

CHAPTER XII.

THE MOSLEM.

Where'er the sun before them shone,
And paved the world with gold,
They passed. Round Earth's most favored zone
Their chief his turban rolled.
From Hagar's desert, Ishmael's plains,
To Ocean's western fold,
They reared their crescent-crowned fanes,
And cloistered fountains cold.

AUBREY DE VERE.

How comes it that almost every event of vivid romance, and visible chivalry, and poetry of action,* belongs to the olden time of man; while woman, his inspiration—his goddess as a pagan, his idol as a Christian—remains to this day, in being and in influence, the same? From the garden of Eden to the throne, ay, and the village-green, of Europe, she has ever exercised despotic influence over the destinies of her "lord and master:" at this day, we meet Rebeccas at every well, and Hagers in every desert of the East; Ediths, moreover, it may be, and Erminias in the cities thereof; but where is the hunter Ishmael to be found? where the rash, generous Esau—outlaw of the Israelitish fold? where are the chivalrous Saracen, and the bold Crusader now? Alas! the two former are represented by a swindling, camel-jobbing Sheikh, who will try to cheat you on Mount Sinai; the latter by the slavish Arab of the Nile, and the traveling dandy who employs him.

Far pleasanter would it be to enlist the reader as the follower of Mahomet through the following chapter, to take up the standard of the Prophet, and accompany it in its marvellous progress over the wide East, until it waved upon the towers of Jerusalem,

* "Sir Philip Sidney's life was poetry turned into action."—CAMPBELL.