thing, leaving her for others less wise than themselves to pluck for her fickle beauty. Whereas, they took the Corn to their arms, and, bearing it home with feasting, treasured it up, calling it the life of their life; for, while they disregarded the rudeness of its outward form, they prized it tenfold for its inner worth.

“But one weak, giddy youth, smitten with the rosy charms of the Poppy, took her for her pretty looks, and pressed her to his lips, till she wept for very love of him. Then, as he kissed away her “tears,” the poison of her beauty sank deep into his soul;

and, laying himself down beside her, he slept away the days in helpless sloth; until at last, when all her pretty leaves dropped one by one away, and laid bare the poison that her loveliness had hidden, he shook off his dream, and flung the withered beauty from him as a thing for Men to trample under foot."





Chapter the Eleventh.



HASTENED by the kindly doctrines of the Dwarf, Anthy, as she listened to his counsels, grew to reproach herself, and to excuse her father as the cause of her dishonour. And, as Huan taught her to be slow to condemn and quick to forgive, telling her that "Charity suffereth long and thinketh no evil," the blind girl would weep, and reproach herself, saying, "she alone was to blame, for it was her selfish vanity that had brought all the evil on their house. And she promised him that her future life should be devoted to the care of her father, whose reason she

had sacrificed. And she made a vow that she would know no rest until the old man's chains were taken from his limbs.

Then the Dwarf blessed her for the new faith he had begotten in her, while Anthy, urged on by his blessings, begged of him to lead her that day to the Princess Evöe, so that she might seek her aid to gain her father's liberty.

But Huan, fearing to find a sorry welcome for his sister there, hesitated, reminding her that Evöe was Aleph's sister, and that weak woman had but little charity for woman's weakness.

But Anthy told him, as suffering had chastened her heart, so had it softened Evöe's, for the sorrowing never asked the Princess for her help in vain. "None knew the kindness of the King's dumb daughter," she said, "so well as she did; when all others had spurned her, she had found her greatest friend in *her* whom she had expected would have proved her bitterest enemy; for Evöe, in her goodness, would blame Aleph and pity her, seeking, in her written counsels, to lead *her* back to virtue's ways, and bidding *him*, if he loved the girl who had

given up father, mother, home and everything for him, at least to cleanse her from the dishonour he had cast upon her—saying, “Loves ought to benefit and not to injure.”

So she again entreated Huan that he would lead her to the Princess, telling him to fear not, for she knew when Evöe found that suffering had wrought in her the change she wished, she would not turn from her in her trouble.

So Huan, thanking in his heart the Dumb Girl for her goodness, led his sister to the Palace, as she desired.

As he entered the paved court, he found it filled with guards and Mamelukes, ready armed and mounted to follow the Warrior-Prince to some fresh conquest. As he passed along their ranks, each man saluted him—the favourite of the king. Calling aside one whom he had saved, Huan bade him go seek for him an interview with the Princess.

But when the interview was granted, and the blind Anthy stood before the Deaf-and-Dumb daughter of the King, she remembered for the first time that,

afflicted as they both were, neither possessed the means of holding communication with the other—and all her hopes vanished.

And Evöe, in her turn, when she beheld the Blind Girl brought into her presence, knowing her own infirmity, turned to Huan, as if to ask what the cruel mockery meant.

Huan saw and felt the misery of both; and, when he heard Anthy, in her anguish, cry, “O that I could speak with her!” he raised his eyes in supplication to Heaven, and besought his guardian angel to take pity on their helplessness.

Instantly, the Spirit of Kindness gave eyes to the fingers of the one, and voice to the fingers of the other—making the blind to see, the dumb to speak, and the deaf to hear.

Then the grateful Anthy told Evöe who she was, while the Princess shrank back with horror, as she gazed on the mangled features of the once-beauteous girl. The tears streamed forth in pity for her; and she hid her face in her hands, for she could not bear to look upon her.

As she wept, Aleph entered, dressed in his suit of mail, to take leave of his sister before he led his troops again to battle.

But when Evöe saw him, she turned from him in anger, and, as he sought her blessing, lest he should fall in the wars, she motioned him away, asking him “How she could pray Heaven have mercy on *him*, when he had shown so little mercy to others. Then, bidding him look upon the poor disfigured girl before him—hardly more blind now than his false love had made her scarce a month ago—she bade him make his honour good at home, before he sought to add to it abroad.”

At first Aleph could scarce believe it was his once loved Anthy that knelt at his sister's feet; but when he heard her call upon him, and recognised her voice, his anger at finding his rejected mistress in communion with his sister knew no bounds.

So, without a word in answer to Evöe, he summoned his guards, and bade them seize the blind girl as a witch, saying it was she who had invoked the pestilence upon the city; and ordered she should be burnt with the others on the morrow.

As the Mamelukes rushed into the chamber, Anthy flew to her brother, crying, "Huan! O, Huan! save me!"

When Aleph heard the name, he turned round to look at his foster-brother, and, as he gazed upon Huan's stunted form, he shuddered to think that he, a Prince, had been nourished by the mother that had borne a Dwarf; for the afflictions which had raised the pity of the youth now only served to wound the pride of the man.

Huan saw the Prince gaze with scorn upon him, and said, as he clasped his blind sister to him, "Aleph, thou hast robbed me of my strength; thou hast robbed me of my form; thou didst rob me of my sister's honour, of my father's reason, and my mother's life; and, as I bear thee no malice, why, bear thou none to thy blind victim here!"

But Aleph's boyish passion for the girl had ended in disgust; and, even, had she been as beautiful as when she first had won his heart, his conscience alone would have made her seem ugly to him; but, marked and disfigured as she was then, she was something more than he could bear to look upon.

Besides, his sister's blessing had been denied him for her sake; and Huan's words carried so sharp a sting with them, that, maddened with anger at all he had seen and heard, he bade the guards drag the girl away, and, hurrying from the chamber, soon forgot the reproaches of his sister and his conscience in the cheers and blessings of the people.





Chapter the Twelfth.



S Huan beheld the guards drag
Anthy from him, he stood gazing
at her, following her with his eyes,
as if assured that he was parting
with her for ever; for he knew that, in the blind
superstition of the nation, witchcraft was a crime
imputed with so much ease, and repelled with so
much difficulty, that the powerful, whenever they
sought the ruin of the weak, had only to accuse them
of it, to ensure their destruction; while so rare were
the gleams of mercy, and so childish was the cre-
dulity of the people, that, however preposterous the
accusations, thousands were condemned to death
where one was acquitted of the charge.

So he threw himself at Evöe's feet, and, with clasped hands and tearful eyes, besought her that she would intercede with her royal father to save his sister's life.

"Have mercy on her!" he cried, "have mercy on her, or assuredly she will perish; for, how can she escape, poor girl! when it is the law says, 'She must make the malice of her prosecutors more clear than the sun?' And how can she do this when her own denial—however honest and however earnest—will be held as nothing against the testimony of the wicked or crazy creatures that may be brought against her! O, save her! save her!"

But Evöe, feeling how little hope there was for Anthy, scarce liked to answer Huan; for she knew that on such a mission she had but little power over the King.

"Go you yourself to my father," she replied, "and seek his mercy; Ulphilas will be glad to pay off the debt of gratitude he owes you with your sister's life. Were I to beg the boon, I know already, to my sorrow, it would be refused me; for, scarce a week before the pestilence broke out, a poor, old, silly

creature, who, under torture, had confessed herself a witch, sent a petition to me, praying I would come to her; and, when I went, she told me in secrecy, she had not confessed because she was guilty, but because she was a poor creature who wrought for her meat; and, being defamed for a witch, she knew she should starve, for no person, thereafter, would give her either food or lodging, but all men would beat her, and set dogs at her; and, therefore, she desired to be out of the world, and did confess, that she might die. Whereupon she wept most bitterly, and, on her knees, called God to witness to what she said.* And, though I told my father all," continued Evöe, "and at his feet begged for the wretched creature's life, yet, counselled by the Priests, he would not listen to my prayer; and so, poor soul, they burnt her."

Huan stayed to hear no more, and sought the King himself.

But Ulphilas had gone, with all his Court and Priests and Judges, to the Mosque, to offer up

* Sir George Mackenzie, on the Criminal Law of Scotland, 1678.

prayers, before the trials of those accused of witchcraft commenced.

So Huan followed after them, resolving to petition the Monarch on his way back to the council-chamber.

When the Dwarf reached the doors of the Temple, he could scarcely enter for the multitudes that were gathered within; for Ulphilas had published a decree, saying, "The fearful abounding at that time and in that country of those detestable slaves of the Archfiend—the witches, or enchanters—had moved him to appoint a commission of clergy and laymen, with full powers to punish the guilty, and to root them out from the face of the earth." And the news that one of the wisest of the Dervishes would preach that day, before the King and all his Court, a sermon, "declaring the miserable case of those who suffered themselves to be deluded by Satan," had spread far and near, so that the Mosque was filled with people from the country round.

And, when the pious multitude had prayed with one heart that God would remove the scourge from the nation, the Temple grew silent as a tomb, and the Chief Dervish rose and said:—

“May it please you, O King, to understand, that witches and sorcerers, within these last four years, are marvellously increased in this your mighty realm. Your subjects, O King, pine away, even unto the death; their colour fadeth, their flesh rotteth, their speech is benumbed, their senses are bereft! I pray Allah they may never practise further than upon the *subject!*”*

And the crowd cried, “Amen!” while Huan shuddered at the blindness of their superstition.

When silence was restored, the priest called upon all true believers to assist in the extermination of every witch and sorcerer, saying, “They have abjured all laws of God and Man, and concocted an infernal scheme, to propagate the worship of the Evil One, whom they adore under the name of Asmodi. Sometimes,” continued the learned and pious Dervish, “this Father of Lies appeareth to his worshippers as a goose or a duck; † at others, as a pale, black-eyed youth, with a melancholy aspect, whose embrace filleth their heart with an eternal hatred against the

* Bishop Jewel’s Sermon before Queen Elizabeth.

† Pope Gregory IX.

Prophet; while to one of the most devout of the Welees he hath appeared first in the shape of a dark man, riding a tall black horse; then as a friar, afterwards as an ass, and finally as a coach-wheel."

"Allah! have mercy on us!" cried the people.

Then this, the wisest of the Priests, went on to tell them how the earth swarmed with demons, of both sexes; many of whom rendered themselves hideous, while others assumed shapes of transcendent loveliness and the forms of beautiful women, to deceive men. Their bodies were of the thin air, he said; and they could pass through the hardest substances with the greatest ease. When thrown together in great multitudes, they excited whirlwinds in the atmosphere and tempests in the waters, and took delight in destroying the beauty of nature and the monuments of the industry of Man.

"Now, the number of these demons," continued the Dervish, "is believed by some holy men to be so great, that they cannot be counted; but one of the most devout of the servants of the Prophet hath

asserted, with great reason, that they amount to no more than seven millions, four hundred and five thousand, nine hundred and twenty-six."*

The whole air, he told the people, as they moaned aloud and cried again, "Allah! have mercy upon us!" was full of such demons; and many unfortunate men and women drew them by thousands into their mouths and nostrils at every inspiration; so that, lodging in their bodies, they tormented them with pains and diseases of every kind, and sent them frightful dreams. †

Once more the panic-stricken crowd cried, "Destroy them and theirs, O Lord!" while Huan, sorrowing for the blasphemy of the people, cried, "Allah! have mercy on them, for they know not what they say!"

Then the learned Dervish informed them how one of the most pious of their saints had related a story of a Welee who omitted to say, "In the name of God!" before he began to eat, and who, in consequence, had swallowed an imp, concealed in a date,

* Weirus.

† See Bekker, Leloyer, Bodin, &c.

and was thereafter grievously tormented, until ten demons had been cast out of him. *

Again and again the multitude cried aloud to "Allah!" while the Dervish bade the King and his people notice that, though all other points of belief were in dispute among them, still witchcraft was considered by every sect to be as well established as the existence of God himself.

Then, as he told the populace that confession was the only means left for the witch to make atonement with Heaven, and charged those that dealt in sorcery and enchantment—if there were any present—to come forward to the altar and declare the truth, a passion of tears seized upon the multitude; men, women and children began to weep and sob, and hundreds of poor, old, half-witted creatures rose up and accused themselves of things they never did, while others, more crazy than the rest, confessed to things they never could have done. †

On this the Dervish, in a voice of thunder, re-

* St. Gregory of Nice.

† Swedish commission to Mohra.

minded the affrighted multitude that Heaven had said, "Thou shalt not suffer the witch to live!" and bade them be sure, if a storm arose and blew down their barns, it was the work of the witch; or if their cattle died of a murrain, or disease fastened on their limbs, or death snatched a beloved face from their hearths, be sure it was the work of some neighbouring hag, who had sold herself, body and soul, to the Arch-fiend.

Then the anger of the people knew no bounds; and they rose up, as one man, to wreak their fury on the witless things that, in the madness of the time, had confessed themselves the confederates of demons.

But Huan, unable to hold his peace any longer, rushed, in the confusion, to the deserted altar, and cried, in a loud voice, so that all turned round to listen to him, "Madmen! what would ye do? Have ye not had blood enough yet? Our dungeons are gorged with such as these poor creatures. There are not judges enough to try them. No day passes but we render our tribunals bloody by the dooms

that we pronounce. No day passes but we return to our homes discountenanced and terrified by the horrible confessions we have heard.* Ye say that the Demon the witches serve is so good a master, that for each one of his slaves ye commit to the flames an hundred rise up from the ashes; but have ye never thought that if, indeed, it be a demon who raises up so many new witches to fill the place of those ye consume, it is none other than one in your own bosoms—the *Demon of Persecution*? But so it is! The more ye burn the more ye find to burn, until it has become a common prayer with women, that they may never live to grow old—since to be aged, poor, or ill-favoured, is, with you, sufficient to insure death at the stake. Look at the poor witless things ye would destroy! Verily, they should be led to the hospital and not to the scaffold, for they stand more in need of medicine than punishment.”

Then, turning to the Dervishes, he said, “Ye teach

* Florimond.

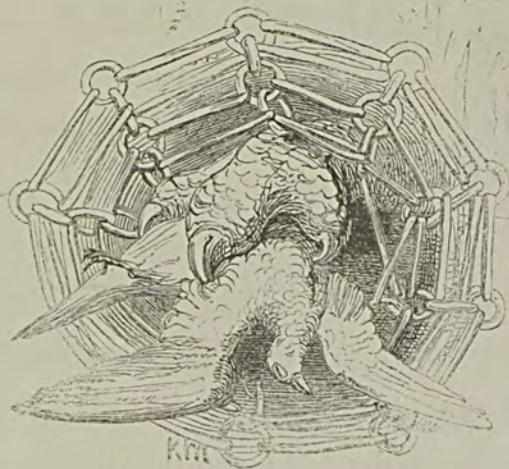
the people to thank God night and morning for his loving-kindness, and praise Him for the blessings of the seed-time and the harvest, and yet ye teach them also, that Satan is at every man's beck and call, to subvert God's laws and thwart his merciful intentions, by raising the whirlwind, in despite of Him, or blighting the fruits of the earth, or paralysing the limbs of Man !”

Now, when the people heard Huan say these things, they cried with one voice, “ Seize him ! seize him !” And the Chief Dervish, rising up, said, “ He doth deny there can be such thing as witchcraft, and so maintaineth the old error of the Sadducees, in the gainsaying of spirits ;” * whilst the Vizier, jealous of the rising favourite, and anxious to implicate Huan in the witchcraft that his sister Anthy had been charged with, bade the guards seize the Dwarf, saying, “ He would procure impunity for Satan's crafts-folk, whereby he plainly betrayeth himself to be one of that profession.” †

* James VI.

† Ibid.

Huan in vain demanded an audience of the King, for the Vizier motioned the guards to be gone ; and immediately the Dwarf, surrounded by his crazy and life-sick companions, was led through the streets to prison—the frantic crowd hooting and yelling after them, as they went.





Chapter the Thirteenth.



AT day-break, on the morrow, the whole city was abroad and hurrying to the council-chamber to hear the trial of the mistress of the Prince and the Dwarf, her brother.

And, as the citizens met one another in the market-streets, they would say it was clear as the noon-day sun, that the girl by witchcraft had invoked the Pestilence upon the town, and that the Imp Huan, whom men called the Worker of Good, had expelled it by witchcraft too; while, to those who doubted and still thought well of the Dwarf, they would cite strange cases of sorcerers who had confessed that

they had only sought the aid of the Evil One for the purpose of curing diseases and unbewitching the afflicted.*

When the King and his Court were seated, the Chief of the Council rose up, and, turning to Ulphilas, spake as follows :—

“Thou knowest well, O King! that there is no crime so opposed to the commands of God as witchcraft. And your mighty Father, O King! whose memory be ever blessed, passed that ‘beautiful and severe ordinance’ † by which the punishment of death was decreed against those who in any way evoked the Evil One—compounded love-filters—afflicted man, woman, or child with palsy—troubled the atmosphere—excited tempests—destroyed the fruits of the Earth—dried up the milk of cows, or tormented their fellow-creatures with sores and diseases. All persons found guilty of exercising these execrable arts were, by this blessed and memorable edict, ‡ to be executed

* *Sieur de Beaumont.*

† *Remonstrance of the Parliament of Rouen to King Louis XIV., in 1670.*

‡ *Capitulaire de Baluse.*

immediately upon conviction, so that the Earth might be rid of the burthen and curse of their presence. And, though thousands have been condemned and burnt under this ordinance, still the slaves of the Arch-fiend do so enormously increase that, despite all our holy exertions and the unparalleled severity of our ordinances, the Judges now complain that for two witches they burn one day, there are ten to burn the next."

After this, the Chief of the Council read the letter which the King himself had written to his people,* not, as the Monarch said, "as a show of his own learning, but only from being moved of conscience against the accursed opinions of the disbelievers in witchcraft." In this letter, the King had told his people that witches ought to be put to death according to the law of God, the civil and imperial law and the municipal law of all pious and holy nations. Yea, the King had said, "to spare the life and not strike whom God bids us strike, is not only unlawful, but, doubtless, as great a sin as was Saul's sparing Agag."

* King James I.

And then the Chief of the Council bade the Judges and the Court remember that the King himself had told them, in that most wise and pious letter, that the crime of witchcraft was so abominable, that it might be proved by evidence that would not be received against any other offenders ; for that young children, who knew not the nature of an oath, and persons of an infamous character, who would not be believed upon their oaths on any other matter, were sufficient witnesses against those accused of sorcery."

The people murmured with delight to hear this, and, when silence was restored, those who, of their own free will, had come forward to bear witness against Anthy were summoned before the council.

First came one poor, mad thing, known as "the Wise Woman of Asulon," who—though she sealed her own doom by what she said—still had volunteered to "speak the *truth*"—for such the wretched maniac fancied her dreams to be.

Immediately she saw the King, she fell upon her knees, and, holding up her skinny hands, cried, "Good Master, forgive me!" So Ulphilas, observing

her supplicating him, said, "What is the matter with thee, woman?"—"O, master," she replied, "I have been the cause of all this trouble to your people."—"Have you?" exclaimed the King; "what cause did I ever give you to use me and my people thus?"—"Master!" she whispered, "I have forsaken my Maker, and given my soul to the Devil."*

Then the council shuddered, as they heard her tell how she and others—to the number of upwards of two hundred, including Anthy and her brother the Dwarf—had, last Friday, at midnight, each embarked in a riddle or sieve, and sailed over the sea very substantially on their way to the great Sabbath of Fiends.

"After cruising about for some time," she said, "they met with a Fiend, by name Ilemazar," dressed in a suit of sad green, and bearing in his claws a cat that had been drawn nine times through the fire, and had four joints of men tied to its feet. This the Fiend delivered to Anthy, bidding her cast it into the sea and cry 'Hola!'—which being

* Examination of Alice Samuel.

done, immediately the ocean became convulsed, the waters hissed loudly, and the waves rose mountains high.

“They all sailed gallantly through the tempest,” the poor, mad thing went on, “and, landing on the coast, took their sieves in their hands, and marched in procession to a gravel-pit, that lay hard by the cross-way. There Huan the Dwarf called three times upon the Antecessor, bidding him come and carry them to his Domdaniel! And immediately the Arch-fiend appeared to them as a shapeless mass, resembling the trunk of a blasted tree, seen indistinctly amid the darkness.

“He told them to make ready for their journey; but first bade them go procure some scrapings of altars and filings of church-clocks. This done, he changed himself into a huge black he-goat; and they all seated themselves on his back, which lengthened or shortened, according to the number he had to carry. Then away they went, taking with them as many children as they could; for the Antecessor,” she said, “did plague and flog them with a whip

of scorpions, if they did not procure him children.”*

Here many a mother in the crowd clutched their little ones fast to them, saying, “Allah! preserve us!” And one stood up to tell how her child had been carried away in the night, and how the fiends had beaten it black-and-blue, so that she and others had plainly seen the marks in the morning.

Then, as the first witness was led out, and the mob shrank back, for fear lest she should touch and wither them as she passed, another, still more crazy than she, was brought forward to tell her grim tale too, and have her ravings taken down as truth.

She, also, had been summoned to the Domdaniel, or Demon-sabbath. “And Anthy and her brother had gone with them,” she said, “to the haunted Mosque, and paced around it withershins—that is to say, in the reverse way of the sun. Anthy,” she swore, “had blown into the keyhole of the door, which opened immediately, and all the witches

* Confession of witches at Mohra.

entered. Whereupon Huan the Dwarf blew with his mouth upon the candles, which instantly lighted ; and then the Antecessor was seen seated upon a large gilded throne, and dressed in a black gown and hat, with boots, sword and spurs.

“After they had all bound themselves body and soul to the service of Satan, they sat down to a feast, composed of broth made of coleworts and bacon, and oatmeal, milk and cheese, and the flesh of unbaptised babes. And the Evil One placed Anthy on his right hand and Huan on his left, and played to them on a lute whilst they were eating. After the feast, they were amused by a dance of toads. Thousands sprang out of the Earth, and, standing on their hind-legs, danced, while Satan played the bag-pipes. Then they all danced with the fiends in a ring, cursing and swearing the while—the Evil One himself leading off the dance with Anthy. And thus they kept up the sport till the cock crew.”*

* Confession of Gillie Duncan, who was summoned before King James, on the night before her execution, to play on the Jews'-harp the reel that she played to the Devil and his imps and witches, when proceeding to the Demon-sabbath.

The next that bare witness against poor Anthy was a woodman that had lived near her father's cottage; and he, as superstitious as those that listened to him, said, that "the axle-tree of his wagon chanced to break one day, as it passed Ergastor's house, when Anthy came out, and, frowning at him, put the Evil Eye upon him; and, when he had mended his wagon again, and was bringing it home into his field, it stuck so fast in the gate's head, that neither he nor his neighbours could possibly get it through, but were forced to cut down the posts of the gate to make it pass—though they could not perceive the wagon touched the gate-posts on either side. And, while they were trying to cut the posts down, the noses of those that came to assist him burst out a-bleeding, so that he and the neighbours were forced to wait till the next morning, to complete their work. Within a short time after this, all his four mules had died, and he sustained several other losses by a murrain among his cattle.* Further, on several occasions he had dreamed of Anthy and a

* Evidence of John Soam and Robert Shermingham on the trial of Amy Dany and Rose Cullender.

black cat ; and, moreover, exactly a year-and-a-quarter after she had put the Evil Eye upon him, the pestilence had broken out, and all his children been carried off by it."

Then there came one who was a maker of palm-baskets, and who said that "he had long been sorely pestered with cats, so that he could not rest at night. At last he had sought a cunning man, to know the reason why his slumbers were thus disturbed ; and the cunning man told him that his tormentors were no cats but witches. Whereupon his wife had remembered she had often heard the cats talking together in human voices. One night, hearing the creatures crying and screaming about his house most unmercifully, he went out and frightened them away, and they all ran off towards the palace of Prince Aleph. One of these cats had the face of Anthy—indeed, he had often seen a cat with the face of the Prince's favourite. On another night, being sorely disturbed in his rest, he discharged two arrows at the cats, and with them put out both the eyes of the one that had Anthy's face. A little while after this the pestilence broke out ; and, when

next he saw the young Witch Anthy, she had lost both her eyes. And he verily believed it was she that he had shot under the likeness of a cat.”*

On this, the Judges desired that the accused Anthy might be brought into their presence, so that they might condemn her forthwith; but Ulphilas restrained them, asking whether the tests had been tried upon her, and saying, “he feared some of the witches were, like their master, extreme liars.” So the Chief of the Council bade the guard go summon before them the Witch-Finder-General.

Now this man was one of great consideration; and he entered attended by his two assistants. The crowd made way for him as he came in, out of respect to the wealth that he had amassed in his calling; for to each town he visited he charged a piece of gold, together with the cost of his entertainment and carriage there and back. This he was paid, whether he found witches or not, and, if he *did* find any, he received a piece of gold in addition for each one he brought to execution.

* Evidence of William Montgomery against Nannie Gilbert, and Thomas Ireland against the Witch of Walkerne.

Even the King paid the man great deference for the number of witches he had burnt; and Ulphilas himself asked him whether he had tried the tests on the young Witch Anthy.

The Witch-Finder-General answered that he had. He had weighed her against the Koran, and had bade her repeat her prayers without a mistake; and in both of these unerring tokens she had failed. Moreover, in order that his own conscience and that of others might be satisfied, he had tried upon her the test of swimming, so highly recommended by the King himself.* He had tied the thumb of the right hand to the toe of the left foot, and that of the left hand to the right foot, and, wrapping her in a blanket, had laid her on her back in the river; but she had not sunk immediately, as the learned Monarch well knew she would have done, had she not parted with her soul to Satan. Moreover, so that even the most sceptical might have no doubt of her guilt, he had placed the girl in the middle of a room, cross-legged on a stool, and set men to watch her for four-and-

* James I.

twenty hours, during which time she had been kept without meat or drink. And there had come to her four flies, which neither of the watchers could kill,—and so proved them to be some of her imps, that had come to suck her blood.*

On this the council turned to Ulphilas, as if to say, “Art thou convinced now, O King.”

But the Monarch asked the man whether he had found on the body of the young Witch the demon's mark, and had tried the insensibleness thereof. The Witch-Finder answered, that he had; and that, when he had thrust long pins into her flesh, she had only wept three tears of the left eye. Indeed, all things had gone to prove her an abominable witch, who was a curse and burthen to the land.

Now, when Ulphilas heard this and was told that, notwithstanding all these clear evidences of her guilt, the young Witch not only stubbornly refused to confess, but, prompted by the Father of Lies, still protested her innocence, the Monarch ordered Anthy

* Gaul's pamphlet against Matthew Hopkins.

to be brought before him, that she might be examined by his council.

When the Blind Girl was led in, she felt that every eye was turned with horror towards her; and, trembling with fear, she murmured a prayer to herself, while those that were near and heard her, cried out, "O King, she is conjuring of her evil spirits now."

Then the Chief of the Council rose and asked her whether she would deny that she could excite whirlwinds and tempests and call down the lightning; and he demanded likewise to know whether she had ever hurt any ships or boats.*

Anthy's pale face grew red with indignation, as she answered quickly, "No!"

Then he who was the head of the Dervishes, and accounted the most learned and pious of them all, demanded of her whether she would swear Satan had never sucked at her chin or under her ears, in the shape of a dun chicken, an owl or a white rat.†

But Anthy, gaining courage, drew herself up, and

* Examination of Temperance Lloyd.

† Alice Samuel and others.

said, as she raised her hand to Heaven, she *would* swear it.

And, when the holy man heard this, he lifted up his eyes in horror at the girl's stubbornness, and sat himself down.

Next stood up the wisest of the Elders, and the people all turned with expectation towards him. Then he asked Anthy solemnly whether she had ever passed through a key-hole, or had ridden across an arm of the sea on a cow.*

But still the only answer they could get was "No!"

The Elder stood for a moment gazing at her, as if wonder-stricken at the wicked hardihood of the girl; and then, as he tossed his head, asked her one other question, saying, "Wilt thou, on thine oath, deny that the Arch-fiend hath ever come to thee as a magpie, and that, having blown into thy mouth, an imp hath forthwith jumped out of it."†

* Examination of Temperance Lloyd.

† Information of Anne Wakley and Examination of Joan Willimot.

Anthy again appealed to Heaven to witness she was innocent.

And then the wisest of the Elders, turning to Ulphilas, said, "The Father of lies hath still power over her, O King! The torture alone can force the truth from the hag."

And the council one and all cried, "Aye! to the rack with the young Witch! to the rack with her!"

Already the guards had seized upon the trembling Anthy, when Ulphilas bade them hold, saying, "To condemn the innocent was as great an abomination to the Lord as to let the guilty go free." Then, turning to him who was held the chief Philosopher of the kingdom, he desired him to give his judgment of the girl.

So the Philosopher said that, "after all he had heard, he was clearly of opinion the girl Anthy had bewitched the people. There had lately been," he added, "a discovery of witches in the city of El-Basrah, where the slaves of the Arch-fiend had tormented persons by conveying crooked pins, needles and nails into their bodies." And he said that he thought "the Evil One acted, in such cases, upon

human bodies by natural means ; namely, by exciting and stirring up the superabundant humours ; and, if the affliction of the late pestilence was a natural one, it had certainly been considerably increased by the subtilty of Satan co-operating with the malice of the witches."*

After this, the girl was again asked if she would confess.

Again she protested her innocence ; and the Judges and the council consulted among themselves.

Suddenly a voice from the crowd cried out, " She hath bewitched her own father ! " Whereupon Ulphilas turned to Anthy, and bade her say if *that* charge were true.

Then the girl, conscience-stricken, lost all courage, as she thought of the affliction she had brought upon her parent ; and, burying her face in her hands, remained dumb with shame and remorse.

So the King commanded Ergastor should be sent for, that they might hear what the old man had to say against his daughter.

* Evidence of Sir Thomas Brown on the Trial of Amy Dany and Rose Cullender.

Then the madman was brought from his cell, to bear witness against his child. At the first mention of his daughter's name, his ravings returned, and he railed at Anthy and the Prince so wildly, and cursed them so awfully, that the poor girl, unable to listen to his fury any longer, fell on her knees, and cried, "O take him from me! in mercy, take him from me! I do confess it was the Arch-fiend that prompted me to rob him of his reason. Yes; I confess it all—everything—anything—if you will but take *him* from me."

Then the Chief Judge, who was accounted a man of great knowledge and discernment, having ordered the madman to be removed, rose up, and said, "The case was apparent, and their consciences were well satisfied. For himself he did not in the least doubt there were such creatures as witches; first, because the Koran affirmed it; and, secondly, because the wisdom of all nations, particularly their own, had provided laws against witchcraft, which implied their belief in it."*

* Sir Matthew Hale.

And then, as a deathlike silence reigned in the hall, he pronounced sentence upon the girl, saying,—

“Seeing that the blind girl Anthy hath, by the testimony of credible witnesses and by her own spontaneous confession, been proved guilty of the abominable crime of witchcraft and conjuration of evil spirits, this council condemneth her to be tied to a stake on the morrow and burned alive and quick, and her ashes then scattered to the winds;* and Allah have mercy on her soul!”

Anthy heard her doom unmoved; and only said “Amen” to the prayer at the end of it; whilst the people murmured their delight at the judgment.

As the girl was removed by one door, Huan was brought in at another.

While he stood before the council, awaiting the questionings of the Judge, he fixed his eye upon the King; and, though Huan said not a word in remonstrance, still Ulphilas read in his glance so bitter a rebuke, that he almost quailed beneath it, and turned his head aside, to avoid the mute reproof.

* Usual form of condemnation.

Then the Vizier stood up, and told the Dwarf that he was charged with having attended the Dom-daniel, or Sabbath of Fiends; and with having used, practised and exercised conjuration of wicked and evil spirits, so that by their aid and assistance he had stayed the pestilence that had fallen on the city. And the Vizier asked him what he had to say in answer to the accusation.

Huan replied that he had nothing to say—to those who could listen to such a charge.

The Vizier warned him that, unless he disproved the charges, his life would be forfeited. Whereupon Huan inquired of them how many such forfeits had been paid already.

But the Vizier, angry at the question, remained silent, until Ulphilas, who still looked with favour on the Dwarf, bade the minister say how many hundreds had suffered.

The Vizier answered, “We count those that suffer now by thousands instead of hundreds, O King.”

“And yet,” sorrowfully exclaimed the Dwarf, “though the Heavens are red as blood with the flames

of the fires ye have lighted, still ye cannot see that you yourselves breed the very crime that ye would exterminate.”

The Judges looked at one another with amazement, while the people wondered at the boldness of the man. But Ulphilas asked the meaning of his words.

And Huan answered the King by a Parable.

“While the world was yet in its darkness, Ignorance, to stop the quarrelings of her children, be-thought her of a teacher to read the Book of Life to them, so that they might learn to love their brethren as themselves. And, hearing that none preached such virtue as the Headsman, she sent her sons to learn of him.

“Then, as the simple dame heard the dark teacher thunder from his crimson pulpit, ‘Thou shalt not kill,’ her heart swelled with admiration at the tutor she had chosen; and she cried, ‘With such a master, surely Man will live in peace with Man.’

“But the children, quicker than their mother, saw that, as the stern tutor held the Holy Book

and read from out it, 'Thou shalt not take thy brother's life,' his hands were reddened with his brothers' blood.

"And they grew sick at the sight of it; while they whispered among themselves, saying, 'If, as he telleth us, it be written, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away," and therefore it be wrong to kill, why doth he?' So they gave little heed to what they heard, and thought only of what they saw.

"Then, as from day to day the same stern tutor taught the same bloodless precepts with the same bloody hands, the children grew callous alike to both, and in time got to laugh at the Headsman's lessons—and imitate his acts. So that for every life the stern teacher took, his thousand pupils took their thousand after him.

"At length men thought so little of their brothers' lives, that Ignorance, made wiser by her fears, sought out the tutor and rebuked him, saying, 'Thou didst promise that the quarrelings and battlings of my children should cease—and yet, under thy guidance,

they quarrel and battle the more! Thou didst promise to teach them loving-kindness to one another, and neither by word nor deed to hurt any living thing—and yet thou thyself wert the first to torture others in their sight. Thou didst promise, too, to teach them above all things to keep their hands from shedding their brothers' blood—and yet thou thyself wert again the first to use them to the shedding of it.'

"And the dark teacher answered, 'Nay, they should have done as I said and not as I did.'

"But the mother, in her new wisdom, would not listen to him, and cast him forth, saying, 'Hypocrite! first learn to practice what thou preachest; for, since example hath more power among men than precept, know that, if thou wouldst have others think it criminal to kill or torture, thou thyself shouldst be the first to desist from torturing and killing.'"

Now, when Ulphilas heard this, and remembered the Dwarf had worked good rather than evil, and that he himself perhaps owed his life to him, he felt moved towards Huan. So he said to the council, "This man hath done no wrong, let him go free. He

hath saved so many lives, that surely his own should be spared to him."

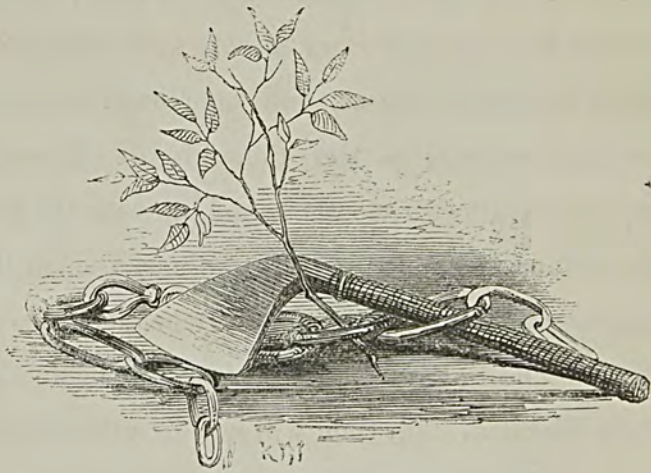
The Judges, angry at the mercy of the Monarch, communed among themselves for a time, and then the Vizier rose, and, turning to Ulphilas, remonstrated with him, saying, "We humbly supplicate thee, O King! that before thou dost set free one accused of witchcraft, thou wilt reflect once more upon the terrible results which proceed from the malevolence of witches—on the deaths from unknown diseases which often follow their menaces—on the loss of the goods and chattels of thy subjects—on the sudden transportation of bodies from one place to another—and other facts, verified by eye-witnesses, and, moreover, confessed to by the accused parties themselves. These, O King! are truths so closely bound up with the principles of our religion, that, extraordinary though they be, no person hath up to this day been able to call them in question. We, therefore, supplicate thee, Great Ulphilas! that thou wilt not, by extending thy mercy to this man, suffer to be introduced during thy reign an opinion contrary to that glorious religion for

which thou hast always employed both thy cares and thine arms."*

But the Monarch gave no ear to the appeal, and bade the guards set Huan at liberty.

Then the people murmured among themselves, and the Judges, indignant at the pardon, rose up and left the council.

* Remonstrance of the Parliament of Rouen to King Louis XIV., in 1670.





Chapter the Fourteenth.



FROM the council-chamber, Huan hurried to the Palace, so that, on the return of the King, he might supplicate him to extend the same mercy to Anthy as he had shown to him ; for he knew that the Monarch looked with favour on him, and felt assured that Ulphilas—if none were near to hinder him—would not let him plead in vain for his sister's life.

But, as Huan stood waiting at the gates, the Vizier entered, and, seeing him, gave orders that he should on no condition be allowed to speak with the King.

Still Huan waited at the Palace-gates in patience ; and, though he begged of each one that entered to beseech the monarch to grant him an interview, yet none returned to bring him the wished-for answer.

The minarets tolled to evening-prayer, and still he stopped. He saw the gilt domes of the neighbouring Mosques turn to silver in the moonlight, and he heard the low chant of the watchmen, crying, as they went, " Attest the unity of God !" and still he stirred not.

At last, the many-coloured lamps of the Palace died out, and the air grew blue and bleak with the coming day ; and then, weary and cold, Huan went towards the lonely market-streets, to while away the time till Ulphilas should rise.

As he walked along, he saw advancing a band of men leading mules laden with reeds, and faggots and naphtha. As they passed yawning by, another drowsy band approached with camels bearing stakes and gibbets. Huan's heart sank within him, and his knees bent under him, in his horror ; and, thinking how little time he had to gain his sister's pardon, he hastened back again to the Palace.

Then he wrote a petition to the King, begging Ulphilas to take back the pardon that he had vouchsafed to him, and grant it to his sister in his stead—for that her life was more precious to him than his own.

And, as the first gate of the Palace opened, he gave the paper to the guard, bidding him, for the love of God, deliver it to the King.

He sat himself down to wait in wretched anxiety for the royal answer.

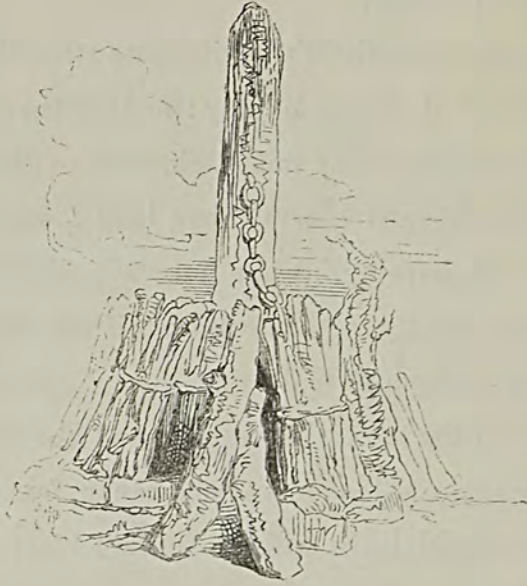
As the sun rose, the whole city came streaming by, careless, as if it were a holiday; and, as the callous tide poured along, some would ask, “how many were to be burned,” and others, “how long it wanted to the hour of burning,” while others would look at Huan and whisper to one another, “it was he whose sister was condemned to death.”

At length the crowd had ceased, and the city and the Palace were still as night; and Huan, fearing lest Ulphilas should leave without reading his petition, hastened to the Princess to beg of her to pray an audience for him of the King.

But Evöe, when she heard his wish, told him, “he

had come too late, for Ulphilas had already left the Palace. Huan nearly sank to the ground in his agony of despair.

But it was no time for idle grief, and, staggering from the room, he darted wildly into the street, and then—he almost shrieked, as he saw the sky grow red with the distant flames.





Chapter the Fifteenth.



S soon as the King and all his court had reached the place of execution, the muffled drums beat a dead march, and the witches were brought forth, some to be pinioned to the stake, and others to suffer at the gibbet.

Then, as the poor demoniac things were led past the King, the crowd yelled and hooted at them; and, though the guards strove to keep the people back, still some of the wretched victims nearly lost their lives, from the injuries they received at the hands of the multitude. For the most superstitious of the mob—no matter what their rank*—would rush forth to

* Lady Cromwell and Alice Samuel.

tear the grey hairs from the heads of the poor hags, believing that, if the lock were burnt by them at any future time, it would act as a charm against the machinations of the Evil One.

As the wretched band marched on, there came rich and poor, young and old, men and women, sane and insane; some decrepit and idiotic; others, stalwart and demoniac—and all condemned to be burnt alive and quick, as burthens and curses on the land.

Now there passed one that was doomed to death for her ugliness—for that alone was sufficient to stamp the aged poor as the slaves of the Archfiend—and now another, who, being accounted the prettiest girl in all the town,* men, in their bigotry, had judged to be some demon that had assumed a form of transcendent loveliness, to deceive mankind.

Next there came a Dervish who, in his madness, had confessed that, by the imps at his command, he had sunk a ship; and though, when his reason had returned, he had denied all that he had spoken in his ravings, still he was doomed to death; and, as he

* Gobel Babelin.

walked to the stake, he repeated aloud his own burial service.* After him, came a poor crazy creature, who, believing herself the witch her fanatic Judges had pronounced her to be, paced on, muttering the jargon charm which was said to have the power to raise the Evil One.

Then came the poor, blind Anthy, so rapt in the prayer she uttered, that she heard not the yells and curses of the people as she passed. Beside her danced a wretched, frantic woman, who, in the wildness of her frenzy, laughed and clapped her hands at the sight of "the bonnie fire" that was to consume her.† And, last of all this melancholy band, there came a child so youthful that, though he had only known the world five years, still women, in the madness of the time, had sworn they had often seen the little one in company with the Archfiend—and Judges, barely wiser than those whose oaths they listened to, had condemned the babe to be burnt, and its ashes scattered to the winds.‡

* Rev. Mr. Lewis.

† The Witch of Dornock.

‡ Trials for witchcraft in New England.

And, even more degrading still, after the human train had gone, there came a dog that, in the pitchy darkness of the time, had been tried by the wise Judges of the land, and found guilty of such crimes against God and man, that death alone was deemed sufficient to atone for them.*

And, verily, the crimes for which the poor things were to suffer showed that those who judged were as insane as the crazy creatures they condemned. One had been found guilty, by the testimony of credible witnesses, of riding her lame daughter as a pony to the Demon-sabbath, where—it was sworn—Satan had shod the child, and so caused her lameness†—another of clambering over walls in the shape of a pig, and milking cows dry, under the form of a hare‡—and another of destroying the crops of an enemy, by yoking toads to his plough, in order that the Evil One himself might turn up the land with his team in the night, and so blast it for the season.§

* Trials for witchcraft in New England.

† Trial before the sheriff-deputy of Caithness.

‡ Maria Sanger.

§ Isabel Gowdie.

Here was a man who was doomed to death for having prowled about the country at night as a wolf, devouring little children;* and there a woman and her little daughter were to be burnt alive and quick, for raising up a storm by pulling off their stockings.† This woman was to be deprived of life, because it had been sworn she had been seen crouching over her fire, muttering to the Arch-fiend, until twelve black cats had jumped out of the floor and danced around her for half-an-hour at least;‡ and that boy was doomed to be cut off in his childhood, for having confessed he would willingly have sold himself to Satan for a good dinner and cakes every day of his life, and a pony to ride upon.§

Here stood one who cried aloud that her crimes could never be atoned for, even if she were drawn asunder by wild horses, for that, under the disguise of a hare, she had been hunted by a pack of hounds.|| There others shouted out that they deserved to be

* Gilles Garnier, at Dolle.

† Trial at Huntingdon.

‡ Kornelias Van Purmerund.

§ Execution, Wurzburg.

|| Scottish trials for witchcraft.

stretched upon an iron rack for their sins—some confessing to having charmed the feathers in pillows*—others to having killed children by praising their beauty†—and others to having bewitched bits of wood, hot cinders and knives into the bodies of those that had offended them. ‡

At length the chief Dervish rose, and the whole mob became suddenly silent, and, bowing their heads, knelt down in prayer. But scarcely had the solemn supplication ceased, than the crowd, growing greedy for the promised feast of torture, jumped up and cried with one voice, “Fire the reeds! fire the reeds!”

Then, as they bound the first poor trembling thing to the stake, she screamed from out the faggots that were piled about her to her waist, “Lord God, speed me well! Though my sins be as red as scarlet, thou, O Father, canst make them as white as snow. Lord God, be merciful to my poor ——!”|| And

* The Witch of Walkerne.

† Trials at Bamberg, in Bavaria.

‡ Ibid.

|| Susanna Edwards, of Biddiford.

then the flames choked the unfinished prayer, and the drums beat loud, to drown her shrieks, while the mad mob yelled with grim delight.

And so, she—poor soul!—was burned alive and quick, and her ashes scattered to the winds.

Then another grey-haired creature was led forth, and pinioned to the stake; and, as the executioner, torch in hand, advanced to the reeds, she shrieked, “Hold!” Then, lifting up her body, she cried in a loud voice, “Now, all you that see me this day, know that I am to die as a witch, by my own confession; and, as I must make answer to the God of Heaven presently, I declare I am as free of witchcraft as any child. But, being accused by a malicious woman, and put in prison under the name of a witch—disowned by my husband and friends—and seeing no ground of hope of ever coming out again, I made up that confession, to destroy my own life, being weary of it, and choosing rather to die than live. So the guilt of my blood be on my own head.*

* See “Satan’s Invisible World,” by the Rev. G. Sinclair.

But the Priests and the multitude only answered, "This more than all proves the hag to be a witch. Fire the reeds! fire the reeds!"

And so she, too, poor soul! was burned alive and quick, and her ashes scattered to the winds.

Next came two young and beautiful women, who, on the oaths of "credible witnesses," had been found guilty of having joined in the witches' dance at midnight under a blasted oak.

As their wretched husbands saw them led to the stake, they rushed forward to the King, and, falling on their knees, called Heaven to witness that, at the time stated, their wives were fast asleep in their arms. But it was all in vain; for the Chief of the Dervishes told the men they had been deceived (poor simpletons!) by Satan and their own senses. "They had," said the learned and holy Priest, "only the *semblance* of their wives in their beds, and not their wives themselves; for it was a three-legged stool that the hags had witched to assume their form, whilst they were far away under the oak, dancing with toads."*

* Decision of the Archbishop at Piedmont.

And so, poor souls! they too were burned alive and quick, and their ashes scattered to the winds.

Then were dragged forth mother, father and daughter,* all to be burned beside each other. And, while they lashed the old man to the stake, he turned to his wife and railed at her, cursing her for having, in her madness, sworn away his and their daughter's life. And, as he gnashed his teeth, he cried aloud, "A plague of God light upon thee, mother! for thou art she that hath brought us all to this, and we may thank thee for it, thou heartless hag!"

While they bound the daughter, the Dervish who stood near—exhorting her in vain to confess her sins—took pity on the youth and beauty of the trembling girl, and urged her, as the torch was borne towards her, to plead pregnancy, that she might gain, at least, a respite from death. But the timid girl, made heroic by her love of virtue, cried proudly, as the red blood rushed back to her white cheeks, "No! it shall never be said I was witch and wanton too."

And so the noble maid, her father and her crazy

* Mother Samuel, her husband and her daughter Agnes.

mother were *all* burned alive and quick, and their ashes scattered to the winds.

At length it came to Anthy's turn; and then a wilder and more savage shriek than had hailed the torture of any yet, was sent up to Heaven at the prospect of her death. Still the mad mob howled their curses at her unheard, for there the chastened Blind Girl stood, her soul away in Heaven before its time, pleading mutely with her Maker for the forgiveness of herself and her enemies.

The executioner piled the dry reeds and faggots high around her body; but, lost in prayer, Anthy heeded him not.

The Dervish called upon her again and again to confess the justice of her sentence, and own herself a witch; but still, lost in prayer, she heard him not.

Then the multitude waved to and fro, in their fury at what they thought the wicked stubbornness of the young hag; and the sky was rent with the clamour of their cries, as again and again they bade the executioner do his work. And the man of death, in obedience to the cries, held down his torch, to fire the reeds.



Chapter the Sixteenth.



BREATHLESS with his fears and haste, Huan reached the summit of the hill which overlooked the fatal field. "Thank Heaven! *some* still live," he cried, and, gaining new vigour from the sight, he hurried on.

Suddenly his eye fell upon the figure of the gentle victim, who stood smiling at death, as if weary of the world, and longing for that blessed sleep from which she knew she would rise with new life, in the morning.

In the quickness of his love, Huan felt it was his sister Anthy; and, with a wild shriek of horror, fell to the Earth.

Then, as he knelt, he prayed, with all the zeal of his bitter agony, that the Spirit of Kindness would look down with pity upon men, and so enlighten their understandings that, seeing the wondrous mechanism of Creation, they might know that He who made the world moved and governed it by wiser and more kindly laws than they, in their darkness, imagined.

And the blessed Spirit of Kindness heard the prayer; and the work of destruction was stayed, and Anthy and her poor crazy companions in death were spared.

For, as Huan gazed on the plain beneath, and beheld the executioner hold down his torch, to fire the reeds, he saw the faggots, as they kindled, send up a smoke so dense, that men were blinded by it. And the fumes of the witch-fires hung above the city like a black cloud, till darkness overshadowed all the land.

Presently, the sun shone high above, and, piercing the thick fog, a beam of blessed light struggled through the universal gloom. And, when the first ray fell on Earth, the people shut their eyes and turned from its dazzling brightness, blinking at the unknown light, as if, instead of the smiling Earth, they had been living in a dungeon.

Then, as the magic went on, and ray after ray shot down from above, the mist gave before them; and, as the sun shone full upon the demon-fires, one by one they died away, till the world, which but a little while since was red with the glare of bloody flames, was now golden with the light of Heaven.

And then the unburnt faggots began to bud with a new life, and the stake and gibbet to put forth boughs and leaves, each growing and growing, till a mighty tree, laden with the daintiest fruits, stood, luxuriant with life, where the ghastly beam of death had lately been.

At first, men looked with fear upon the tree, and

dreaded to touch it; for they said, "It is the evil Tree of Knowledge, and will destroy them that eat of it."

Still many hungered for the food, but the Priests strove to keep them back; while those that, despite their pious threats, dared to gather the fruit, they branded as blasphemers, and put a mark upon them, so that their neighbours might shun them—as they would serpents—for the poison of their tongues.

But at last all men grew greedy for the fruit of the goodly tree; and those that feasted on it had the film taken from their eyes, and the wonders and the beauty of the universe were laid bare to them; for they saw into the remotest corners of space and the deepest depths of the earth and the sea. And the minds of the wisest entered and pervaded the minds of their less-gifted brethren, till men learned to read with kindlier eyes the hearts and brains of their fellow-men. And, while the feasters partook of the blessed fruit themselves, they gave freely to all around, and

yet were the richer rather than the poorer for the gift.

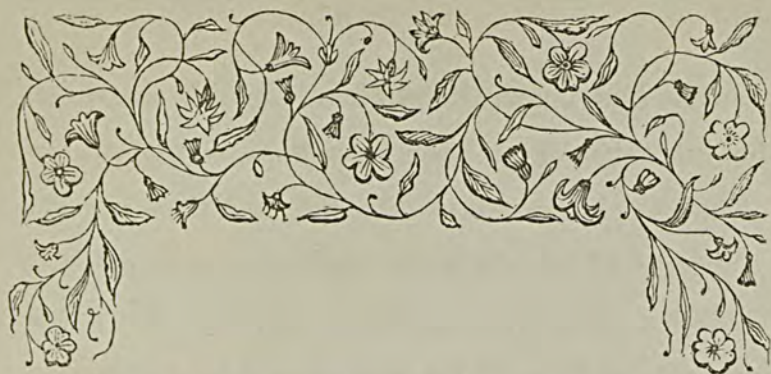
Then, as the magic still went on, the prison-gates were flung open, and herds of wild and savage beasts rushed out, scaring the populace before them. And, as they ate the fruit, the animals grew human, and for the first time were recognised as men.

On this the bars and chains fell from the prison-doors and windows, while the prisons themselves were turned to hospitals and schools; and, where before the Gaoler and the Headsman had governed and destroyed, the Teacher and the Doctor guided and healed.

Then, as the crazy things, freed from the stake, were taken to the hospitals, the children of the poor were gathered from the streets and byeways, to be led to the schools. The orphan, the foundling and the outcast—the children of want and the children of crime—the cleanly and the ragged—all found shelter, knowledge and good counsel there.

And Huan blessed the Spirit of Kindness for the goodly work, and the people laughed and wept for very joy; for they saw God—Nature—and their fellow-creatures in a new guise.





Chapter the Seventeenth.

NOW when the King saw the magic change that had been wrought in the hearts and minds of his people, his joy knew no bounds, and he cried, "It is the Dwarf that hath done it all! Go, bring him and his blind sister to me, that I may do honour to them and supplicate their pardon."

But Huan and Anthy were away, weeping over their raving father; and, when the message of the King was brought them, they said, "Aye, let us straightway go to him, and at his feet beseech him to take the galling chains from the poor old man's limbs." So they hastened into the presence of the

King. And immediately, when Ulphilas saw them, he cast himself at their feet, imploring their forgiveness. Huan raised him up; and then the old Monarch folded them to his arms, and, praising God that their lives had been spared, called them his dear children, till his tears choked his words.

Then he commanded Huan and his sister to say how the people and their King could pay the heavy debt of gratitude they owed them; and he told them to speak boldly, "for all that he could give them," he said, "would not be a tithe of their due."

And he bade Anthy be the first to name the reward she wished. Whereupon, the Blind Girl, true to her new nature, besought the King that he would liberate her maniac father from his chains.

But Ulphilas answered her not; and turned to Huan to know the boon that *he* desired.

The Dwarf, bowing, demanded of the King that he would remove the chains not from *one* madman only, but from *all*.

Then the Monarch grew sad; and, as he turned his head from them, he replied, "Nay, ask of me my richest province, and it shall be yours. You

know not the danger of what you seek. Though we have learnt we should not take the lives of the mad, still it is but meet we should bind them, lest, in their madness, they take ours."

But Huan urged that, though the insane were deaf to reason, they were not dead to feeling; saying, kindness spake to the heart and not to the head. And he reminded Ulphilas that their work of mercy was but half-complete. They had removed the maniacs from the stake to the hospital, it was true; but, though they had learnt to save them from the felon's death, still they had yet to learn to strip them of the felons' chains.

But Ulphilas, as Huan entreated him to have faith in Kindness and grant him the boon he asked, told the Dwarf again and again that he dare not listen to him.

So Huan and his blind sister, both sad at heart returned to the city, to forget the sorrows they themselves felt, in comforting the sorrows of others.

Meanwhile, the people of Asulon became fanatics in the new creed, and almost worshipped the Dwarf and his sister; blessing them, as they passed their

doors, or surrounding them in crowds, and loading them with presents—so that none ever received such honour before.

And the gifts that the grateful people heaped upon them Huan and Anthy turned to good also. For Huan would bring back to their homes the wives that had left their husbands, and Anthy the daughters that had fled from their fathers; while each, to make the return more welcome, would add the presents they had received, and so re-establish love and goodwill between those that lived unhappily; till at length people would guard as a treasure the cup from which the Dwarf or his blind sister had sipped, for everywhere they were welcomed as the Peacemakers.

Then the Priests, embracing, in their turn, the new creed of Kindness, and feeling for the oppression of the people, from the arrogance and rapacity of the nobles, strove to promote universal love and goodwill, by establishing throughout the land a holy covenant, which they called "The Truce of God;" by which men bound themselves by oath not to enjoy the fruits of property usurped from others, nor to take revenge for any injury; nor, above all, to use any deadly

weapon against their fellow-creature. And thousands flocked to swear observance to it; for, in reward, the Priests promised them a resting-place in Paradise and universal peace on Earth.

And so the nobles ceased to war among themselves, and the poor were no longer oppressed, while over each man's door the Olive-branch was hung, in token of his reverence for "The Truce of God."

In the midst of the peace the trump of war was heard, and the host that Aleph had led forth was seen returning over the distant hills. But their banners were hung down, their drums were muffled, and each man's head drooped upon his breast, as he marched along; for they grieved for the young Prince their leader, who had been wounded in the strife; and they feared his days were numbered.

Then the whole city, as the sad news was spread abroad, streamed from their houses, and followed the troops, sorrowing for the young warrior, whose valour when a boy they had almost worshipped. And, as they marched silently after the soldiers, each man cursed within himself the ghastly trade of war.

When the mournful tidings reached Ulphilas'

ears, he ran to meet his dying boy, and wept over him, saying, "Woe to my grey hairs! woe to my people! And must the prop of my old age be dashed from under me, and the hope of the nation be blighted, when the harvest-time was so near?"

But, though there was much sorrowing for Aleph, none sorrowed more than she who had suffered the most from him; for Anthy, now that Aleph's life was in peril, felt all her love for him return, and, forgetting the wrong he had done her, she thought of him only as the generous boy that had won her girlish heart. And she besought Evöe that she might tend upon him in his hour of danger; so that, with a woman's gentle hand, she might strive to hold back the life that struggled to be gone.

And, when her prayer was granted, she sat day and night beside the Prince, thanking God that, in the delirium of his fever, he knew not the hand that dressed his wound and bathed his burning brow. Then, as those skilled in medicine came, she would listen breathlessly to each word they spake, and beg of them, ere they went, to tell her that *all* hope was not yet fled, and that by care his life might yet be saved.

And, when they turned away and answered her not, she would return to Aleph's couch, to tend him with redoubled tenderness, so that *her* love might compass that which *their* art would fail in.

But still Anthy tended him in vain; for, despite her care, the wound grew worse, and Aleph, with the torment of it, knew no rest. Each day the doctors told the King that the Prince must lose his arm or die; yet, when the downcast Ulphilas bade them save his son and take it, they would answer that they dare not yet awhile, for if they took it *then*, the youth would *surely* perish.

As Anthy heard the sick Aleph moan and writhe with his pangs day after day, and night after night, knowing neither rest nor sleep, she bethought her of her brother's magic power. So she sent for Huan, and on her knees begged of him to have mercy on her and him she loved, saying, "If kindness be, as you have taught us, all-powerful like the God from whom it springs, O let it—like Him who sent blessed sleep, to give new life to Man and ease him of his pains—teach men the way to give slumber to the suffering, and rob nature of its bitterest agony.

And Huan took pity on the poor girl, and besought the Spirit to grant her prayer.

Immediately an invisible vapour arose, and, circling round the Prince, bathed him in its blessed atmosphere. Then his eyelids drooped, while his groans died away, and he whose torments had let him know no rest for weeks, lay wrapt in the happy ease of slumber. And, as he slept, the shattered arm was taken from him, without a sigh to tell of suffering.

And when, at night, Aleph woke from out his trance, and found the aching limb was gone, he called down blessings on all around for the holy rest he felt.

Then, as he asked for water, he saw by the dim light of his chamber the figure of the Blind Girl standing, cup in hand, beside him, in instant answer to his wants: And, as the doom that he had cast upon her flashed across his guilty mind, he thought the Spirit of the girl had come down from Heaven to rebuke him for the cruel death he had condemned her to; for, on the face of her, whose worst enemy he had been, there shone so sweet a smile, and in

the cup she bore Aleph read so loving a reproach, that she seemed one of the angel-host flown back to Earth to pay with good the evil he had heaped upon her.

And, softened by his sickness, Aleph wept, and begged forgiveness of the heavenly Spirit that stood beside him, praying her, for the love she once had borne him, and that he had flung aside, to mend his heart and so watch over him in this world, that he might be fit to meet her in the next.

Then Anthy blessed the sufferings she had undergone, for the rich reward they had brought her; and thought herself more than paid, for the bitter cruelty of Aleph's hate, in the return of Aleph's love. And she could not speak, for the tears of joy that streamed down her face.

And, when the repentant Prince discovered that it was Anthy herself, and learnt from his sister how she had tended him in his anguish, the gratitude he felt for all her loving care made him see the kindly girl more beautiful than ever; for the pure light of her chastened spirit shone from out the face whose beauty had fled—like a glow-worm beneath a flower

in the night. And his affection for her returned with a tenfold strength and truth; for, his boyish passion now over, his manly love began. And he besought her to let him atone for the wrongs that he had done her, by making good the vows that he alone had broken, and so give back the honour that she, in the faith of her love, had trusted to his keeping.

But Anthy, though her heart swelled with joy at the healing words she heard, still would not listen to his entreaties, for she said "it was too late now; and she bade him think of her as one dead, and look upon her as one new risen from the tomb of her own honour. Her new life," she told him, "was wedded to Charity, and henceforth she could love him only as she loved all those that suffered and were chastened by their sufferings.



Chapter the Eighteenth.



NO sooner was it known throughout Asulon that Prince Aleph's life had been saved through the prayers and tender care of her whom he had sought to destroy, than the love of the people for the Blind Girl grew greater than ever; and they got to look upon her as a saint, and one whose touch gave health and whose counsels happiness. And, as the wonder of the cure was magnified, as it travelled from house to house, people grew to place such faith in her powers, that women would stop one another in the market-streets to speak of some new miracle she had wrought; and gossips

would run into their neighbours' houses to tell, with uplifted hands and brows, of the last new marvel rumour attributed to her.

At length it was whispered through the city that Anthy, grateful for the happiness she knew, had resolved to thank God at the Prophet's Tomb for the sparing of that life which was more precious to her than her own. And, as the time drew near for the starting of the Caravan, the Dervishes called upon those that had not yet made the pilgrimage to Medina, to put on the woollen garb and accompany the holy maid.

Then the people, glad to make atonement for the wrongs they had heaped upon the Blind Girl, resolved to seek forgiveness and offer up prayers for Anthy's welfare at the Prophet's Tomb; and, where at other times men paid the hireling pilgrims to make the long and painful journey for them, they now refused with scorn the purchase of their prayers, but, full of enthusiasm, set the danger and the hardships of the way at defiance, and prepared to make the pilgrimage themselves.

Each day the Mosques were crowded with those

that sought a blessing of the Priests before setting out upon their pious journey; and each day the number of the pilgrims so increased, that they were called the "Army of the Lord."

As the time of their departure drew near, all Asulon was in commotion, preparing to forsake their homes, kindred and occupation, so that, at the Prophet's Tomb, they might lighten themselves of the heavy burthen of their sins. And such was the fanatic fury of the city, that not a meteor shot across the heavens but the people viewed it as a warning to those who lagged behind, and the next day an hundred more made ready to swell the holy band.

And, when the day of leaving came, the Chief of the Dervishes led the pilgrim-troop from the city, and Ulphilas, with the Prince and Huan by his side, went with them as well. And, as the multitude moved along, people came from their houses to cry, "Heaven guard the holy pilgrims!" and touch the garment of her who led them. And they would beg of those they knew among the band, to bring them water from the Holy Well, or mould from the Blessed Tomb, to keep as charmed relics within their houses.

And among the multitude were people of all classes; men, women and even children trudged along in droves. Some had camels bearing tents, and others mules laden with provisions for the way; while others had nothing, trusting to charity and the berries that ripened by the road-side for their subsistence.

And the King and the High Priest journeyed with them one day. And, on the morning of the second, the Dervish blessed the multitude, and Aleph commanded his chosen band of Mamelukes to accompany the caravan and protect it, as it traversed the lands of the barbarian tribes; while Ulphilas pressed the Blind Girl and her brother to his bosom, and, weeping over them, bade all his people love and honour them as his children. And then, bidding the pilgrims "God speed," he returned with Huan and the Prince, sorrowing, to the city, while the mighty multitude marched on, chanting in one loud, solemn voice, the praises of the Lord.

But scarcely had two weeks passed, when tidings were brought to Asulon that a wandering horde had swept down upon the pilgrim-band, and, slaughtering

the Mamelukes, had carried off Anthy and her unarmed companions.

At first, the city gave no credit to the news. But they had little time for doubt; for, presently, there came a holy Welee—one that had journeyed with the multitude—his heart big with indignation at the insults they had suffered. And in every village through which he passed he preached the story of their wrongs so touchingly, and called for justice on the heathen in such stirring tones, that multitudes flocked from their houses, to listen to him as he came; and, fired with his eloquence, followed him when he went. So he entered the city with thousands in his train, each man calling as lustily as their leader for the blood of their heathen foes.

The Welee bent his way to the Mosque, and sought out the Dervishes. And, as he told them how the defenceless pilgrims had been plundered and beaten with stripes and their countrymen massacred as they slept—and how the Olive-branch had been spat upon and the holy symbols of their religion trampled under foot—the fury of the Priests knew

no bounds, and they all cried aloud for vengeance against the Pagan hordes.

And the Chief of the Dervishes wept, and bade his holy brethren each go preach the story of the pilgrims' wrongs, so that the whole country might be roused and the heathen be rooted out of the land.

And immediately he summoned a council to make all preparation for the Holy War. And he sat with closed doors for seven days, whilst multitudes from far and near flocked into the town to hear the pious Chief hold forth to the people.

And they came in such vast numbers, that the fields around were encumbered with those who, unable to procure lodging in the city, pitched their tents under the trees and by the way-side, till the whole country seemed as one vast camp.

The great square in front of the Mosque became each instant more and more crowded, as the time drew nigh when the Chief Dervish was to exhort the multitude.

At length the holy Chief came forth, surrounded by all the Priests and Welees of the city, and, as he lifted up his hands, every voice was hushed.

He told the listening thousands of the miseries of the pilgrims; and, as the populace groaned, he cried aloud, "You who hear me—you who have received the true faith, and been endowed by Allah with power and strength and greatness of soul, I call upon you to stop the progress of the Infidel and wipe out these impurities from the face of the Earth. O, brave people! offspring of invincible fathers! you will not disgrace your ancient blood! Go! forget the ties of father, wife and little ones—Go! armed with the sword and the Book of Life, and teach these barbarous Pagans the blessed doctrines of peace and loving-kindness among men. Go, then, in expiation of your sins, convert the heathen, and rest assured that imperishable glory shall be yours in the world that is to come."*

Then the crowd, moved by the words of the Dervish, shouted with one voice, "God wills it! God wills it!"

And, when the Dervish heard the cry, he turned to the multitude, and said, "It is Allah that speaks

* Speech of Pope Urban at the Council of Clermont.

within you! If Allah had not been in your souls, ye would not all have cried the same cry. It was Allah that spake the words by your lips. It was Allah that put the words into your hearts. Be that cry, then, your war-cry in the combat. And, when the army of the Compassionate, the Merciful, rushes upon its foes, to teach them the blessings of brotherly love, cry but that one cry, 'God wills it! God wills it!'"*

And the men, women and children echoed the words, and cried again, with one loud, furious voice, "Aye, God wills it! God wills it!"

"And whosoever," continued the Dervish, "is ready to bind himself to this holy cause, let him bear upon his breast the sign of the Olive-branch, as a token of the peaceful doctrines he would spread over the whole world.† And let every man who wears this blessed badge outside his heart, carry within it this one resolve, 'Death or new life to the heathen!'"

And once more the war-cry rose, and once more

* Speech of Pope Urban at the Council of Clermont.

† Ibid.

the air resounded with the shout of "God wills it! God wills it!"

Then immediately the rich, the needy, the dissolute, the prudent, the young and the old—even women and children, and the halt and the lame—enrolled themselves by thousands under the banner of the Lord.

But the zeal of none, in all that zealous multitude, was greater than the zeal of Aleph; for he, moved by the Priests and fired by his own love, felt a double ardour in the cause. And he vowed that he himself would lead the people on, and—if Anthy still lived—either rescue her from her savage foes, or lose the life that she had saved.

In every village the clergy were busy, promising eternal bliss to those who fought for the glory of the Olive-branch, and denouncing all those who refused or even hesitated to raise the sword in its defence.

Every debtor who joined the sacred host was freed from the claims of the creditor, however just; and no man who wore the sign of the Olive-branch could

be stayed for any crime, even though it were robbery or murder.*

And it was agreed that a tax, called the "Pagans'-tithe," and consisting of a tenth-part of all possessions, should be enforced from every believer who was either unable or unwilling to help root the heathen out of the land; while those who refused or could not pay the penalty were to become the bondsmen and absolute property of the noble on whose ground they lived.†

Among all classes of men the Priests preached "Death to the Infidel." One Welee went through the villages, announcing that the Prophet, in a vision, had bidden him stir up the shepherds and tillers of the soil to the defence of the true Faith. And thousands flocked around him, ready to follow him wherever he should lead; so that the pastures and the cornfields were deserted, and the sheep were left to stray from the fold, and the ripe corn to rot in the field.‡

* Mackay's Popular Delusions, vol. ii., p. 109.

† "Saladin's Tithe," instituted by Philip Augustus.

‡ Millot's *Elemens de l'Histoire de France*.

Another Welee traversed the country, preaching to the children, till the young became fired like the old; and, raising mimic banners of the Olive-branch, would range themselves, both boys and girls, in battle-order, and, armed with sticks instead of swords, march on, shouting aloud the war-cry of "God wills it! God wills it!"*

Nor did the women escape the fury of the time. Numbers, thirsting, like their husbands and their lovers, for the blood of the heathen, prepared to follow them to the war. And the most devout of the women put on armour and rode their horses like men. And they were headed by a female chief chosen from among themselves, and called "the golden-footed lady," from the gilt spurs she wore.† And such was the enthusiasm of the whole sex, that many of them pricked the sign of the Olive-branch upon their arms, and coloured the wound with a green dye, as a lasting memorial of their zeal for the holy war; whilst others, still more zealous, did the same on the tender limbs of their

* Mills' History of Crusaders.

† Mackay's Popular Delusions, vol. ii., p. 94.

young children, and even the infants at their breasts.*

And all that had property of any description hurried to change it into money, wherewith to buy their arms. Lands and houses were sold for what at other times had been merely the rental of them, while weapons of war and suits of mail were bought for sums that would have endowed a charity. The nobles mortgaged their estates for mere trifles to Jews, and melted down their plate, to furnish supplies for the war. Women sold their trinkets, to raise a troop to slay the heathen. And the farmer sold his plough and the artisan his tools, to purchase a sabre for the deliverance of the pilgrims and the conversion of the Pagan.†

Then, as the day drew near for the assembling of all the troops, the roads were flooded with the mighty human tide, rolling on to the place of meeting. Who shall tell the children and the aged that hastened along to destroy the heathen? Who shall count the mothers and the maidens that longed for the fight?

* Mackay's *Popular Delusions*, vol. ii., p. 20.

† Guibert de Nogent.

And there were a thousand strange sights to be seen by the way;—the poor shoeing their oxen and harnessing them to carts, and placing their children and scanty provisions in them, and then leaving house and home, to go slay the Pagan; while, as they went, the babes, at each troop they saw, would demand eagerly, whether they were the Pagans they were going to slay.* At other parts of the road, groups of nobles might be seen travelling on, amusing themselves, as they journeyed, with hawk and hound.

Many came down the river in boats and rafts, others trudged barefoot along the rough path—all hurrying on, sword-in hand, to teach the heathen to love their brethren as themselves, and thinking it a sin deserving of the wrath of God to let the unbeliever live.

And there was a great jubilee held in Asulon! and the chiefs of the blessed army were to be publicly appointed to their different troops, and solemnly invested with the Holy Order of the Olive-branch. And the richest merchants and nobles of the land,

* Guibert de Nogent.

with the King at their head, and, led on by the Dervishes and Welees, went in procession to the great Mosque.

Then, after prayers had been chanted, each chief, as he was chosen, approached the altar, and presented his sword to the High Priest, who, taking it in his hand, blessed and consecrated it to the service of the Lord.*

Then, turning to the chosen chief, the Priest solemnly warned him of the difficulties and duties of the holy order he was about to enter, telling him, that he who sought to be a chief and fight under the banner of the Olive-branch, must vow never to battle without first offering up prayer—nor to spare either his own blood or the blood of others in spreading the blessed doctrines of peace and good-will among all men. And he must go forth, sword-in-hand, to make men learn to reverence the lives of others—and teach justice by injuring an hundred-fold those that dared to injure.†

* Menestrier de la Chevalerie et ses preuves, chap. ii. et ix.

† Speech of Bishop of Valenciennes to the young Count Ostravant.

Then the proudest and fairest of the maids of Asulon advanced and armed the new chief; one buckling on his spurs, another placing the helmet on his head, while a third gave him his spear.*

And, when the arming was finished, the noble who acted as his sponsor in arms rose from his seat, and, promised and vowed, in the young chief's name, that he should dedicate the sword to the increase and defence of the true faith. And then he struck him upon the shoulder with the naked blade, saying, "In the name of Allah the Compassionate, the Merciful, I make thee chief—go, bear this blow, but never bear another."†

And, when each of the leaders had taken the oath and been invested with the Order of the Olive-branch, Aleph, angry to find that all should have taken precedence of Huan—Anthy's own brother—drew his jewelled sword from its sheath, and gave it to the chief Dervish, saying, that he himself would be sponsor for the Dwarf.

So the Priest called publicly upon Huan to come

* St. Palaye.

† Hartnock, liber ii. cap. i.

forward and take the oath and receive the weapon blessed from his hands.

But Huan, though his heart bled for his sister's fate, could not bear to see the sign of peace made the symbol of war, and refused to take the weapon, telling the Dervish that, "to uphold the glory of the Olive-branch, men should break, rather than worship, the sword."

Then the chiefs grew indignant at the words, and cried aloud, "Cast him forth! The brother will not succour the sister—cast the coward forth!"

But the Dervish asked him a second time to come forward and seek a blessing for his sword, and a second time Huan refused, saying, "The sword will only drive the Pagan further from you, and make them more brutal even than they are. If you would force them from their savage ways, go, make a road between them and you, that you may bring them the closer to you, and distribute among them the knowledge and the blessings that make you better than they."

And, as the nobles laughed in scorn at what he said, Huan told them this Parable:—

“ Before Man was created, and when the Heavens and the Earth were without form and void, God made the metals. And He locked them up in coffers of stone, and, setting huge rocks upon them, buried them deep under the ground.

“ First, He made the yellow gold—gorgeous as the sun. And the angels cried aloud, ‘ We praise Thee, O Lord! Heaven and Earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.’

“ Then the white silver—chaste as the moon, was made. And again the angels cried, ‘ We praise Thee, O Lord.’

“ Next the copper was formed—red as the morning. And once more the angels cried, ‘ Heaven and Earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.’

“ And then He made the iron—grey as night—and the lead—in colour like the thunder-cloud. But the angels grieved at the sight and were silent.

“ And Peace bent down her head, and, weeping, cried, ‘ Make them not, Merciful Father! make them not! For, though Thou lockest them up in coffers of stone, and hidest them in the bowels of the Earth, Man will find them out and use them to slay his

brother; and I and my sister angels will have no resting-place on earth.'

"But the Angel of Wisdom rose up and cried, 'Make them, O Lord! make them! for Man, after a time, surfeited with slaughter, shall, with the iron, set a girdle round about the Earth, that will prove a surer safeguard than the sword, and bind tribe with tribe and nation with nation, till the whole human race shall be linked together by it into one family. And the lead he shall cast into tiny tongues, wherewith the best and wisest of mankind shall speak with their distant brethren and pour their minds into those of their less-gifted neighbours—and, making their voice heard by it far beyond the cannon's roar, shall tell the whole world of the wondrous beauty and bounty of thy works!'

"Then the angels, repenting, cried, 'Make them! make them, O Lord! so that Peace may dwell among men for ever, and the Earth be full of the majesty of thy glory!'"

But the people would hear no more; and, seizing the Dwarf, they bore him from the Mosque, and placed him on a scaffold, in the sight of the assem-

bled multitudes. And they broke the sword that Aleph had given him before Huan's face; and the Olive-branch was torn from his hands and dragged through the dirt, whilst the heralds proclaimed his ignominy to the world. Then the Chief thrice demanded his name, and, as the herald each time cried aloud, "Huan the Dwarf!" the Priest answered, "A base and heartless coward!" Next hot water was poured upon his head, to wash away the memory of his honour, and, after that, he was placed on a hurdle, and drawn back to the Mosque, where he was covered with a pall, and the funeral prayers were chanted over him, as one dead to glory and to fame.*

But Huan bore the scorn and insults of the people without a murmur; for he only thought how he would go forth—unarmed—among his poor sister's barbarian foes, and teach them the same doctrines as had softened his own heart, and changed him from the savage to the Man of Peace. Aye! he—the Dwarf—would go forth—as the kindly Spirit bade him—armed with his simple Olive-branch,

* Form of degradation of ancient knight.—La Colom-
bière Théâtre.

and, by the very might of his weakness and the magic of its peaceful power, make more glorious conquests among men than with the weapon of war.

Early on the morrow the whole host encamped without the city. As far as the eye could reach, the meadows of Asulon were covered with tents.

And, as all those that joined the army had been promised by the Priests full remission of their sins, thousands gave themselves up to the most unbounded licentiousness. The glutton feasted and the drunkard caroused, and the gambler played till morn; debauchery flourished throughout the camp—the vice being only exceeded by the superstition of the people. But the holiness of the enterprise was to wipe out all trespasses; for the same eternal bliss was promised to the sensualist as to the anchorite who fasted from the rising to the setting of the sun; and such were the charms of the doctrine for the ignorant, that, the song of voluptuous revelry and the hymn of prayer rose from the tents at the same instant.*

At last the countless multitude began their march

* Mackay's Popular Delusions, vol. ii., p. 25.

At their head went a body of fanatics, who made it a profession to be without money; and they walked barefoot, and carried no arms, and preceded even the beasts of burthen, living only upon roots and herbs; while their rags were loathsome to look at.* Next came the nobles; some in bright armour inlaid with gold and silver and shining in the sun like figures of fire; whilst others, on their horses, armed at all points, looked like statues of bronze; then came Priests, habited in the coarse, woollen garb of the pilgrim; and above their heads floated their banners of purple and gold and rich colours. Next followed the Dervishes, in priestly robes, with helmets on their heads and swords in their hands, each leading a motley band of armed merchants and peasants and labourers. After them, came troops of women carrying their children, some on their backs and some in their arms, and others on mules; and, marching with these, were herds of boys, under leaders chosen from among themselves, and called after the names of the principal chiefs.*

* Guibert de Nogent, book vii.

Last of all came the troops, with Aleph at their head and the Chief Dervish on his right hand, and bands of choristers by his side, swinging their censers as they went—till the air was fragrant with ambergris—and chanting in one voice, “Glory be to God!” whilst the troops, the pilgrims, the peasants and the rabble took up the cry and made the air ring with their voices.

As the multitude moved on, their enthusiasm increased, and while the greater part hurried to convert or destroy the heathen, the more zealous of the rabble inveighed against the folly of going to slay the barbarian hordes, while they left the unconverted Jew behind. So many of the holy host hastened back to Asulon, and, swearing fierce vengeance to the Israelite, first mutilated and then slaughtered all those they could lay their hands upon.*

As the vast human flood rolled on, Aleph and the Chief Dervish soon found that, despite the exertions of the nobles and chiefs, it was beyond their power to keep in subjection the multitude

* Mackay's *Popular Delusions*, vol. ii., pp. 35 and 36.

that followed them—for the greater part of those they led consisted either of the folly, fanaticism, or villany of the country. Devoid of principle, discipline, or true courage, they swept over the land like a pestilence, spreading terror and famine, and death, robbery and murder journeying with them all the way.*

At one time they were perishing for want, so that horses and camels, and the very vermin, were eaten as luxuries by the daintiest, and scarce a chief was left a steed to ride upon.† At another, when, maddened with hunger and despair, they gained a victory, giving themselves up to frantic revelry once more, and, in the wantonness of their luxury, refusing to eat any but the choicest parts of the beasts they slaughtered, casting away as worthless all the remainder.‡ Now, at the sacking and pillaging of some city on their way, dressed in ermine, and purple and gold, and silken stuffs, and laden with vases of gold, and silver, and precious stones—then,

* Mackay's *Popular Delusions*, vol. ii., p. 26.

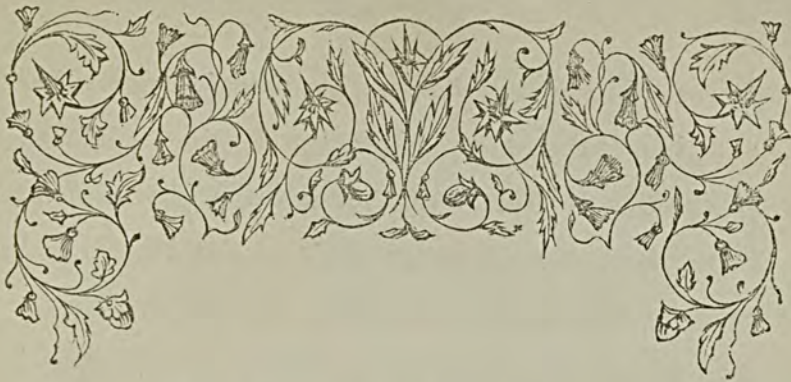
† Robertus Monachus, book vi.

‡ Raimond d'Argilles.

parched with drought and dying with fatigue, casting away first their heavy golden spoils, and then their armour; whilst the women, who still kept up with "the army of the Lord," would throw down their babes in the armies' track, and roll prostrate on the ground with the agony of their thirst, offering their naked bosoms to the swords of the soldiers, and begging for death.*

* Albert of Aix, book iii.





Chapter the Nineteenth.



AS soon as Huan—on the day of his degradation—had escaped from the hands of the frantic citizens, he journeyed far away, and stayed not till he beheld the sea—like a vast crystal pavement—spread out before him. Then he sought the wildest and most desolate part of the coast, and there, as the waves rippled at his feet, he thought to himself how he could at once save his poor sister's life, and teach his countrymen the madness of their acts.

And he prayed his guardian Spirit, that she would bear him across the sea, to those far-distant

shores whither Aleph and his fanatic host were hurrying, so that he might, by showing kindness to those who had never yet felt the charm of it, tame them before "the army of the Lord" had time, by the barbarities of war, to make them even more savage than they were.

The wish was no sooner uttered, than the Spirit begat what the kindly heart desired, and immediately the trees in the neighbouring forest fell like reeds to the earth, while others bent down and curved themselves into the ribs and sides of a goodly ship. Then, from the tallest and straightest of the wood, the branches were stripped, till the naked stems stood up as masts for the magic vessel. And the shores, where the ring of the anvil had never been heard, were red with the glare of the forge, and tinkled with the music of countless hammers, as the plastic iron was wrought into bolts and anchors for the loving mission. And all around was heard the hum of a myriad of wheels, as the coarse fibre of the cocoa-nut tree was spun and wove into the sails and cordage of the ship. Then, as the tide rose and rose, the waves danced around

the vessel, and, lifting it on their backs, bore it and Huan far away from land.

And the same kindly Spirit that had built the ship, freighted it with loving gifts, and christened it "The Messenger of Peace," while from its mast-head floated the Dove and the Olive-branch, as emblems of both its name and object.*

But Huan, though he travelled by sea, could not reach the shores of the heathen before Aleph and his multitude, who came by land, had begun the war that he had hoped by his coming to have prevented; so that, when he neared the shore, the natives, who might before have listened to his words, were up in arms and screaming for the blood of the stranger.

Though it was night, his vessel had been seen from afar by the natives, and, as he stood towards the land, countless lights flickered like fire-flies on the distant beach, while on the breeze floated the

* The name and flag of the ship that Williams the missionary built, unassisted, at Raiatea, in the South Seas, in order that he might visit the savage natives of the other islands.

yells and war-cries of the infuriated people that he had come, unarmed, to conquer.

But Huan prayed for strength and faith in the power of the Spirit whose servant he was, and, gaining new courage, landed amidst them.

Some of them had one side of their face and body blackened with charcoal; others were painted most fantastically with yellow and red ochre, and stripes of all the colours they could procure; while many had their skins tatoed with curious devices from head to foot, and dyed orange with turmeric, and were dressed as warriors, with large caps, adorned with white cowrie shells and birds' feathers.

As Huan looked around, he trembled for his rashness; for he saw that the natives were drawn up in hostile array, some with three or four spears, others with slings, and their belts full of large stones, while others, with torches of dry cocoa-nut leaves, danced round about him, shouting and making the most frantic gestures.

Many had climbed the trees, to see the stranger; and upon the trunks and astride the branches Huan saw them in clusters, by the red glare of the

torches, peeping, with glistening eyes and wondering look, from the rich, dark foliage that surrounded them.

Presently, some of them advanced, and, taking hold of his hands, felt every limb, smelt him, turned up his sleeves, to see his flesh, and examined him most minutely. Then, as they again poised their spears, one cried out, "I'll have his cap;" another, "I'll have his cloak;" and a third, brandishing his huge club, screamed, "Let us kill the hog! let us kill him."*

But Huan desired them to put aside their spears and clubs, telling them he had come as a friend to them, laden with presents, to teach the blessings of peace and good-will among men.

When they heard this, they tied up their weapons in bundles and threw aside their slings.† Then Huan distributed to them pieces of cloth, and hammers, and ribands, and clasp-knives, and blue beads, and mirrors and fish-hooks.

* The native teacher Papeiha's narrative of his landing at Rarotonga.

† Landing of Williams at Mangaia.

Some of the cloth he gave them the natives fastened round their Priest; but the holy man tore it in anger from him, and, throwing it on the ground, stamped on it, crying, "Am I a woman, that I should be encumbered with stuff?" Another, to whom Huan gave a saw, broke it in pieces, and, hanging the glittering fragments round his neck and to his ears, ran off dancing through the forest.*

Pleased with the gifts, the people grew more kindly towards the Dwarf, saying, "He cannot have come to injure us, for he brings good and not evil things with him, and hath no weapon but his tongue."†

Then Huan told them he had come to teach them the knowledge of the true God, so that they might burn the idols of wood, of cloth and of birds' feathers, which they had made and called gods.

Immediately a cry of horror burst from the people, and some said, "What, burn the gods! What gods shall we then have?" and others, "What shall we do without the gods?" while the Priest cried, "Away

* Landing of Williams at Mangaia.

† Conversion of the natives of Atiu.

with this man to the Chief, for he is one of the others that would destroy us and our gods too;" and, muttering something to the people, the natives seized Huan—some by his legs, others by his arms—and carried him far away into the presence of their Chief Vara, the man-killer.

This Vara was a mighty warrior; and, as Huan entered, he was seated on a stage stained with blood, eating his bread-fruit, with the heads of the enemies he had slain ranged round him. His appearance was awful; his cheek-bones were high and prominent, and his countenance forbidding. His whole body was smeared with charcoal, and his long black hair fell like a mane upon his shoulders, while his beard was plaited and twisted, and reached to his girdle. Around his loins was a narrow slip of cloth, through which his spear was passed; and the only badge of his nobility were a few shells and part of an old clasp-knife handle, that dangled from the girdle round his waist.

Before him stood his mother, weeping, and cutting with sharks' teeth deep gashes in her face and arms, to show her grief, while she bewailed the death of

her child, and charged the Chief with having killed his little brother and sent his body to the Priests, because the King had demanded of him a sacrifice to the gods.

But Vara only looked up from his feast of bread-fruit and abused her, saying, "Is not the favour of the gods, and the pleasure of the King, and the security of our possessions, worth more than that little fool of a brother? Better lose him than the government of our district and the protection of Oro the war-god."*

Then Huan, horrified at all that he had seen and heard, stood boldly forward, and spake to the Chief on the wickedness and madness of offering up such sacrifices to a piece of painted wood. And, telling him "he had come to teach them the folly and wickedness of war, he exhorted the Chief to worship his God, whose word was the word of peace and love."

On this Vara rose, and said, angrily, "If it be so, why do these strangers come, armed with spears,

* Speech of Vara, sacrifice-procurer and Chief of Aimeo.

to preach the word of peace to us, and slaughter our wives and children, to teach us the word of love. They have come," said the Chief, "to take us by force and make us worship their god; but, rather than yield, we will gather our warriors around us and fight for Oro, who is not more savage than they."

Then Huan told the Chief "no force on Earth could make him worship Allah, for that He was a God of Kindness, and those who fought his battles must go armed only with love and charity to all; so that men, seeing they sought but their welfare, might receive them as friends, and listen to their words without fear or suspicion."

Then, turning to the people, Huan said, "Out of pure pity I come to bring the blessings of these kindly truths to you, before you entirely destroy each other by your wars and the worship of your savage gods. Think, friends, what a life of misery, and strife, and fear you lead! You cannot go down to the sea to catch fish, or to the mountains to procure food, but you walk the earth in dread of your foes—I come to teach you peace and happiness, that you have never known. You hide yourselves

in caves, when your Priests seek your lives as a sacrifice to the gods—I come to give you the safe shelter of God's love to all his creatures. Your chiefs enter your houses, seize your rolls of cloth, kill the fattest of your swine, pluck the best of your bread-fruit, and take the very posts from your doors as firewood, wherewith to cook their food. Is there a person present who has not buried his new canoe in the sands, to hide it from these desperate men? I come unarmed and unfearing among you, to put an end to these savage wrongs. I come to show you how to live in amity, without fear of your neighbour. I come to teach you to do to others as you would that others should do to you; so that, instead of being pierced with spears, or beaten to death with the clubs of your warriors, or burnt as offerings to your senseless idols, you may live and die in peace in your own habitation, surrounded by your friends."

Now all this was new to the people, and the interest it begat in those who heard it was intense; for if any moved, they would cry, "Be still! be still! let us hear."

But the Chief Vara rose and said to the Priest

and those assembled, "The stranger who would teach us this new creed may, like his brethren, want our lands and our wives. I do not say that such is the case, but it may be so. Therefore, do not be in haste. Let us know something more about this new religion of Kindness, before we abandon the religion of Revenge, which our ancestors for ages have venerated. Suppose we were to visit his country, and say to his people, that Allah was not the true God, and invite them to cast Him off and become worshippers of Oro the god of war, what reply would they make? Would they not say, 'Do not be in haste? Let us know something more of Oro and the worship he requires.' I wish my people to do and say the same as the stranger's people would say, in the same circumstances."*

Then, turning to Huan, he asked, "where does your God live?"—Huan answered, that "Heaven was his dwelling-place; but that He filled both the sky and the earth with his presence." "I cannot see him!" rejoined the Chief, "but mine I can look

* Speech of a Samoan chief.

upon and touch with my hand; and, if the Earth was full of your God, surely He would be big enough to be seen." "Aye, and we should run against Him," added the Priest, who had brought the Dwarf to the Chief's house.

To all this Huan made answer, that "the Earth was full of air, but they could not see it, nor touch it with their hands; that they were surrounded by light, and yet they did not run against it."*

Then Huan spake kindly to the mother, that still grieved for her murdered son, and strove to comfort her, telling her of the happy time of peace and good-will to come; so that the poor woman—unused to sympathy—thanked him, as her heart overflowed with his compassion. And she brought baked meats and yams, and cocoa-nut water, and spread them before him, on a table-cloth of fresh-plucked leaves, and bade him eat and drink, saying, that she knew he had come to comfort, and not to injure, them.

After this, she besought her son that he would listen to the stranger's good counsels, and no longer

* Dialogue between Papeiha, a native teacher, and Tinomana, Chief of Arorangi.

worship, as gods, those things of painted wood and birds' feathers, that robbed of them of their children and their brothers. And she exhorted him not to lead his men to battle on the morrow, but to stay with the stranger and hear more from him about the God of Peace and Loving-Kindness.

And, when Huan had finished his meal, seeing him overcome with fatigue, she spread a mat for him, and, bidding him rest his tired limbs, placed a bundle of dried grass as a pillow for his head.

As Huan prayed before he slept, Vara hearing him say, "Have mercy on us, O Lord, as we have mercy on others," wondered at the charity of the prayer, and, drawing his mat beside the Dwarf, told him he had come to be taught to pray to the God of Mercy. Delighted with the request, Huan repeated the supplication, while the Chief said it after him.

But when Vara had made him go over it again and again, Huan, overcome with fatigue, dropped off to sleep.

Scarcely, however, had he closed his eyes, when

the anxious Chief awoke him, saying, "I have forgotten it, tell it to me once more."* And, when he had made him repeat it many times, Huan fell asleep again, and was again awoke.

This the Chief did frequently through the night, till he had got the prayer by heart. And, as soon as the air grew blue with the coming morning, he bade Huan wake and talk with him, saying, he had been thinking seriously on all he had heard, and felt greatly disposed to burn his gods, but was afraid, lest they should be enraged and strangle him in the night. But, as it was a matter of great importance, it was well not to be in haste. However, since Huan had come for the purpose of dissuading him from fighting, he would lay aside all thoughts of war for the present.

Then the Dwarf, finding he had made a friend of the Chief, ventured to speak upon the subject that he had not dared to mention before. So he asked Vara if he still remembered the prayer that he had learnt; and the Chief repeated it to him word for

* Papeiha, a native teacher, and Tinomana, the Chief of Arorangi.

word. Whereupon Huan told him, that he alone, of all his countrymen, had come in mercy to them, though none had suffered at their hands more than he had.

Then the Chief asked him, how he and his people could have injured one whom they had never seen before.

So Huan told him they had robbed him of his sister's life, and, though his countrymen had called him "coward," still he had come to them in charity, to teach them those blessed truths which had taught him to live in peace with all men and love his enemies. And Huan wept bitterly.

When Vara heard the speech, he fell back and gazed with wonderment upon the Dwarf. Then, suddenly starting up, he cried, "Now do I see that yours is the true God. Had you slain my sister, I and my children's children would not have rested till we had made your skull our drinking-cup; for I should have bequeathed my vengeance as a legacy to my sons, and commanded them to have blood for blood, even though they had to wait for it till the third or

fourth generation.* But you, instead of injuring us or our wives or our children, have come amongst us laden with gifts, to pay back good for evil. Truly, yours is a religion of mercy, and none but the true God could have made it."†

But Huan's heart was fixed on Anthy; and he asked the Chief if, among those that had been slain, he remembered one that was blind.

And, when Vara had answered that he did, the Dwarf inquired if she had suffered much.

But the Chief replied, that the blind were sacred with them; for that, if they took their lives, Marama, the goddess of darkness, would be angry with them, and destroy them as they slept.

Then Huan's head fell on his bosom, and he sobbed for very joy, while he praised God that Anthy still lived.

But Vara thought he grieved for the approaching fight, and cried, "O that your countrymen had come to us in charity, as you have done! But they

* The "Ono," or systematic revenge, prevailing through all the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

† Speech of the Chief of Tahaa.

came as enemies, and fell upon us with the sword and the firebrand, under cover of the night. And they slew our Priests, our wives, our brothers, and our children, till the dead covered the earth like trees after the hurricane. They desecrated our temples, cut down our sacred groves, tore Oro from his seat, stripped him of his robes, and set fire to our altars and our gods. And, when our people saw the green fields and trees dyed red with the flames of their gods and the blood of their countrymen, they screamed for vengeance. And they sounded the trumpet-shell of war, and called on the tribes around to destroy the ruthless strangers, saying, 'There is no peace for the god-burners, till they have felt the fury of the fire with which they destroyed Oro.'"*

* The war at Raiatea.



Chapter the Twentieth.



AS the Chief yet spake, the sun rose, and suddenly the trumpet-shell sounded, and the air was rent with the cries of the Priests and the yells of the warriors, as they gathered together. Then the shouts ceased, and there was heard the chant of the Priestesses of the war-god, singing of the victory to come, while from afar, floating on the breeze, came the prayer of the armed host of Asulon.

Then Huan, led by the Chief, hastened down the mountain-side to see if there were no way left to stay the coming strife. But, as the war-cry again came

up louder and fiercer than before, he looked down into the plain beneath, and saw the barbarian horde assembled in the vast waste which their forefathers had set aside for their battle-ground, with their war-caps on their heads and their long, jagged spears, set with sharks' teeth, ready poised above them; while, drawn-up behind the savage horde, stood bands of women, bearing baskets of stones, and slings and clubs, with which to supply the warriors as they fought.

So Huan hurried on with quicker speed, and reached the plain as the boldest of the chiefs darted forward from the ranks and began his war-dance of defiance close in front of the army of Asulon. Now the savage chieftain quivered his spear, and ran to and fro, leaping and shouting, as though inspired with the spirit of wildness. Then, with a bound, he stood close before his foes, and gnashed his teeth and grinned at them, till he foamed at the mouth, all the while keeping up a low, hideous howl, and forcing his eye-balls almost from their sockets. Then, calling them women and children, he defied them to the combat, while he thrust his long, grey beard

into his mouth, and gnawed it with savage vengeance.*

And when the people of Asulon saw this, they cried aloud, "Death or new life to the heathen;" and, brandishing their swords on high, rushed forward to the fray.

Then Huan fell on his knees, and, remembering the magic power of the branch he bore, waved it in the air, as he called on the Spirit of Kindness to help him stay the murderous hand of Aleph and his host, so that the arms they carried might be changed to the instruments of peace, and, gaining greater power from their greater kindness, theirs might be a victory of the heart and not of the sword.

Immediately the shouts and the war-cry ceased, and the fanatic foe became the earnest friend. The spears were turned into pruning-hooks and the battle-axes into plough-shares. The armour fell from the limbs of the zealous host, and the bigot-warrior stood transformed into the apostle of peace—coming with

* War-dance at "Savage Island."

sickles instead of swords in their hands, wherewith to teach men to live in happiness and plenty.

And, in the magic of the change, the girdle of scalps fell from the Pagan's loins, and his naked and painted limbs became clothed, while the uplifted club dropped harmless from his hand. And those, whose brains they, in their savageness, had come down to offer up on bread-fruit leaves as food for their gods,* they no longer feared as enemies; but now gathered round in faith to listen to their words.

Then, as the kindly teachers spake, the sky grew crimson with the burning of the Pagan temples, as if the Heavens themselves were stained with the blood of their thousand victims. And the people were seen advancing in procession, tribe after tribe, the chiefs and the Priests leading the way, and men, women and children following them, bearing their rejected gods upon their shoulders.† Some of the idols were large, some were small, some were beautiful, while others were hideous. Here was carried

* Practice in the war at Rarotonga.

† Overthrow of idolatry at Aitutaki.

the great god of death called TANGAROA,* the man-eater, whose Priests were supposed to be inspired by the shark, holding in one hand the spear with which he killed men, and in the other a net, with which he caught their spirits, as they fled from their bodies. There was borne another, whom they called TAUA,† the God of Thunder; and he held a mighty fan, and had wings, the sounds made by the flapping of which, as he flew, they said, caused the thunder to peal through the skies. Next was brought a rod, with snares at the end of it,‡ made with the fibres of the cocoa-nut husk, with which the Priest caught the spirit of the gods, and which was also used in war-time to catch the god of battle by the leg and secure his influence on the side of his worshippers. After this one was carried PAPO, the God of Revenge.|| This was made of rotten matting, and round it there hung a string of pieces of polished pearl shells, which were thought to be the soul of the idol; and he was

* The great national god at Aitutaki.

† One of the idols of the same island.

‡ Ditto.

|| National idol of Savaii.

regarded with great veneration, so that those who sought his assistance would cut off with sharp shells the joints of their little fingers.

Then the idols were rolled towards the fire, some of those who had worshipped them a short time back kicking them, as they went, saying, "There! your reign is at an end."

And, when they had cast all but PAPA into the flames, one of the Priests, lifting up the roll of rotten matting that they called the God of Revenge, begged with tears that that idol might be thrown into the sacred tank hard by, as drowning was a less painful death than burning. And when, to please the simple one, they had granted his request, he tied a stone to the idol, and, weeping, cast it in.*

No sooner was the last of the blood-stained gods destroyed, than the magic of the Olive-branch went on, and from the sacred groves there came the sound of many axes, and the loud crash of boughs and branches falling to the earth. And the bread-fruit trees were seen to drop one by one to the ground,

* Request and conduct of Fauca, Chief of Tongatabu.

and where they had stood rose up the milk-white walls of the humble temple of the new God. On its roof were the leaves of the sugar-cane, on its floor were the leaves of the cocoa-nut, and the steps before it were of hewn coral, both white and red, while the path that led to it was strewn with shells of many colours.* And all around waved the stately bread-fruit trees, with their dark-green, glossy foliage, and their light-green, oval fruit, hanging like balls of emerald from the end of every bough. And interwoven with their branches were the white leaves of the candle-nut tree, while, overtopping all, were seen the graceful plumes of the cocoa-nut. Through the thick, green foliage peeped the snowy walls of the house of Peace, dotted with drops of sun-light trickling through the leaves above. Across the sunbeams flitted bright-coloured butterflies, like winged flowers; and the cooling breeze from the ocean swept by, laden with spice and perfume.

Then was heard the ringing of the call to prayer, and men were seen beating, as they went, battle-axes

* Chapel at Rarotonga.

with large stones, to summon the people to the temple.*

And, as the teachers entered the holy place for the first time, their hearts were moved at the sight of the change that had been so wondrously wrought in the people; for the jagged spears of the savage chiefs were arranged as balustrades, to support the rails around the altar, while from the rafters hung the rejected idols, as trophies of the bloodless victory that had been gained.†

And, when they had prayed, a chief arose and said, "Thus the gods made with hands shall perish. There they are, tied with cords! Their glory—look! it is birds' feathers, soon rotten; but our new God is the same for ever. Friends, let us remember our former state; how we slew our children—how, when age made our mothers helpless, we would tempt them to the woods, and then, hurling them into a hole that we had dug, would cast heavy stones upon them—and how, when we came to manhood, we would fight and wrestle with our fathers for the

* Custom at Aitutaki.

† Chapel at Rurutu.

mastery ; and, if we obtained it, take forcible possession of their goods, and drive them from their home to starve—and how, when the hand of death had snatched the husband from the wife, we—instead of visiting in kindness the fatherless and the widowed in their affliction—waited to seize all that belonged to them, and turn the disconsolate mother with her offspring away, and possess ourselves of the house, the food and the land that was theirs. Now, friends, none are to be pillaged, none are to be destroyed. But some are still doing as we have done. Some are still killing themselves, and others their children and their parents. Some are still worshipping their blood-thirsty idols. Let us, then, send them teachers, to teach them the good word that we have been taught.”*

Next an old Priest stood up, and, holding out his hands, moved rapidly the joints of his wrists and fingers. Then he opened and shut his mouth, and raised his leg and moved it in various directions. And, having done this, he said, “ See, I have hinges

* Speech of King Tamatoa before Captain Waldegrave, at Raiatea.

all over me! If the thought grows in my heart that I wish to handle anything, the hinges in my hands enable me to touch it. If I want to utter anything, the hinges in my jaws enable me to say it. And, if I desire to go anywhere, here are hinges in my legs to enable me to walk thither. Now, I perceive great wisdom in the adaptation of my body to the wants of my mind; and, when I look into the Book of Life, I see wisdom in it equal to that in my frame; and my heart tells me that the Maker of my body is He who therein commands us to love our brethren as ourselves.”*

Scarcely had the Priest finished, when a body of natives rushed into the temple, dragging with them a chief they had taken in ambush.

As they forced him forward to the altar, they cried, “See, great Malietoa! we bring thee thine enemy at last. Now, take thou thy vengeance on him.”

Then Malietoa rose, and, advancing to the captive, said, “Thou didst take my child as thy prisoner in war, and pressed her to become thy wife. But she

* Speech of a native Priest before Captain Waldegrave, at Raiatea.

would not consent, and even thine own people said it was base in thee to take by force the daughter of a chieftain like myself. Upon this, thou didst seize thy club, and, swearing that if *thou* didst not have her no one else should, didst strike her on the head and slay my only child. Now, my blood urges me to avenge the death of my girl: but I have learnt the religion of Peace, and I will begin by trying to love thee, my bitterest enemy."*

Then the chief, who had come prepared for death and torture, was stricken down with the charity of his enemy; and, as his head fell upon his bosom, he cried, "I will unite myself to this new religion, for it is one of wondrous mercy, and I know, by my life being spared, that none but a great and good God could have made it.† Henceforth, Malietoa, let us two have but one heart." And he fell at his forgiver's feet, and buried his face in his hands.

Then the noble chieftain took his enemy by the

* Conduct of Malietoa, Chief of Upolu, to one of the chieftains of Manono.

† Speech of the Chief of Tahaa after the war at Raiatea.

hand, and said, " Rise, brother ! tear off the garb of Satan and be a man of God."

Huan thanked his guardian Spirit for the wonders she had worked in the hearts of the people, and, calling Vara to his side, he bade him conduct him to his sister Anthy.

So, Vara led him far into the once-sacred groves, till they came to a thicket dense with trees of ebony and iron-wood, with their black boughs and leathery leaves so closely matted together, that the herbs beneath grew white as in a cave ; while, as they walked along, the screech-owl and the vampire-bat darted like shadowy imps in and out the branches.

At length they reached the Hall of Darkness—sacred to Marama, the goddess of the night—within whose ebon doors and blackened walls no ray of light had ever entered. Beside it grew the night-shade, and all around glimmered dim glow-worms that never ceased to shine.

When Huan heard that beneath this dismal roof his sister was imprisoned, his blood chilled with horror, and he thanked Heaven for the blindness that screened the terrors of the dungeon from her.

Then Huan, as he waved his magic branch, besought his Spirit to wipe out the black blot from the Earth, and let the light of Heaven shine for the first time within the walls of Darkness.

Instantly, the branches above opened, and the light streamed in a golden flood through the leafy lattice, till the Earth was drenched with it, and the walls grew white, and the grass grew green, and sparkled with many-coloured flowers, as though, where each sunbeam touched, a gem was left behind.

Then the sides of the vast building were pierced with many windows, and, as the light poured in, there arose from within the buzz of a thousand infant voices, humming like a swarm of bees, as they hived the honey in their brains. Some learnt a thanksgiving for their food—others a simple prayer to say before they rose or slept—while, above all, was heard the gentle voice of Anthy, telling the little ones the wondrous story of the life of Him who first taught and showed mankind how “to love their enemies, and do good and lend, hoping for nothing again.”

When Huan entered, he found the people gathered in the hall and dressed as for a feast, to listen to

the children. At their head sat the grey-haired old King, who had been worshipped as a god, and had led many fierce warriors to the fight; but his glistening eyes showed that he felt more glory in that peaceful scene, than in all the battles he had won.*

As the little ones lisped aloud the kindly lessons, it was a touching sight to look upon the faces of the parents gathered round to hear those very infants learn to hurt nobody by word or deed, and be true and just in all their dealings—whom a little while since they would have destroyed or dedicated to HIRO, the God of Thieves, that they might have become clever and desperate in plunder.† Here were some aged listeners, whose eyes glistened with delight, as the mother said to the father, “Thank God, we spared our little one!” There sat others with saddened countenances and faltering voices, who bewailed in bitterness that they had put theirs to death; while the silent tears, as they trickled down the cheeks of many, told the painful tale that—*all* their children were destroyed.*

* Jubilee of children at Raiatea.

† Polynesian custom.

Suddenly a woman in the crowd started up ; and, as she wrung her hands, she shrieked, "O, my children ! my murdered children ! All the little ones I have slain rise up in judgment against me. My sins ! my sins ! there is no hope for a wretch like me !"

Then, as she sobbed aloud, she continued, " Even my little first-born I put to death. My second, my husband would have saved, but I and my mother cried aloud for its life. My third was more beautiful than all, and its father's heart yearned towards it, and he begged and entreated it might be spared to him ; but I and my mother again had our murderous way. We rose in the night, placed its little body in a hole we had dug, covered it with a plank, and left it there to perish. O, my babes ! my murdered babes !"*

Scarcely had she sat down, before the brother of the King—a chieftain grey with years—arose ; and, as he beat his breast, he cried, " Let me speak ! I

* Confession of the wife of one of the chiefs of Tahiti.— One of the reasons for the practice of infanticide was, that nursing impaired the personal attractions of the mother, and curtailed the period during which her beauty would continue to bloom.—*Williams*.

must speak! I will speak! O that in my youth I had known what I now know in my desolate old age. O that I had known that these blessings were in store for us! Then I should have spared my children, and they would have been among this happy group, repeating these precious truths. But, alas! alas! I destroyed them all. I have not one left—no, not *one*.” Then, turning to the King, he cried, as he stretched out his arm, “You, my brother, saw me kill child after child, but you never stayed this murderous hand.” And then, shaking his clenched fists at the idols that hung in contempt above their heads, he cursed the gods he had but lately worshipped, saying, “It was you that bred this savage spirit in us, and now I shall die childless, though I have been the father of nineteen children.”* And the tears trickled down the old warrior’s cheeks in his bitter agony, like the sweat-drops of his soul.

* This chief was an Airoi of the highest rank, and the laws of his class required the destruction of *all* his children.
—See *Williams’s Narrative*.



Chapter the Twenty-first.



S Huan gazed upon the Blind Girl, with the little ones grouped around her knees, he longed to fold her in his arms, and have, in the sweet assurance of the embrace, thrilling proof that she still was spared to him. And, when the King and chiefs and little ones and all had gone, and Huan was left alone with Anthy, he threw himself upon her neck and thanked Heaven for its many blessings, but for the blessing of his sister's life above them all.

Then she told him of all her sufferings, and he of all his strugglings to relieve her. And, while pity

strengthened the love of the one, gratitude gave a double earnestness to the affection of the other.

As they each ran over to the other the peaceful triumphs they had gained, Anthy besought Huan that he would make that happy land their resting-place, so that they themselves might watch over the goodly work they had begun.

But the Dwarf reminded her that before they gave to strangers they should first satisfy the wants of home. And he asked her whether she were so blest that none who claimed kindred with her stood in need of her charity.

Anthy saw the meaning of her brother's words, and, remembering her father's sufferings, bade Huan take her back to him at once.

Now when it was known among the people that their good friends were about to depart, little groups of men, women and children would collect in the cool of the evening, around the hut, and, sitting beneath the shade of a stately banana-tree, would sing in plaintive tones the rude verses they had made to express their sorrow at the parting; while others would bring their mats and sleep on them

beneath Huan's and his sister's windows, in order to be near them;* so that the first sounds Anthy her brother heard, as the east grew crimson with the rising sun, was the plaintive farewell hymn mingled with the voices of the birds.

And, when at last the day of departure came, thousands went with the kindly couple to the beach, where a feast was spread, that they might break bread in peace before they parted.

On their way thither, both sides of the path were lined with the multitude who had come to crave a blessing ere they left them for ever. And, as Huan and Anthy walked along and looked upon the altered people, they smiled with joy to think how different was their parting from their meeting.

The war-field in the distance, which for ages had been left barren for the fight, was here brown with the new-turned earth, and there green with the coming crop. And men sat in the shade beside their doors, on chairs of their own making, with their wives and daughters next them, plying the

* Conduct of the natives of Rarotonga to Williams previous to his leaving the island.

needle or busy at the spinning-wheel. The clanking of the loom and the ring of the anvil ceased, as Huan and Anthy advanced, and the chieftain, who now plied the shuttle, left the web, and the blacksmith—once a noted warrior—came from the forge, with bare and brawny arms, to shake the hand that had taught them their peaceful arts. Then, as they neared the village, girls came running from the churn and men from the plough, to swell the train, while those who once had been priestesses to the god of war, now came forth, knitting on their way, to join the throng. Next, the splashing of the water and the drone of the wheel of the sugar-mill was stopped, and the whirr of the turning-lathe ceased; and the priest, who was now the printer, left off working at the press, and all flocked out to implore a blessing on the heads of those who had come in kindness to teach them how to serve God, their neighbour and themselves.

Then, as they passed the schools, the old and the young marched forth to greet them. Here was a grey-haired chieftain that, in his old age, had come to learn; and he had, slung round his neck, a chip—

a magic one, he thought—on which a hasty message had been written; and, as he danced along, he cried, “See the wisdom of these strangers! They can make even the wood talk to people at a distance.”* There was another, as old and simple as the last, who, to bless the Blind Girl and her brother as they went by, muttered his new-learnt alphabet as a fancied prayer.†

And, when the shore was reached and the feast was ended, the King rose up, and said, “It is my wish, that all who are now assembled promise our brother and our sister—the best friends we ever knew—that the good work they have begun shall not be put aside, when they are far away. When they first came among us, we thought them drift wood cast on shore by the waves of the ocean, but see what they have taught us. Let us think of what we are and what we were. Our bodies are now covered all over with beautiful cloth, while formerly

* Conduct of a chief of Rarotonga, after carrying a message written on a chip.

† Prayer uttered by the converted Priest Tiaki, in a moment of supposed danger.

we had nothing but a girdle of leaves around our waist. Now our very feet are clothed, and a little while since they were like the dogs'. Formerly we were obliged to work with our axes of stone, day after day, before we could cut down a single tree, now we have axes so hard and sharp, that the trees are like reeds before us. Before they came among us, we used human bones to dig and make our canoes with, now we have tools so hard and sharp, that we cut through the wood and the ground, as though they were water. Our knives, too, what valuable things are they! how quickly they cut up our swine, compared with our bamboo ones of old! Our women have no need to go down to the water to look at themselves, because now they have small shining things, in which they can see their faces as plainly as we can see one another. And our children no longer cry and scream to have their hair cut, now that it is done with scissors instead of sharks' teeth. Now, when I look at the wisdom of these people, and see how superior they are to us, and how superior they have made us to what we were, I say again, it is my wish

that their God should be our God for ever and ever."*

Then, as Huan and his sister rose with tearful eyes, to bid them all God speed, Vara, who had been the first to learn to pray, ran towards the Dwarf, and, throwing himself at his feet, wept bitterly. And, as he knelt and lifted his clasped hands to Heaven, the whole multitude knelt also, while Vara cried aloud, "O God, tell the winds about them, that they may not blow fiercely upon them. Command the ocean concerning them, that it may not swallow them up. Conduct them in safety to their far-distant country, and give them a happy meeting with their friends, and then—conduct them back again to us. I have seen, O Lord, a compass in their vessel, by which the shipmen steer the right path. Do Thou, in their absence, be our compass, to direct us in the right course, that we may escape the rocks and quicksands in our way. Be to us, O Lord, the compass of Everlasting Life."†

* Speech of a venerable Samoan chief.

† Prayer of Teava, a converted native of Rarotonga.

Then, as Huan and Anthy tore themselves away from the grateful people, and the boat left the shore, and floated past the sloping banks of white and red coral, that shone at the bottom of the placid and transparent waters, like a flower garden beneath the sea, the people sang with one voice and one heart, "Blessing on you, kindly friends! blessing on you! in your journey on the deep!"

Now the thousand voices were hushed, while a thousand hands were waved towards them. Now the same loving song broke forth again, growing fainter and fainter, as the waves went dancing by the boat, till it was heard only as the breeze came rippling over the crystal waters; and then it was lost for ever in the distance.*

* Departure of Williams from Rarotonga.





Chapter the Twenty-second.



LEPH and his band had long since returned to Asulon, to tell the wondrous story of the nation that had been conquered, without the shedding of one drop of blood. And, when it was spread about, that Huan and his sister were returning, Ulphilas and his court went out to meet them, and bid them welcome, as the greatest glory of the land.

And the Monarch set apart for Anthy and her brother, the noblest chambers in his palace. Then, as the evening drew in, he made Huan and his sister go over and over again the many marvels

they had wrought. And the mighty warrior, who had conquered half the Earth by the resistless sway of his arms, cried, as he listened to the tale, "Verily, there are but two powers in the world—Kindness and the Sword; and, in the end, Kindness is sure to subdue the Sword; for, there is no force so overwhelming as that, whose strength lies in its very weakness."*

But Huan, smiling, answered, he feared the King had not yet perfect faith in the magic of the kindly influence. Then the Monarch called Heaven to witness, that he believed there were no limits to its power over Man.

Instantly Huan bade him prove his words, and free the maniac of his chains. But Ulphilas sought to qualify the speech, and answered, "that Man was only Man by the possession of his reason, and, when that left him, he was as the beasts of the field." Whereupon Huan replied, "that it was the province of the reason to think and not to feel, and Kindness," he told the King a second time, "spake to the heart and not to the head."

* Saying of Napoleon.

As Huan saw the King waver, he again urged Ulphilas that he would allow him to unchain the maniacs. And he pleaded for their liberty with such earnestness and warmth, that the Monarch at length gave way to his arguments, and agreed to go with the Dwarf and visit the maniacs' dungeons in the morning.

Anthy and her brother could scarcely sleep that night, for the joy they felt—at last their prayer had been heard, and their father would be free on the morrow.

Early the next day, Huan and Anthy led the King to the grim abode. As they entered, they found the sufferers chained naked to the walls and being shown for money, like wild beasts, to gaping visitors, while the keepers—so that the rage of the poor, frantic wretches might be increased for the amusement of the sight-seers—alluded to every subject likely to excite their fury. The voracious idiot, too, was kept without food, so that his unnatural gluttony might appear the more wonderful to the wonder-seeking crowd.*

* Exhibitions at Bethlehem during the last century, by which an income of 400*l.* per an. was derived by the hospital.

But, when Ulphilas saw the fury of those that were chained, and heard the confused sounds of their cries, shrieks, laughter and curses, and, above all, the clanking of the iron fetters in the damp and dark cells, he repented him of what he had said, and hurried from the place, exclaiming, "You will become the victim of their rage and your own rashness. Your blood be upon your own head."*

And, now that the time had come, even Huan himself half-trembled for the result; and he bade Anthy leave him, so that he alone might meet the danger. But the loving girl clung the closer to him, and, as his faith wavered under the heavy trial, hers grew the stronger for it; and she reminded him how Kindness had tamed the beast of the field and the savage of the forest; and she bade him still trust the Magic Power that had triumphed when all others had failed.

But again Huan heard the fury and the shrieks, and his spirit quailed before them. So he prayed

* Speech of M. Couthon, a member of the French Commune, to M. Pinel, sen., previous to his liberation of fifty-three madmen from their chains.

for strength, saying, "Almighty Spirit of Kindness, help me, O, help me! in this, the greatest work of all. Show, to those who want faith in the magic of thy power, that even the maniac, deprived of every other means of intercourse with Man, is still able to understand thy gentle voice, and be guided by thy tender hand."

Then, as he felt his confidence come back, he turned to those about him, and bade them lead him to Ergastor's cell. But they dared not, saying, "Ergastor's fury made him the most dangerous of all." So they besought him to begin the perilous trial upon those whom long confinement had rendered almost powerless; and Huan, yielding to their entreaties, moved towards the first cell. In it was one who had been in chains for forty years, and who had been so long hidden from the world, that no one knew his history. The keepers approached him with caution, for in a fit of rabid rage he had killed one of them with a blow from his manacles. His chains were heavier, stronger and tighter than the rest.

Huan entered the dark dungeon, and, speaking to the maniac in a calm, kind voice, told him he had

come to free him of his fetters; but the madman laughed scornfully, as he said, "No! No! No! You are all too much afraid of me."

But the dauntless Huan advanced, and smote the chains with the magic branch—and instantly the links burst like bubbles at the touch. Then Anthy and the Dwarf drew back from the cell, leaving open the heavily barred door.

The poor wretch raised himself many times from his seat, and as many times sank down again. He had been so long chained to his chair, that his legs bent under him, as he tried to use them. At last, he stood up, and with tottering steps reached the door of his dark dungeon.

His first look was at the blue sky, that he had not gazed upon for forty years; and, as he drank in the sweet air, and felt the soft refreshing breeze fan his burning brain, he cried out, as his lip quivered with emotion, and his eye filled with tears; "Great God! how beautiful!"

Then the poor wretch staggered into the sunshine, and stood still to listen to the chirping of the birds. And then he hurried back into the cool shade again,

and gazed wildly upon the green trees, all the time uttering quickly, as he went, "How beautiful! Great God, how beautiful!"*

In the next cell that Huan visited was one who had not stirred from it for ten years. He had been a soldier, but drink had driven him mad. In his frenzy he believed himself a general, and attacked all those that would not bow to his rank; and he was more dangerous than all, from his greater bodily strength; for he had often, in his fury, snapped his chains with his hands only. Once he had broken loose, and then had defied his keepers to enter his cell, till they had passed under his legs. Nor could he be quieted, until eight of the boldest had obeyed his strange command.

One wave of the branch, and the maniac-giant was unchained, with the Dwarf unarmed and alone beside him.

But the change was sudden and complete! No sooner was the madman free, than he became gentle and devoted as a child. With his eye he followed

* See the account given by M. Pinel, jun., of the liberation of the madmen at Bicêtre, by his father.

every motion of the Dwarf. And, when Huan called upon him to help him release his fellow-prisoners from their chains, he joyfully obeyed, speaking kindly and even reasonably to his brothers in affliction.

And, so earnest was the attachment of the madman to his deliverer, and all that belonged to him, that, when years had gone by, and the hand that had freed him was mouldering in the dust, he still followed and tended so faithfully those that claimed kindred with his liberator, that they could not hear, without emotion, the mention of his name.*

In the cell adjoining this one were three strangers in the land. They had been in chains for many years—but why, no one knew. They were calm and harmless, becoming animated solely when conversing in their own language, which none about them could understand. They were allowed—the only consola-

* Account given by M. Pinel, jun., of the liberation by his father of the soldier of the French guards who afterwards became the faithful servant of the Father and the playmate of the Son.

tion of which they seemed sensible—to live together. As Huan entered to release them, they became alarmed, for they fancied he had come to inflict new tortures on them, and they warned him, by their gestures, not to approach.

In vain did Huan wave the magic branch, for though the chains fell heavily from the poor creatures' limbs, still they would not quit the seat that many years of bondage had used them to. Either grief or loss of intellect had rendered them indifferent to liberty—and the earth had no fairer spot for them than the dark and damp dungeon, to which their chains so long had bound them.*

And, now that Huan had shown to the few that, wondering, followed him, how Kindness still held sway over those upon whom reason had lost all power, he asked the keepers whether they yet had courage to take him to his father's cell.

When they had led him there and unbarred the door, they fled in fear.

* Liberation by M. Pinel, sen., of the three Prussian soldiers confined in the Bicêtre, as described by M. Pinel, junior.

As Huan forced back the heavy, creaking mass of iron, his heart bled to look upon the awful spectacle before him; and he shuddered to behold the iron vices that gripped the old man's limbs.

In his ravings, Ergastor had struck the doctor of the house; and, either from fear or as a punishment, a new and most ingenious instrument of torture had been invented for his confinement. A neck-ring of stout iron was rivetted round his throat, and from it was a heavy chain that bound him to a bar at his back, which was fastened in the wall. Round his body a strong iron girdle was clamped, with iron armlets, welded on each side, and through these the old man's arms were passed and held close-pinioned to his body. Over his shoulders were two thick iron braces, with their ends screwed to the girdle, so that the poor wretch might not lift his arms and draw them through the iron belts that gripped them to his waist. These braces, again, were fastened by a double link to the iron collar; while from all ran chains, bolted to the bar against the wall. His right leg, too, was chained to the trough in which he was encaged, and which served

him for chair—bed—home—world—and all ; and, though the chains which held him to the bar at his back, slid up and down the iron post, still the wretched creature could neither stand upright nor lie down at ease.

One touch of the branch, and the iron belts and bands snapped like threads.

But the freedom came too late, for the arms of the poor maniac still pressed as close as ever to his sides. Not a limb did he move in token of the liberty that had at last been given ; but he sat as though he were still manacled, and his muscles had become as rigid as the iron that so long had bound them.

Anthy flew to her father's side and tried with gentle care to set his foot down on the stony floor, so that she might help him pass from his wretched dungeon into the pure air without. As she moved the stiffened limb, the old man shrieked with pain. Then Huan strove to lay him down, but the poor, cramped creature shrieked more wildly than before, as they tried to bend the muscles of his back.

Anthy fell upon her knees, and, as she sobbed

aloud, screamed "Father! father! forgive me! oh, forgive me!"

But the old man moved not a muscle in reply; his glassy eye was still fixed with the same vacant stare.

Again the Blind Girl called frantically upon her father for his forgiveness, but in vain—for the eyelid drooped, and the jaw fell, and the old man died in the same posture as his chains so long had held him.

And there sat the corpse, its back against the bar, its arms close-pressed against its sides, as if its stiffened limbs had been the iron fetters of its soul; till Kindness, taking pity on its wretched bondage, had freed the spirit of its fleshy chains, and let it fly—like an uncaged bird—to Heaven.*

Huan dragged Anthy senseless from the awful scene. Then, with his sympathies for the sufferings of the maniacs made still more keen by the sufferings of his father, he cried aloud to the Spirit of Kindness that she would put an end to such atrocities for ever.

* Mode of confinement practised upon, and death of William Norris, a naval officer in Bethlehem.

As he spoke the words, a magic change came over the dismal building; and the gloomy, barred and bolted prison became the cheerful and kindly asylum. The high, dark walls that had shut out the green fields of the earth and the golden light of heaven, sank, till the country round was seen in all its healthful verdure and soothing beauty. The bars dropped from before the narrow windows as if melted by the sun-beams that came streaming in, or swept away by the sweet air that now gushed through them.

And, where the bars had frowned, birds in cages sang, and flowers blossomed; till the damp, dark dungeons that once had echoed with the clanking of chains and reeked with the fetid atmosphere, were now cheerful chambers, pleasant with melody and perfume.

There was warmth for the winter, and coolness and shade for the summer. There were light-some places set apart for the tranquil, the sick and the helpless; and places as lightsome, too, though more secure, for the unruly, the noisy and the violent.

And those who for years had never moved a limb or had a peaceful thought, were now busy forgetting their delusions in the work-shops and the work-rooms, the farm and the dairy, the smithy, the printing-office and the playground, that gave new life and health to the place. Those who, a little while back, would have been chained in wooden troughs, now made soft bedding for their suffering brethren. Those whose bodies would once have been strapped to the coercion-chair, were now busy making easy seats for the feeble and the helpless. Those whose limbs would have been gripped fast by leg-locks, were now hard at work tilling the sweet-smelling earth; while others, whose muscles would have been stiffened with iron belts and braces, fashioned toys and puzzles for the childish.*

Where the dismal yards and barren courts had stood, encompassed by their high and gloomy walls—without a tree, without a shrub, without a blade of grass—without shade in the heat of summer or shelter from the rains of winter—with the hard, stony soil

* Dr. Conolly, on the construction and government of lunatic asylums.

worn into hollows from the restless feet that trod it—and the only luxury there, a bench fastened to the wall with massive iron rings above it, so that, even in the open air, force, instead of care, might rule the inmates—now gardens bloomed instead, with shrubs and trees, to fling their cool, refreshing shade across the sunny paths for years to come; and fragrant summer-houses, and seats in pleasant places, for the feeble and the imbecile to sit and warm their sluggish blood in the sun. And there were flower-beds, prismatic with the colours of their many blossoms; and wide, red gravel walks between rows of lime-trees; and aviaries musical with birds, and cages alive with tame animals, for the maniac to foster and fondle, and be himself tamed in the kindly act.*

Here one madman might be seen, drawing after him a wheeled chair, in which his helpless brother sat drinking in the fragrant breeze. There was another, moody and lethargic, who had been tempted out by the kindly words of him on whose arm he rested. Some, like children, came running with the

* Dr. Conolly.

hoop; others stood still to play at battledore. Yonder was a noisy crew, sporting with fantastic mirth on the smooth bowling-green; and, in sheltered corners, some rode the rocking-horse, others forgot their follies over their ninepins, whilst others in the distance worked at the healthful farm.*

As the evening drew in, the walls which had formerly echoed only to the groans, shrieks and ravings of their furious prisoners, now sounded cheerily with the music of flute, clarionet and violin, played by hands that a little while back would but have rattled the chain. And some sang plaintive ballads, and others merry songs; while, in the spacious hall below, hundreds danced together with quaint mirth, freely and fantastically as they pleased.

And, when the hour of bed-time came, cheerful faces and grateful looks told how well the kindly treatment worked; while the wild dancers, with their limbs tired and weary with their sport, longed for the rest that formerly the maniac had seldom known. And, if even then they could not rest, there was ever,

* Dr. Conolly.

in the depth of the night, a kindly hand near them, to bathe their burning brow or moisten their parched lips with cooling drink. For, whereas before, the cries of the restless only brought some savage keeper to strap them the tighter in their beds, now there came, in instant answer to their wants, a gentle hand, bearing some refreshing draught, or ready to make the bed afresh, or put a cool, clean dress upon the fevered limbs; and then, with a kind and cheerful "good night," to leave the poor creatures at least calmed and grateful, if not to sleep.*

After this came the crowning-work of all, wherein men, by the MAGIC OF KINDNESS, were made to appear as gods, giving mind, and almost senses, to human creatures that seemed lower in intelligence than even the beasts of the field.

The troubled brain had been composed, and the heart of the maniac tranquillised, but it yet remained for the Spirit of Kindness to show that by her wondrous power even the crushed intellect could be restored and the lost affections regained.

* Dr. Conolly, on the construction and government of lunatic asylums.

Instantly, with a wave of the magic branch, the kindly tutor was seen seated in the maniac school, among his crazy and idiot scholars, like a father among his children, encouraging them, assisting them, directing them, and promoting all kinds of easy and pleasant mental exercises, that might by gentle efforts lead back again those powers by the loss of which all is lost that is worth preserving.* The tranquillity, the consent, the cheerfulness, of that little room, was a thing to be remembered for all time.

Now one poor maniac, whose wandering eye still told the fever of his brain, stood up with cheerfulness, and recited a short poem; whilst those around, though as mad as he, listened attentively to all he said. Then the witless crew sang together, keeping time and harmony, without one to lead them whose senses were less disordered than their own, while the little band that accompanied them was played by creatures as crazy as the rest.

Next they ranged themselves in mimic rank and file, while the youngest of the class, a little idiot

* Dr. Fabret, at the schools for the insane and the idiotic at the Salpêtrière.

boy of five years old, who a little while ago could scarcely move his torpid limbs, followed the rest, imitating their actions—holding out first his right arm, then the left, and marching now this way, now that, at the word of command, to the sound of a drum, beaten with all the lively skill of a soldier's hand, by another idiot, who strutted along, delighted with the drummer-clothes he wore.*

And all this was done by a band of beings whose powers, both of mind and body, seemed the very despair of art, holding out such little hope of culture, that formerly the wretched, witless things would have been left to mope away their lives in uncared-for indolence and apathy.

But among these many wonders was seen the greatest wonder of the whole.—There stood one who for many years had been an idiot in his intellect, his inclinations, and even his senses—a creature in utter discord with the human world without; signalised by a voracious, indiscriminate, gluttonous appetite—a hideous, insatiable craving—and a blind and ter-

* Idiot school of M. Seguin, at Bicêtre.

rible instinct of destruction. He was wholly an animal—without attachment, without tact, intelligence, power of attention, or sense of property or right. His eyes were never fixed, and seemed to act without his will; his taste was depraved; his touch obtuse; his ear scarcely recognised sounds; and he barely seemed to be possessed of the sense of smell. Devouring everything, however disgusting; brutally sensual and passionate; breaking, tearing, destroying, whatever he could lay his hands upon, and, if prevented, then pinching, biting and scratching himself, until he was covered with blood. He walked with difficulty, and could neither run, leap, nor exert the act of throwing. Sometimes he sprang like a leopard, and his sole delight was to strike one sonorous body against another, and—to put the last ghastly touch to the degrading picture—he was so attracted by the eyes of his brothers, sisters, and playfellows, as to be continually striving to push them out with his fingers.*

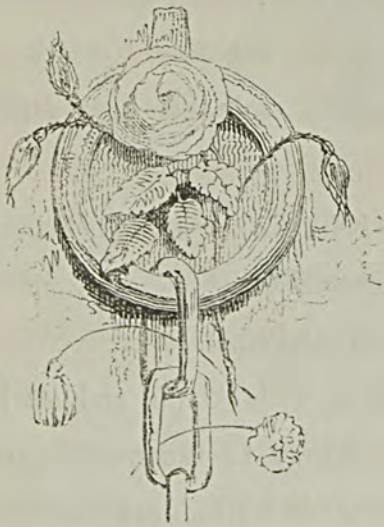
And now what a magic change had untiring care

* M. Voisin's description of Charles Emile, an idiot boy, who was confined and actually educated in the Bicêtre Asylum.

and loving-kindness worked! There stood this same poor idiot-boy, docile in his manners, decent in his habits, and capable—though not without some little effort—of directing his vague senses and wandering attention, so that his memory was stored with some *little* knowledge, and he could tell the names of the simple objects and figures that surrounded him, while he had become *affectionately* conscious of the presence of his kindly teachers and friends. Redeemed from the constant dominion of the lowest animal propensities—with the few fragments of faculties that had been left him, cultivated—and others even called into life—it was most affecting to see the poor little fellow come forward and hear him sing his little ballad, and recite his little prayer—to see him write as steadily and as well as most youths in his station of life—and watch him count by means of marbles or small pieces of wood. Sometimes, it is true, the the poor half-witted lad would fail in his answers; but, soon encouraged by the kindly voice of his master, he would make a second effort, and rectify himself—the crowning glory of the marvel being that, whilst the senses, the muscular powers,

and the intellect had received some culture, the habits had been improved, the propensities regulated, and play given to the affections ; so that a *wild, ungovernable animal, calculated to excite only fear, aversion or disgust, stood transformed by the wondrous magic of the Spirit of Kindness into the likeness and manners of a man.**

* Dr. Conolly's account of the idiot schools of Paris.





Chapter the Twenty-third.



UAN returned with Anthy to the Palace, and entreated Evöe that she would watch over and console his poor stricken sister in her affliction.

Then he bent his steps to the King, and besought him that he would come with him and see the change that had been worked.

So Ulphilas, with Aleph and all his court, proceeded straightway to the madhouse. And, when the King saw what Kindness had done upon those whose hearts seemed closed to its influence, he turned to his courtiers and asked what reward

should be given to the man that had wrought the marvel.

The assembled nobles answered, that "Heaven alone could compensate him. The honours that Man could bestow would only be a fraction of his due."

Then Ulphilas called Huan to him, and implored him to remain for ever by his side, so that he might profit by his counsels and learn to govern his people with the same kindly principles as he had used to govern the savage and the maniac. And he said, "According to thy word, all my people shall be ruled, and only in the throne will I be greater than thou. I will set thee over all the land, and even my own son shall be under thee."

Now, when Aleph heard the speech, though he bowed in obedience to the command, still his heart swelled with wounded pride, and he looked in anger upon Huan.

But, when it was known throughout the nation that the good Dwarf was to rule over them, the city grew merry with the news, and they feasted the hungry and clothed the naked, crying, in their joy,

“ Now shall evil cease and happiness alone reign in the land.”

Then Huan sent heralds throughout the country to cite the people to the city from far and near. And, as the crowd that gathered round the trumpeted messengers, heard the summons, they marvelled at the meaning of it, and asked among themselves, “ Why is our presence needed ?”

And, when the wondering multitude had been assembled, Huan led them to a high mountain beyond the gates of the capital.

Then he bade the people say whether they loved their neighbours as themselves ; and immediately the hills echoed with a million voices, and the heavens rang with one loud cry of “ We do ! we do !”

Then, as Huan raised the magic branch above his head, there arose from the far-off sea a dewy mist ; and, as the sun behind them shone full upon it, there was seen in the skies the mirage of a distant land. And, pictured in the air, the wondering people beheld a peaceful plain studded with groups of large cotton trees, and plumed with thickets of

oil and sago-palms—their stems spotted white and scarlet with the flowers of the bind-weeds that twined around them. And, set in fields of the purple-flowered indigo and white and red rice, stood a cluster of round clay huts with their conical roofs thatched with the yellow leaves of the fan-palm.

In the distance twisted a broad river, through banks blushing with the blossoms of the almond and the cream-fruit tree; while the neighbouring hills were here grey with the barren granite, and there motley with the bloom of the sweet-smelling heaths and rock-roses.

And beneath the shade of the tamarind-trees sat men, with their skins black as ebony, weaving many-coloured rushes, while, in the far-off fields, women, with their skins as black as those who wove, braved the scorching sun, though it cast no shadow of their figures along the ground, and tilled the parched earth or tended the herds of black cattle that waded through the long, thick grass.

Presently were seen the white sails of a strange ship, slowly gliding up the stream. As it neared the village, a boat left it for the shore; and there

white-faced men stepped from it, and went along the banks, beating big drums. Instantly, the skies grew red with the fires that blazed up in answer on the hill-tops, telling the Christian crew that the human cargo they had come to buy was ready to be sold.

Then, as Huan again waved his branch, the scene darkened with the shades of night, and, as all around grew black, the little windows of the huts shone yellow with the lights within. As the moon rose from behind the dusky mountains, and its beams fell in a silver shower on the peaked roofs, the lights vanished one by one from the windows, and the negro-village was hushed in slumber.

Then, from the hill-tops, a black flood of men came pouring down—their arms glittering white in the moonlight—led on by their half-clad king, eager for the human plunder. The treacherous band surrounded the sleeping village, so that none might escape, and, firing the huts, the scene grew light as day with the flames. Then men, women and children were seen rushing, screaming, from their burning homes; and husbands and fathers hurried forth, spear in hand, to defend their wives and little ones,

whilst others madly attacked their foes, preferring to lose their lives rather than outlive their liberty.*

Some of the villagers were seized and bound together with thongs; whilst others, escaping, fled towards the river, pursued by the ruthless robbers, and, plunging in, the moonlit waters were black over with their heads, as they swam for refuge to the Christian ship. As they breasted the stream, the white-faced crew cheered them on, inviting them to seek protection there. But, as some of the stranger-seamen welcomed them and helped them gain the deck, others, immediately they set upon it, sprang, armed with cutlasses, upon the trusting blacks, and, dragging them below, cast them into bondage for ever. †

Then, as the magic branch was again waved, the same village was seen lighted by the morning sun, the white smoke rising from the ruins that marked the spots where the huts had stood, while all around, in black and red masses, lay the slaughtered villagers.

* Clarkson.

† Old and New Town, Calabar.

Then long canoes, well manned and armed, were seen sweeping through the tall mat rushes, that flanked the neighbouring creeks, and in the bottom of the boats lay heaps of wretched captives, thrown one above another, with their hands and feet lashed with matting; while along the yellow path a cloud of dust was seen, and droves of manacled blacks moved slowly towards the ship, bound together at the neck, with thongs of buffalo-hide; but now they stopped to free the hand and neck of one, who, spent with his sufferings, sank to the ground, and was left to die.*

And, when the captive flock had all been herded together, the Christian strangers came from the ship, and walked up and down the human cattle-fair, haggling with the heartless dealers, now giving a pistol or a keg of spirits in exchange for this man, and now a bar of unwrought iron, a yard or two of printed cotton, and a few coloured beads as the purchase-money of that family.†

Then, as the black dealers returned from the

* Clarkson.

† Sir F. Buxton.

fair, delighted with their gains, Huan showed the people how they grew greedy for more.

Hurrying back to their own villages, some hid themselves in the forest, and, crouching in the underwood, watched beside the paths that ran from village to village, as a huntsman watches for his game; and, as the unsuspecting traveller strolled along, they sprang out and secured their prize. Others lurked in the tall weeds that grew near the springs, so that they might pounce upon those that came to quench their thirst.

Some, more treacherous than these, proclaimed a feast, and regaled their simple, trusting friends with the spirits they had received from the Christian crew; and, when they had made the feasters helpless with the drink, they lashed their limbs together, and, carrying them to the huge factory, stored them there for a future sale. Others, made avaricious by their heartless gains, gambled madly among themselves for more; and, when they had lost all they had, they staked the freedom of their wives and children against a few bright blue beads; and, when these had gone too, in the frenzy of the game, they wagered

even their own liberty, and by an unlucky throw enslaved themselves as they had enslaved their kindred for life.*

Then, as the vision melted from the skies, Huan turned to the shuddering crowd, and, lifting up his hands, cried again, "Shall we say we love our brethren as ourselves, and still let these things be."

And the people one and all exclaimed, in answer, "No, they shall not be."

Again Huan waved the magic branch, and again there was a mirage in the skies, and a vessel was seen taking in its live cargo. As the negroes set foot upon the deck, the white men bound them together two and two, some by the neck, and others by the leg, with fetters of solid iron. While some of the crew were busy rivetting the irons, others placed strong netting high up along the shrouds of the ship, so that none of the precious lives might be lost, by the captives leaping overboard.

As the slaves sat huddled together on the deck,

* See Clarkson's Essay.

about to leave their native land for ever, and be torn from all that was dear to them, they watched eagerly for some means to end their hopeless days. Some, despite all the care, leapt with happy faces into the shark-infested stream, and immediately the waters were red with their blood; others refused to eat, while the receivers stood over them, with the food in one hand and the lash in the other, still neither the threats nor even the whip itself could make the resolute wretches part their lips. Then live coals were brought, and pressed close against their mouths, but still the poor things held them fast. At length an iron instrument was used to wrench their jaws asunder, and liquids poured down their throats, to save the lives that were so dear to the Christians.* Others again, driven mad by their sufferings, sat chained by the neck to the masts, or lay on their backs fastened to the deck of the vessel; and there they raved, now cursing their enslavers, and now breaking out into dismal songs, bewailing the loss of their friends and country—and thus to be kept

* Clarkson.

till they either died in their ravings, or in a lucid interval were sold as "sound."

One, more desperate than the rest, as he sat chained to his fellow, seized a knife from the hand of a white man as he eat, and then, even fettered as he was, darted forward, and plunged it into the heart of his Christian enslaver. And the desperate wretch would have wreaked his vengeance on the rest, but, finding the partner of his chains afraid to follow him, he stabbed his black brother, as one unfit to live.*

Then, as the wind sprang up, the human cargo was forced down into the low, dark hold. And through the airy sides of the spectral slave-ship the poor wretches were seen stowed as any other lumber, close as bales, so that even the room necessary to change their position and ease their cramped muscles might not be lost. Some lay on their backs, on ledges one above another, others sat crossed-legged, there to be tossed and rolled about by the vessel, till, by the chafing of the boards, their very bones

* Clarkson.

should work their way through the muscles and the skin.*

Then, as the vessel sailed away, there was seen the large fin of many a shark—made prescient by its hunger—cutting the waters in the wake.†

Again Huan waved his branch, and the ship was seen far away at sea. As the sun broke out from between the thick clouds, and shone on the wet decks, the glittering tarpaulings were taken from the hatches, and the gratings uncovered at last, after the long rain. As they were lifted off, the rank steam came reeking up from the hold like the vapour from a boiling-pot, while the sailors stood back, to avoid the blast that streamed forth, hot as from an oven. Then came the rabid rush and scream for air below, while all pressed forward to the light, to drink in the sweet cool breeze. Some were hindered by the partner of their chains, lying dead beside them, and, though they strove, they lacked the power to drag him after them; others, bruised

* Captain Pilkington, R. N., quoted by Lord George Bentinck, in the House of Commons.

† Buxton.

and bleeding in the struggle, fainted and were trampled under foot by their stronger brethren.* Then, as the black multitude were mustered on the deck, those that were sick and those that were dying were cast into the sea, so that the remainder of the human cargo might escape contagion, and the loss, by some crafty plea of necessity, be made to fall upon the Christian insurers rather than the Christian owners of the vessel.†

After this came the most fearful time of all. The sky was like a vault of lead, and the breast of the petrel, as it whirled above the mast-tops, shone with a double whiteness against the black clouds. The sea was like a vast waste of drifting snow, with the fury of restless waves; while the vessel, stripped of its masts, was driven before the hurricane like a leaf in the wind. As the waves smote the sides of the ship, she stopped for a minute, as if stunned, and quivered again with the blow; while the waters swept over the deck, covering the ship as with a shroud. Then the gratings were again battened down

* Rev. Pascoe Hill.

† See Clarkson's Essay on Slavery.

and sealed with the tarpaulings—as if with the black seal of death—so that neither water nor even air could enter. Then the pumps were worked, but, though the crew, one and all, laboured at them with desperate energy, still the water in the hold gained upon them, while the hideous and piercing screams that rose from beneath the hatches, told that the slaves were choking and drowning down below. Then the sky was lighted for a moment with the flash of the gun, that cried aloud in the wide waste of waters for help.

At last a sail appeared in sight. As she bore down in answer to the signal of distress, the boats were lowered, and then the heartless Christian crew were seen to quit the sinking hull—and leave its wretched human freight—fast battened down—to the mercy of the boiling waves.*

Once more Huan asked the multitude whether such things should be, and once more they answered, “No; they shall not be.”

Again the branch was waved, and again the scene

* Clarkson.

was changed. And the more fortunate ships that had braved the tempest, rode at anchor securely in the distant bay. In the centre of a large market on the shore, were seen, penned, the less fortunate blacks, that had not perished in the storm. Beside the fresh slaves exposed there for sale stood others, who had been long in servitude, and nearly all with their bodies scarred and maimed with the marks of the passion, despotism or caprice of their late masters. Those that had come to buy, walked round and scanned the forms and felt the muscles of those that were for sale. And, as they picked out and paid for some father and husband that pleased them, the wife and children would cry aloud, and beg of the buyer to buy them too. And, when the mother and little ones had begged in vain, and the time came for their separation for ever, they would appeal for mercy by every sign and gesture, and cling so fast to the limbs of him they dearly loved, that the lash alone could sever them from their last embrace.*

And, when the strong and hale had been sold,

* Sir T. Buxton.

there came the Jews to risk a trifle on the chance of the returning health of the sick and weak; and these were sold to the highest bidder, and then sent home to be nursed and fattened up for a future sale; whilst those that were too weak and sickly for the boldest speculator to hazard anything upon, were taken back again to the ship, either to be starved to death, or else, whilst still living, cast with the dead body of their companion in chains into the sea.*

Once more the scene was changed, and those that were taken home from the sale had their ears slit and their shoulders branded as a mark of the property of their Christian owners. After this, they were sent to the field to toil from the rising of the sun far into the night—badly clothed—miserably fed—their drudgery intense and incessant—their rest short—without a single law to protect their wrongs—without even a Sabbath to rest their wearied limbs†

* See Clarkson, page 102.

† “While the horse has one day in seven to refresh his limbs, the African has but one in fifty-two, as a relaxation from his labours. For, if the negroes do not employ their Sundays in the cultivation of their little spots, they must be starved.”—*Clarkson*, p. 151.

—without the possibility of redress—without a hope that their situation would be bettered, unless, indeed, death should end their sufferings. For Huan showed the people that if, still worn with fatigue after their scanty sleep, the poor blacks came not to the field exactly at the appointed hour—if, drooping with sickness, they appeared to work unwillingly at the sugar-cane—or if the bundle of grass they had been collecting blade by blade, beneath the burning sun, seemed too small in the eye of their task-master, then the whip was sure to fall heavily on their backs, scoring their blacks skins, red at almost every stroke, so that the smack of it rang the whole day long in the ears of all that were near.*

Next was seen one who, sick at heart and weak with fatigue, fell down beneath his burden. But the rattan was plied to raise him, and the poor spent slave staggered to his feet once more. A few steps further, and, unequal to the task, he sank to the earth again. Then the savage task-master, enraged at what he thought the sullen spirit of the black,

* Wilberforce.

repeated his blows, as he swore to make him rise, and lashed and lashed, till the worn-out negro expired at his feet.* Then Huan showed them one poor soul, on whom the terrors of the whip had been exhausted, placed in an iron coffin pierced with holes, and set so near a fire, that the wretched inmate writhed and shrieked within.† And, when he had died under the torture, and the officers came to claim the fine that Christian justice had imposed as a compensation for the wrong, the master gave them the sum—in value scarcely the purchase-money of a horse—that the law had named as full and sufficient punishment for the murder of a black.†

After this, as the people groaned and shuddered at the wrongs, Huan showed them the last dreadful scene of all. A wilderness, dark with the thick-set trees was seen. Presently, a negro, who had escaped from his overwhelming toil, and on whose head a price was set, darted by, his black skin whitened with the lather of his limbs, and, looking back in fear, as he threaded in and out the trees.

* Clarkson.

† Ibid.

When he had gone, there came two blood-hounds, with their noses to the ground, sniffing for the human scent they knew so well; and after them a huntsman, mounted on his horse with his rifle ready-cocked in his hand. And, when these had passed, there was seen in the darkness of the distant wood the bright flash of a gun.

Then the scene was changed once more, and men sat drinking in a tavern. As they laughed and joked, the door was flung suddenly back, and the same huntsman entered, with the same blood-hounds whining and jumping up about him. Advancing to the table where the drinkers sat, the huntsman dashed down among the wine-cups the bleeding head of the runaway slave, and demanded of one of the revellers the price that he had set upon it.*

Now, when Huan had shown these scenes to the people, he cried a third time, "Shall we say we love our neighbours as ourselves, and still let these things be?"

* Clarkson, p. 109.

And a third time the people answered, "No; they shall not be."

Then Huan said, "It is for you to break the chains that bind these wretched men—it is for you to stop the stealing and the slaying of your dark-skinned brethren. Let each give his mite."

Instantly all with one accord threw down their little offering; and the golden heap grew and grew, until the people's bounty numbered twice ten million pieces.

Then the whip ceased, and the cries were hushed, and the mother shrieked no more.

And there was a vision in the skies of a rude temple by night, where knelt the grateful negroes, with the yellow light streaming down and tinting their black faces, and their upturned eyes shining white as large pearls, while their hands were clasped, as He who had been their only Friend taught them to speak the homely prayer they longed but lacked the skill to utter.

And, as their prayers went up to Heaven, the golden finger of the dial crept slowly on, until it marked the hour of midnight.

Then, as the bells chimed forth the long-looked-for time, telling them the first moment of their precious liberty had at last arrived, the voice of the preacher-friend was heard crying in the stilly depth of the night. "Slaves, you are free!"*

In a moment there burst forth from a million throats one long, loud, lusty cheer; and there was a scream of wild joy, and the sky flashed crimson with the red flames of the fires of a mighty jubilee.

Then came floating on the night-breeze the hymn of thanksgiving, sung by a thousand grateful voices. But, louder than the mighty music of unlooked-for liberty, was heard the sound of trumpets in the heavens above, heralding the wondrous kindness of the deed; till the whole world rang with the glory of it, and other tribes woke up with the far-sounding praise, and stood aghast at the unparalleled charity of the act.

* See Life of Knibb.



Chapter the Twenty-fourth.



GOVERNED by Huan's counsels, the people of Asulon lived in peace, happiness and plenty; and all loved the Dwarf but Aleph, who was still angry that his foster-brother should have been set over him.

Ulphilas in his old age rejoiced in the comforts and amity of his subjects, and his rule was that of a good father over a loving family. For the old warrior, softened by the teachings of the Dwarf, grew to be so compassionate to those in want and under misfortune, that he would feed daily multitudes of poor people at his table, in whatever part of the

kingdom he might be. Ofttimes he would serve them himself, and from his own table, even before he had eaten or drunk; and, when fed, he would send them to their homes, each with a certain sum; so that the money he gave away in alms could not be told or counted. And, when some of his household murmured at his great gifts, the good King would reply, that "he would rather spend his revenue in charity than in follies and vanity."*

Anthy dwelt with Evöe, and each shared her blessings with the other, so that the afflictions of the two were felt by neither; and they visited the poor and the sick together; for Evöe with her eyes would seek out the suffering, while Anthy with her voice would comfort and counsel them.

And so year after year came and went in joy and friendship, until at last Ulphilas, spent with old age, was stricken down like one fatigued with a long journey. In the midst of his life-struggles, the good old King looked at death as the patriarch of old looked at the dove that brought him the fresh-

* See Joinville's Memoirs of Saint Louis IX.

plucked olive-leaf, to tell him that the storm was abating and peace was at hand. Then, as he felt his life-stream ebbing fast, he called Huan and his children round him, and besought the Dwarf, as a last request, that he would reign over his people until such time as the hot blood of his son Aleph should have cooled with growing age, and fitted him to learn and love the kindly principles that had made the kingdom so tranquil and so happy.

Huan prayed the dying Monarch that he would unsay his words, and begged Ulphilas to let him guide instead of lead, promising that he would serve the son as faithfully as he had served the father.

But Ulphilas saw Aleph's brow darken with jealousy of Huan, and he said, as he panted for breath, "Nay, my son, be not angry with thy country's truest friend. I alone am to blame. Had I not trained thee to love conquest, thou mightest now have been fit to rule over a people loving peace. Go, unlearn with Huan all that thou didst learn from me, and, when thou canst find more glory in bearing blows than in returning them, then ask of

him the crown that I here make over to him in trust for thee.

Again Huan besought the King to give his son his birthright, and let him be the Prince's friend rather than the Prince's stumbling-block.

But the dying Ulphilas rebuked Huan, telling him it was unjust to hesitate between the ambition of one and the happiness of so many. And he made the Dwarf promise he would not turn a deaf ear to his last request.

Then the good old King blessed the sorrowing Evöe and the sullen Aleph; and, as he spake the kindly words, the thin hand fell powerless, and the trembling voice was hushed, and then the spent spirit floated back with a sigh to its mighty home—like a wave rippling on a vast shore.



Chapter the Twenty-fifth.

NOW, when it became known to the neighbouring nations that the warrior Ulphilas was dead and the passive Dwarf had been proclaimed King of Asulon, the foreign chieftains rose in arms, crying, "The sword of him we feared rests by his side in the grave. The tribute that he and his people forced from us we will now force back from them."

So they gathered their armies together, and declared war against the worshippers of the Olive-branch.

Soon the shepherds came flying from the distant plains to the city of Asulon, telling how a mighty

host was sweeping over the land like a plague of locusts, covering the face of the earth, and destroying all that fell in their way.

Then the affrighted people, stirred up by the jealous Aleph, called upon Huan the King to prepare for defence against their invaders, saying, "The principle of kindness is good for individuals but not for nations; for, if we resist not evil now that an armed host is coming to sack our town, our homes will be burnt, and our wives and children massacred by the enemies we are told to love."

But Huan upbraided them for their want of faith, telling them, "If those that came to fight found none to fight with, there could be no fighting on either side; for that men did not go out with axes to cut reeds, nor did they hurl their javelins at shadows. The wall of stone," he said, "could not stand against the ball poured from the cannon's mouth, and yet the bag of sand could stay its course. What," he asked them, "was so weak as water? Did it not yield even to the breeze, and yet, by its very yielding, it gained a force that even the rocks themselves could not withstand?"

But Aleph laughed scornfully at the words of the Dwarf, and in mockery bade the people go home and make ready their little all, so that those who came to plunder might return laden with the easy spoil, and, scoffing at the craven crew that gave it them, tell others to come and take their fill also.

And those who were as young and impassioned as Aleph, listened to his words, and cried in answer, "It is well to be kind, but it is base to be cowardly! Though we would not be heroes, finding our greatest glory in the slaughter of the greatest number, still do not let us become dogs, to lick the hand that smites us."

Then Aleph, finding a spirit of discontent growing up among the youths of the city, gathered them around him, and became their leader.

And they rose in the night, and, surrounding the Palace, seized upon Huan and all those that sided with him. And, when they had cast the Dwarf into prison, Aleph was proclaimed King in his stead.

Then the warrior-youth summoned together again the troops that he had so often led on to conquest, and prepared once more for battle.

But the people still looked upon Huan as one beloved by God, and feared to draw the sword, unless he blessed the banners they were to fight under.

So Aleph sought out Huan in his dungeon, and spake kindly to him, promising him his liberty, if he would but consecrate the banners of the troops. But the Dwarf answered, "Ye have set the Olive-branch upon them, and made the symbol of Peace the emblem of War. Verily, to implore a blessing on the one is to invoke a curse upon the other."

Presently news was brought to the city that the enemy were within a few days' march of Asulon. And the citizens grew alarmed, and again cried aloud for the blessing of the Dwarf.

Then Aleph, knowing the superstition of the multitude, feared to lead the people on without Huan's benison. So he gathered together his troops, and, summoning the Dwarf from his dungeon, bade him, in the presence of the assembled army, invoke a blessing on the banners—threatening him with death if he withheld it.

But Huan asked the royal youth by what form of

words he should call upon the Compassionate, the Merciful, to pour down his grace upon the banners of death? or by what blasphemy he should invoke the Spirit of Kindness to bless and make holy the flag of Slaughter?

Now, when Aleph heard the rebuke, he shook with anger, and the army grew furious, crying, "Away with him to the lions' den! away with him!"

Then the unresisting Huan was seized and dragged to the valley beyond the city walls. And, while some set a rude barrier round about the meadow, others hurried to bring the cage of the roaring monster; and, when they had dragged it thither, they placed it in the centre of the field.

As the hungry beast paced restlessly up and down its den, and made the hills rattle with its roar, Anthy, led on by Evöe, threw herself at Aleph's feet, and besought him by the love he said he bore her, that he would spare her brother. Evöe, too, pointing to Aleph's empty sleeve, silently reminded him how Huan and the Blind Girl had saved him from the jaws of death.

But the young warrior could not forget that his

father, for the love of him they pleaded for, had disinherited him of the throne; and he hated the Dwarf not only for having forestalled him of the crown, but for the craven principles he taught, even whilst an armed enemy was marching to lay waste their city.

Yet, in pity for the Blind Girl, who still clung to his feet, beseeching his mercy, he asked the Dwarf a third time whether he would bless the banners.

For the third time Huan refused, saying, he was the minister of Kindness. And Aleph, crimson with passion at the man's stubbornness, cried, "Cast him in! Let us see how this Kindness will avail him with raging lions!"

Then Huan was thrust within the arena, and the savage monster let loose upon him, while the crowd climbed the neighbouring hills, and stood breathless with suspense, as they gazed down upon the plain.

The huge lion sprang from his den, and bounded towards Huan, who stood rapt in prayer. But no sooner was the eye of the creature fixed upon the Dwarf, than the black-maned beast crouched at his

feet, and, as it rolled on its back, turned up its white stomach to be fondled by him.

Then Huan recognised in the grateful brute the creature whom he had freed of the thorn; and, as he placed his foot upon the lion's side, it rolled backwards and forwards in the dust, as it whined out-again and again its noisy gratitude.

As the people remained silent with wonder at the sight, Huan turned to Aleph, and, as he looked upon him, cried aloud, "See you now how Kindness availeth a man—even with raging lions."

Then the mob, in answer, cried, "Verily he is a Spirit from heaven; even the beasts of the field fear to injure him."

But the troops shouted, "He is a demon and governs lions as well as men. To the stake with him! to the stake!"

In a moment the soldiers rushed down into the arena and, with their spears, slew the noble harmless brute, as he yet crouched at the Dwarf's feet.

Then, forcing back the relenting mob, some drove a stake into the earth, while others, with eager hands, cut faggots from the neighbouring woods.

Then, as they led him to the stake, some spat upon him, whilst others, snatching the Olive-branch from him, smote him with it in the face, crying, "Wilt thou bless the banners now?" But Huan held out his hand, in friendship, to those that struck him, saying, "Nay, brothers, I am a man of peace."

Huan's firmness they called obstinacy; and, growing only more savage with each fresh refusal, they bethought them by what cruel torture they could wring the blessing from him. Then, as they saw the Blind Girl still by Aleph's side, imploring him by every tie that had ever been between them, to look with mercy on her brother, they rushed towards her; and, before the Prince could stay the savage spirit he had roused and fostered till it had grown beyond his control, they bore her down to the death-stake of her brother; and, placing a lighted torch in her hand, vowed that, unless the Dwarf gave the blessing they sought, his own sister should be his executioner.*

* The burning of William Tylsworth, at Amersham, in 1566, whose only daughter was compelled to set fire to his pile with her own hands.

Huan, seeing Anthy pale and powerless with horror at the threat, ran towards her, and, kissing her on the cheek, said, "Be of good heart, sister! and play the woman, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or strengthen me to bear it."*

Then, as they chained him, he again exhorted the fainting girl, crying, "Be of good comfort, sister Anthy! we shall this day light such a fire, by God's grace, in Asulon, as I trust never shall be put out."†

As Anthy fell back senseless, the soldiers held the lighted torch within her lifeless hand, and stretched her unresisting arm towards the faggots. And, before the repenting Aleph could reach the plain, the flames were curling round about the unconscious Dwarf, as at his death he prayed for—what in his life he had preached—the forgiveness of his enemies.

As Huan spake the kindly words, and looked up in prayer, he saw, as when he slept in the cave, the same dazzling light streaming down from Heaven,

* Ridley at the stake.

† Latimer at the stake.

and the same golden clouds resting on the green fields, and, piled one above another, till the topmost was lost in the amazing splendour of the skies. And the same white-winged host of angels mounted them as before, chanting the glory of the kindly words, and beckoning him to follow them.

The angel-band melted one by one from his sight, and the last stood again on the topmost cloud of all. And she looked back once more, and once more beckoned him to follow her. As she gazed at him, she looked upon him so tenderly from out her tearful eyes, and smiled upon him with so compassionate a smile, that Huan knew it was the Spirit of Kindness that still showed him the way to Heaven.

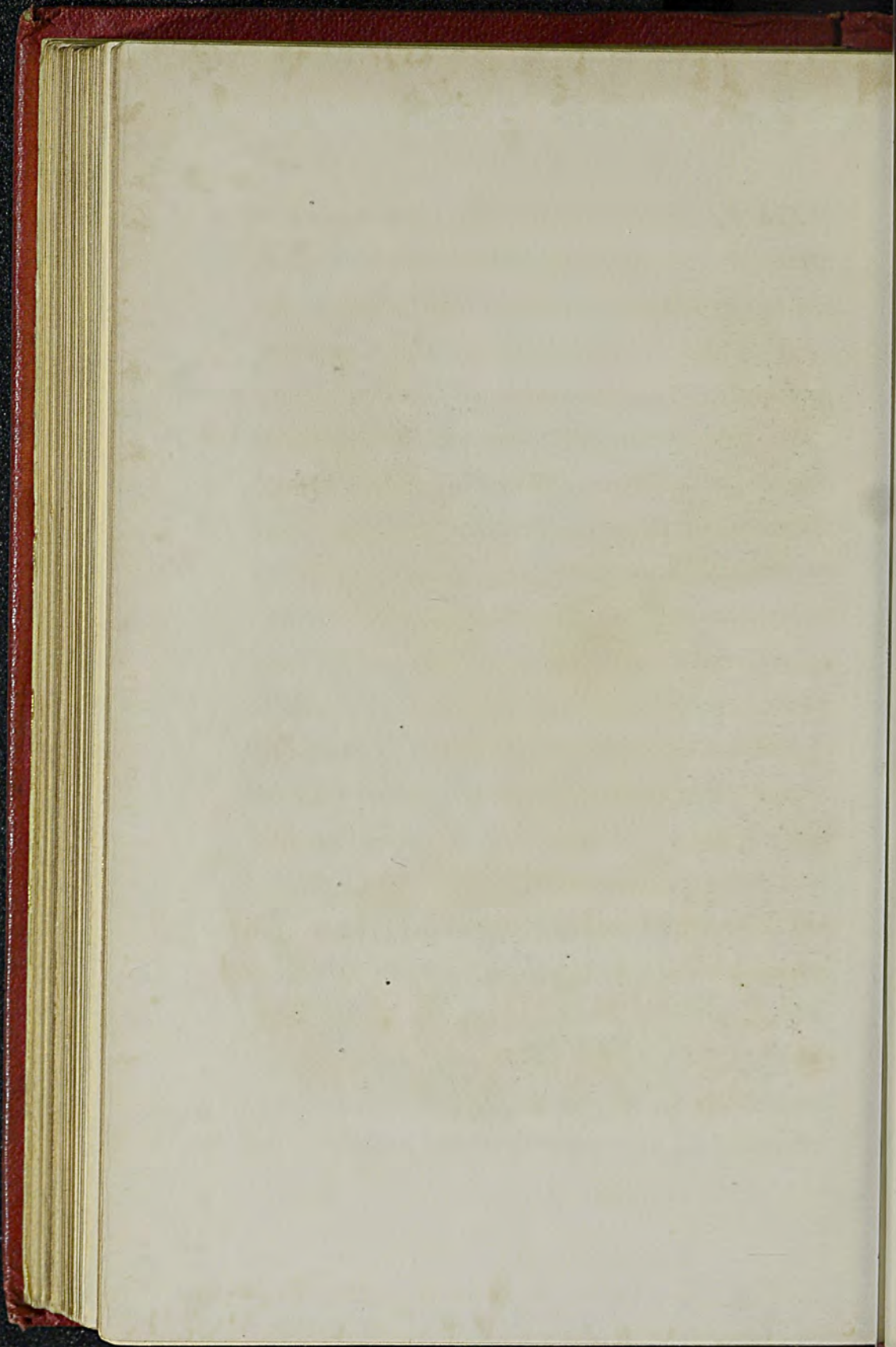
And, as his soul struggled to be gone, the people beheld rise from out the ashes of the fire an angel form, winging its way to the realms of endless peace.

Then the repentant multitude fell on their knees, and bowed their heads to the earth in worship, as they saw—the last and greatest magic change of all—the Spirit of Kindness change the Man into the Angel.



George Cruikshank

Death of the good Juan.



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And the hearts of the people were turned to gentleness, and they one and all cast their spears and swords and arrows into the fire, vowing by the ashes of him they had murdered, that, henceforth, only with kindly words would they turn away wrath.

Aleph stood for awhile, beating his breast with remorse; then, throwing himself upon Evöe's neck, the tears gushed, for the first time, down the young warrior's cheek, as he thought of the many wrongs he had done the Dwarf and his gentle sister. And he prayed Evöe that she would take the senseless Anthy from the field, while she was yet unconscious of her brother's fate, and so spare him the bitter rebuke of her forgiveness, until he knew that the kindly spirit he had destroyed had entered his own soul, and, by doing as her brother would have done, had shown Anthy, both by his love and his acts, that her brother still lived in himself.



Chapter the Twenty-sixth.



ACH citizen, at Aleph's bidding, returned to his home; and when news was brought him that the enemy was in sight, Aleph bade them all go to their work, as though they cared not for the coming.

So, when the armed foes poured down upon the city, they found the ramparts deserted and the gates open. And, as they entered in hostile array, their trumpets sounding defiance, and their swords ready to repel the citizens, they looked round for the troops, and they saw the husbandman at his plough, and the shepherd tending his flock; and they heard the

blacksmith busy at his anvil, and the peasant-girl at her churn; whilst old women sat in the sunshine, plying the spinning-wheel, or, with their children's children at their feet, threading the needle for them.

And, as the soldiers paced along, the weaver stopped his loom, and peeped from his window for a minute at the show, and then plied the shuttle as before; the labourer rested on his spade for awhile, and then, turning from the sight, dug on again; and the water-carrier stopped on his rounds, to offer to the tired troops a draught of cool drink from the skins he bore. Mothers brought out their babes to hear the music, while housewives stood at their doors, with plates of fruit and sweetmeats wherewith to feast the wearied enemies. Girls ran out to see the pretty flags and glittering armour; and boys marched fearlessly by the side of the hostile troops, in mimic rank and file.

As the amazed enemy tramped along, they asked of the heedless passers-by, "Where are your soldiers?"—"We have none," was the answer.—"But we have come to take the town!" they cried.—"Well,

friends, it lies before you, take it," was the calm reply.

"Is there no one to defend it? No one to fight?" inquired the leader.—"No one! we live in peace here with all men," returned the careless passengers, and moved on.

And, when the army had reached the Palace, Aleph himself came forth to meet and welcome them. Again they cried, "We come to take your town! Is there nobody that thinks it worth the fighting for?" But still the answer was, "No! we live in peace here with all men."

Then the chieftains were perplexed; and they cried, "If there is nobody to fight with, verily, there can be no fighting;" and the people looked with wonder at one another, for they remembered the prophetic words of the Martyr-Dwarf.

Then Aleph, seeing the abashed army about to depart, besought them that they would enter and rest their tired limbs, and break bread, ere they went their way.

So the armed host, finding themselves received as friends, refused to act as enemies, and they

remained for awhile as the welcome guests of those whose town they had come to sack and pillage.*

And, when the invading host had left, Aleph swore an oath never again to raise his hand in war or anger against his fellow-man, now that he had learnt that the kiss was a mightier weapon than the blow.

Then he sought out Anthy, and, throwing himself at her feet, begged of her, by the charity of the creed that Huan had taught them all—and he, alas! had learned too late—to forgive and love *him*—her bitterest enemy.

And he wept as though his heart would break.

Anthy bade him rise, saying, “She forgave him, as she hoped to be herself forgiven—and she promised him, moreover, that the struggle of her life should be to love him too. For, if ever she could force herself to look with affection on him again, then she would know,” she said, “how truly the spirit within her had triumphed over the promptings of the flesh.”

* L. M. Childs’ account of the “bomb-proof town” in the Tyrol.

And Aleph besought her that she would remain with Evöe, and be ever near, to watch over him, so that, by her sweet counselling, she might strengthen

him in the kindly creed,

and teach him, even in his

angry moments, to have

faith in the SPIRIT

OF KINDNESS.



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