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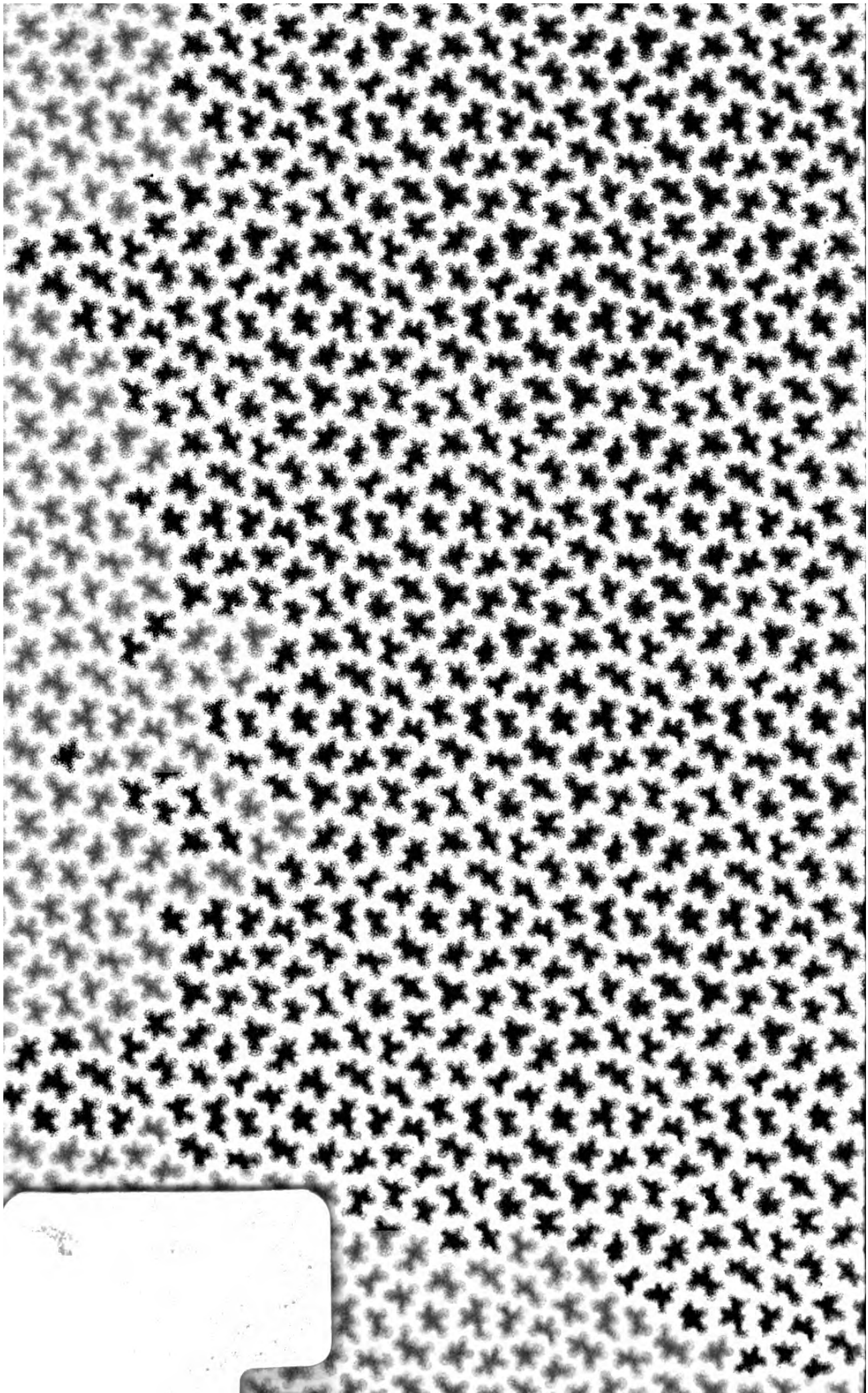
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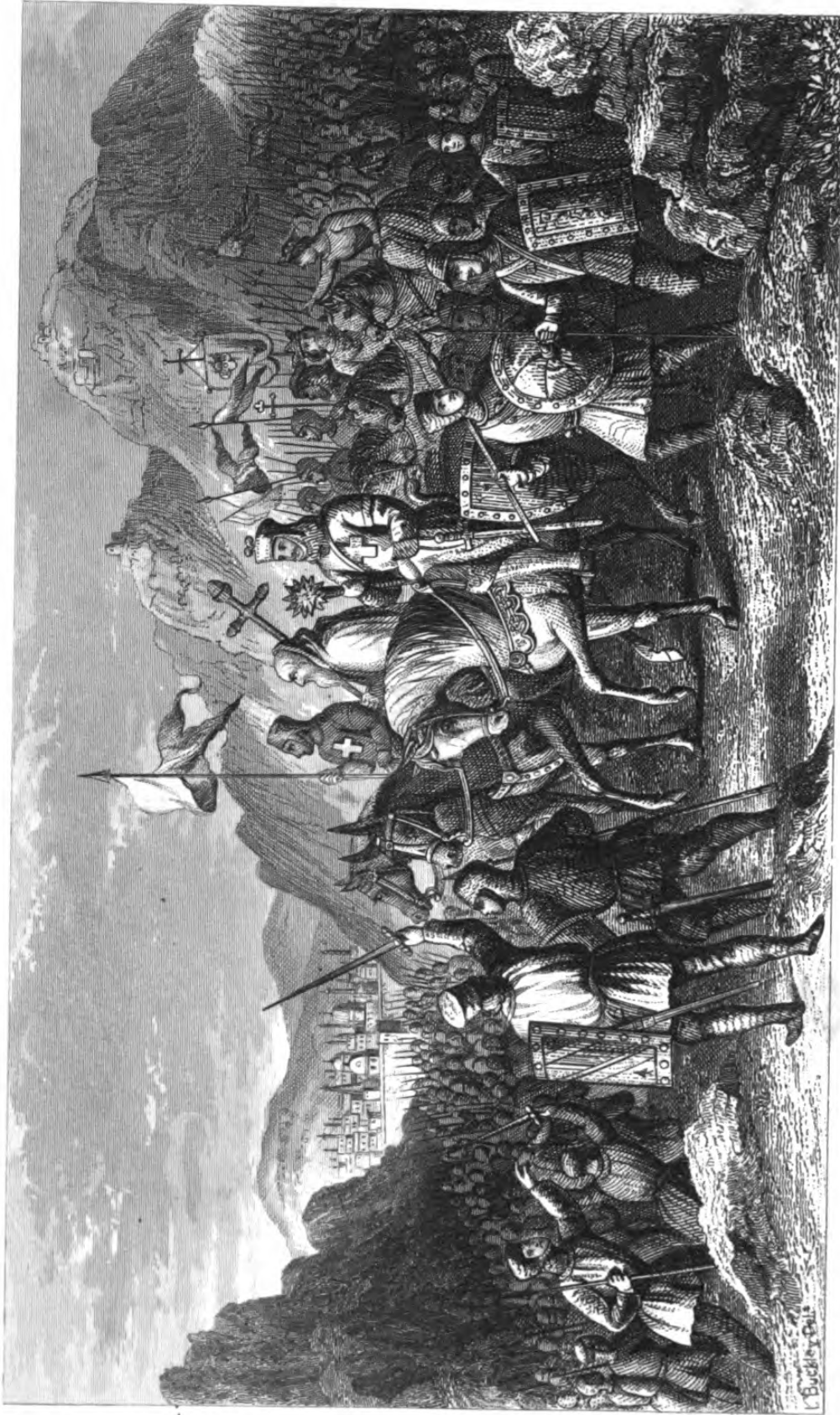




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APPROACH OF THE CRUSADERS TO JERUSALEM.

THE
KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS.

BY

MRS. AGAR.

“Pro Christo et patriâ dulce periculum.”
(For Christ and fatherland danger is sweet.)

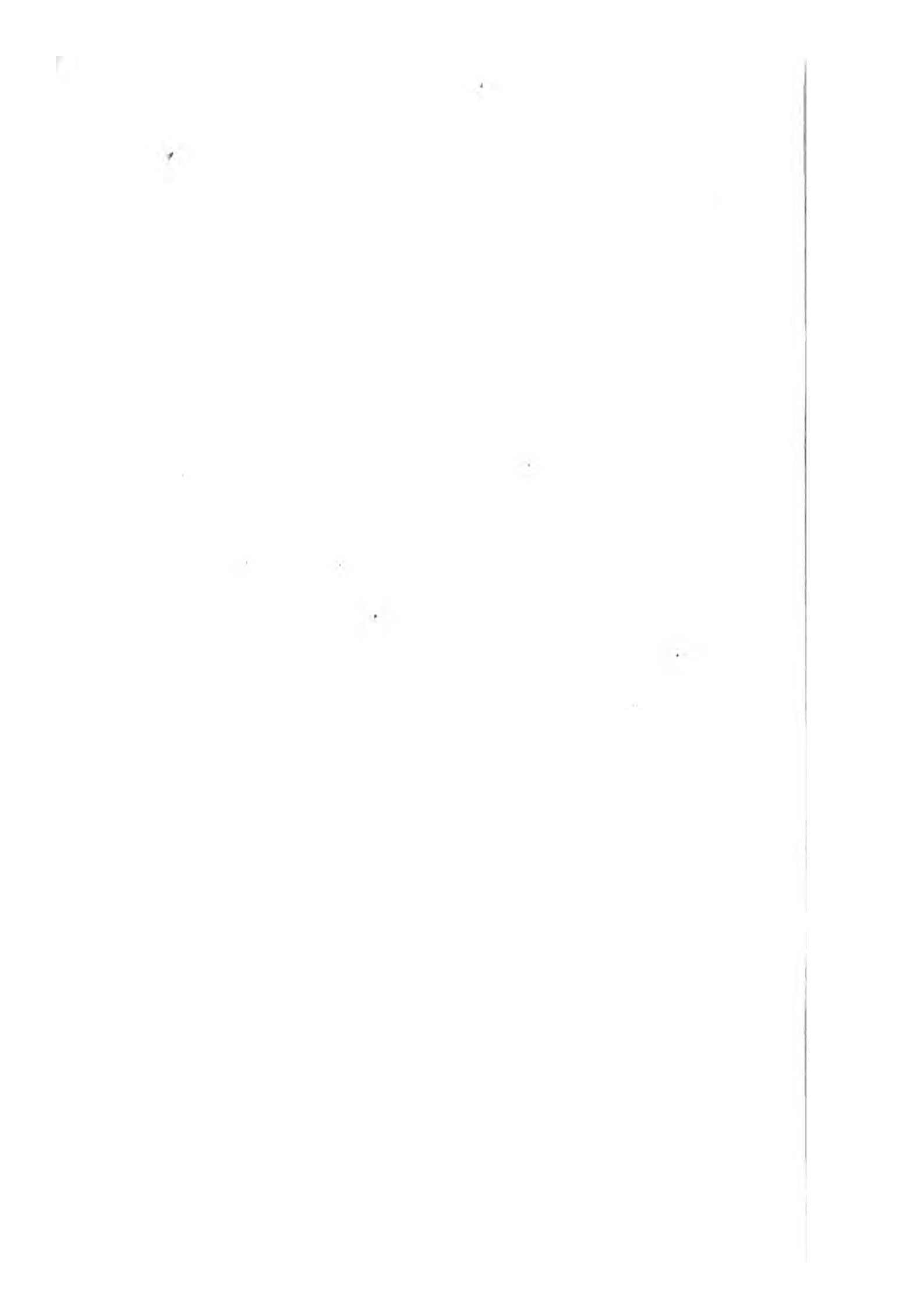
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THIS VOLUME IS, BY PERMISSION,
Dedicated to
THE REV. J. W. BELLEW,
WHOSE ELOQUENT LECTURES ON
ANCIENT AND MODERN
JERUSALEM
HAVE BEEN SO GREATLY ADMIRERD
BY THE PUBLIC.



P R E F A C E.

THE great contest recently waged on the confines of Eastern Europe arose, partly, out of disputes respecting the Holy Places in Palestine. This shows how great is the importance still attached to the possession of those sacred spots. The object of the following work is to supply, in as short a space as possible, a history of the attempts made by the Western Nations to wrest from the followers of Mohammed the Sepulchre of Christ, to throw open the road to Jerusalem, and thus to facilitate, to ardent and impassioned piety, access to the scene of our Saviour's labours and sufferings. Among the men who distinguished themselves in those fierce and sanguinary struggles, known under the name of the Crusades, were the Knights Templars and the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Their exploits, consequently, occupy a

large portion of the present narrative; which, commencing at Jerusalem, follows the fortunes of the chief Knights of the Cross to Egypt, to Acre, to Cyprus, to Tunis, to Rhodes; and, ultimately, to Malta, where the Order of St. John may be said to have suffered a final eclipse. It did not come within the design of the author of this work to write a history of the Crusades, but she has described as much of those romantic enterprises as appeared necessary to throw light on the efforts made by the chivalry of Christendom to rescue from oppression the birthplace and cradle of our religion. Upon the political wisdom of the Crusades she does not venture to express an opinion, but she has endeavoured, briefly, to point out some of the advantages which arose to European civilization from the intercourse opened up with the East by the Crusades. Upon the whole, she trusts that her little volume will be found an acceptable companion to those who, from motives of piety or curiosity, visit the Holy Land.

LIST OF AUTHORS CONSULTED.

- Addison's History of the Temple Church.
Beckman's History of Inventions.
Bonnechose. Histoire de France.
Brydone's Tour through Sicily and Malta.
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Dapper. Les Isles de L'Archipel.
D'Arvieux. Voyage en Syrie.
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——— There and Back Again.
——— Lives of Celebrated Travellers.
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Tournefort. Voyage au Levant.
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THE KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS.

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The Patriarch of Jerusalem—Peter goes to Clermont—His
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Europe—Eagerness of all classes to join the Crusade—Ur-
ban II.—The assembly in the market-place—Departure of
the first Crusade fixed upon—Character of Godfrey de Bou-
illon.

AT the commencement of the eleventh century, a
number of Neapolitan merchants engaged in the
Levantine trade, compassionating the condition of
the pilgrims who, in their zeal for the Christian

faith, visited the Holy Land, were desirous of founding an asylum in which those pious persons might be protected from the persecutions of the Muslims and the greedy extortion of the Greeks. Their frequent visits to Egypt with rich cargoes, had introduced them to the court of the Caliph, where, by a careful and prudent distribution of valuable presents, they rose so much in favour, that they easily obtained permission to erect a hospital near our Saviour's sepulchre, for the accommodation of the Latin Christians.

The government, in consideration of their piety, granted them a piece of land, on which they built a church, and called it "Holy Maria of the Latins," to distinguish it from those churches in which service was performed according to the Greek ritual. The Benedictine monks agreed to officiate in this new edifice. Even persons of opulence experienced much difficulty in finding accommodation at Jerusalem. The Muslims would not receive them into their houses: and as the Greeks and Latins were always at war, their jealousy extended to all foreigners.

But in a very short space of time, by the inde-

fatigable exertions of the Italians, numerous buildings were erected for the reception of the sick and poor of both sexes. Many princes and noblemen contributed to promote this holy work. Some devoted great part of their wealth to the budding institution ; others sent large presents every year from Europe.

Thus, in process of time, the establishment became rich. Pilgrims were received without distinction of rank or country : the sick were watched over with care and assiduity, and, while their attendants lived on the coarsest fare, were supplied with food of the most nourishing description. This benevolent and pious asylum may be considered as the cradle of the Knights of St. John.

But this noble institution had the misfortune to be nearly ruined before its establishment could be of much service. The Turkomans surprised Jerusalem, massacred the garrison, and put many of the inhabitants to the sword. The hospitals were pillaged, numbers of the monks imprisoned, and the Turks, who next became masters of the city, oppressed the Christians without mercy.

They would, indeed, have destroyed the Holy Sepulchre itself, but for the revenues derived from it. The demand for entrance, however, was so exorbitant, that many poor persons, who had exhausted their means on their long and perilous journey to Palestine, despairing of being able to enter the sacred edifice, fell dead at the gates of the city, worn out with fatigue and sorrow. They who were fortunate enough to escape this fate, and who succeeded in returning to Europe, painted in gloomy colours the distress and destitution of the Christians in the East.

Among these, Peter the Hermit was the most enthusiastic. This man, a native of Picardy, possessing an active and restless mind, had sought, in the army, in the study of letters, in celibacy, and in marriage, that content which always eluded his grasp. Disappointed in all these states, he retired to a grotto in the neighbourhood of Amiens, where he passed his time in solitude and prayer. Meditation and silence inflamed his imagination—he fancied himself inspired, saw visions, and foretold future events. Although a fanatic, his piety was pure, and his courage that of a martyr.

Such was the man who, without fortune or friends, incited the Western World to undertake the relief of Jerusalem. The rumours of the pilgrimage drew him from his retreat, and then he followed the crowds of Christians bound for the Holy Land.

At the aspect of the sacred city, her silence and desolation, his soul was filled with indignation and sorrow ; for, although the Turks had given the Christians permission to rebuild the holy places, they were hardly in a condition to avail themselves of the privilege.

Their zeal, however, at length triumphed over their prudence ; they pledged not only the sacred vases, but their vineyards and olive-groves, and being unable to redeem them, they were in great danger of starvation. Owing to their extreme poverty, no oil could be purchased to supply the lamps ; while the funds of the hospital were so reduced by the extortions of the new rulers, that the administrator was unable to extend his charity to the poor priesthood.

Peter, on witnessing this distress, sought a conference with Simon, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and

entreated him to assist in the deliverance of his distressed brethren. The Patriarch entered with enthusiasm into his views. They conversed long and earnestly on the subject. The white hair and venerable appearance of this holy man made a deep impression on Peter. He revered his sincere piety, the gentleness of his manners, and his ardent zeal in the propagation of the truth. After much deliberation, it was finally agreed that the hermit should immediately return to Europe, and endeavour to excite the sympathies of the Western warriors in behalf of their Eastern brethren. Before his departure the patriarch gave him letters of recommendation to the council then sitting at Clermont, in Auvergne.

Armed with these missives, Peter lost no time on his journey. On his arrival he presented himself before the council, and delivered his credentials. The appearance of this enthusiast was singular. Although of low stature and mean aspect, these defects were compensated for by the fire and intelligence that sparkled in his eyes. His dress consisted of a long black robe, over

which flowed a white mantle, and he bore a cross in his hand. The austerity of his life had enfeebled his health, and his body was fearfully emaciated. But he was animated by a strong faith, and possessed an eloquence eminently calculated to rivet the attention of his hearers.

When, at the request of the Pope, Peter narrated the woes and sufferings of Jerusalem, he electrified the assembly. His relation, couched in simple but fervid language, touched every breast, and caused tears to flow down the cheeks of thousands. He was regarded as an apostle, and after listening to his harangue with deep emotion, the Pope treated him with kindness, encouraged him in his enterprise, and promised him his powerful support.

Intoxicated with this first success, Peter commenced his wanderings in search of proselytes. Dressed in a coarse tunic, confined by a girdle of rope, over which fell a long sackcloth cloak, he went from city to city, inviting people of all classes to engage in the crusade against the Muslims. He rode upon a mule, and bore a heavy cross on his shoulder. The alms

he collected he did not hoard up for his own use, but distributed among the poor, reserving barely sufficient for his own simple wants.

When Peter held forth in the churches, in the street, or on the high-roads, an excited multitude followed him. He described to his hearers with animated and vehement gestures the profanation of the Holy Land, the cruelties which were daily practised, the torrent of blood which had been spilt, and invoked heaven, the saints, and the angels to attest the truth of his words. He was everywhere received as a prophet, and both palace and cottage were open to him. His influence over the minds of the people was so great that all swords were ready to leap from their scabbards, and every breast burned with the desire to combat the foes of their religion.

Feudal anarchy, political disorders, and the rage of provincial wars now yielded to divine inspiration. Persons of all ranks were eager to fly to the relief of Jerusalem. Domestic ties were forgotten, and palaces and courts lost their charms. Clermont became the great point of attraction, and the advent of the

Pope was looked forward to with the greatest impatience.

When, in 1095, Urban II. ascended the lofty throne erected in the market-place, he was surrounded by an attentive, eager, and enthusiastic multitude. So great was the influx of strangers into the city, that, although the meeting was held in November, thousands were compelled to encamp in the open fields. By the side of the Pontiff stood Peter, dressed in a strange costume, and supporting a heavy cross. By the desire of his Holiness, he first addressed the crowd. In a voice broken by emotion, he descanted on the captivity of Jerusalem—on the distress of her people—on the profanation of her holy tabernacles. As he proceeded the people melted into tears, and their sobs were audible on all sides. His pathetic words had awakened in their souls love of glory—piety—enthusiasm, and compassion for their afflicted brethren in the East.

When Peter had ended his discourse, the Pope addressed the assembly. He began by appealing to the hereditary bravery of the French, and was lis-

tened to with ardent impatience ; as he went on, his harangue was repeatedly interrupted by tumultuous shouts of "God wills it—God wills it!" "Let the holy words you have pronounced," said the Pope, "be your war-cry. No doubt God wills it," added he, as he elevated the sign of their redemption. "Let this sacred token be placed on your hearts—let its colour be red ; it will be to him who wears it a pledge of victory or a symbol of martyrdom."

A general form of confession having been drawn up and pronounced aloud, the vast multitude fell on their knees, and received absolution. Before the council separated, the departure of the first Crusade was fixed for the August of the following year. Pope Urban was urged to place himself at its head ; but probably foreseeing the result of the expedition, he prudently declined, alleging as his excuse, business connected with his holy office.

Among the chiefs chosen to conduct the Crusade, the foremost in valour and prudence was Godfrey de Bouillon, who sold his dukedom in order to provide funds for the expedition. Fortunate would it have

proved for the success of the undertaking, had he been entrusted with its whole management. He had previously been engaged in the war against the Pope, and had been the first to mount the walls of Rome, and his remorse for having borne arms against his Holiness, gave rise to the desire to visit Jerusalem not as a deliverer, but as a pilgrim. If his fanaticism was blind, it was certainly sincere. His two brothers, Eustace and Baldwin, were to accompany him. Raymond of Toulouse, Robert, duke of Normandy, eldest son of William the Conqueror, Count Bohemond, his cousin Tancred, and the other chiefs, were to follow later in the year.

CHAPTER II.

Departure of Peter and his host for the Holy Land—Internal condition of France—Large influx of pilgrims—The goose and the goat—Ignorance of the peasantry—Walter the Penitens—Massacre of the Jews—The Bulgarians and Hungarians—Battle with the natives—Defeat of the pilgrims—Nissa—Philipopolis and Adrianople—Arrival at Constantinople—Fate of Walter—Semlin—Battle of Nissa—The plains of Nicæa—Pile of human bones—Departure of the First Crusade—Words of the Bishop—Ignorance of the soldiery—Their route—The King of Hungary's hospitality—The Emperor Alexis—Bohemond: his character—Description of Constantinople—Terror of the Greeks—Reports of their treachery.

WHILE the barons and knights chosen to head the first Crusade were making active preparations for their departure, a clamorous crowd surrounded Peter, and with loud vociferations entreated him to conduct them to the Holy Land. Being unable to resist the solicitations of the men, women, and children, who were eager to enlist under his banner, Peter in a very

short time found himself at the head of nearly four hundred thousand persons.

At that period the internal condition of France was deplorable in the extreme. A dreadful famine had desolated the country, thousands died from starvation ; and disease, the constant companion of want, had still further thinned the population. A band of brigands from the frontiers, taking advantage of their misery, often pillaged the poor inhabitants of the little that remained to them. The towns and villages being deserted, soon fell in ruins, and at the time of the Crusade, thousands of despairing wretches flocked to join it, as their only refuge ; being glad to leave a country where neither repose nor security could be enjoyed.

Peter, mounted on a mule, and dressed in a coarse linen tunic, with sandals on his feet, and accompanied by a monk, named Gadescull, whom he met on the road, led his unruly band along the banks of the Rhine and the Danube. As the legion advanced, their numbers were increased by two hundred thousand of the veriest vagabonds of both sexes, all pro-

bably ignorant, as may be inferred, from their carrying at their head a goose and a goat—the one synonymous of their understandings, and the other of their vices. Every castle or town they passed beyond the limits of their knowledge, they demanded of their leaders if they were arrived at Jerusalem. Want of provisions at length compelled them to divide. They had hitherto lived by pillage, and had calculated on beholding the rivers dry up at their approach, and manna falling from heaven for their support. The greater number of this multitude marched on foot, only eight had horses! and the rest, principally females, travelled in waggons and boats.

A large body put themselves under the conduct of Walter the Penniless, a poor, but brave soldier of fortune. In many of the towns they found large colonies of Jews, the sight of whose riches inflamed at once their cruelty and their avarice. Thousands of these unoffending people were first robbed and then brutally massacred: great numbers of them barricading themselves and their families in

their houses, set fire to them, and perished in the flames. Others, after attaching large stones to their persons, threw themselves and their treasures into the rivers. Mothers stifled their infants at the breast, preferring to witness their death, rather than behold them in the power of the Christians. After committing such atrocities, the ferocious pilgrims, when they reached the frontier of Austria, had to pass a space of six hundred miles between that and the Great Empire. This wild country was inhabited by men whose principal virtue consisted in their courage; they dressed in sheepskins, and lived in tents covered with the hides of oxen. The Bulgarians were governed by a Greek lieutenant, the Hungarians by a native prince; although they had embraced Christianity, they paid no respect to the rights of hospitality. The country now well cultivated, was at that period covered in great part with morass and interminable forest. The barbarous inhabitants preserved a spirit of independence, and seldom quitted their fastnesses, except in search of plunder.

When Peter's comrades rudely demanded pro-

visions, and were refused, they commenced helping themselves. The flocks and herds of the tribes fell a prey to their rapacity, and a bloody conflict ensued, in which the pilgrims were overpowered, and pursued like wild beasts by the natives. Being most of them unarmed, they could not long resist the attacks of a well-disciplined army. Four hundred, who had taken refuge in a church, were burnt alive. Many helpless wretches fled to the wild and desolate mountains. Walter the Penniless, by rapid marches, traversed the barren and trackless country to Nissa, where he obtained the protection of the governor. From thence he passed through Philipopolis and Adrianople, and at length arrived in safety at Constantinople, where he was treated with great hospitality, and advised to await the arrival of his scattered brethren. This generosity, however, was ill-repaid by these brigands. They pillaged the palaces, destroyed the gardens, and stripped the lead from the domes of the churches. Walter the Penniless, after in vain endeavouring to restrain them, fled from the city, and met his death at the hands of the Turks.

When the intrepid Peter reached Semlin, he was made aware of Walter's defeat by beholding the remains of sixteen of his disciples displayed on its walls. In disgust at the sight, he rushed on the inhabitants, and four thousand of the citizens either perished by the sword, or were drowned in the waters of the Danube. Fearing the revenge of the King of Hungary, he fled to Nissa, where he encamped for some time, but the inhabitants, collecting in great numbers, surprised him, and a dreadful battle ensued. Peter being overpowered, fled to the mountains of Thrace, where, after all his defeats, his followers still amounted to thirty thousand men. He was met by deputies from the Emperor Alexis, who conducted him in safety to Constantinople, where he waited the arrival of Godfrey.

Before the advent of the Crusaders under this noble chief, a large body of the unruly multitude had been decoyed to the plains of Nicæa by the report that their missing companions were enjoying themselves in the capital of Bithynia. But the Turkish arrows soon ended their wanderings, and a

huge pile of bones alone pointed out their resting-place. At the siege of Nicæa, which took place in 1097, these human remains are said to have been used by the Crusaders to assist in raising the fortifications.

On the 15th of August, 1096, Godfrey de Bouillon, the favourite of the people and the glory of the Crusaders, took his departure for the Holy Land. He was accompanied by his brothers, his cousin, and a large body of horse and foot. As previously arranged, the other chiefs were to leave France later in the year. Besides the persons capable of carrying arms, a great multitude attended the army, consisting of monks, women, children, sutlers, and the usual number of camp-followers. This concourse of persons, for the most part useless, often paralyzed the movements of the army, owing to their destitute and defenceless state. "Take care," said the pious Bishop Adhémar, to the leaders of the expedition; "take care of the poor monks and pilgrims, they cannot fight; but while you are exposed to the dangers of war, they can intercede for you at the heavenly throne."

As many of the wives and female relations of the no-

bles accompanied them, their wealth, for the convenience of transport, was converted into gold and silver bars. The presence of women in the Crusades is said to have given rise to great disorders, and many of the misfortunes which the warriors of the Cross endured may be attributed to their influence. The knights and barons took along with them their huntsmen and hounds, their falcons and falconers, hoping in their hours of leisure to enjoy their favourite sports.

The difficulty of obtaining provisions for such a number of men, had determined the leaders to divide the army, and take different routes, making Constantinople their place of rendezvous. There is no positive account existing, how food was obtained for the soldiers. The European warriors, who had only fought a few weeks at a time, under the standard of their feudal chiefs, knew nothing of the difficulties of war in a distant land. They were totally ignorant of the length of the journey, and the perils of the road. But it appears that each soldier carried along with him provisions for a few days. Godfrey and his Crusaders marched by way of Germany, Hungary, and

Bulgaria, following nearly the route taken by Walter and his companions. When he arrived on the frontier of Hungary, he was detained three weeks. The natives had not forgotten the inroads of the pilgrims of the preceding year; and as they had revenged themselves in a frightful manner, they feared lest the appearance of so formidable an army might be the signal of a terrible retaliation. But the noble Godfrey, knowing the provocation they had received, felt more inclined to pity, than punish these his misguided brethren. He despatched an envoy bearing a flag of truce, escorted by twelve men, to request a free passage and liberty to purchase provisions. As a guarantee of his good faith, Godfrey offered to place himself and his two brothers in their hands as hostages. His demand was granted, and they were treated by Carloman, King of Hungary, with great hospitality. After traversing the plains of Bulgaria without receiving any molestation, the Christian army arrived on the banks of the Save; and when the soldiers had crossed the river, the hostages were set at liberty. Carloman, who had followed in their rear

with his army, took leave of Godfrey with hearty wishes for the success of his undertaking.

When the Emperor Alexis, who a little time before had solicited the aid of the Franks against the Turks, who threatened his kingdom, saw this countless army pour in from all the avenues to his capital, he was filled with dismay, and repented of his invitation. Above all, the ambitious character of Bohemond alarmed him. He industriously sought some cause of quarrel with the leaders, laid snares for their unreflecting valour, and when Godfrey, after much suffering and difficulty, had encamped on the plains of Thrace, he heard with great indignation that the Count de Vermandois had been detained captive by the Greek authorities, and that Count Bohemond threatened the capital.

On hearing this unwelcome news, Godfrey marched with his crusaders to the gates of Constantinople; but they were strongly fortified, and the Emperor's archers lined the walls. After a doubtful conflict, in which neither party gained much advantage, peace was restored, on the promise of Alexis to supply the

army with provisions. As Godfrey refused to cross the Bosphorus during the winter, quarters were assigned him and his army on its fertile shores.

The capital of the Byzantine empire extended over seven eminences, and was sometimes, like Rome, called the City of the Seven Hills. In the period of its splendour, it was the grand emporium of the world. Its capacious harbour, aptly denominated by the Greeks the Golden Horn, was constantly frequented by ships from all countries. At the time of the Crusade, the walls and towers of the city resembled those of Babylon, and its broad ditch could be converted at a signal into a wide and rapid canal. Not content with employing in its construction the beautiful marbles found in the Archipelago, Constantine had caused materials to be brought from the most distant parts of the world. Rome and Athens were robbed of their most splendid ornaments to embellish the new capital of the Cæsars. Many of his successors had repaired the edifices which were fallen into ruins, and erected others. The city was divided into fourteen quarters. It had thirty-two gates, and

enclosed within its walls five hundred churches ; the principal of which, St. Sophia, was reckoned one of the wonders of the world. Its five palaces were more like towns than dwelling houses. Constantinople, which, more fortunate than her rival, had never been invaded by barbarians, preserved with its language the principal masterpieces of antiquity, and the accumulated riches of the East and West.

The Greeks were seized with surprise and fear at the sight of the overwhelming force of the Crusaders ; and, indeed, their diversity of language, their strange costumes, the familiarity and grossness of their manners, necessarily rendered them objects of suspicion and mistrust. On the other hand, the pilgrim warriors were dazzled by the magnificence of the city. Its long and spacious streets, its aqueducts, its fountains, its superb domes, its marble palaces, with all their splendid adornments, astonished the minds of men who, for the most part, had only seen the mud-built towns of the West. The riches displayed in every direction incited their cupidity, and many of

them would have been glad if the Crusade had ended there.

In order to influence their chiefs against the Emperor, the soldiers spread a report that the wells from which they drew their water were poisoned, the provisions unwholesome, and that the sickness, which had sprung from their own imprudence, was to be attributed to these causes. Several of the leaders were of the same opinion. But when spring came, Alexis, who wished to get rid of his unwelcome guests, supplied ships to carry them across on their way to the plains of Nicæa; and no sooner was the army landed, than the vessels were recalled. This circumstance, which looked like treason, put Godfrey on his guard. Alexis, who wished to recover Nicæa from the hands of the Turks, persuaded the Crusaders to take up a position not far from its walls.

CHAPTER III.

Description of the Christian camp—Dress of the knights—
Division of the army—Kilidge Arslan—Danger of a sur-
prise—The valley of Gorgona—Approach of the Muslims—
Hasty preparations—The battle—The Christians waver—
Arrival of Godfrey—Flight of the Turks—Richness of their
camp—Joy and extravagant behaviour of the Christians—
Their improvidence—Devastation of the country—The Black
Mountains—Horrors of the march—Ludicrous picture—
Pisidia—Anecdote.

THE camp of the Western warriors extended over a vast plain, intersected by streams and rivu'ets. To the north, the mountains of Angara, crowned with noble oaks, defended the city from the approach of an enemy, and the lake Izuik afforded an easy communication with the sea. A ditch half filled with water surrounded its stupendous fortifications, over which a carriage could be driven with ease.

It was on the plains of Nicæa that the Crusaders

displayed all their glory. Their different camps, in form like a triangle, a half circle, or an oblong square, according to the fancy of the leaders, appeared like a moveable city. The spring was beautiful ; the hills and valleys were covered with luxuriant verdure, and streams and rivers of the purest water flowed on all sides. A countless number of knights were there assembled, with six hundred thousand soldiers, drawn from nineteen nations, different in manners, language, and customs, and dwelling in separate quarters, divided by mud walls and high palisades. It is reported, I have already remarked, that when materials were scarce, the bones of their unhappy predecessors, massacred by the Turks, were used in building these temporary fortifications. Each nation erected magnificent tents in the valley, to serve as places of worship, and the faithful were summoned to their religious duties by the sound of martial music.

The banners that floated over the tents of the knights were different in form and colour, and ornamented with figures of animals, flowers, stars, and

birds of passage. The rich gleams of an Eastern sun shone brilliantly on their helmets of silver and steel. At the time of the first Crusade heavy armour was not used ; the knights wore a tunic made of small iron or brass rings, while their shields were round, oblong, and square. The squires displayed scarfs, red, white, blue, or green, according to the family of their masters. The arms used were the lance, the sword, a short knife, or poniard, called misericordia, the mace, one blow of which was sufficient to kill, the sling for throwing stones or leaden balls, and the cross-bow, a very destructive weapon.

But the Crusaders lay but a short time encamped before Nicæa. The besieged, alarmed at their numbers, were glad to treat with Alexis, who had broken faith with the Christians, with respect to the provisioning of the army. As Godfrey and his companions were preparing to make the attack, they were surprised to behold the standard of the Grecian Emperor float over the walls.

The Christian army immediately made preparations to commence their march. They divided their forces

into two bodies, which proceeded, at a short distance from each other, across the mountains of Lesser Phrygia. Although by separating they could more easily procure provisions, they ran great danger of being surprised by Kilidge Arslan, who, at the head of a powerful army, followed the Christian host with the intention of making them pay dearly for the conquest of Nicæa. While the division commanded by Godfrey, Raymond, and Adhémar, was traversing the plains of Dorylæa, Bohemond, Tancred, and the Duke of Normandy, directed their march to the left, following the course of a narrow stream ; and when arrived at the valley of the Gorgona, the Greeks brought information that the enemy were in the neighbourhood. But the Crusaders, believing they had nothing to fear, on the 21st June occupied a spot not far from that valley, which afforded abundant pasturage.

They passed the night in profound security, but at break of day the scouts sent forward to reconnoitre, and the clouds of dust which rose from the mountains, announced the approach of the Muslims. Such

preparations were immediately made as circumstances would allow. The camp was defended on one side by the river, and on the other, by a morass covered with coarse reeds. Barricades were formed of the waggons, and palisades of the tent poles. The women, children, and sick, were placed in the middle.

Scarcely had Bohemond made his arrangements, before the Muslims, with loud shouts, ascended the hills, and a shower of arrows fell on the Christians, which frightened the horses, without doing much injury. But the advantage was soon on the side of the Turks. The quickness of their evolutions, and the fleetness of their horses, enabled them to combat even during flight. The Christians fought in disorder. Several of their leaders were severely wounded, and during the time that victory remained uncertain, the Sultan of Nicæa profited by the confusion to attack the Christian camp. He crossed the river, all artificial barriers gave way before him, and a general massacre took place. Bohemond, however, soon arrested the slaughter, and forced the Muslims to

retreat. But the Christians, worn with fatigue, were unable to resist an enemy whose strength had not been exhausted. They were obliged to retire, and the Mohammedans again attempted the camp. The carnage was frightful. On all sides were heard the shrieks of the women—the cries of the vanquished, the groans of the dying,—when suddenly a joyful shout was heard.

Godfrey and Raymond appeared in sight, with the other division of the Christian army. They were followed by Adhémar and the other leaders, escorting the baggage. When this imposing body—fifty thousand strong—appeared on the western sides of the mountains, the sun was high in the heavens. Its dazzling beams reflecting on their helmets, their shields, and their naked swords, surprised and alarmed the Turks. Their standards were displayed, and they marched to the sound of warlike music. By the time they arrived, the Turks had fled to the hills, leaving their camp in the power of the Christians. It contained plenty of provisions, magnificent tents richly ornamented, beasts of burden, and

a great number of camels, which, being then totally unknown to Europeans, excited feelings of great wonder.

The next day was devoted to performing the last duties to the deceased, who numbered four thousand. From extreme sadness the Christians passed to a state of extravagant joy. They despoiled the dead, and dressed themselves in their flowing robes. The arrows found on the field of battle were so numerous, that the soldiers filled with them their empty quivers. The Crusaders having learnt a terrible lesson, determined to march in company for the future; but although this plan secured them from surprise, it exposed so numerous an army to all the horrors of famine.

So improvident were they, that after consuming in a very short time the provisions found in the enemy's camp, they set out on their long and perilous journey with only a few days' rations. With feelings of regret they quitted a country where the pasturage was luxuriant and the water abundant, to enter a land barren and desolate. It was in the commencement

of July ; and the Turks, who kept in advance, devastated the country as they went along, and destroyed the harvest. A scanty gleanings was often the only nourishment left for the poor soldiers of the Cross, who rubbed out the corn with their hands, and dried and ate it, except some few who had hand-mills. In a country so ravaged by war, there were scarcely any roads, and all communication between the cities was cut off.

In the mountainous regions, defiles, torrents, and precipices, greatly harassed the progress of the army, and in the plains—barren and uncultivated—famine, want of water, and the heat of the climate, became inevitable scourges. The Crusaders had no idea of the difficulties of their enterprise ; and in their ignorance, lay their confidence of their own security. Most of the horses and dogs died on the road, and the falcons pined away, in spite of the care of the keepers. After passing a night on the summit of the Black Mountain, so called from its being clothed with dark firs, they descended into a valley, where their only road lay through gorges, their sufferings

were dreadful. It has been related by the chroniclers, that five hundred persons died in one halt. Many lay down by the road-side, overcome by fatigue and heat, and spreading out their arms in the form of a cross, waited patiently for death to relieve them. But the condition of the women was still more horrible : many of them were left dying on the road-side, with their new-born babes beside them.

After the loss of the horses, the soldiers of the Cross presented a truly ludicrous picture. Being unaccustomed to walking, they rode on oxen and cows, while the small remnants of the baggage that had been saved, was fastened on the backs of dogs, pigs, and full-grown rams. In crossing a height, called by historians the Mountain of the Devil, which was extremely precipitous, the horses, unable to sustain themselves, fell, and dragged their riders with them into the abysses. A large body of the soldiers refused to advance ; others, finding their arms an encumbrance, threw them away. But when they entered Pisidia, the Crusaders found abundant pasturage—sparkling rivulets, and beautiful forests, into which

the knights and barons penetrated in search of game. Here it was that Godfrey killed an enormous bear, which he encountered pursuing a poor pilgrim, who had wandered from his companions.

CHAPTER IV.

Antioch—Beauty of its situation—The Queen of the East—The Grove of Daphne—A city of the dead—Despair of the Crusaders—Attempted flight of Peter—Punishment for various crimes—Ambassadors from Egypt—Arrival of Italian vessels—Joy of the soldiery—An ambuscade—A Victory—Feröoz the Renegade—The Tower of the Three Sisters—Stratagems practised by the Christians—Suspensions of the governor—A storm—Entrance of the Crusaders into Antioch—Murder of the governor—Massacre of the inhabitants—Approach of the Sultan of Mosul.

WHEN the Crusaders, having penetrated through the defiles of Mount Taurus, arrived before Antioch, the beauty of its situation, and the fertility of the country, appeared to compensate them for all their previous misery. The city, which was defended by a lofty wall, and encompassed by a deep ditch, contained three hundred and sixty churches, four hundred towers, and had been the metropolis of three hun-

dred and sixty-three bishoprics. From the splendour of its buildings, and its great renown, it had been called the Queen of the East ; and its situation, in the midst of a fertile and beautiful plain, had always attracted to it a number of strangers.

About six miles from the city was a lake, which communicated with the Orontes, and abounded in every description of fish. In its neighbourhood also was the grove of Daphne, so celebrated in Pagan history. Mountains covered with picturesque gardens and country-houses rose on every side, and the river Orontes, which bathed its extensive parts, discharged itself into the sea, at a distance of twelve miles.

At the approach of the Crusaders, the Mohammedan inhabitants of the neighbouring towns took refuge in the city. The siege offered many difficulties, and the army, deeming it imprudent to commence operations during the winter months, were desirous of encamping in the neighbouring provinces to wait for the assistance promised by the Greeks. But this plan was listened to by the majority of the chiefs with impatience, and it was finally agreed that the

siege should be opened at once. But, with their usual improvidence, the Christians had omitted to provide themselves with proper war-engines. The Turks had shut themselves up within their walls—the ramparts were deserted, all was silent and sepulchral. Antioch, in fact, presented the appearance of a city of the dead. Blinded by the hope of an easy conquest, the Northern warriors took no precautions, but wandered about the country in disorder. The beautiful climate, and the abundance of everything, caused them for a time to forget their vows, and the object of their pilgrimage.

But when winter came, bringing scarcity along with it, and torrents of rain fell, turning the plains into a morass—when the tents, particularly those in the valley, began to rot with the damp—the arrows were spoilt, and the lances and swords injured by rust—when the clothing of the soldiers was in rags, and famine, disease, and cold had thinned their ranks, they began to be seized with despair. The valley of the Orontes, once so celebrated for the worship of Venus and Adonis, was now witness of frightful

scenes. At last, space was wanting to bury the dead ; and in the midst of this general distress, Bohemond and the Duke of Normandy wandered for days about the country in search of provisions.

In these excursions they often encountered the enemy, whom they plundered of their baggage, and returned laden with booty. But this relief was but transitory ; every day brought fresh calamities, and the future developed before them nothing but a perspective of increasing misfortunes. When the Crusaders in their misery upbraided Peter, and accused him of being the author of their misery, unable to bear their reproaches, he sought to effect his escape, but was pursued and brought back. This circumstance caused the leaders to proclaim throughout the camp, that any one who for the future should desert his standard should be punished with death. In the midst of this misery, corruption made rapid strides. The orders of the leaders were not attended to—the Bishop of Adhémer and the other clergy did their utmost to restrain these disorders ; and punishments, more or less severe, were obliged to be resorted to.

The hair was cropped close for the crime of drunkenness — gamblers were branded, and for other offences against morality, the rod was used, and the delinquent paraded, in a ludicrous and disgraceful manner, round the camp.

Winter was at length drawing to a close, when ambassadors from the Caliph of Egypt paid the Crusaders a visit. They were received by Godfrey in a magnificent tent, where the principal leaders were assembled, dressed in their most costly vestments. The envoys offered the Christians the support of their master, providing they would confine their sojourn in Palestine to a simple pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The chiefs haughtily rejected this proposition, and said that they were not come so far to receive conditions, but to impose them. Finding their errand a fruitless one, the ambassadors departed ; but before they went, the Crusaders, in order to hide their misery, entertained them with a splendid tournament.

The deputies had scarcely departed, when news was brought that a number of Italian vessels had

entered the port of St. Simon, laden with provisions. Overwhelmed with joy, the soldiers in crowds, most of them unarmed, ran out of the camp, and marched towards the port ; but when returning, heavily burdened, they were surprised by an ambuscade of four thousand Muslims, who cut off many of them, while the rest dispersed in disorder. Godfrey, on hearing of this misfortune, ordered his troops to pursue the enemy, who, not being accustomed to close combat, soon took to flight, some towards the mountains, some towards the city. Godfrey posted himself on an eminence between them and the gate of Antioch, and a dreadful conflict took place. The Christians were animated by their recent victory, the Saracens by the cries of the inhabitants, who lined the walls. They fought the whole day, and the struggle ended by the complete overthrow of the Muslims. The night was passed by the infidels in burying the dead, in the cemetery belonging to the Greek Mosque, on the banks of the Orontes. According to the custom of the Mohammedans, the bodies were interred in their clothes, with their arms and portable property.

This circumstance excited the cupidity of the brutal followers of the Christian camp, who rifled the graves, and returned to the plains dressed in rich flowing garments, and armed with superb scimitars, gorgeous helmets and shields. This revolting sight, which in ordinary circumstances would have roused the indignation of the Crusaders, made then but little impression on them.

In spite of this success, however, the possession of Antioch, after a two months' siege, seemed as distant as ever; but Bohemond, whom ambition, and not religion, had induced to join the crusade, accomplished by stratagem what had been denied to open force. Firooz, a renegade Armenian, the son of a coppersmith, who had the command of three of the principal towers, consented, on the payment of a large bribe, to deliver the city into the hands of the Crusaders. This traitor pretended to feel great remorse for having abandoned his religion; and as a pledge of his fidelity, gave his son into the hands of Bohemond as a hostage.

On the left bank of the Orontes, on the east of

the city, rose a high fortress, called the Tower of the Three Sisters. It was decided that this place should be scaled by ladders, formed of strong leather ; and the execution of the enterprise was fixed for the next night. To lull the suspicions of the inhabitants of Antioch, the troops were to leave the camp toward the evening, and return at night-fall. The cause assigned for their departure was, the report that a large reinforcement of Saracens was advancing to the relief of Antioch. The whole army marched with banners displayed, to the sound of martial music ; but after having proceeded a few miles, their leaders gave the order to return and halt, in a valley lying near the Tower of the Three Sisters. Bohemond then placed the whole plan of action before the leaders of the Christian army. In the mean time, while this scene was enacting, rumours of treason and revolt had spread over Antioch, and Firooz was commanded to appear before the governor, who kept his eye on his countenance, trying to read his soul. But the face of this Judas was impenetrable. He affected to be eager in the defence of the city, and gave prudent counsel. He

advised the governor to change the command of the different towers, and, as a measure of precaution, to put all the Christians in the city in chains. This policy was to be followed next day, and Firooz was dismissed with praise instead of reproaches.

The shades of night overspread Antioch. All was silence and tranquillity, and the traitor awaited in the Tower of the Three Sisters the arrival of the Crusaders. His brother, who had held the command of a neighbouring fortress, but had refused to join the conspiracy, had been enticed into an ambush during the evening, and basely murdered. The night was obscure, and a violent storm increased the gloom. The garrison slept, and the sighing of the wind, and the roaring of the thunder, prevented the sentinels, who faced the ramparts, from hearing the footsteps of the besiegers.

At the moment the Crusaders were ascending the ladder, an officer of the garrison, bearing a lantern in his hand, was going his rounds to examine the different posts. He spoke to Firooz, commended his diligence, and passed on. Bohemond was the first

who entered the tower, his men followed, and the half-awakened garrison was surprised and slain. The city was soon filled with the invaders, and no houses were spared except those marked by the Red Cross. Godfrey, Raymond, and the Duke of Normandy were soon in the streets of Antioch, at the head of their battalions. They sounded their trumpets, and the hills re-echoed with the terrible cry of "God wills it, God wills it!" The Christian populace, who, on hearing the tumult, ran out of their houses half asleep, were by mistake murdered, without knowing what hand had struck them. In one night Antioch lost more than ten thousand of her inhabitants. The governor, who suspected that he had been betrayed, and dared not trust any of his officers, under cover of night, stole, unperceived, out of the gate. He was unattended, and as he was crossing a mountain, he met some Armenian wood cutters. Seeing the marks of grief and exhaustion on his countenance, they judged the city had been taken. Snatching his sword from his scabbard before he could prevent them, one of those ferocious barbarians plunged it

into his breast, and after severing his head from his body, carried it to the victors.

Ferooz having received the price of his treachery, returned to the religion of his fathers, and followed the Crusaders ; but two years after, not having sufficiently satisfied his ambition, he again turned Mohammedan, and died, hated and despised by both parties. But the new conquerors were not left long in peaceful possession of Antioch. A formidable army was fast approaching the walls, headed by Kerbogha, Sultan of Mosul. The Christians were made aware of their design by the arrival of three hundred Saracen horse, who came to reconnoitre, and advanced up to the very walls.

This unlooked-for event spread dismay among the Christians ; for, on examining their stores, they found they had not sufficient provisions to sustain a siege. The soldiers who had been sent to purchase food, returned empty-handed, owing to the disturbed state of the country.

CHAPTER V.

Scarcity of provisions—Misery of the Crusaders—Distraction of the soldiery—Superstition—The Holy Lance—Fiery ordeal—Terror of the Muslims—Their flight—Splendour of the King's camp—Godfrey advances—Luxuriant country—The sugar cane—Triumphal march of the Christians—Approach to Jerusalem—Eagerness of the soldiers—Anecdote—The heights of Emäus—Enthusiasm caused by the sight of the Holy City.

THE infidels now forced the Christians to remain within their walls. Bohemond was wounded in a sortie, and famine, accompanied by an epidemic, made frightful ravages. Provisions were so dear that a small loaf sold for a bizant ; the head of an ass, a horse, or an ox, sold for a silver livre, and Godfrey gave five marks for a meagre camel, the flesh of which at any other time, would have been rejected by the meanest soldier.

After sacrificing most of the horses for food, the Crusaders were reduced to feed on carrion. There has even been a suspicion let fall by the Chroniclers, that they were guilty of cannibalism. The soldiers were at last glad to devour the leather of their shields and their shoes. Many of the chiefs were reduced to beg in the streets, and others sold their arms for a single day's provisions. The Duke of Lorraine, while he had any, shared his rations with his companions ; but he at last, to his great grief, was compelled to sacrifice his favourite war horse. Many of the soldiers, distracted by the pangs of hunger, made their escape over the walls by the help of cords, and fled to the camp of the Saracens, where, for the sake of life, they forgot their Saviour. In their despair, the Christians cried out that God had abandoned their cause, and in their blindness offered up impious prayers to Him who can alone turn the fortune of the day.

Bohemond, seeing no hope of deliverance, had determined to capitulate, when superstition came to his aid. A man of the lower class, warned by a

vision, declared he could point out the spot where the holy lance which had pierced the side of our Saviour would be found. To test the truth of his revelation, he was tried by fire. Tradition reports that he came out of the flames unhurt ; but the crowd, anxious to obtain a scrap of his clothes, to preserve as a relic, thronged around him—his garments were torn to shreds, and the man died of fatigue and exhaustion. But the holy lance was found ; and the Turks, who were revelling in their camp, thinking themselves sure of the famished multitude, to their astonishment, perceived the gates open, and the whole of the Christian army, headed by the priests bearing the miraculous lance, came pouring out in battle array.

The Muslims, who had not time to recover their arms, fled, leaving their valuable camp in the hands of the Crusaders, who found there an abundant supply of provisions, fifteen thousand camels, and a great number of horses. The victors passed the night in carousing on the spot where their enemy had so lately been. They gazed with wonder at the luxury of the Orientals, and viewed with astonish-

ment the superb tent of the Eastern King, ornamented with gold and precious stones. It was divided into long streets, and fortified with towers ; and resembled a small town, rather than a dwelling-place. It could contain with ease two thousand persons. This magnificent prize was claimed by Bohemond, who transported it to Italy, where it long remained, and was regarded with superstitious admiration.

Many days were employed in conveying this rich booty into Antioch, but the epidemic in the city was not over ; more than fifty thousand pilgrims had already perished victims to it, besides many of the leaders. But the person who was most regretted was the good and pious Adhémar, whose fate it was never to reach the land of promise ; he was buried in the Church of St. Peter, at Antioch.

Leaving Bohemond to settle the affairs of this conquest, Godfrey was soon on his way to Jerusalem, accompanied by the remains of his army. To his left rose the mountains of Lebanon, so often celebrated by the prophets ; between them and the sea, the country was covered with magnificent olives,

which grew to the height of the tallest oaks. On the plain and the hills flourished oranges, pomegranates, figs, and many other fruits, unknown to the West. Above all, the sugar-cane attracted their surprise and admiration. It was then cultivated in several provinces of Syria. In many of their expeditions, the Crusaders had no other means of supporting life than the sugar they extracted from those plants; this luxury, now so important an article of commerce, was first introduced into Europe by the pilgrims, who brought it to Sicily and Italy; the Mohammedans naturalized it in Spain, from whence it made its way to other countries.

Although death and desertion had greatly reduced its numbers, the Christian army still presented an imposing appearance. The fame of its exploits made the rest of the way comparatively easy. The Emir of Tripoli paid them tribute, Tyre and Sidon found them provisions, St. Jean D'Acre had promised to submit to their power, when they had conquered Jerusalem; and the other cities in their passage offered no resistance. Their journey from Tripoli

resembled a triumphal march. They contemplated with delight the grottoes and solitudes of Lebanon, and its beautiful cedar-groves. The springs and torrents which flowed from the mountain reminded them of the sufferings they had endured on the arid plains and mountains of Phrygia. On their way they were met by crowds of poor Christians, who emerged from their hiding-places to welcome the Warriors of the West, who were coming to their relief.

As they approached the Holy City, their dissensions and pride were forgotten. In their impatience to see Jerusalem, neither mountains, defiles, nor the passage of the most dangerous rivers, appeared difficult to the Crusaders. The soldiers scarcely allowed themselves time for repose, and often, against the commands of their leaders, marched in the night. During a halt near the town of Cæsarea, a dove, escaped from the talons of a vulture, fell dead in the midst of the camp ; under its wing was found a letter written by the Emir of St. Jean D'Acre to the Emir of Cæsarea, containing these words :—

“The accursed Christians have crossed my territory, and are going to enter yours ; let the governors of the different cities be apprised of their movements, that measures may be taken to extirpate our enemies.”

This letter was read to the council, who informed the soldiers of the contents. The army was overwhelmed with surprise, and joy. “God,” said they, “intends to favour our enterprise ; He has sent the birds of the air to reveal to us the designs of our enemies.” Filled with fresh enthusiasm, they continued their route. The orange and pomegranate groves which surrounded the cities on the Phœnician coasts, and the luxuriance of the vegetation, announced to the Crusaders the vicinity of the Promised Land.

Since they had entered the mountains of Judæa, they had found no other roads but the beds of dry torrents—craggy steeps and heaps of sand encumbered with huge fragments of rock, detached from their beds by the storm. Occasionally a convent or a fortress crowned the hills, but generally the way was lonely. Their path often led through gorges, so closed in by overhanging precipices as scarcely to

admit the light of day. A few olive and fir trees grew on the slopes, interspersed with coarse grass and stunted shrubs, which rendered their march more painful.

Worn out by fatigue and exhaustion, and exposed to the fierce rays of an Eastern sun, the Crusaders could with difficulty climb the steep ascents. Although they left Ramleh at day-break, sixteen miles from the Holy City, it was dark before they reached the heights of Emmaus. After a night which appeared to have no end, the Crusaders perceived in the distance a long line of dull walls flanked by groups of frowning towers. Overwhelmed with enthusiasm, the entire army fell on their knees. They kissed the earth, tears bedewed their cheeks, and the war-cry of "God wills it—God wills it!" shouted by countless tongues, re-echoed far across the mountains.

CHAPTER VI.

Jerusalem—Its Position and Strength—Titus—Destruction of the Temple—Hadrian—Temple of Venus—Constantine—Calvary—Joseph of Arimathea—Superb Church—Its Inauguration—Emigration from the West—Chosroes—Despair of the Christians—Heracleus—The Saviour of the Faithful—The Caliph Omar—Concealment of the Cross and Holy Books—Magnificent Mosque—Tyranny over the Christians—The Grottoes of Lebanon—Hakim the Terrible—Tragical Event—Anecdote of The Dead Dog—Description of Jerusalem—The church of the Sepulchre—Description of it—Stupidity of the Armenian priests—Burning of the Edifice—Rebuilding of the Church—Present aspect of the City—Cruelty of the Turkish Soldiery—Industry of the Monks

JERUSALEM, considered in antiquity as the most beautiful city of the East, has suffered many revolutions. Formerly it was surrounded by a fortification of three solid walls, varying in height from twenty to sixty feet, according to the inequality of the ground, and strengthened at intervals by formidable turrets. Deep ravines protected the ram-

parts, and numerous subterranean passages, pierced through the mountains, served for places of concealment. Mount Sion and Acra were then contained within the walls, which were four English miles in circumference.

When Titus, son of Vespasian, in the 70th year of the Christian era, conquered the Sacred City with his forty thousand warriors, he, after sacking it, destroyed the temple of Solomon by fire, and left the city a heap of ruins. Hadrian, in A.D. 137, rebuilt it, but greatly reduced its size, and filled it with Pagan monuments. A temple dedicated to Venus rose on the spot sanctified by the death and burial of Christ. But two hundred years after, when Christianity became the prevailing religion of the Roman Empire, Constantine the Great destroyed the temple, and his mother, after causing the dust and rubbish to be cleared away, discovered the niche in the rock where Our Saviour was buried.

At that period Calvary was situated outside the city, and a portion of it opposite the walls was reserved for the place of execution. The other side

was covered with beautiful gardens belonging to the citizens of Jerusalem. One of these laid out by Joseph of Arimathea, a Christian in secret, who, on hearing of the death of his Saviour, begged his body, and laid it in a new tomb he had prepared for himself in this garden. It was the custom among the Jews to inter their dead in niches cut in the rock, formed like a cell. A long stone table received the body, and the aperture was closed with a stone four feet high. Over this spot Constantine erected a church, a superb edifice, lined with cedar from Mount Lebanon, while the columns supporting the beautiful dome were of white marble, and of the Corinthian order. It was also enriched by numerous masterpieces of Greek and Roman art. The Emperor celebrated the thirtieth year of his reign by the inauguration of this church. The ceremony was attended by a numerous body of the Faithful, and a pious discourse was preached by Bishop Eusebius.

At this time the tide of emigration began to flow into Jerusalem from the West. Many illustrious families, abandoning their native land, found that pro-

tection and repose near the Holy Sepulchre, which had been denied them in Europe, and their tranquillity was not disturbed till Chosroes, King of Persia, invaded Palestine: and the Holy City fell into the hands of the Fire Worshippers. The Faithful were in despair when they found that the Holy Cross, discovered by the pious Helena in a cave, had been seized by the usurper; but when Heracleus drove the Persians out of Palestine, he entered Jerusalem, bearing on his shoulders the sacred symbol, which he deposited with much solemnity on the summit of Mount Calvary. On his return to Constantinople, he was received with acclamations, and welcomed as the Saviour of the Christians.

But when Mohammedanism began to spread, the Saracens turned their attention to Jerusalem; the Caliph Omar besieged and conquered it, and the city remained under their yoke until the time of the Crusades. But although Omar did not interfere with the exercise of their religion, the Christians were obliged to conceal the Cross and the Holy Books. During his reign he erected a magnificent mosque

upon the site of Solomon's temple, which was named after its founder. During the supremacy of the Saracens, the tyranny exercised over the Christians was dreadful. They were not allowed to ride on horseback or have the use of fire-arms. Numbers of persons secretly left the city, and took refuge in the grottoes and solitudes of Lebanon. When the Sultan of Cairo occupied Jerusalem, he encouraged pilgrimage, allowed markets to be held for the convenience of the Christians, and repaired the Holy Places. He also granted them many other privileges.

But when Hakim the Terrible, the Eastern Caligula, ascended the throne, he began his reign with an excess of mad fanaticism. Wavering between two religions—his mother was a Christian—he alternately protected or persecuted the followers of her faith, as caprice dictated. But he was a stranger to true religion, and was both feared and hated by his subjects. The orders he issued one day, he countermanded the next. After spending millions in erecting the most superb and costly monuments, he would, in a fit of madness, deliver them to the flames. It

was in his reign that the following tragical circumstance took place.

An unknown enemy of the Christians, wishing to excite popular indignation against them, contrived during the night to throw a dead dog into the middle of the mosque. The first person who entered the building in the morning, seized with horror at the sight of this abomination, ran throughout the city exclaiming that it was the act of the unbelievers, and loudly demanding vengeance. A tumultuous crowd of Muslims soon assembled, and the whole Christian population tremblingly expected to be immolated to their fury. They were preparing for their fate by prayers and supplications, when a young man, whose name has not been preserved, stepped into the midst of them and spoke thus :—

“ My dear friends—the church is in danger, and her children are threatened with destruction. It is the duty of one to sacrifice himself for the many. I devote myself, therefore, to death, to ensure your safety. Remember me in your prayers, and respect my memory.”

So saying he departed, before the weeping and astonished Christians could prevent him. Going straight to the Musulman authorities, he boldly accused himself of the crime; but instead of being touched by his heroic conduct, they ordered him to be immediately put to death.

In the time of the Crusaders, Jerusalem, as at present, was built in the form of a long square, about a league in circumference. It is situated on four hills—Moriah to the east, on which rises the Mosque of Omar—to the south, Acra, which extends across the whole length of the town—to the north, Bethesda, and to the west, Golgotha, or Calvary, on which is the Church of the Resurrection. It had then lost much of its strength and extent. Mount Sion was outside the walls, and the valleys which surrounded the ramparts had in many places been filled up by Hadrian, while the approaches to the city had been rendered less difficult, particularly toward the north.

But Jerusalem was still almost impregnable, on account of the escarpment of the ground, which no art could entirely remove. The Turks, who had only

occupied it a few months, profited by the delay of the Crusaders to strengthen the fortifications. They also ravaged the neighbourhood for miles, pulled down most of its houses, destroyed the churches, and either filled up or poisoned the wells. Thus Jerusalem, once so superb, seemed girt by ruins.

The Church of the Sepulchre, as it existed in the commencement of the nineteenth century, was built on very unequal ground. Its length was about three hundred and sixty feet, and its breadth extremely irregular. It was lighted by a multitude of lamps kept continually burning. The priests of various sects inhabited different parts of the building, and from the subterranean chapels and the niches over the galleries, and other places used for devotional purposes, were heard night and day the organ of the Latin monk—the cymbal of the Abyssinian priests—the prayer of the solitary Armenian—the chaunting of the Greek, and the low murmur of the Copt. The church was always kept in partial obscurity, and the air perfumed with incense. Its form was that of a cross. The dome, which covered the

Holy Sepulchre, was thirty feet in diameter, open at the top like the Rotunda at Rome, but covered with network to keep out the birds. It was supported by sixteen elegant columns.

The Turks always kept the key of the church, and a heavy tribute was demanded before entrance. The priests, who had the care of it, never quitted the building, and provisions were handed them by means of a small wicket in the door. The chapel over the tomb was of a square form, six feet by six, and about eight feet in height. The sarcophagus, which rose two feet from the ground, was of white marble, and forty silver lamps burnt continually around it, the smoke escaping by holes in the roof. At about thirty feet from the tomb of their Saviour, was the resting-place of the two kings of Jerusalem—Godfrey and Baldwin. Round the sides of the edifice were constructed numerous chapels, each dedicated to some striking mystery connected with the life and death of Christ.

In 1807, the Armenian priests, dissatisfied with the size and unadorned state of their chapel, situated

over one of the galleries, had in vain petitioned the Turks for leave to repair and embellish it. Finding their efforts useless, they determined to set fire to it, thus obliging their rulers to allow them to rebuild the holy place. They had calculated on being able to confine the flames so as not to injure the rest of the building ; but the conflagration burst its bounds. Columns of flame and smoke soon filled the whole edifice. The cedar pillars quickly gave way, the beautiful dome fell in with a crash, and, descending on the sacred tomb, broke it into fragments. The monuments of the kings were said by an eyewitness to have escaped, but the Greeks, taking advantage of the confusion, destroyed them, and the ashes of the monarchs of Jerusalem were scattered to the winds.

The whole church, however, was not destroyed. The chapel of the Virgin and that of the division of Vestments, and the Sanctuary of Helena, escaped. This conflagration happened on the 12th Oct., 1807, and on the following year, by the assistance of the Greeks, the church was rebuilt. An architect from Constantinople was employed to draw the plan. Al-

though he adhered closely to the model of the former one, it is but a coarse imitation. The slender and graceful Corinthian pillars, so much admired for their light and airy proportions, were replaced by heavy square columns ; the superb dome has given way to a common cupola, such as may be seen ornamenting the inferior mosques.

The marble sarcophagus is covered with unmeaning figures, displaying the barbarous taste of the modern Greeks. An English traveller has compared the new church to one of those spectacles exhibited in the show rooms on the Boulevards in Paris. The comparison would not be amiss, were the object of the satire less venerable and holy. Two stone benches, covered with mats, are placed over the spot where the tombs of Godfrey and his brother stood. But the Latins were wofully disappointed when the Greeks, who had spent thousands in reconstructing the building, obtained a firman empowering them to take possession of the principal sanctuaries. The Armenians were permitted to rebuild and embellish their chapel, and the Latins, after nine months, delay,

were allowed to resume their rites in the church. The artful Greeks, however, who well knew the value of a bribe, soon contrived to regain their former ascendancy. The Latins bore this tyranny in silence. Of the eighteen thousand piastres paid as a bribe to the Turks, two-thirds went to the imperial government, and the rest to the local authorities.

At present the aspect of the city and its neighbourhood is cheerless. A broad road, overgrown with grass, leads across the plain to the gates. Although there are several villages on the mountains, few inhabitants are to be seen. There is no appearance of life or any indication of being near an ancient metropolis. The repose of the scene, the silent landscape, and the sleeping aspect of the city, is more becoming to Jerusalem in her desolation than the noise and tumult of a busy city. Outside the gates are a number of miserable objects, who loudly demand charity of the passers by.

The best view of the city is from the summit of the Mount of Olives; for from this elevation the Church of the Sepulchre, the Castle of Antonia, and the graceful

domes of the Turkish mosques, with their fountains and verdant enclosures, can be seen with advantage. The monks pretend to point out the spot where Mary met her Son as he ascended the Via Dolorosa, on his way to Calvary, also, where he encountered the weeping women, and rebuked them, saying: "Weep not for me, oh daughters of Jerusalem, but for yourselves and for your children;" and the site of the house where lived the pious Veroneca, who wiped with her veil the drops of agony from her Saviour's brow. They will relate to the traveller all these scriptural traditions with a holy enthusiasm, calculated to touch the most sceptical.

The church at the present time is ill kept, with the exception of the tomb. The edifice is seldom crowded. A few persons glide stealthily about, and all kneel as they pass the sanctuary—some from habit or a feeling of duty, others in a spirit of true devotion. On festival days the edifice is crowded, but Turkish soldiers attend during the performance of divine service to preserve order. The strokes of their sticks on the backs of the refractory often

mix with the chauntings of the priest : and when worship is over, these barbarians strike right and left to clear the place.

The poor Latin monks subsist chiefly on charity ; but these holy men have a source of revenue which enables them to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. They fabricate large numbers of rosaries, made of different kinds of berries, the most rare and valuable being formed from the kernel of the olive, which grows in the garden of Gethsemane. These sacred chaplets are packed in wooden cases, and transported to Jaffa, Alexandria, Sicily, and Malta. The captains of vessels seldom charge anything for their freight. Two or three of the fathers usually accompany this cargo : and when they have disposed of it they return to Jerusalem with the proceeds, which fall like manna in the desert on the poor Christians of the East.

CHAPTER VII.

Preparations for the attack—Disposition of the camp—Disappointment caused by the aspect of the Holy city—Melancholy forebodings—The assault—Want of engines—Retreat—Scarcity of wood—Making of war machines—Terrible thirst—Ignorance of the Christians—Their despair—Kedron and Siloah—Dearness of water—Unlooked-for aid—The Fountains of Elfira—The enchanted forest—The wooden towers—Exhortations of the clergy.

THE morning of their arrival, the Crusaders prepared for their attack on Jerusalem. The Duke of Normandy and Tancred, took up their positions between Herod's gate and that of St. Stephen. In the vicinity of the Flemings, the Normans and the Italians were encamped with a body of English soldiers led by Edgar the Atheling. Godfrey, his brother, and cousin, occupied the esplanade to the west of the city. His tent, which was large, and distinguished by a silver cross on its summit, was placed in the

centre. The Count of Toulouse and his Southernns occupied a height now called the Hill of St. George. The other divisions of the army were scattered about in different directions.

Jerusalem, once invested with so much grandeur, and still hallowed by innumerable associations, greatly disappointed by its aspect the expectations of the Crusaders. Irregular lines of flat-roofed houses without windows, the belfries of a few churches, and the golden domes of a small number of Turkish mosques, lay before them, thinly scattered among groves of olive, cyprus, and mastic trees. Towards the summit of the city towered the beautiful church of the Holy Sepulchre, with its elevated cupola glittering in the sun. In the valleys and fields in the neighbourhood, which the old chroniclers represent as covered with fruitful gardens and shady groves, grew a few stunted olives and the prickly pear.

At the prospect of this savage-land, its arid mountains, and hungry vegetation, the minds of the beholders were filled with melancholy forebodings. A

feeling of sadness mixed with their religious fervour ; but when the war cry resounded, their enthusiasm returned, and they advanced in good order to the attack. A chosen band of brave warriors, forming a close battalion, locked their shields together, and under this impenetrable canopy laboured with pick-axes and sledges to demolish the walls.

A party of their companions, ranged behind, kept the enemy at bay with their arrows and slings. Although boiling oil, melted pitch, enormous wooden beams, and huge stones, were showered down incessantly from above, these heroic men maintained their ground. By their united exertions the outer wall was shattered in many places ; but to their surprise and disappointment the inner one offered an insurmountable obstacle, owing to the steep and precipitous nature of the ground, and the army had not provided more than one ladder sufficiently high to reach the summit of the ramparts. But a few brave spirits mounting this, fought hand to hand with the enemy, and it is probable the Crusaders would have entered Jerusalem that day had they been provided

with proper war engines. The enemy they had to encounter, however, was brave and resolute, and as no miracle came to their aid, they were obliged to sound a retreat.

To supply the want of military engines was a work of difficulty, in a country where little else was to be seen than heaps of sand and mountains without timber. But a detachment of soldiers, sent on an exploring expedition, discovered in a cave some large trunks of trees, which they immediately conveyed to the camp, and the few houses left undemolished outside the walls by the Turks, were pulled down. With these materials the Crusaders began to construct battering rams, catapults, and other destructive instruments, which were soon brought into play against the city. But notwithstanding this assistance the siege advanced but slowly. The great heats of summer had commenced about the time of the arrival of the Christians, and the fiery rays of the sun were very distressing to soldiers, encamped in a country which afforded little shade or shelter.

Instead of refreshing breezes, the southern wind

brought clouds of fine sand from the desert. The women, children, and camp followers, searched in solitary spots for rivulets and streams, which they seldom found, and many of those unfortunate persons died on the road from exhaustion. If in their wanderings the soldiers discovered a spring or a torrent, they either hid the knowledge of it from their companions, or fought for its possession like wild beasts, and more than once blood was spilt in a dispute for a cup of putrid water.

Most of the beasts of burden and smaller animals either died or fled, maddened by thirst, to scour the country in search of water. Had the Muslims been aware of the situation of the besiegers, they would have sortied, and made an easy conquest of men enfeebled by famine, thirst, and disease. But the ignorance of the Crusaders was the cause of their calamities. They knew nothing whatever of the nature of the country they had come so far to conquer, and had expected to find shady groves, luxuriant pasturage, fields rich with golden harvest, and springs ready to flow at their approach. Their dis-

appointment was so great, that the bravest chiefs began to despair. The torrent of Kedron was dried up, and the fountain of Siloah, which only flowed at intervals, was unequal to the wants of such a multitude.

A skin of water brought from the distance of three leagues, cost three silver dinars. Maddened by their sufferings, the soldiers often opened the ground with their swords, and throwing themselves on their faces, pressed the humid earth to their lips. During the day, the Crusaders wished impatiently for night, which would bring the dews of heaven to their relief. But when evening came they sighed for dawn, vainly hoping that rain might fall.

But an unlooked-for succour awaited them. News was brought that a Genoese fleet, laden with provisions and arms, had entered the port of Jaffa. This welcome intelligence, brought to men in the last stage of misery, spread universal joy. A detachment of soldiers was immediately sent to escort the merciful supply. They reached Jaffa in safety, and found it abandoned by its inhabitants, and in the hands of

the Italians. On their arrival, the Crusaders learnt that the Christian fleet had been surprised and burnt by the Turks ; but not before the greater part of the cargo had been landed, consisting of stores and a great quantity of instruments used in the construction of war engines.

All that had been saved was carried in triumph to the camp, and the convoy was followed by a number of Genoese engineers and carpenters. On their arrival the fainting soldiers revived, and preparations were immediately commenced to renew the siege. Some wanderers having discovered the Fountains of Elpira, situated on the road to Damascus, a stream which flowed below Bethlehem, the women, children, and camp followers, were despatched to fill skins, which they conveyed in waggons to the camp.

Wood was still scarce, and a great quantity was wanting to construct moveable towers, of sufficient height to command the city. A Syrian offered to conduct the Duke of Normandy and the Count of Flanders to a solitary forest, situated about thirty miles from Jerusalem, between the valley of Samaria

and that of Sichem. The wood, which clothed the slopes of a mountain, was filled with very ancient trees, principally cyprus and pines. It has the reputation of being the enchanted grove celebrated by Tasso. But the knights found no sorcerer to disturb the strokes of the axe, and the wood-cutters, having felled a sufficient quantity of timber, had it transported in waggons drawn by oxen to the Christian camp.

In a short time all was in movement; while the engineers were employed in constructing war machines, parties of soldiers occupied themselves in preparing ox-hides to defend the covered galleries from fire. In a few days three enormous wooden fortresses were finished, under the direction of Gaston de Bearn. Each of these moving towers had three stories; the first destined for the workmen who were to direct the machine: the others were occupied by a chosen band of warriors, who from their lofty position could reconnoitre the movements of the enemy. Godfrey had a draw-bridge placed on the summit of his fortress, which he could lower at

pleasure on the ramparts, and thus form an easy mode of entrance into the city.

The clergy traversed the different quarters of the camp, exhorting the pilgrims to live in peace, and not to neglect to supplicate Him who could alone turn the fortunes of the day. These holy men knew that misery, which always gives birth to complaints and animosities, had embittered their hearts against each other. They also counselled the whole army to march in solemn procession round the walls of Jerusalem, to invoke the mercy and protection of Heaven.

CHAPTER VIII.

Procession round the walls—Mount Calvary—The Valley of Jehosaphat—The Mount of Olives—The Hills of Judea—The Valley of the Jordan—The Mountains of Moab—The Garden of Gethsemane—Terror of the Muslims and Christians in Jerusalem—Ferocity of the contest—Filling of the ditch—The call to arms—Sanguinary battle—The Three Sorceresses—Panic among the Christians—The Knight of the Shield of Gold—"God wills it, God wills it"—Capture of the city—Wonderful coincidence.

THE Warriors of the Cross, persuaded that penitence and humble devotion were as necessary as courage to open the gates of Jerusalem, determined to follow the counsel of their priests, and, after a long and rigorous fast, prepared to march in solemn procession. The whole army turned out with their heads and feet bare, but otherwise fully equipped. They were conducted by their patriarch, followed by the whole body of the clergy, dressed in white, and bear-

ing in their hands crosses and other sacred images. They chaunted to the music of drums, trumpets, cymbals, and every variety of warlike instruments.

They began their march from the Valley of Ephraim, opposite Mount Calvary, and on entering the Valley of Jehosaphat, they bent in reverence to the tombs of the Virgin, St. Stephen, and other holy persons. As they continued their march and began to ascend the Mount of Olives, up a path worn by the feet of ages, they contemplated with holy veneration, the grotto in which their Saviour had prayed and wept for the woes of Jerusalem, and the shades under which He had communed with and blessed his disciples.

As this mighty legion spread over the summit of the Holy Mount, a striking panorama presented itself to their sight. From this elevated position could be seen the barren, but magnificent hills of Judea, with glimpses of the luxuriant Valley of the Jordan, and the still, dark waters of the Dead Sea. Behind the Judæan river towered the mountains of Moab, whose tops seemed to blend with the horizon. At the base of the heights, between two narrow paths,

lay the Garden of Gethsemane, whose shades so often sheltered their Saviour, and where in the silence of night, while the city was sleeping, he was alone with his Father. Below, almost buried in ruins, was the sacred city in which the Holy Sepulchre was profaned by the Turks. Suddenly remembering that they were standing on the spot where Christ had ascended, the Crusaders forgot their divisions, and embracing each other, listened with pious attention to Arnoul de Rohes, Chaplain to the Duke of Normandy.

While these scenes were passing outside the walls, the most profound silence reigned in the interior of the city. The only sound which broke the stillness was the voice of the muezzins, who from the height of their minarets summoned the faithful to prayer. Most of the Muslim inhabitants were crowding the mosques imploring the help of their Allah. The frightened Christians had shut themselves up in their houses, offering up prayers for the success of the Crusaders.

The besieged and besiegers were animated by the

same warlike spirit ; one hoped to conquer Jerusalem, the other to preserve it. The hatred which swelled the breasts of each party may be inferred from the fact, that during the course of the siege no flag of truce had been sent to the Christian camp, nor had the Crusaders deigned to summon the garrison to surrender. Between such enemies no pacific overtures could be expected.

At a council of the chiefs, it was determined that advantage should be taken of their new-born enthusiasm to urge the Crusaders to return to the attack. During the night, Godfrey removed his quarters nearer the Cedar Gate, not far from the valley where Titus had encamped with his warriors, and the moving fortresses were stationed opposite that part of the wall which was first to be attacked. At day-break, when the Saracens saw all these preparations, they were seized with astonishment and dismay, and Raymond, who perceived that his tower was separated from the ramparts by a deep ravine, caused a herald to proclaim throughout the camp that he would give each person a dinar who would throw three large

stones into it. Such a concourse of people assembled, that the labour was speedily accomplished, and in three days everything was prepared, and the signal given for the attack.

On Thursday, the 14th July, 1099, as soon as dawn appeared, the soldiers were awakened by the sound of trumpets and clarions. They immediately flew to arms—the moving towers were put in motion, and a murderous struggle began. Their military engines and slings vomited forth showers of stones, while under the shelter of covered galleries the battering rams approached the ramparts. The archers and cross-bowmen shot incessantly, and a body of soldiers, under cover of their shields, succeeded in throwing up scaling ladders. Amid the deafening and triumphant shouts of his companions, Godfrey appeared on the summit of his wooden tower, accompanied by Eustace, his brother, and Baldwin de Bourg, his cousin.

In this sanguinary conflict both parties fought like ferocious tigers. Each arrow and javelin carried death with it ; but the Saracens were a brave race,

and opposed to their foes a stubborn resistance. Greek fire, boiling oil, and pitch, were constantly poured on the heads of the assailants. Their destructive war engines launched forth enormous wooden beams, huge stones, and other deadly missiles, every one of which told with fatal effect. At the close of day the chiefs discovered that the towers had been so much injured that it was impossible to move them, and on Raymond's soldiers attempting to draw his away, it fell to pieces. The hours of darkness were passed by the Crusaders in great inquietude, for they feared the enemy would take advantage of their absence, and burn the towers.

The battle was renewed in the morning. From the summit of the walls the Muslims threw down firepots and flaming torches among the besiegers; but amid the roaring of the flames the remaining towers were rolled to the walls. The one occupied by Godfrey seemed particularly obnoxious to the Muslims. It was distinguished by a brilliant golden cross rising from the summit. The sky was darkened with stones and javelins, and the air was filled

with the shrieks of the women, the cries of the wounded, and the groans of the dying. Amid the yells of the combatants a deafening shout was heard. The wall had given way in many places, and the lighted torches had set fire to the sacks of wool and straw, placed on the inner ramparts to break the force of the stones. The flames, carried by the wind, caught the dresses of the Saracens, who fought near, and enveloped them in fire. They filled the air with their piercing shrieks; when suddenly three sorceresses appeared on the ramparts, and began in mystic language to invoke the powers of Hell against the Crusaders. But their art could not save their lives—they fell from their elevated position, pierced by the arrows of the Christians.

Meanwhile the engines had taken fire. Columns of flame and smoke rose on all sides. Groups of terrified women were perceived on the tops of the houses, watching the issue of the combat; and at each fresh disaster of their countrymen, they broke out in loud lamentations. The shrieks of the wounded could be heard above the din of the battle.

It was now discovered that the store of vinegar, the only article which could effectually extinguish the Greek fire, was nearly exhausted, and the Christians, blinded by smoke, and many of them on fire, were seized by a panic. They were preparing to fly, when suddenly a report spread through the army that a knight, covered with resplendent armour, and bearing a shield of burnished gold, had appeared on the Mount of Olives, waving over his polished helmet the banner of the Cross. In the confusion and heat of battle, which allowed no time for reflection, this apparition was looked upon by the Christians as a celestial messenger sent to rouse their flagging courage.

They renewed the fight with vigour—the old men, women, and children, carried water and provisions to recruit their failing strength. The battle raged more fiercely than ever—the ground was disputed inch by inch, and the victory seemed doubtful, when a tremendous cry rose above the deafening tumult, of “God wills it—God wills it.” The wall had at length given way, and Godfrey had succeeded in lowering his drawbridge on the ramparts. The Cru-

saders poured through the breach in crowds, and the others entered the city by means of scaling ladders, or leaped from the tops of the wooden towers upon the fortifications, and the city was in the hands of the Christians. The siege had lasted forty days—days marked by great suffering; and it was observed that Godfrey and his intrepid companions entered Jerusalem on Friday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the day and hour on which Our Saviour died for the salvation of man.

CHAPTER IX.

Mistaken zeal—Indiscriminate massacre—Futile efforts of the chiefs to stop the carnage—Sorrow of the soldiery—Procession to the Holy Sepulchre—Interment of the dead—Refusal of Godfrey to be crowned—He is made Knight Defender of the Holy Sepulchre—Defeat of the Muslims at Ascalon—Conclusion of the First Crusade—Peter retires to a monastery in France—Death of Godfrey—The Hospital of St. John—Piety of Gerrard—His imprisonment—His release—The Knights take monastic vows—Their dress—Their duties—Brother Raymond—His dissatisfaction at the state of the order—The Knights assume the character of military monks—Their exertions—Enthusiasm created in Europe by the report of their exploits—Great accessions to their numbers—Government of the order.

THIS glorious victory, however, was sullied by the mistaken zeal of the conquerors, whose fierce spirits had been roused by the length of the siege. Three days were given to slaughter—no age or sex was spared, and it was computed that seventy thousand Muslims were put to the sword. The Jews found in

the city were driven to their last refuge, the synagogue, and there suffocated. Some fugitives who had taken shelter in the enclosure surrounding the Mosque of Omar, were followed by the Crusaders, who soon turned this peaceful retreat into a charnel house. It is related by an old historian of the Holy Wars, that the blood spilt under the portico of the Mosque reached above the fetlocks of the horses. The Saracens were massacred in their holy places, and there was no asylum for the vanquished. The Christians filled with desolation and death the city they had come to deliver.

The chiefs, particularly Godfrey, tried to put a stop to this dreadful carnage, but the excited soldiers would listen neither to remonstrances nor threats. When their savage appetites were appeased, a truce was granted, and safe conduct for those of the garrison who had escaped the sword. As soon as reflection came to them, the men, who had at first appeared like beasts of prey, melted into tears at the sight of their suffering brethren who issued from their hiding places, and bewailed the consequences

of their blind ferocity. Several days were spent by the most devout in prayers and other religious duties. At the end of that period the chiefs, attended by their followers, with uncovered heads and bare feet, went to the Holy Sepulchre. They entered the church headed by their priests, chaunting hymns ; and mounting the hill of Calvary, knelt before the spot where Christ, overcome by mortal agony, yielded up his spirit. As this mighty multitude moved along the streets, they determined to atone, by prayer and fasting, for the sins which now caused them all the pangs of remorse.

Their first care was to bury the dead, as the air had already begun to be infected. When this sad duty was performed, they assembled a council for the purpose of choosing a ruler. The crown was offered to Godfrey ; but he declined the trappings of royalty, and refused to wear a golden diadem where his Saviour had worn one of thorns. But he took the title of Knight and Defender of the Holy Sepulchre.

In little more than a fortnight, however, he was

called from his post by tidings that the Sultan of Cairo was advancing at the head of a powerful army to revenge the fall of Jerusalem. But his total overthrow at Ascalon put an end for a time to his hostilities against the Christians. With this victory the first Crusade was concluded ; and Godfrey, after retiring with his army to the Holy City, permitted those who desired it to revisit Europe. Many took advantage of this permission, leaving their leader with three hundred knights and two thousand foot soldiers to defend his new conquest. Peter, who had hitherto followed the fortunes of Godfrey, now retired to a monastery, on the right bank of the Meuse, which he had founded, and died there at an advanced age. Godfrey retained his honours but one year. He caught a contagious disorder at Jaffa, and was transported in a litter to Jerusalem. A number of his faithful knights surrounded his bed, who all mourned for the approaching loss of a dear and devoted friend. When he died, not without suspicion of poison, the whole city lamented his premature death, since he was only thirty-six years of age.

In him the church lost a generous and devoted defender, and his soldiers a kind and considerate commander. The liberator of Jerusalem had the glory of being buried about thirty feet from the tomb of his divine Master, and was succeeded by his brother Baldwin.

At the time of the first Crusade the Hospital of St. John was under the administration of a Frenchman named Gerrard. A desire of visiting the Holy Sepulchre had brought him to Jerusalem. While there, he was so much struck by the charity exercised by the pious monks, that from a wish to emulate so high an example, he asked permission to join them, and devote himself to the service of the unhappy. His request being granted, he was soon afterwards chosen as administrator, or Grand Master of the order.

About the same period a lady of illustrious birth, named Agnes, had attached herself to the house destined for the reception of the sisterhood of St. John. When rumours were afloat that the Crusaders were approaching Jerusalem, the Mussulmans had impri-

soned Gerrard, but he was set at liberty on the entrance of Godfrey into the city. Many of the knights who had been wounded in the siege had taken refuge in the hospital, who all testified to the care with which they had been treated. Many of these gentlemen devoted their fortunes and time to the pious work ; Godfrey also made over to the establishment many of his domains in France, and his example was followed by other noble Crusaders. All this wealth was placed in Gerrard's hands as a sacred deposit for the use of the hospital. This pious man, influenced by a desire to reach greater perfection, proposed to his brethren that they should assume the dress and take the vows of a monastic order. His plan met with no opposition ; and shortly after, by the consent of the patriarch, all the brethren pronounced their vows at the foot of the Holy Sepulchre.

Their habit consisted of a plain black robe, with an eight-pointed cross attached to the breast. Gerrard built a magnificent church, dedicated to St. John, over the spot, where, according to tradition, Zacharias, the father of the apostle, had lived. In

the neighbourhood of the church several buildings were erected ; one, of great extent, to serve as a dwelling for the order ; the others as hospitals to receive pilgrims. The duties of the monks were divided ; some attended to the sick, others provided for the comfort of the newly-arrived pilgrims, while a few applied themselves to the service of the church.

Their exertions were not confined to the East, but extended over great part of Europe. Through the munificence of their patrons, they were enabled to erect asylums in many of the principal seaport towns. These places of refuge were branches of those at Jerusalem, and were destined for the accommodation of such Christians as were desirous of visiting the Holy Land. The order arranged for their embarkation ; found vessels and escorts ; and if any of them fell sick, they were taken care of, free of expense, until able to resume their journey. When the good and pious Gerrard died, he was succeeded by brother Raymond, a gentleman from the province of Dauphiny ; but possessing a character very different from his predecessor, whose

only ambition was to inspire his companions with the noble sentiments of humility and charity. But Raymond believed it necessary to add to the duties of the order, by obliging them to bear arms in defence of the Holy Sepulchre.

For this purpose, he determined to form a military body, subject to the authority of the king of Jerusalem, whose vocation would be to fight against the enemies of their faith. At that period the kingdom of Jerusalem consisted of the capital and a few other towns, for the most part separated by fortified places still occupied by the infidels. Under these circumstances, the Christians were unable to pass from one place to the other without danger, unless guarded by strong escorts. The territories subject to the Western warriors were still thinly inhabited by Musulman peasants, who robbed and massacred all they met defenceless and unarmed. Those who inhabited the towns or solitary hamlets were in still greater danger, as the Saracens often surprised them in the night, and after putting the men to the sword, made slaves of the women and children.

Raymond, compassionating their situation, was determined to rescue them from the attacks of their ruthless enemies. This warrior of the Cross possessed every requisite for so noble an enterprise. His fidelity was distinguished, his sentiments were lofty, and he possessed a courage which flinched from no danger. With the hope of bringing his brethren to coincide with his plan, he convened a council, in which he proposed to them that, in the quality of soldiers of the Cross, they should resume their arms, and fly to the rescue of their oppressed brethren. As his companions eagerly entered into his plans, it was resolved, with the permission of the Patriarch, that without abandoning their first engagements, a division of the monks should assume the military costume, and be ready, when occasion required, to combat against the enemy.

Troops of soldiers were soon raised, and it was mainly owing to the exertions of these priestly warriors that Baldwin the Second supported his tottering throne. Raymond divided the order into three classes. In the first were placed those who, by their

birth, and the rank they had formerly held in the army, were entitled to carry arms. In the second were the priests and chaplains ; the third consisted of those persons who, being neither knights nor ecclesiastics, were called lay brothers. Their duties were to attend the sick and wounded, and also to perform all menial offices. This holy militia soon multiplied ; many of the young nobility left Europe, and enrolled themselves under its banners. There were among them men from seven different nations ; from France, Auvergne, Provence, Italy, Arragon, Germany, and England. The last were withdrawn after the Reformation.

The form of government was purely aristocratic, supreme authority being vested in the council, of whom the grand master was the head. The direction of all the pecuniary affairs was also placed in their hands ; and several of the brethren were sent at stated periods to collect the revenues in Europe. Raymond having raised his troops, and received the blessing of the Patriarch, placed himself at their head, and offered his services to the king of Jeru-

salem. The monarch was delighted, and looked upon this body of noble knights as an assistance sent from heaven ; and from that time these champions of the Cross took a prominent part in all the Holy Wars of that period.

CHAPTER X.

Founding of the Order of the Knights Templars—Hugh de Payen is chosen envoy to Rome—Pope Honorius II.—The Council of Troyes—Their approval of the scheme of Payen—Costume and laws of the New Order—Arrival of Hugh and his Band in Palestine—Rivalry between the Knights Templars and the Knights of St. John—Disorders at Jerusalem—Fearful Battle—Jacques de Maillè—Anecdote—The two orders all but extinguished—Prophetic words—Union of the Christians—Saladin—Defeat of the King of Jerusalem at Tiberias—His captivity—Saladin sits down before the Holy City—His message to the inhabitants—Haughty rejection of his offers—Terror of the Christians—Melancholy Processions—Threats against the Muslims—Moderation of Saladin—Terms—The Hours of Darkness—Evacuation of the city by the Christians—Courteousness and humanity of the conqueror—Purification of the churches—Dispersion of the Christian army.

UNEXPECTED aid now came to the assistance of the Christians of Palestine. Hugh de Payen, Godfrey de St. Aldemar, and seven other gentlemen, all of French extraction, but whose names have not tran-

spired, feeling for the Pilgrims, who in their journey to and from Jerusalem were exposed to many dangers, determined to enrol themselves into a body to form an escort to conduct those persons through the defiles and other mountain passes. This association was at first composed of a few individuals, who, without subjecting themselves to any rules, or assuming the monastic habit, marched in a body before the Pilgrims. They inhabited a house near the site of the Temple of Solomon, and from that circumstance arose their title of the Knights Templars.

The King of Jerusalem having occasion to send an envoy to Rome, to solicit aid in forming a new Crusade, chose Hugh de Payen for this purpose. Having finished his commission with honour, Hugh presenting his companions to Pope Honorius II., and explaining his object, asked permission to found an order after the model of the Knights of St. John, combining military and religious duties. The sovereign pontiff referred him to the council at that time assembled at Troyes, in Champagne. Hugh explained to the Holy Fathers his vocation, of which they ap-

proved, and commissioned the pious St. Bernard, who was then present, to draw up the rules and settle the costume of this budding order.

It was decided that each knight should have one squire, with an armed attendant, and be restricted to three horses, whose accoutrements were to be of the plainest description; their mantles to be white, denoting the purity of their lives. To this Eugenius the Third added a red cross, to be worn on the breast, while the banners they carried were black and white, with an eight pointed cross in the centre.

Hugh having received the approbation of the council, and the code of laws that had been drawn up, returned to Rome to have the decision of the bishops confirmed, and prepared to leave Europe for the East. Before his departure a crowd of noblemen and gentlemen, French, German, and Italian, presented themselves to him, and begged to be enrolled under his banner. He accepted their services, and with his band of warriors soon arrived in Palestine, where they became formidable rivals to the Knights of St. John. The fame of their exploits and their

zeal in the cause of religion made them as much beloved by the Christians as they were hated and feared by the Saracens.

Nevertheless, towards the middle of the twelfth century, affairs in the East began to decline. Godfrey, his two brothers, Foulque of Anjou, the famous Bohemond, the brave Tancred, and many others, were no more. Their descendants occupied their places but could not supply them. The young king and the two military orders resisted with courage the attacks of the infidels ; but their strength not being equal to their valour, they determined to solicit aid from the Western Christians, in organizing a new Crusade.

For this purpose the king despatched the bishop to Europe, in order that his presence might influence the clergy. But as I have no intention of following all the movements of the Crusaders, I shall content myself with describing some of the most remarkable scenes in which they were engaged.

Jerusalem was at this period in a state of much disorder. On all sides were heard seditious cla-

mours ; the dangers of the Christian colonies and the holy places threatened with destruction, could not silence the voice of ambition, and most enlightened men saw in these melancholy signs the certain fall of the kingdom of Jerusalem. It was towards the close of the twelfth century. The Christians had been defeated in many battles—the Muslim army had marched into the country of Galilee, and five hundred knights of the Templars and St. John, who had headed a body of soldiers, and hastened to the relief of the Christian territory, were overcome by numbers and nearly all perished. The valorous soldiers of the Cross, when their quivers were empty, drew from their bodies the arrows with which they had been pierced, and shot them back at the enemy. Overcome by heat and fatigue, and faint from their wounds, they fought hand to hand with their foes, nor did they yield until their swords and lances were broken in fragments.

Nothing could surpass the heroic valour of Jacques de Maillé, a Knight Templar. Mounted on a white charger he remained alone on the field when all his

companions had been killed, fighting desperately amid piles of dead; and, surrounded on all sides by the enemy, he refused to yield. His horse fell from exhaustion and dragged his rider to the ground. But quickly raising himself, the courageous warrior covered with dust, and his body bristling with arrows, threw himself into the ranks of the astonished Muslims, and at length, exhausted with loss of blood, he fell dead at their feet.

Of the five hundred knights who fought on that day, the Grand Master and two of his companions alone escaped the carnage. The conflict took place on the 1st May, 1187. When the mangled bodies of the Christians were committed to the tomb, the priests repeated these emphatic words:—

“Daughters of Galilee, put on your mourning habits, and you daughters of Sion, weep for the misfortunes which threaten the kingdom of Judea.” |

This melancholy defeat put an end for a time to the disgraceful dissensions of the Christians. The King of Jerusalem and the Count of Tripoli, who had been a long time at variance, embraced each

other, and united to combat the enemies of their faith. In the mean time, Saladin was occupied in raising a formidable army. Turks, Arabs, Kurds, and Egyptians, flew to join his standard, in the hope of immense booty.

The defeat of Tiberias gave a finishing stroke to the misfortunes of the Christians. The King of Jerusalem was taken prisoner by Saladin, and the moment approached when the Holy City appeared likely to fall into the hands of the Musulmans. When Saladin pitched his camp before Jerusalem, he sent forward a flag of truce, desiring a conference with some of the principal inhabitants, whom he received in a magnificent tent, pitched just outside the walls, and thus addressed them :—

“ I have no wish to profane the Holy City by shedding the blood of its Christian defenders. Open the gates and I will make you rich, and present you with as much land as you can cultivate.”

But all his propositions were haughtily rejected, and Saladin, irritated at their refusal, swore on the Koran to destroy the Holy City, and fearfully to re-

venge the death of those Muslims who had been slain by Godfrey and his companions. At the time the deputies were on their return to Jerusalem, a total eclipse of the sun plunged the whole country in darkness. This phenomenon appeared to the Christians as a fatal sign of coming misfortune. But, encouraged by the priests, they prepared to defend the city, under the command of Baulieu D'Ibelin. This old warrior, whose manners and experience had inspired respect, occupied himself in making preparations for the siege. As there was no money to pay the expenses of the war, the silver vases and golden ornaments of the Church of the Sepulchre were converted into specie. In a very few days the banners of the Muslim floated over a camp spread along the heights of Emaus.

Saladin having occupied this position for some days, descended into the plain, and directed his attack against the north of the city. Despair had taken possession of the inhabitants; the soldiers, instead of flying to arms, filled the churches, and the promise of a hundred pieces of gold could not in-

duce them to remain a single night on the ramparts. The clergy, clad in winding sheets, paraded the streets, imploring the mercy of Heaven. At one time the inhabitants determined to rush out, and sell their lives dearly. Then again, they thought of throwing themselves on the mercy of the enemy. Seeing no hope of relief, a proclamation was issued informing Saladin that if he persisted in storming the city, the inhabitants would first destroy the Temple, and then deliver Jerusalem and themselves to the flames. Five thousand Muslims, still captive within their walls, were threatened with death, and the Christians declared that before entering paradise, they would each send ten Muslims to hell. This alarmed Saladin—he requested the deputies to visit him on the following day.

He also consulted the doctors of the law as to how he could, without violating his oath, agree to a capitulation. The terms of the Christians were accepted, and the treaty was signed in his tent on the anniversary of the day on which, according to the belief of El-Islam, Mohammed ascended to heaven. The

Queen was to deliver up the Holy City without allowing any destruction to take place. The Latins and the other Christians, with the exception of the Greeks, were to leave the city, and withdraw to Tyre, or any other place they might choose. The Greeks, who were suspected of being in league with the enemy, were allowed to remain.

The ransom was fixed at ten pieces of gold for a man, five for a woman, and two for a child. Those who had no money, were retained as slaves. The fatal day arrived when the sacred city was to be given up—all the gates were closed except that of St. Denis. The hours of darkness had been spent by the Christians at the foot of the Holy Sepulchre, bathed in tears. At dawn the gate was thrown open, and Saladin, seated on a superb throne, under a magnificent tent covered with scarlet and gold, surrounded by all his principal officers, waited for the evacuation of Jerusalem. He faithfully observed the conditions of the treaty, and could not view without emotion the grief of the conquered inhabitants.

First appeared the women, with their faces hidden

in their veils, bearing their infants or leading the children able to walk. The men followed, with sad and downcast looks, conducting the waggons drawn by oxen, carrying provisions and baggage. After her subjects had passed, Queen Sibylla came out of the city, walking between her two daughters, and surrounded by her ladies. The whole body of the clergy attended their royal mistress. On seeing the Queen, Saladin rose from his throne, and advanced to meet her. He made an effort at consolation, and promised her the liberty of her lord.

The Christian ladies who composed her suite fell on their knees before the conqueror, and implored him to restore them their husbands and sons, now pining in captivity. Saladin, although a barbarian, was humane; and felt for the situation of these desolate women. He raised them, therefore, promising them the freedom of their friends. Before entering the conquered city, he ordered the church bells to be broken and melted, and the churches to be washed with rose-water, particularly the Mosque of Omar, which had been converted by Godfrey into a Christian place of worship.

He then entered Jerusalem in triumph, followed by his victorious troops, and the cortège was accompanied by a number of Muslim princes, imams, ambassadors, and doctors of the law. All the churches, with the exception of that of the Sepulchre, were converted into mosques. Thus Jerusalem, eighty-eight years after its conquest by the Crusaders, fell again into the hands of the Muslims. The Queen retired to Askalon, and the Christian army dispersed over the different cities of Europe and Asia.

CHAPTER XI.

Richard, King of England—His pretexts for going to the Holy Land—His cruelties—Philip, King of France—Interview between the two monarchs—Reasons for rivalry—Cyprus—Richard storms the capital, and puts the king in irons—The chains of silver—Marriage of the English King—The daughter of Isaac—Union of the French and English armies—Siege of Acre—Description of the city and the adjacent country—Mephitic vapours—Capture of St. Jean D’Acre—Philip sets sail for France—Tournaments—Friendship between Christians and Muslims—Plain dress of the followers of Saladin—Splendid accoutrements of the knights—Anecdote—Brutality of Richard—Marches towards Cæsaræa—The plains of Arsur—Battle of Saron—Defeat of Saladin.

RICHARD, King of England, who accused himself of hastening by his violent conduct the death of his father, in a fit of tardy remorse, made a vow of pilgrimage. Assembling the bishops, he declared his intention, and the enthusiasm for this Crusade was

first shown in a violent persecution of the Jews, who lived in great numbers in London and York. Many were imprisoned or massacred, others, frightened at the sufferings of their fellow-countrymen, committed suicide, and their wealth was confiscated to the crown. Richard's road to the tomb of his Saviour was deeply stained with blood.

He overwhelmed his subjects with taxes, bartered away all the great dignities in the kingdom, and would have sold London itself could he have found a purchaser. The enthusiasm for the Crusade was at this period in some measure revived. As the presence of women in the first expedition had given rise to great scandal, they were now forbidden to accompany the army, with the exception of the Queen and her ladies.

King Philip of France, who was also proceeding to the East at the head of a French army, had an interview with Richard on the plains of Burgundy. The two kings swore an eternal friendship, and invoked the anathemas of the Church and the anger of Heaven against the one who should break his vows.

They then separated, and Richard embarked with his army at Marseilles, and Philip at Genoa. But this apparent harmony could not endure for any length of time between men who had so many causes of rivalry. Both were young and brave—Philip was the better king, Richard the greater general. The same passion for glory animated both, and love of fame, rather than devotion, drew them to the Holy Land. To revenge an injury, they acknowledged no other tribunal than the sword.

Warned by the disasters of his predecessors, Richard determined to take his army as far as possible by sea, and to provision a number of ships. But the fleet was driven by a violent storm on the coast of Cyprus. Many of the ships were stranded, and the vessel in which the Queen and her ladies sailed was refused admittance into the harbour. Isaac, king of the island, pillaged the ships driven on shore, but Richard took ample vengeance. He stormed the capital, put the king in irons, and on his complaining of their weight, Richard ordered them to be replaced by chains of silver.

Having here married Berengaria, daughter of the Queen of Navarre, on the 12th of May, 1191, and having left a garrison to take charge of his first conquest, Richard set sail with his wife, his sister-in-law, and the daughter of the captive king. Philip having joined him in the meantime with his army, the fleets of England and France in a short time anchored in the harbour of Acre. This city, situated about twenty miles from Tyre, had already endured a siege of nearly two years by a Christian army, consisting of Genoese, Venetians, Pisans, and other European warriors, conducted by Guy de Lusignan, ex-king of Jerusalem.

The city of Acre was built on the eastern side of a vast plain. The Mediterranean bathed its walls, and a deep ditch surrounded the ramparts on the land side. Numerous towers rose at intervals; the most formidable, called the Accursed Tower, commanded a view of the city and the plain. A mole built of stone protected the fort towards the south, and it was defended on the north by a fortress, perched on a solitary rock in the midst of the water.

The plain of Acre is intersected in the dry season

by beds of torrents. The River Belus, the principal of these, overflows in the rainy season, and converts its banks into morasses, which on the setting in of the heats send forth mephitic exhalations that corrupt the air, and occasion destructive epidemics. But the country presents a beautiful appearance in summer. Verdant groves and lovely gardens cover the hills, while a few villages rise on the slopes of the mountains, the landscape being diversified by some pleasantly situated country-houses. Popular traditions had given names to several of the places around Acre. A rising ground was said to be the tomb of Memnon, and a grotto on a mountain to the south of the city was believed to be the spot where Pythagoras and Elias retired. Such was the place which had been so long the theatre of a bloody war.

The siege was now vigorously pursued by the combined armies of England and France, a hundred thousand strong. But, as the provisions of the besieged were exhausted, they were glad to capitulate. The lives of the inhabitants and the garrison

were spared, and the standards of the Crusaders floated over the walls of Acre. But Philip soon became tired of the Holy War; his constitution had suffered from the unhealthy climate, and on the surrender of Acre he returned to France, leaving ten thousand men to aid Richard in his designs.

When the fury of war had given place to the pleasures of peace, the Europeans and Saracens forgot for a time their mutual hatred. Tournaments were celebrated on the plain, to which the Muslims were invited. The champions, before entering the lists, harangued each other; the victor was carried round the camp in triumph, and the vanquished treated like a prisoner of war. In these martial fêtes, in which were united the two nations, the Christians often danced to the music of the Arab instruments, and the Western minstrels played airs sufficiently inspiring to make the infidels follow their example. Most of the Muslim princes affected, like Saladin, a grave simplicity in their dress and manner. As in the case of the first Crusade, the

knights were attended by their equipages for the chase, and all displayed in their tents the luxury of their Western palaces.

The falcons which Philip Augustus brought with him excited the surprise of the Saracens. One of these birds escaping from the hands of the falconers flew away, and perched on the ramparts. It was caught by a Muslim soldier, who carried it to Saladin's camp. An ambassador was immediately sent there, and the bird was ransomed with a sum which might have purchased the liberty of many Christian captives.

Although all this outward friendship was displayed, when there was a delay in the payment of the ransom of the inhabitants of Acre, Richard caused all the Muslim prisoners, to the number of five thousand, to be put to death between the camps. After having repaired the walls of the city, he marched towards Cæsarea. The provisions and war instruments were carried in waggons. Although the town was only twelve leagues from Acre, it was several days before they arrived. The

army of Saladin harassed their rear, and put to death all the Christians who fell into their power. As the Crusaders advanced towards Assur, they traversed a plain intersected by torrents, ravines, and morasses, covered in many places with huge stones, seaweeds, and reeds. They had the sea on their right, and on the left rose the precipitous mountains of Nablous, defended by the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages.

As the army passed the bed of a torrent, a village, or a defile, the arrows of the enemy placed on the heights showered incessantly on the Christian soldiers, who marched in order of battle. The cavalry was placed in the centre, and the foot soldiers in close ranks offered an insuperable obstacle to the repeated attacks of the enemy. Across the plain of Assur ran a torrent, which flowed into the sea not far from the ramparts of the city. Near this stream rose a forest of oaks called the Wood of Saron, extending over the slopes of the mountains of Nablous.

It was at this place that Saladin awaited the

arrival of the Christians. Some of the Muslims covered the heights: the remainder encamped on the banks of the torrent. When the Christian army arrived in sight, a signal was given by Saladin to commence the conflict. He rode among his soldiers to awaken their courage, who replied to his exhortation by cries of "Allah Akbar," (God is great.) During this time the most profound silence reigned in the Christian camp. Their black cuirasses seemed to move in one mass, and sixty thousand swords flashed amidst the clouds of dust. The valiant Jacques de Avesne, who commanded the cavalry, twice penetrated the close ranks of the Mussulmans, and was twice driven back, and although his leg was cut off by a blow of a sabre, he still fought, but at length fell covered with wounds, calling loudly on Richard to revenge his death.

At length the rival monarchs [met face to face. They advanced upon each other sword in hand. The men rested from the conflict and relinquished to their leaders the honour of deciding the fate

of the day. In this sanguinary conflict, however, Richard had the advantage. Saladin was repulsed, and his army dispersed over the forest of Saron.

CHAPTER XII.

The court of Richard—The hunting expedition—The surprise—Devotion of a French Officer—Conrad of Montferrat—Richard suspected of his murder—The Crusaders abandon their enterprise, and retire to Ascalon—Hatred against Richard—The bugbear of the Saracens—Character of Richard—Aquilaia—The English King's ostentation—His imprisonment—Clever stratagem—Guardon wounds him before Limoges—His boldness—Is pardoned by Richard, but put to a horrible death by Marcader—Death of Richard and Saladin—Navigation—Heraldry.

INSTEAD of pursuing his advantage and marching straight to Jerusalem, Richard remained at Jaffa, which had been abandoned by the Saracens. His queen and the daughter of the King of Cyprus continued with him. Surrounded by a brilliant court, he forgot in pleasure the conquest of Jerusalem. During this inglorious repose he nearly lost his life and liberty. While hunting in the forest of

Saron, feeling fatigued, he lay down under a tree and slept. He was suddenly roused by the cries of his attendants. A body of Saracens had surprised them, and Richard, leaping on his horse, stood on his defence. He was on the point of being overpowered by numbers, when William de Pourcelet, a knight in his train, cried out, "I am the king—save my life." This generous Christian was immediately taken prisoner, and conducted into the presence of Saladin. Richard, preserved by the heroic devotion of a French nobleman, galloped in the direction of Jaffa, where his family had been filled with consternation at his absence.

When Saladin heard that Richard was preparing to march against Jerusalem, he caused all the country through which he might pass to be devastated, and all the roads to the Holy City were defended by Muslims, for the purpose of preventing provisions being brought to the Christians. In the midst of these scenes, Conrad of Montferrat, who had excited the hatred and jealousy of Richard at the siege of Acre, and would not submit to the overbearing

severity of the English King, had formed an alliance with Saladin. But this treaty was the signal of his death, for a short time after he was assassinated in the streets of Tyre by an unknown hand. The Christians never accused Saladin of the death of Conrad, but suspected Richard, who, it was reported, had bribed the Old Man of the Mountain, the Chief of the Assassins, to murder the Prince of Tyre.

When the Crusaders were some leagues from Jerusalem, a council was held to deliberate on the propriety of attacking the Holy City. The Muslim army covered the plain, and the danger of crossing the mountains of Judea was great. As the baggage waggons and war engines could not travel along a road lined on all sides by the Saracens, it was at length decided, that as no amount of valour could overcome these obstacles, the Crusaders should abandon the attempt. They retired to Ascalon. But every day Richard became more odious to them. In a very short time they left him alone with his English army, and his name was for many years after he left the East a bugbear for the Saracen nurses,

who, when children cried, said, "Richard is coming." When a horse started, his rider would say, "Dost thou think Richard is hid in that bush?"

He cultivated the belles-lettres, and held a very high rank among the troubadours. But these gentle arts did not soften his character, and he owed the name of Cœur de Lion to his ferocious valour alone. He was capricious and inconstant in his domestic relations, his plans, and his resolutions. At one time he outraged the religion which at another time he defended. Now a sceptic—now blindly superstitious, his friendship was uncertain. His hatred was implacable, and he went to extremes in all his actions. To sum up all, he was a character never to be trusted, so that, in a word, the Hero of the Third Crusade excited more surprise than respect; and his unbounded presumption, his ambitious projects, and his exploits, are fitter subjects for a tale of chivalry than grave matter for history.

Saladin, his rival, was more complete master of himself, and better capable of conducting a religious war. His habits were temperate, and his thirst for

conquest less for the glory of gaining a kingdom than to assert the supremacy of the religion of Mohammed. The gloomy devotion and blind fanaticism which induced Saladin to make war against the Christians, sometimes rendered him cruel and barbarous. But amidst these bloody conflicts he often practised many of the milder virtues. The Muslims, who followed his standard, he treated with generosity and clemency, and his respect for the faith of his enemies has often been praised by the Christians.

When Richard returned to Europe, the ship in which he had embarked was wrecked on the coast of the Adriatic, near Aquileia; from which point he attempted to make his way through a wild and rocky country into Germany. But his ostentatious display caused him to be suspected, and soon after crossing the frontiers of Austria, he was made captive at an inn, and thrown into prison. Leopold, Duke of Austria, had received some affront from Richard at the siege of Acre, which he was not generous enough to forget. But a gentleman from Arras, named Blondel, who was much attached to his

royal master, travelled all over Germany in search of him, in the habit of a minstrel. Having received some information about the place where Richard was confined, he stopped at a certain castle, and commenced singing under its walls the first verse of a song he had composed with Richard. From the topmost window of a high tower, a well-known voice repeated the second verse. The faithful troubadour returned to France, but in the meantime Richard had been removed to a more dismal prison by the Duke, who suspected his place of captivity had been discovered. He was, however, set at liberty some time after, on the payment of a considerable ransom.

Richard was not suffered to die a natural death. Receiving information that Vidomer, Viscount of Limoges, a vassal of his, had found a treasure, he demanded the whole. Vidomer sent him a portion as a present; but the king, angry at his disobedience, besieged the place. The garrison offered to surrender; but he replied that as he had had so much trouble, he would take it by force and hang them all. The king was wounded in the

shoulder by an arrow, shot by Bertrand de Gourdon, an archer. He took the place, and hanged the whole garrison, reserving Gourdon for a more cruel death.

The wound being rendered fatal by the unskilfulness of the surgeon, Richard called the man to him, and inquired what he had done, to rouse his hatred. The man replied, "You killed my father and brothers with your own hand, and I was resolved to avenge their murder." Being on the point of death, the king, softened by the boldness of the archer's answer, ordered him to be set at liberty and a sum of money given him. Marcader, the king's Brabançon leader, seized the unhappy man unknown to Richard, and after flaying him alive, hanged him. The king died in 1199, in the forty-second year of his age, and the tenth of his reign.

After the King of England had left the East, Saladin retired to Damascus; but he only enjoyed his triumph over the Crusaders a single year. Before his death, which happened in 1198, he distributed alms to the Christians as well as to the Muslims. When he found himself expiring, he ordered an

officer to carry his winding sheet through the city, preceded by a herald, repeating these words, "Behold all that Saladin, the conqueror of the East, can carry with him to the tomb."

Navigation had made considerable progress at this period, owing to the intercourse between Europe and the East maintained by the frequent voyages of the Crusaders. Commerce also flourished, and to the Holy War may be attributed, in a great measure, the enfranchisement of the common people, who by leaving their homes, and following their lords to the Holy Land, loosened the ties of villainage. It was, above all, advantageous to France, as the civil wars were, for a time, suspended.

It was during the Crusades that the custom of using coats of arms was first introduced into Europe. The knights, cased up in armour, possessed only one means of making themselves known on the field of battle; namely, by devices on their shields. Their posterity, proud of the achievements of their ancestors, adopted these as family emblems.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Child's Crusade—False zeal of the clergy—Treachery to the children—Miserable end—The Prussian Crusade—Personal appearance of the Prussians—Religion—Occupations—Manner of counting time—Habitations—Power of the chieftains—Omens—Signature of treaties—Domestic relations—The Sacred Oak—Their gods, Perkunas, Pobrimpus, Pycollos—Gnomes and spectres—Consecration of forests, lakes, and mountains—St. Adelbert—Is killed by the savages—Fate of the missionaries—The Monk of Soliva—The Crusade—Reduction of the country.

IN the beginning of the thirteenth century a most extraordinary movement took place. Fifty thousand French and German children, forming themselves into bands, traversed the towns and villages, chaunting these words: "Lord Jesus, restore to us thy Holy Cross." When the inhabitants of the different places through which they passed inquired whither they were going, or what they intended to do, they

replied, they were on their way to Jerusalem to deliver the Holy Sepulchre.

Several of the clergy had preached against this singular Crusade. Others, blinded by false zeal, beheld in it an inspiration from Heaven. "Jesus," said they, "has taken the cause out of the hands of those bold warriors who have been unfaithful to their trust, to place it in those of innocent childhood." These juvenile bands were of all ranks—their ages varying from ten to sixteen. But parental discipline must at that time have been very lax, or the sons and daughters of noble families could not thus have eluded the vigilance of their friends. The French children were conducted by a man named Jacob, who persuaded them he had been informed by a vision that the sun had dried up the waters of the Mediterranean, so as to throw open to them an easy passage across its bed.

Part of this new Israel contrived to reach Marseilles, where they were inveigled on board some ships bound for Egypt. The majority perished by shipwreck, and the few who reached their destination

were either sold as slaves by their treacherous conductor, or received a crown of martyrdom. Many of the German children, headed by a man named Michael, in attempting to cross the Alps, lost their way, and wandering among the mountains and forests, perished of fatigue and hunger. Those who survived were followed by a troop of miscreants of both sexes, who plundered them of their baggage, and stole the money given them by charitable persons.

The fatigue of a journey unsuited to their age killed numbers. Seven thousand were permitted to encamp in the neighbourhood of Genoa. The children of the poorer classes were required to depart in two days, while those who belonged to noble families were suffered to remain altogether. From one of those juvenile pilgrims sprung the noble house of Visconti. Many of their companions died on the road, and a few returned to their homes, heartily ashamed of their folly.

While the Western nations were preparing for a fresh expedition to the East, another Crusade was in contemplation against the inhabitants of Prussia,

who still worshipped idols. The warriors of Poland, Saxony, Norway, and Livonia determined to march against these savage tribes, who, separated by their religion and their manners from the rest of Europe, presented a curious mixture of the Pagan religion of antiquity and the old superstitions of the north, particularly those of the ancient Britons.

In person they resembled the Germans, having fair hair and skin, rosy cheeks, bright blue eyes, and tall and robust frames. But this resemblance was produced by climate, and not by the mixture of the two races. Their intimacy was greater with the Lithuanians, whose language they spoke, and whose dress they imitated. They lived by hunting, fishing, and on the flesh of their flocks. Although acquainted with agriculture, they did not practise it to any extent. In their commercial relations they made little use of money. Preparing flax, tanning leather, hewing stones, sharpening arms, and polishing yellow amber, were their chief employments. When their intercourse with strangers became greater,

they were much surprised at the value set on the last-mentioned article.

They counted by making knots on a leathern thong, and time by the dawn, the twilight, the rising and setting of the sun, and their first sleep. The appearance of the stars directed their labours. These singular people named the months after different objects which presented themselves, such as the pigeon, the cuckoo, the birch and linden trees, ears of corn, the migration of birds, and the fall of the leaves. Wars, the burning of forests, storms, and inundations, formed the principal epochs of their history.

The peasantry inhabited mud cottages, and the more wealthy wooden houses. Though they possessed no cities, the inhabitants of Prussia began to erect castles for the protection of the more powerful families. This fierce nation of savages acknowledged no nobility but those who had conquered an enemy or tamed the wild horse. Their leaders had unlimited power over their vassals. The Prussians never made war for its own sake, but to defend their fire-

sides and their gods. The soldiers chose their own leaders, who were always blessed by the high priest before going to battle.

When prisoners were taken, the one was chosen who appeared to be the highest in rank. He was tied to a tree, and a target made of his body. They believed in presentiments ; the appearance of an eagle, a white pigeon, or a raven, foretold good fortune ; the sight of a stag, a wolf, a sick person, or an old woman, foreboded misfortune. When they signed a treaty of peace, one hand was placed on the breast, the other on the sacred oak. They had the reputation of immolating all their daughters but one. But in the midst of these barbarous customs, they were renowned for their hospitality. When ships were wrecked on their shores, the unfortunate passengers and sailors found in the mud huts of the Prussians a sure asylum.

Fierce and cruel in war, these idol worshippers were soft and gentle in their domestic relations. They respected misfortune, and possessed many virtues ; and their moderation towards their enemies

might often put to shame the boasted civilization of their Christian invaders. They believed in the immortality of the soul, and in punishments after death. Impenetrable darkness and putrid water were to be the lot of the wicked, while beautiful females, delicious drinks, soft couches, and rich vestments were to be the recompense of the virtuous. In a spot called Romovè rose a beautiful oak, which had attained an enormous height. It was supposed to have beheld a hundred generations; and in the hollow of its colossal trunk stood three of their principal images.

The branches of this monarch of the forest were often sprinkled with the blood of the victims sacrificed. Under its shade the high priest held his tribunal. Perkunas, the god of thunder, their principal deity, was represented with a face of anger, wearing a frizzled beard, and his head surrounded with flames. Near the grove of Romovè flowed a sulphurous stream, on whose banks burnt eternal fire in honour of the god. The next in rank, Pobrampus, wore the form of a beautiful youth, crowned

with ears of corn. He was adored as the protector of streams and rivers, was supposed to defend them from the scourge of war, and always presided over the delights of peace. A serpent, the symbol of fortune, was consecrated to this divinity.

Under the shade of the sacred oak stood Pycollos, god of death. He was represented as an old man with grey hair and eyes, a pale countenance, and his head enveloped in a winding-sheet. His altar was a pile of human bones. But this idol only inspired his votaries with sadness and terror. There were other inferior deities among these primitive people, who believed that the earth and water were peopled with gnomes, or little gods and spectres.

The shade of their sacred tree was believed to be a sure asylum from the violence of war and misfortunes of all descriptions. They often consecrated whole forests of oaks, and also fountains, lakes, and mountains. They adored serpents, storks, and other animals. So many, in fact, were their divinities, that up to the middle of the thirteenth century it might be said of them, as Bossuet said of the coun-

try of the ancient Pagans, "that everything was God, except God himself."

Some time before the Crusade, St. Adelbert left his country to traverse the forests of Prussia, with the intention of converting these benighted people. But his eloquence, his moderation and charity, were unable to soften the hearts of the idolatrous priests. He died a martyr to his zeal: other missionaries shared the same fate. The rumours of their death, and the cruelty of these barbarous people, roused, at length, the vengeance of the Northern Christians. A monk of the monastery of St. Oliva, more prudent than his predecessors, undertook their conversion. He raised, by the assistance of the Pope, a new Crusade. A number of Christians took the cross; the Teutonic knights joined them, and the war lasted nearly two hundred years. If all the Crusaders had been inspired with the true spirit of Christianity, the result might have been attained in a far shorter period: but the majority of them were possessed by vengeance, ambition, and ferocity. The Knights of the Teutonic order, after a bloody struggle, remained

masters of the country. These conquering monks, who had taken no trouble to edify the vanquished by their piety, were often accused of having converted the Prussians, not as the followers of Christ, but to increase the number of their subjects and slaves.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Tartars—Barbarity—Their vast regions—Government—Manufactures of Kosmos—Agriculture and servile occupation—Their marches and encampments—Value of women—Military expeditions—The Kooraltaï—Their gods—Dress—Food—Delight in blood and war—Capricious natures—No regret for country—Quarrels—Their military engines—Their laws of war—Indifference in shedding blood—Eagerness for invasion—Comparisons made by their enemies.

THE Tartar hordes which, in the thirteenth century, invaded Western Asia, exercised a powerful influence over the events of the sixth Crusade. Their barbarous valour, and their characters devoid of all sentiments of humanity or principle, had not only filled the East but all Europe with alarm.

These pastoral warriors inhabited the vast regions lying between the Caucasus, Siberia, China, and the Sea of Kamschatka. Although divided into many nations and tribes, they all claimed one origin. Each

nation, governed by a khan, or supreme chief, was formed of numerous tribes, who were severally conducted by a leader called Myrza. The people dwelt in moveable oval tents ; the chiefs in wooden houses, which on a march were placed on waggons drawn by oxen, sometimes to the number of twenty or thirty. The food of these vagrant hordes consisted of the flesh of their flocks and herds, the produce of the chase, and mares' milk, from which they also manufactured a species of drink called Kosmos.

The labours of agriculture they despised as a servile occupation. Their fields never waved with the golden harvest, nor were any cultivated trees found near their dwellings. Their movements were always regulated by the seasons. In summer they directed their march towards the north, where they formed their encampments on the fertile banks of a river or the borders of an extensive lake. In winter they directed their steps to the south, where, under the shelter of high mountains, their habitations were protected from the fierce winds of the north.

Their only employment in time of peace consisted

in taking care of their flocks, all menial occupations being performed by women, whom they valued only as domestic slaves. These patient creatures saddled the horses, cleaned the arms, cooked the food, nursed the children, and were constantly employed in all services where labour was required. These Tartar tribes were very fond of intermarrying with other nations, and often brought great numbers of young girls to their encampments, whom they had taken captive in their warlike expeditions.

They were perfectly familiar with all the stratagems of war. Like the ancient Parthians, they fought as they fled, and a retreat was often to them a signal of victory, being resorted to for the purpose of drawing the enemy into an ambuscade. In their military expeditions neither lofty mountains, overhanging precipices, rapid rivers, which they crossed in leather boats, nor frozen lakes, formed any impediments to their march. The chiefs of the different nations and tribes were in the habit of assembling in a vast plain twice every year. These re-unions, in which they deliberated on horseback, were called

“Kooraltai.” In these tumultuous meetings were discussed the affairs of the hordes, the conditions of peace or war, the order of march, the division of pasturage, &c. It was here that their laws were formed—laws, simple and concise, according to the custom of all barbarous nations, which had no other object in view than to preserve the power of the chief and to maintain discipline and a warlike spirit among the troops.

Although the Tartars acknowledged one God, they offered up no incense at His shrine, their worship being confined to a number of Jinn, who they imagined filled the whole universe. Their dress of bear or sheep skins, exchanged in summer for a light tunic, effectually protected them in the inclement season. Their hunting parties resembled military expeditions. When pasturage was scanty the principal part of the cattle was killed, and their flesh smoked or dried in the sun; but these hardy children of the desert, in time of scarcity, indiscriminately devoured animals which died of disease, or horses no longer fit for service. Custom had rendered them

such skilful horsemen, that they could eat, drink, or sleep without dismounting, and their arrows, which were of immense weight, could reach the bird in its rapid flight, or mortally wound the animals that scoured over the plain.

Although very fond of wine and spirits, almost their only attempt at industry, was converting—as we have said above—mares' milk into an intoxicating liquor. Like the vultures or other beasts of prey, these Tartars could bear the extremes of hunger and thirst without great inconvenience; but after a forced abstinence their appetites amounted to voracity. In their military expeditions they were often obliged to exist for several days on small balls of dried curds, pressed closely together, which they carried in their pockets.

When resolved on a hunting excursion, they selected an extensive forest, or a vast plain where game was plentiful, and the hunters forming an immense circle, advanced gradually towards the centre. But this manœuvre was very difficult, as the Tartars engaged in it were obliged, according to the nature

of the ground, to climb steep hills, ford rivers, wind through valleys, or round the base of mountains: the terrified animals, thus enclosed, fell an easy prey to the weapons of the savages. The chiefs, who had all the authority of the father of a family, were accustomed to adopt a captive taken in war, chosen for his bravery, his fidelity, and his skill in horsemanship. The rights of hospitality towards their protégé were never violated, and he was always treated as a member of the chief's family. Their plains abounded with a race of sturdy horses, which the Tartar shepherds trained for the purposes of war. In the chase, which was not always directed against the inferior animals, these bold and warlike men fearlessly encountered the bear, or roused the ferocious tiger from his lair.

In their invasions the Scythian shepherds were always actuated by a fierce and destructive spirit. The consideration of the laws of war, which generally influences less barbarous nations, had no weight with them; their violent passions were never restrained by any sentiment of humanity or honour. Disdain-

ing all the arts of civilized life, their only pleasure appeared to be the sight of blood and carnage. The wealth and power of other nations often excited their envy. Having no fixed territory themselves, they had nothing to fear from conquest. Their education, their customs, and their capricious natures, were all favourable to distant expeditions and warlike excursions. The plains or mountains they abandoned left in their minds neither regret nor remembrance. Their families, their tribes, and their rudely-fashioned idols, stood to them in place of country, and these familiar objects were sufficient to sustain their courage and enthusiasm.

As no laws limited the bounds of their pasturage, frequent quarrels arose. Their ambitious chiefs suffered neither neighbours nor rivals. Although the Tartars were ignorant of the method of building cities, they knew how to construct the most formidable military engines. By the laws of war, they could only make peace with a vanquished enemy, and a soldier found deserting his post was punished with death. These men shed human blood with

the same indifference as they did that of the meanest animals, and the rumours of their ferocity added fresh terror to the news of their approach. In remote antiquity, these Tartar hordes had many times invaded the vast regions of India and Persia. The ambition or cupidity of a chief, an excess of population, scarcity of provisions, or the prediction of a soothsayer, was sufficient to induce this tumultuous people to rush in thousands to far-off regions. At their approach, whole nations were destroyed. They opened themselves a passage with fire and sword, and their wars were compared to terrible storms, whirlwinds, earthquakes, and the eruption of volcanoes—a slight provocation being sufficient to involve a whole people in ruin.

CHAPTER XV.

Jenghis Khan—His birth—His childhood—His courage and early prowess—His character—Peoples flock to his standard—His title—The Master of the World—Conquest of China—Proposition to extirpate the natives—They are saved by a mandarin—Harshness and cruelty of Jenghis—Destruction of the great capitals—Death of the Mogul Emperor—His hareem—His successor Octai—Destruction of the Assassins by the Tartars—Batou is sent by Octai to invade the West—March of his army—Burning of Moscow and Kioff—Razing of Lublin and Cracow—Defeat of the Duke of Silesia by the Tartars—Depopulation of the country—Passage of the Danube—Cruelties—Damage to the English fisheries—Appeal of the Emperor of Germany to the Chivalry of Europe—Words of Louis IX.—Terror of Christendom—The Christians seize upon Jerusalem—A new foe.

It was, however, under the reign of Jenghis Khan that these hordes became most formidable. This pastoral warrior was the son of a powerful chief, who had the conduct of numerous tribes. Tradition reports

that the child when born had the palm of his hand filled with congealed blood, and his family saw in this circumstance a bright future for the new-born babe. When scarcely beyond childhood, his war-like prowess was displayed in a very striking manner. At thirteen he gave battle to some rebellious hordes, who refused, after his father's death, to acknowledge his power; at fifty this barbarous conqueror had made himself formidable in the remotest parts of the world. Possessing a penetrating mind, and a species of rude eloquence, very necessary to gain an influence over his followers, who yielded to this master spirit with blind obedience, Jenghis, who was both brave and cunning, sacrificed, without scruple, everything which lay between him and his ambition. Implacable in his hatred, terrible in his vengeance, he was endowed with all those vices and passions, which form sure stepping-stones to barbarous thrones.

The vicissitudes of human life which he endured in his youth, instead of softening his natural disposition, had hardened it. The fame of his exploits

induced many nations to enlist under his standard, and among others the Karaites and the Moguls. In a very short space of time, all those pastoral tribes which encamped between the frontiers of China and the Volga, acknowledged him for their lord. It was at this time that he took the name of Jenghis Khan, Master of the World. It was reported that a prophet had been seen descending from heaven mounted on a white charger, and had given him this title.

The most remarkable of his warlike expeditions was his conquest of China. Neither its formidable walls nor the comparative civilization of the people could save this flourishing empire from the inroads of this barbarous multitude. After the subjugation of the northern provinces of China, it was proposed by the conquerors to extirpate the whole population. But this catastrophe was prevented by the prudence of a mandarin, who, knowing the avaricious nature of Jenghis, represented to him that the conquered provinces would produce under a merciful ruler an enormous revenue. Thus this firm and cautious

minister saved his country, and sowed the seeds of a more enlightened policy among the victors.

But in many of the cities which had yielded to his power, Jenghis forced the inhabitants to leave their dwellings and assemble in some large plain outside the walls. After a careful inspection of his captives, he divided them into three classes—the first contained the young men of the city and the soldiers of the garrison ; these persons were enlisted into the army or massacred on the spot. The second contained the women, wealthy citizens, and artificers. Those who could not procure a ransom were distributed equally among the conquerors. The remainder being set apart as useless were permitted to return to the city, which in the meantime had been pillaged.

A heavy tribute was afterwards exacted from the wretched inhabitants. Herat, Samarcand, Nishapore, Balkh, Candahar, and other great capitals were destroyed by this ferocious tyrant, and it is computed that upwards of four millions of persons perished. This formidable Mogul Emperor was preparing a third expedition against China, when death

surprised him. He died in his bed surrounded by his numerous children, whom he enjoined with his last breath to complete the conquest he had begun. His hareem consisted of five hundred wives and slaves. Of his sons four only were distinguished by any peculiar merit, and three of these were contented with dependencies, while Octai, by general consent, was proclaimed Emperor of the Moguls.

The only good result of these disastrous wars was the dissipation of the Assassins of Persia. In the mountains south of the Caspian, these ferocious people had exercised their power for more than a hundred and sixty years. A lieutenant was sent to reign over a colony established on Mount Lebanon, a spot so famous in Scriptural history. They blended the Indian doctrine of the transmigration of souls with the precepts of the Koran, and thought it their first duty to sacrifice their lives at the bidding of their chief, the Old Man of the Mountain. His daggers were felt both in the East and the West, and many a victim of rank was sacrificed to his cupidity and vengeance. But the power of these secret mur-

derers was entirely destroyed by Holagou, son of Jenghis Khan, so that of these ferocious fanatics not a vestige but the name remains.

Octai had for some time turned his attention to the invasion of the West. For this purpose he placed Batou, his nephew, at the head of a numerous army. After a festival of forty days, he set out in 1235 on his expedition. His army passed the Volga, the Kama, the Don, and the Vistula, which they either swam over or crossed in leather boats, or in winter marched over the ice followed by their baggage waggons. In their course the Tartars devastated without distinction the countries they intended to abandon, and those they hoped to possess. They penetrated without obstacles into Russia, then suffering from the evils of civil wars.

Kioff and Moscow were burnt by these barbarous hordes, and a shameful bondage of two hundred years punished the feeble resistance of the Muscovites. After this conquest Batou directed his steps toward Poland and the frontiers of Germany. The cities of Lublin and Cracow were razed to the ground, and as

the destroyers approached the shores of the Baltic, they opened a road with fire and sword. In a battle off the plains of Lignitz, they defeated the Duke of Silesia, and the Grand Master of the Teutonic order and his knights, and after the combat, the Tartars filled nine sacks with the right ears of the vanquished.

The whole country north of the Danube was depopulated, and the roads were strewn with the remains of the dead. Having passed that river they marched to Gran, where, after an indiscriminate massacre, three hundred ladies of rank were slain in the presence of Batou. As these Tartars knew not how to read or write, it has been left to the conquered people to describe their exploits; and the cruelties which the Hungarian chronicles relate of these barbarians are incredible.

The merchants of Sweden and Friesland could no longer traverse the sea to the fisheries on the British coast, and as there was no exportation, fifty herrings could be bought for a shilling. It was remarked by a contemporary writer, that this circumstance

proved that the gains and losses of commerce were always an object of eager attention to the inhabitants of Great Britain. Frederic, Emperor of Germany, after having described their manner of warfare, their arms, their dress, and their customs, conjured the different Christian nations to join and rise in arms against this new and unknown people. To strengthen his entreaties, he appealed to the warlike character of the Germans, the indomitable courage of the Italians, the intrepid French military, the bravery of Spain, and England's power by land and sea.

When Blanche, mother of Louis IX., heard of the expected invasion of the shepherd warriors, she inquired of her son what he intended to do if they entered France. Louis replied, "Put your trust in God, my dear mother. If the Tartars come here they shall either send us to Paradise, or we will send them to Hell." This apparent resignation of the pious monarch explains the true sentiments of the times. The inroads of these warriors were considered as a calamity only to be avoided by the intervention of Divine mercy. Prayers were offered up

in the churches, processions were made, and the following words added to the litany: "From the fury of the Tartars, Good Lord deliver us." The excited imaginations of the people represented these savages as monsters vomited forth from infernal regions, of hideous appearance, with forms like dragons with seven heads, and endowed with supernatural strength. About this time the Saracens sent ambassadors from the East, imploring succour against an enemy with whose manners they were totally unacquainted. The appearance of these envoys, coming from a distant country, seemed a terrible confirmation of the fears of the Western world.

While the din of war resounded through every part of Europe, the Christians of Palestine took advantage of these circumstances to seize upon Jerusalem, where they occupied themselves in repairing the churches and raising the walls, at the same time thanking Heaven for delivering them from the scourge which was devastating the rest of the world. But the Tartars were ignorant of the existence of a city for which so much blood had been shed, and it would

have been fortunate for the Christians if an enemy, driven from their own territory, and wandering in search of an asylum, had not come to trouble their security.

CHAPTER XVI.

Jelal-eddin—The Empire of Karismia—Destruction by the Tartars—Death of the Emperor—The wandering population—Frightful yet ridiculous appearance—Their courage and ferocity—Tempting offer—Invasion of Palestine—Taking of Jerusalem—Cruel stratagem—Slaughter of the Christians—Junction of the Christians and Muslims—The excommunicated Knight—Defeat of the Christians—Destruction of most members of the three orders—Rejoicings at Cairo—Fanaticism of Christians and Muslims—Courage of Walter de Brienne—Horrible death—Destruction of the Karismians.

JELAL-EDDIN, son of Mohammed, had raised by his valour the Empire of Karismia, the prosperity of which had attracted the attention of the conquering Tartars. In their second expedition, as in the first, the city—the inhabitants and the imperial throne—all fell under the arms of the barbarian, and Jelal-eddin lost both his power and his life. When the

Karismians abandoned a country they could not defend, they were conducted by one of their chiefs, Barbakan, and spread themselves over Asia and Syria.

Banished from their own country, these hordes marched with fire and sword, vowing to revenge on all mankind the wrongs they had suffered. They brought along with them a miserable multitude whom they had overtaken in their passage, and their waggons were piled with the spoils of the conquered provinces. Those warriors who had signalised themselves by their prowess, bore on the point of their lances the hair of those they had slain.

Dressed in the costumes of the different nations they had vanquished, their appearance was both frightful and ridiculous. They neither took nor gave quarter. No distinction was made between Muslim and Christian, and yet the Sultan of Cairo, to revenge himself, promised to abandon Palestine to these barbarians, providing they would assist him in driving the latter out of Jerusalem. This tempting offer was accepted with joy, and twenty thousand

Karismians, animated with the hope of booty, rushed from the distant parts of Mesopotamia.

In their wild passage they ravaged the territory of Tripoli and the principality of Galilee; and soon the flames that rose wherever they appeared announced their approach to Jerusalem. The weakness of the garrison destroying all hope of saving the city, the inhabitants fled under cover of night, conducted by the two military orders. Finding the place deserted, the Karismians vowed revenge. An atrocious stratagem was resorted to. They divided themselves into two parties. One left the city, and hid themselves in the mountains, while those who remained elevated the standard of the Cross on the highest tower and sent forth a merry peal of bells.

A large body of Christians were marching along the road to Jaffa. Their progress was slow, as they still hoped that Heaven would take pity on their sufferings. Those in the rear, unable to turn their eyes from the Holy City, suddenly perceived the banner of their faith floating in the wind and heard the welcome music which had often called them to

prayer. The news spread throughout the cavalcade that a reinforcement of Christians had arrived from the West, and that the Karismians had abandoned the enterprise. Seven thousand miserable fugitives returned, followed at a distance by their enemies.

On arriving at Jerusalem, and seeing the trap which had been laid for them, the horror-stricken Christians resolved to escape a second time. But the enemy guarded the mountain passes, and the pilgrims, wandering in disorder, were attacked in the defiles, and either cut to pieces or dragged into slavery. The few that remained in the city, unable to encounter the fatigue of flight, and their friends who would not abandon them, were slain at the foot of the altars where they had taken refuge. The grand-masters of the military orders contrived to escape, and fled to Acre, where the Patriarch of Jerusalem and the princes occupied themselves in preparing to repulse the Karismians from Palestine.

All the inhabitants of Tyre, Sidon, and other Christian cities, hastened to enrol themselves under their banner. The princes of Damascus, Carac and

Emessa, joined their arms to theirs to stop the progress of devastation. The Mussulman army soon arrived before Acre, and their appearance raised the courage of the Christians, who, in their peril, felt no repugnance at allying themselves with the infidels. Both nations seemed animated by love of country, of religion, and the interests of humanity.

The two armies, united under one banner, left Acre, and encamped in the plains of Ascalon. The Karismians advanced towards Gazar, where they were to receive provisions and reinforcements from the Sultan of Egypt. A council was called by the allies, and the Prince of Emessa, more prudent than the rest, was of opinion that the combined armies ought not to expose themselves to the chances of a doubtful battle. He considered that it would be better to occupy some advantageous position, and wait with patience for the natural inconstancy of the Karismians, whom famine and division would soon separate.

But he was over-ruled, and the two armies met in the country of the ancient Philistines. The Chris-

tian army was divided into three bodies. The first, in which were the two military orders, was commanded by Walter de Brienne, Count of Jaffa ; and the Muslim troops, headed by the Prince of Emessa, formed the right wing. The Patriarch of Jerusalem, followed by the whole body of the clergy, with the fragment of the real cross borne before them, together with the grand masters of the two orders and the Princes of Palestine, occupied the centre.

The Karismian leaders were slow in arranging their troops, and some disorder appearing in their ranks, Walter wished to take advantage of this circumstance to attack them. But the Patriarch restrained him with a severity not less injurious to the interests of the Christians than opposed to the precepts of their divine religion. The Count of Jaffa, who had been excommunicated by the Patriarch, for retaining in his possession a castle which the Prelate pretended belonged to him, had entreated him several times to relieve his soul from so heavy a burden before he faced death. But the haughty Patriarch had on every occasion refused his urgent prayers. The

soldiers had just risen from their knees, after receiving the blessings of the priests, and were waiting in solemn silence the signal to commence the attack. The Karismians were advancing with tumultuous shouts, and darkening the air with their arrows. At this terrible moment the Bishop of Rama, fully armed, and impatient to combat the enemies of his faith, approached the Count of Jaffa, saying: "March on: the Patriarch is wrong; I absolve you in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." The intrepid priest then plunged into the midst of the battle, followed by Walter de Brienne and his companions.

The shades of night only put a stop to a conflict unrivalled in ferocity and obstinacy. It was renewed at sunrise, and soon after, the Prince of Emessa, having lost two thousand of his horsemen, fled, and took refuge at Damascus. This decided the fortune of the day. The Christians were defeated, and in this sanguinary struggle, the allies lost thirty thousand warriors. Only thirty-three Knights Templars, twenty-six Knights of St. John, and three Teu-

tonics, escaped to Acre, with the Patriarch, to tell the tale of the defeat.

When the news of this victory arrived at Cairo, it was received with every mark of public rejoicing. Bands of music paraded the town, and the public edifices were for three nights one blaze of illumination. When the prisoners who had been captured at Gaza arrived, mounted on camels, they knew beforehand what mercy they had to expect from their conquerors, when they perceived on entering the city the heads of their companions in adversity exposed on its walls.

The fanaticism of the Christians induced them to attribute their defeat to their having united with the enemies of their faith. On the other hand, the Muslims believed they had betrayed their prophet by their alliance with the Christians. At the moment of commencing the fight, the Prince of Emessa uttered these words: "I am fully armed for battle, but nevertheless I feel in my heart I shall not be victorious, because I have sought the friendship of the unbelievers." But the ravages of the Karismians

were not yet over. After devastating several Christian territories, they besieged Jaffa, bringing with them the unfortunate Walter de Brienne, whom they had taken prisoner at Gaza, hoping, through his influence, to have the gates of the city thrown open.

He was bound to a cross in front of the walls, and while thus exposed, was overwhelmed with outrages and threatened with death if the city made the least resistance. But this heroic Christian, undaunted amid pain and danger, exhorted the garrison not to yield while they had a single man left. "Your duty," cried he, "is to defend the Christian city—mine is to die for you and my Saviour." The city was not taken, but Walter, being sent to Cairo, was beaten to death by the furious multitude, and thus received the crown of martyrdom he had so long sought.

The Sultan, who had sent robes of honour and magnificent presents to the Karismians, advised them to attack Damascus, which not being sufficiently garrisoned, would soon succumb. But when the barbarians, inflated with their victories, demanded, with threats,

the territories which the Sultan had promised them, he put off the fulfilment of his agreement. He had only used them as instruments, and was not very anxious to have such troublesome neighbours.

Enraged at this refusal, the Karismians joined the princes who had despoiled them of their territories, and attacked Damascus, which, in the meantime, had fallen into the possession of the Egyptians. But they were defeated and most of them slain. Of those who escaped the carnage, many perished in the countries they had ravaged. The more valorous and better disciplined sought an asylum in the estates of the Sultan of Iconium, and it is conjectured that from these obscure barbarians sprung the powerful dynasty of the Ottomans.

CHAPTER XVII.

The City of Serai—Change of manners—Castles of the Tartars—Kublai—Degenerate descendants—Expulsion of the Moguls—Illness of Louis IX.—Supposed death—Heavenly vision—Declares his intention of visiting Palestine—Enthusiasm for the Crusade—The Count of Marche—His character—The Sire De Joinville—The King's ruse—Building of Aigues-Mortes—The fleet—The expedition sets sail—Terror of the Knights—Cyprus—Enthusiastic reception—Fatal delay—Missionaries sent to Tartary—False rumours of the Christianity of the Khan.

AFTER ravaging the provinces bordering on the Danube, Batou marched eastward to the Volga, there to enjoy his victories in the city of Serai, which he himself had called into existence. A change of manners quickly removed Octai and his brother Mangou from a tent to a house, and their example was followed by the princes of their family, and all the great officers of state. They now sought the plea-

asures of the chase in enclosed parks, not as formerly, in boundless plains or in dense forests.

Their castles and houses were ornamented with beautiful pictures and rare sculptures. Fountains and statues of silver adorned their courts and saloons, and the artists of China and Europe were invited to exercise their skill at the court of the great Khan. The wise and prudent Mandarin, already mentioned as having saved from desolation several provinces, struggled for thirty years against the barbarous manners of these new conquerors, and his strenuous exertions produced good in succeeding generations.

Under the reign of Kublai, the successor of Mangou, letters and commerce were encouraged, and the rights of the people in some measure respected. A canal of five hundred miles in extent was cut from the ancient to the modern capital to facilitate internal traffic. The court of Peking under Kublai rivalled in splendour that of the most ancient Eastern Sultans. His degenerate descendants filled the palaces with crowds of sycophants, slaves, and astrologers, while famine desolated the land ; and a hundred and fifty

years after the death of Jenghis, the Moguls were expelled by the incensed natives, and during several centuries were lost in the obscurity of the desert.

Louis IX., King of France, having been taken dangerously ill, his family and subjects were plunged in the most profound grief at the prospect of his approaching dissolution. At the end of a few days, he fell into so heavy and long a sleep, that his attendants, believing he had expired, placed a winding sheet over his face. But the monarch was not dead, and the first use he made of speech was to desire the cross to be brought to him, on beholding which, he announced his intention of going to Jerusalem, to deliver the Holy Land.

His family believing his recovery to be miraculous, threw themselves on their knees to thank Heaven, without paying much attention to his words. But when the King began to gain strength, he repeated his vow. In vain his mother and the princes of his family, and Peter of Auvergne, combatted his resolution. He declared he was only obeying the will of Heaven. During the delirium of a burning fever,

he fancied he heard a voice coming from the East, which said " King of France, thou knowest the outrages committed in the sacred city by the enemies of thy faith, and it is thee whom Heaven has chosen to revenge them."

With this celestial mandate ringing in his ears, he was deaf to all remonstrances. He received the Cross from the bishop, and sent an envoy to the Christians of Palestine, informing them that as soon as he could raise an army, he would place himself at its head and fly to their relief. Three years were taken up in preparation. Many English lords expressed their determination to accompany Louis in his expedition, among others the Earl of Salisbury, surnamed Longsword, the grandson of the fair Rosamond, who had been robbed of his wealth by Henry III.

The piety and zeal of Louis soon reanimated the enthusiasm of the Western Nations for the Holy War. Those who held the royal domains advanced a year's rent; the rich economised and carried their savings to the coffers of the monarch; the poor brought their mite to the churches. No person in

the kingoom made a will without leaving a legacy for the expenses of the Holy War, and the clergy, not content with offering up prayers for the success of the enterprize, gave the tenth part of their revenues for the support of the soldiers of the Cross.

Many of the barons, lords, and princes, who were obliged to defray their own expenses, imposed heavy tributes on their vassals, while others found in the generosity of the towns sufficient to pay their part ; others, as in the first Crusade, mortgaged their estates, and sold their personal property. In these sad preparations, the Crusaders showed their fear that they should never return to their homes. Many of the more pious sought, by penitence, to expiate their sins. They pardoned their enemies, and repaired, as far as lay in their power, the evils they had done.

The famous Count of Marche was an example. His conspiracies and his unjust conduct had troubled the kingdom and ruined many families. In his will, made before his departure, he ordered restitution to be made of all the wealth he had acquired by his

injustice. The Sire de Joinville relates with great simplicity that although he could not reproach himself with having committed any grave sin, he assembled all his vassals and neighbours, and offered to make restitution for any wrong he might unconsciously have done them.

Louis, who wished his principal nobility to accompany him, did not disdain to employ a ruse to accomplish his designs, thinking that the end would justify the means. In conformity with an ancient custom, long existing in France, the kings were in the habit of presenting to those who were at court on festal days, furred mantles or cloaks called liveries, which were always placed on the shoulders of the recipient by the monarch himself. Louis ordered a number of these mantles to be prepared for the fête of Christmas eve, on which he had caused to be embroidered crosses in gold and silk. When the time arrived for the courtiers to follow the king to the chapel, the mantles were placed on their shoulders, and they attended their royal master.

Their astonishment was great, when, by the light

of the wax tapers, they saw on their persons the sign of their involuntary obligation. But their sense of honour was so great, that they would not withdraw from their engagements, and consented to follow the king. Louis, for the convenience of the pilgrims who were desirous of proceeding to the East, had built a city at Aigues Mortes, on the shores of the Mediterranean, where he embarked his troops. The fleet was composed of a hundred and twenty-eight ships. Louis was accompanied by his two brothers, Charles Duke of Anjou, Robert Count of Artois, and the Queen Marguerite.

At that period France had no navy; the sailors and pilots were all natives of Catalonia and Italy. The two admirals were Genoese. When all were embarked, the seamen, according to an established custom, chaunted the *Veni Creator*, and the signal was given to sail. Most of the barons, who had never been to sea, when they found themselves in the midst of the boundless waters, were filled with horror and astonishment. They invoked all the Saints of Paradise to their aid, and falling on their

knees recommended their souls to God. Joinville, who did not try to conceal his fear, said that he should call that man a fool, who having a heavy sin on his soul, would put himself in such danger, for though he might enter his bed in the evening, he might find himself, before dawn, at the bottom of the sea.

Louis, who left Aigues Mortes the twenty-fifth August, 1248, reached Cyprus on the 21st September. On his arrival at this island, Louis was received by the king, a grandson of Guy de Lusignan, and conducted by him to his capital, in the midst of the loud acclamations of the inhabitants. Public rejoicings took place every day, and the nobility vied with each other in giving fêtes to the leaders of the Crusade, at which were displayed all the magnificence of an Eastern court.

The aspect of this enchanting island, considered the most fertile in the Mediterranean, the abundance of every luxury found there, and above all, its wines, celebrated in the days of Solomon, powerfully seconded the wishes of the Court of Nicosia to defer their expedition to Egypt until the spring. But this

delay was fatal to the interests of the Crusade. In the midst of profusion, they became intemperate, and in a country where the Pagans had erected so many altars to pleasure, the virtue of the pilgrims gave way. Idleness relaxed discipline, and to give a finishing stroke to their misfortunes, a contagious disease broke out, and the Christians had to mourn the loss of two hundred and fifty knights, besides a multitude of soldiers.

During his residence at Cyprus, Louis received ambassadors from a Tartar prince named Elealthai. They brought a letter from their master so full of exaggerated sentiments, that its contents were suspected. It announced to the French monarch that the great Khan had been baptized three years before, and that he was ready, with all his troops, to join the expedition against the Turks. Louis questioned these envoys respecting their country, and, above all, the character of their prince; and not suspecting any treachery, received them at his court, admitted them to his table, and conducted them to the principal church in the city, where their pious demeanour

attracted the attention of all present. At their departure the King made them many rich presents, together with a magnificent tent covered with scarlet and gold, for the use of their prince, and many letters to him.

The missionaries who were afterwards sent into Tartary, among whom was the celebrated William de Rubruquis, assured the Christians on their return that the conversion of the Great Khan was a mere fable. The whole affair appears to have been got up by the Armenian monks, whose ruler was in alliance with the Tartars.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Louis sails for Egypt—Damietta—Description of the city and its environs—Fakreddin and the Turkish army—Christians approach the shore—Anecdote of Louis—Flight of the Egyptians—Bloodless victory—Damietta on fire—Taking of the city—Fury of Najemeddin—Disputes among the Christians—Frightful excesses—Plundering excursion—Anecdote—The Bedouins—Bloody trophies—Preparations at Mansoura.

AFTER a year's sojourn at Cyprus, Louis set sail with his army for Egypt. But when the sentinels on the ramparts of Damietta perceived the fleet approaching, they soon spread the news over the city, and a large bell which had remained in a mosque since the former siege, was tolled as a signal to the inhabitants of their danger. Of the four Muslim galleys sent down the river to reconnoitre, three were sunk, and the other escaped to tell the tale of their defeat.

Ancient Damietta was situated upon the right bank of the Eastern mouth of the Nile. A double rampart defended it on the side of the river, and a treble protected it towards the land. It was surrounded by an extensive plain, intersected by winding canals, having all the beauty of natural rivers, with the banks wreathed with the slender stalk of the papyrus, its spreading branches covered with flowers, intermingled with the lofty stem of the lotus, heavy with its blue and white blossoms, while groves of orange and citron trees, covered with fruit and flowers, magnificent palms, loaded with heavy bunches of dates, sycamores and the elegant jasmine, with its clusters of yellow blossoms, rose above the rest. Under the shade of the palm, flourished many other odoriferous shrubs. Here the Nile, winding like a serpent through its flowery banks, added beauty and interest to the scene.

The Christian fleet cast anchor about half a league from the shore, and the Muslim ships defended the mouth of the river. Fakreddin, the general of the Mohammedans, appeared in the midst of his army

in resplendent armour, and the air resounded with the noise of cymbals, trumpets, and other warlike instruments. The Crusaders determined to attack the city at dawn of day. A strict watch was kept up all night, and numerous torches were lighted to guard against surprise.

When morning broke, the warriors approached the shore in their ships, and then descended into the flat-bottomed boats, which had followed the fleet. They arranged themselves in two lines. Louis, accompanied by his brothers and a chosen band of knights, placed himself on the right of his soldiers. At his side stood the legate, carrying in his hand the sign of his redemption, and after advanced a bark bearing the Great Standard. The Knights of the Crusade stood, lance in hand, in the boats, with their horses by their sides. They kept their eyes continually fixed on the shore. A body of lancers was placed before them to drive off the enemy.

Louis, encumbered by his heavy armour, his shield passed over his breast, and his sword in his hand, leaped into the waves; the water rose to his

shoulders. Amid great cries of Mountjoy St. Denis, his whole army, fired by his example, rushed into the river, and followed their royal master. This unexpected exploit occasioned much disorder. The vessels were driven about, and the warriors, crowding on each other, were many of them drowned.

But the King and his knights reached the shore in safety. The Egyptians, seized with a panic, after attempting in vain to repulse them, fled in dismay, and the Christians remained masters of the shore of the sea, and the banks of the Nile. It was almost a bloodless victory—only two or three men lost their lives, one of them being the Count of la Marche, who fell by the side of his King, thus expiating by a glorious death his many crimes. Towards evening, tents were pitched, and the night was passed in the midst of rejoicing. In the meantime, confusion and fear rendering the inhabitants cruel, they massacred without mercy all the Christians found in the city. The garrison, which was composed of a brave tribe of Arabs, abandoned their towers and fled to the camp of Fakreddin.

Towards the close of night the city of Damietta was without inhabitants or defenders. While the victors were enjoying themselves in the camp on the beautiful banks of the Nile, they suddenly perceived huge columns of flame rise above the ramparts of the city. The horizon appeared on fire, and as soon as dawn broke, the Christian soldiers ran towards the city. They found all the gates open, and the streets heaped with the bodies of their murdered brethren.

They immediately employed themselves in arresting the progress of the flames, and the soldiers, spreading themselves over the city, pillaged all the fire had spared. They found in the prisons fifty-three captives, who refusing to abjure their faith, had been kept in irons twenty-two years. Najemeddin was detained at Cairo by illness from joining the army. Being unable to mount his horse when the news of the defeat was brought to him by a body of fugitives, he flew into a violent rage. Thirty-seven of those he considered most guilty were sentenced to death. In vain they urged as an excuse for their desertion the flight of Fakreddin. One of

these unhappy men had by his side his only son, a beautiful youth. The sole favour the miserable father asked was to be allowed to die first, that he might be spared the sight of his child's execution, but this touching request was denied.

The Sultan would have punished Fakreddin, but the times would not allow it. He contented himself with reproaching him in these words. "There must," said he, "be something very terrible in the appearance of these Western infidels, since a man like you could not support their presence a single day." These words awakened more indignation than fear among the Emirs who were present. Several of them glanced at Fakreddin, as much as to say, that they were ready to rush on the Sultan and assassinate him if he wished it. But the prince had in his countenance the paleness of death, and the sight of a dying man took from them all thought of committing an useless crime.

Although the city was deserted, the Christians found abundance of every kind of provisions. As it was decided that the stores should be kept in the

King's magazines for the consumption of the army, many disputes arose among the chiefs, who thought the order contrary to established rule. The guard of the towers having been confided to the care of five hundred knights, the King not wishing the soldiers to remain in the city, their camps were pitched on the banks of the river, where they suffered much from the heat of the climate, and from the swarms of mosquitoes.

The spirit of discord gave rise to other disorders. The Knights, plunged in luxury and idleness, forgot the object of the war. They consumed in feasting the money for which they had ruined their families, and their passion for gaming increased to a frightful extent. When everything else had been lost, they staked horses and arms. With the Standard of the Cross flowing over their tents, they delivered themselves up to the most frightful excesses, nor was the vicinity of their virtuous King and Queen respected.

To satisfy their vicious tastes, the sutlers were pillaged—the more hardy made excursions into the interior, where they surprised and robbed the cara-

vans, and entering the towns and villages on their way, carried off the Mussulman women, whom they brought in triumph to Damietta. This part of the booty gave rise to fierce quarrels, and the camp resounded with menaces and murmurs of anger.

The Earl of Salisbury, who had been insulted by Louis's brother, the Count of Artois, made a complaint to the King. But as Louis had no power to redress his wrongs, the Earl addressed him in an angry tone, saying, "You are no King, or you would be able to dispense justice." Among the soldiers sent to harass the Christian army, was a body of Bedouin Arabs. These warlike people, possessing no wealth but their horses and their swords, and whom the hope of booty made reckless, were joined by some Karismians who had escaped the destruction of their countrymen.

The Sultan having promised a golden byzant for every Christian's head brought to his camp; these marauders, profiting by the shades of night, penetrated into the French quarters, and the drowsy sentinels and the dreaming knights were struck

down by an invisible hand. The barbarians lost no time in depositing their bloody trophies at the feet of their sovereign, who, as the moment of death approached, redoubled his ferocity. The defences of Mansoura were strengthened, and his numerous fleet, which had sailed up the Nile, cast anchor before the city. The inactivity of the Christians he attributed to fear, and as each day brought him reinforcements, he had no doubt of a victory over the enemies of Mohammed.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Christians march for Cairo—Death of Najemeddin—A ruse—The Sultana, Shejjer Aldor—Her character—Stratagem of the Turks—The Greek fire—Terror of the Christian soldiers—The ford—Rashness of the Count of Artois—Defeat of the Saracens—The mistake—Massacre of the Christians—Arrival of Louis—His armour—Terrible conflict—Death of the Count of Artois, Salisbury, and De Courcy—Noble conduct of the English banner bearer—Alarm at Cairo—Pestilence among the Crusaders—Wretched situation.

AGAINST the advice of the more prudent chiefs, the Crusaders determined to march to the attack of Cairo, undismayed by the difficulties and dangers of travelling through an unknown country. The army consisted of thirty thousand warriors, among whom were two thousand knights. A numerous fleet covered the river, carrying provisions, baggage, and

war machines. The Queen and her ladies remained at Damietta, where the King had left a garrison. Everything seemed to favour the enterprise, and the death of Najemeddin, which happened about this time, would have thrown his army into confusion, had it not been for a while concealed from them.

As soon as he expired, the Memluks guarded the door of his palace, as was their custom when their royal master was living. Prayers were said in the mosques—orders were given in his name, and preparations for the war went on as usual. All these precautions were taken by the Sultana Shejjer-Aldor, who, from the condition of a slave, had been raised to the throne. This woman was reported to possess extreme courage and a cultivated mind. She gave the post of governor of Egypt to Fakreddin, and desired him to obtain a truce from the Christians in the name of his master, of whose death they were still in ignorance.

But the imprudent Christians had too much confidence in their prowess to listen to any proposi-

tions, and were determined to pursue their enterprise. The army advanced along the banks of the Nile, encountering little opposition. When they arrived at the canal of Ashmoum Teneh, they found the Muslims had taken up a position on the opposite banks; having on their left the Nile, and behind them the city of Mansourah. The Crusaders encamped on the same spot where Jean de Brienne had taken up his quarters thirty-one years before.

To cross the canal it was necessary to construct a mole, but this was a work of difficulty, as the Muslims contrived to cut away the bank on the opposite side as fast as the Christians advanced with their heaps of sand and stone, so that there always remained the same space to overcome. They suffered greatly from the arrows and javelins cast at them, and nothing could exceed their terror and surprise at the sight of the Greek fire, which was formed of lighted bitumen. This formidable instrument of warfare was forced by means of an iron rod through a tube of copper. When ignited, the soldiers compared it to a flying dragon, with a tail

many feet in length. The noise of its explosion resembled a succession of thunderclaps. When used at night, it spread over the horizon a gloomy brightness, which illuminated all the camp.

At the sight of this terrible fire, the knights who guarded the towers fled from their posts, and running about in all directions, either called on their companions for help, or threw themselves on their knees invoking the Divine mercy. Joinville, who did not seek to disguise his fears, gave thanks to God every time it fell at a distance from him.

The Christians had been more than a month exposed to this misery, when a Bedouin Arab offered, for a bribe of five hundred golden byzants, to show them a spot, situated about half a league from the camp, by means of which the army might pass to the other side of the canal in safety. After sending scouts to ascertain the truth of his assertion, the Christians made preparations to profit by his treachery. In the dead of night, the King and his brothers, followed by the cavalry, took their way in the direction of the ford; the Duke of Burgundy

being left behind to take care of the machines and baggage.

As day broke, all the squadrons which were to cross the canal were awaiting the signal. The Count of Artois, who wished to head the first party, was restrained by the King, who feared his rashness. But the impetuous young prince having given his solemn promise that he would wait on the other side for his brother and his army, was allowed to pass. In this vanguard were the two military orders and the English troops. When they reached the opposite bank they put to flight three hundred Saracens who were waiting to receive them. At the sight of the flying enemy, Robert, regardless of his promise, pursued them to their camp, followed by his companions, who in vain entreated him to stop.

On hearing the tumult, Fakreddin, who was in the bath, and, according to the custom of the Orientals, was drying his beard, although almost naked, rushed out of his apartment, leaped on his horse, rallied his troops, and fought until he was left alone on the field of battle, when he fell mortally wounded. A

strong debate then ensued between the Prince and his knights, who wished him to wait for Louis to come up. He answered them in an angry tone, and accused them of being in league with the enemy. While these discussions were going on, Foucault de Nesle, the Prince's governor, who was deaf, thinking they were giving the signal to march, cried out, "Hurrah—at them! hurrah—at them!" This circumstance proved fatal to the Prince. He fled to the city gates, which were open, and had the main body of cavalry come up at that moment, the victory would have been complete.

But a space of two leagues separated the two armies. Bibars, who commanded the Memluks, seeing the imprudence of the Christians, followed them, and closing the gates, hemmed them in on all sides. They found some pillaging the palace of the Sultan—the others, who were dispersed in the town, had no time to rally. Crowded in the narrow streets, they could neither fight on horseback nor use their swords, and the inhabitants, who had fled to their houses, poured down on them hot sand, boiling oil,

and stones, and the Mussulman soldiers guarded the entrance to all the avenues.

In the meantime rumours had reached Louis of the peril of his brother. The Count of Brittany, followed by many of the knights, flew to the rescue of the young Prince. But they were met by the Memluks, and separated from each other. Some were taken prisoners—others escaped to the camp. Suddenly a thick cloud of dust was perceived rising in the direction of the ford, and the sound of trumpets and clarions, the neighing of horses, and the tumultuous war cries, announced the approach of Louis. He rode at the head of the cavalry, and stopped on the summit of an eminence to survey the camp of the enemy.

Every eye was directed towards him. He wore a golden helmet, and held a German sword of polished steel in his hand. His armour shone resplendently, and his proud countenance, on which was depicted enthusiasm and firmness, inspired his soldiers with confidence. Many of the knights who accompanied him, seeing the situation of the Christians, who were

fighting to disadvantage, flew out of their ranks in disorder, and rushed into the midst of the combat.

In this horrible tumult prudence and skill were useless. It was a struggle for life or death. The mace and the hatchet rang on the helmets and shields of the combatants. Many fell covered with wounds, while others were trodden under the feet of the horses. The French war cry of "Mountjoy St. Denis;" and that of the Muslims, "God is great," were heard on every side, mixed with the groans of the dying, and the fierce clamour of the victors. From the canal to the gates of Mansoura, and from the camp of the enemy to the banks of the Nile, was one scene of uninterrupted slaughter, and night closed on them before victory had decided either on one side or the other.

While the Christians were fighting outside, the Count of Artois had taken refuge in an empty house, where he defended himself for some time. At length, however, he was overpowered by numbers and slain. The Earl of Salisbury fell at the head of his followers, and Raoul de Courcy expired upon a

heap of dead bodies. Robert de Veré, who carried the English banner, when he found himself unable to defend it, wrapped it round him and expired in its folds. At the commencement of the battle a pigeon was despatched to Cairo, announcing that the Christians had attacked Mansoura, and a terrible conflict was going on at the time the bird took flight.

The alarmed inhabitants left the gates of the city open all night to admit the fugitives, who, when they came, exaggerated the danger to excuse their own cowardice. But in the morning another bird arrived with the news of the complete rout of the Crusaders. After numerous conflicts which took place between the two armies, with alternate defeat and success, the soldiers of Louis were seized with a pestilential disorder, caused, it was said, by eating the fish of the Nile, that had been fed on the dead bodies of the slain, which had been thrown into the river. Added to this, was the malaria caused by the putrefaction of thousands of the slain. Louis, when it was too late to remedy the evil, caused deep

ditches to be dug, in which the corpses were buried after they had been drawn out of the water.

The disorder carried off thousands, and the Christians were in a deplorable condition. The Greek fire, by some supposed to be gunpowder, was poured on them night and day. The Nile was covered with Mussulman ships, and the interior of the country being infested by Bedouins, all descriptions of provisions were intercepted.

CHAPTER XX.

Capture of the King of France—Honour done to him—Murder of the Sultan—Joinville description of the terror inspired by the assassins—Contrast—Anecdote of Marguerite of France—Birth of the King's son—Return of Louis to Paris—Founding of the Hospital of the Quinze-Vingts—Despair in Palestine—Massacre of the Christians by the Memluks—Louis resolves on a new Crusade—Joinville refuses to accompany him—Health of the King—Opposition of the clergy—Edward of England agrees to follow the Crusade.

IN this dreadful situation a truce was proposed, and Louis, who was so weak as scarcely to be able to mount his horse, was marching towards Damietta with the remnant of his soldiers, after seeing the sick and wounded on board the ships, when, overcome by fatigue, he stopped at a small town called Minieh. While the king remained here, Jemal-eddin entered the place where he was, and taking him prisoner, put him in chains.

The day after his captivity he was conducted in triumph to Mansoura, attended by a number of Egyptian troops. A body of Mussulman troops marched along the banks of the Nile to the sound of martial music. On his arrival he was placed under the care of Fakreddin, the Sultan's secretary. A vast enclosure received the other captives, who were guarded by a number of fierce-looking Memluks. Louis might have made his escape on horseback, or in boats, but the generous monarch could not forsake his soldiers.

The king's brother fell also into the hands of the infidels, and most of his knights lost either their lives or liberty. While in prison, Turan Shah, the Sultan, sent him a robe of honour, consisting of a silk pelisse edged with grey fur, and fastened with a golden clasp. After a long delay, a treaty was concluded for ten years between the new Sultan and the French King, who was to give up Damietta, and pay eight hundred thousand byzants to ransom himself and his fellow prisoners. The Saracen captives were to be set at liberty. The treaty only waited for the

signature of the Sultan, who was on his way to Damietta. He had pitched his tent in the neighbourhood of Minieh, when a body of fierce Memluks, no doubt with the concurrence of the rest of the army, rushed in, just as he had finished his dinner, and wounded him dreadfully. He ran out of his tent, hoping to save himself by flight, but was captured and slain in the presence of his Emirs.

The assassins entered the King's chamber with the stain of their crime still on their hands, but the firmness of Louis awed them. "There came," says Joinville, "full thirty of them, with drawn swords, and Danish axes in their hands. I asked Baldwin d'Jhelin, who knew their language, what they were saying. He told me they were coming to cut off our heads. I was so overcome with fear," continues the simple seneschal, "that seeing many of my companions confessing themselves to a brother of the Trinity, who happened to be present ; as I could not remember any sin I had committed, I crossed myself, and kneeling down at the feet of one of those savages, who held a formidable axe in his hand, said : ' Thus

died St. Agnes.' The Constable of Cyprus, Guy d'Jhelin, who had entreated me to shrive him, knelt down before me, and I said to him, 'I absolve you with such power as God has given me; and when I rose from my knees, I did not remember one word I had said.'

Two very different spectacles presented themselves. On one side, a prince, surrounded by all the luxury of pomp and grandeur, in the prime of life, and inflated with his recent victories, at the moment when he expected to receive the reward of his valour, slain by his own guards in the sight of his army. On the other, a king, who though conquered and not possessing sufficient necessaries to render his captivity tolerable, inspired more respect in his adversity than when surrounded by all the luxury of a Parisian court.

The news of these misfortunes had filled the inhabitants of Damietta with despair. Marguerite, the Queen, then near her confinement, was thrown into such a state of nervous agitation, that fears were entertained for her life. Her squire, a nobleman

more than eighty years of age, never quitted her night or day. One night this unhappy princess, after a troubled slumber, started up, crying out that the Saracens filled her chamber. The old warrior who held her hand while she slept, tried to reassure her by saying—

“Fear nothing, Madam, I am with you.” She again fell asleep for a few minutes, and then awoke uttering dreadful shrieks. When she was a little composed, she desired her attendants to leave the room. She then started out of bed, and falling on her knees, said—

“Sir Knight, promise me you will grant my request.” Having received the required assurance, she continued—“I demand, on the promise you have made me, that should the Saracens enter the town you will immediately cut off my head.”

“I will do it willingly,” replied the Knight; “for I have been thinking of it while you slept; I would kill you rather than you should fall into their hands.”

The child was born the next day, and named

Tristan, from the unhappy circumstances under which his birth took place. Louis, accompanied by the unhappy victims of the Crusade, arrived at St. Jean D'Acree towards the month of October, 1250. He remained in this city about four years, when receiving a letter announcing the death of his mother, he left the East, accompanied by his Queen, and returned to France. He then occupied himself in arranging the affairs of his kingdom, which under his rule came to be in a more flourishing state than it had been for many years.

It was during this period that he founded in Paris the hospital of the Quinze Vingts, designed for three hundred blind persons. Some have supposed, but apparently without foundation, that his intention was to accommodate three hundred gentlemen who had become blind in Egypt during the sixth Crusade. But the institution was only established in imitation of a similar one at Rouen, which dates as far back as the middle of the twelfth century.

In the meantime all Palestine was plunged in despair. To the Tartars had succeeded the Memluks

—those fierce warriors, originally slaves, and nourished on blood and carnage. They wrested from the Christians all the cities they had possessed in Syria and in the Holy Land. The cruelties exercised on these unhappy people were horrible. Many of the inhabitants were flayed alive for refusing to renounce their faith; seventeen thousand perished at Antioch, and a hundred thousand were sold as slaves.

On hearing of these disasters, Louis, in 1268, decided on a seventh Crusade; his principal object being to convert the King of Tunis. He received the Cross from the hands of the Cardinal, and his example was followed by his three sons, the youngest being the child that was born amid the calamities of Egypt. The Queen was to remain in Paris, but a number of ladies of rank had signified their intention of following their husbands. Joinville refused to join the Crusade, alledging as an excuse that the affairs of his family required his presence on his estate. But the good seneschal had never recovered his dread of the Saracens, and was often heard to declare that nothing on earth should induce him ever

again to enter their dominions. He loved and respected his royal master, but observed that those who had advised him to leave his kingdom were guilty of a mortal sin.

This sudden determination of Louis threw both his family and subjects into consternation. He was now past the middle age, and though he had lost none of his youthful enthusiasm, his health was feeble, and it was feared he would never support the fatigue of a long journey. His project of taking his sons with him added to the popular dissatisfaction.

During the preceding Crusade, it was the decision of the Pope that the expenses of the Holy War should in a great measure fall on the clergy. For this purpose a tithe was levied on their revenues, and the Court of Rome was in the habit of granting indulgences, whose value rose in proportion to the sum paid for the required tribute. But when the order came for the tax to be levied, which was to last three years, to defray the expenses of the seventh Crusade, the clergy were loud in their opposition. The Pope reproached them with their avarice and

indifference, which caused them to grudge a tithe of their wealth to rescue their suffering brethren.

Prince Edward, son of Henry III., of England, fired with the example, took the Cross, and the companions of his victories and the barons he had overcome, resolved to enlist under his banner, so that that martial spirit which had so long devastated England with internal disorders, was suddenly turned against the enemies of Christ. But the finances of the kingdom had been so exhausted by civil wars, that the Prince could raise no funds for his journey. But Louis came to his assistance, and lent him seventy thousand livres. Edward, to guarantee this loan, mortgaged his estates, and was said to have given his only son as an hostage. He arranged to follow the French Crusade with his army in a short time.

CHAPTER XXI.

Departure of the Seventh Crusade—Arrival at Tunis—Proclamation—Taking of the Fortress and the town of Marsa—Description of the place—Of Tunis—Ruins of Carthage—Lonely country—Bold reply of the King of Tunis to Louis—Disease—Terrible machine—Ignorance—Death of Louis' son, Tristan—Great losses—Illness of the King—His fortitude—His death : and character—Arrival of the Sicilians ; and of the English—Edward marches through Syria—Devotion of his wife Eleanor—Badly repaid—Chapel in memory of Louis.

AFTER all preparations were made, Louis left the port of Aigues Mortes on the 4th July, 1270, and the 17th of the same month, after staying a short time at Sardinia, arrived in sight of Tunis. When the Christian army approached the shore all those who perceived it either fled to the mountains or into the city. Louis, before landing, sent a chaloupe with some officers on board to reconnoitre ; and they found

the ships in the harbour abandoned, and not a living being to be seen.

Under these circumstances, Louis cast anchor in the port, but at daybreak the Christians perceived the beach lined with Saracens, among whom were a number of horsemen. But when the French began landing they all took to flight. According to the laws of war, a herald proclaimed in a loud voice that his majesty the King of France had come to take possession of the city of Tunis. A large spot was enclosed on the sandy plain, tents were pitched, and ditches and intrenchments dug. The towers were taken, and on the next morning five hundred Christian standards floated over the fortress of Carthage. The little town of Marsa was taken possession of, and preserved as an asylum for the sick.

It was built in the interior of a large bay formed by the projection of Cape Bon on the East, and Cape Zyrbid on the West, now denominated the gulf of Tunis. An isthmus three miles in breadth formerly connected the mainland with the peninsula on which Carthage was built half-way between Utica and Tunis.

A narrow neck of land running westward into the sea, formed two harbours, one for vessels of commerce, and the other for those of war, and separated the lake behind from the Mediterranean. On the sea side it was only protected by a single wall; while on the isthmus rose a fortress named Byrsa, surrounded by a triple wall ninety feet high and thirty feet thick.

The sea communicated by means of a canal with the lake, which extended three leagues into the land. The conquest of the Romans and the invasion of the barbarians had not entirely ruined this flourishing city, once the rival of Rome. But in the seventh century the Saracens devastated the country, and left Carthage a mass of ruins. A small tower near the harbour, another on the point of the cape, and the castle before mentioned, were all that remained of a metropolis whose power was in antiquity dreaded by numerous nations, and whose formidable fleets covered the Mediterranean.

About five miles from Carthage, a little way from the gulf and the lake of Golotta, towards the south

and east, rose the city of Tunis, celebrated in the thirteenth century for its wealth and the number of its inhabitants. It contained ten thousand houses, and three large quarters. The spoils of conquered nations and the flourishing state of commerce had greatly enriched this city, and all the arts of fortification had been expended in constructing its defences.

At the time Louis arrived before the city, it was governed by a Moorish prince. From the summit of Byrsa, a good view could be obtained of the ruins of ancient Carthage, which occupied a considerable space. Tufts of acanthus and angelica grew among the fragments of many-coloured marble. In the distance could be perceived the islands, the blue lake, the fertile country, and grey mountains covered with forests; Moorish villages, the white houses of Tunis, and the Mediterranean studded with its numerous fleets. Even the ruins of the temples, palaces, and fountains scattered around, gave an idea—though a faint one—of their former beauty. The remains of the aqueduct show how splendid it must have been in the days of its glory. It extended over a space of

fifty-one miles. Part of its arches, seventy feet high, are still standing.

The Prince of Tunis had begun to rebuild Carthage, and some edifices had already risen among the ruins. The neighbouring country was formerly covered with beautiful gardens and plantations, everywhere intersected with canals, and even in the time of the Crusades, extensive olive groves arose on the beautiful slopes of the hills. The domains of the rich were adorned with elegant mansions, which shewed the taste and opulence of the owners. The interiors of these dwellings were furnished to correspond, and the estates were planted with vines, palms, and every other kind of choice fruit trees. Numerous meadows, filled with flocks and herds, spread over the valley, affording pasturage to numbers of brood mares. The whole country displayed the wealth and industry of the inhabitants.

But Louis was disappointed in his project of converting the King of Tunis. Omar dispatched an envoy with a message to the effect that he would meet the French monarch at the head of one hundred

thousand men—that his baptism would only take place on the field of battle, and that he had already imprisoned all the Christian slaves found in Tunis, every one of whom would be massacred if hostilities were continued. But Louis, undismayed by these threats, caused the ladies who had followed the Crusade to disembark with their attendants, and by a strange vicissitude of fortune, these courtly Parisian dames took up their quarters in the ruins of the palace of Dido.

But prosperity seemed to have deserted Louis. He was unable to besiege Tunis before the reinforcements promised by his brother, King of Sicily, arrived. Being obliged to encamp near the isthmus, the soldiers caught a contagious disorder, which, in a few days, carried off half the army. The men, accustomed to a more temperate climate, could not support the burning heat of Africa, and to add to their distress, the Moors had contrived a machine by which the burning sands of the plain could be raised so as to resemble the terrible simoom of the desert—an invention at once terrible and destructive.

Although the knights were encamped on the site of the once magnificent Carthage, it scarcely awakened in them any enthusiasm. Not one of the knights, and very few of the clergy, had sufficient knowledge to comprehend what were the ruins which lay under their feet. All they understood was, that they had arrived at a city called Carthage. The French lords and barons thought more of their Gothic turrets and the old manors which they had left in the West, than of the famous city of Dido. The country, once so fertile, was then but a sandy solitude, and the Crusaders sought in vain for those shady groves and clear and foaming cascades which according to tradition refreshed the companions of Æneas.

At last the Destroyer entered the King's tent. His youngest son, Tristan, died in his arms. The Counts Vendome, La Marche, and Nemours, the Lords Montmorency, De Pienne, Brissau, Asfremont, and Raoul, brother of the Count of Soissons, had already fallen victims to the fever; and Louis, whose grief for the loss of his child had injured his health, was seized with the malady. But with death on his

countenance, the pious King still visited the hospital, consoled the sick, and took every precaution for the safety of the camp. But he had overrated his strength. He soon took to his bed, where he employed himself during the few days he survived, in composing those rules and regulations for the prosperity of his kingdom, addressed to his son and successor, Philippe, which drew tears from all who read the manuscript.

When he felt that his last hour was drawing near, he caused himself to be placed in a hair cloth shirt, on a bed of ashes, where his poor emaciated body, which was thus tortured with needless pain, lay extended till Heaven in mercy released his spirit. He died as he had lived, a true servant of the Cross. Kind and affectionate in all the relations of life, he was long and sincerely mourned by his family and subjects.

At the moment when he had drawn his last breath, the sound of trumpets and drums resounded over the water. The Sicilian Crusaders had arrived in sight, unconscious of the melancholy event which had just taken place.

But when they disembarked and perceived the

mournful silence which pervaded the camp, and saw the sentinels with their arms reversed, they became aware of the calamity. The King of Sicily, who accompanied the army, was greatly shocked at the death of his brother, and very shortly after, Prince Edward arrived at the camp of the Christians to receive the orders of the King of France. But being informed of the death of Louis, he made a very short stay, and with his small army of six thousand men, soon landed on the Syrian coast.

On their march towards Phœnicia his soldiers suffered much from the imprudent use of honey, and the delicious fruits found there in great abundance. They were joined on their way by the two military orders, and the King of Cyprus. Prince Edward signalled himself by his valorous deeds in the Holy Land, and the Saracens, who greatly dreaded his valour, sent an assassin to murder him with a poisoned arrow. But he only wounded him in the arm. His life was saved by the piety of his wife, Eleanor, who sucked out the poison at the risk of her life. But this devotion did not seem to make much im-

pression on her husband, as, soon after her death, he married a princess of the house of France. Eleanor was the mother of thirteen children, most of whom died young.

On the twenty-third of August, 1844, the first stone of an elegant chapel was laid by the order of the French government over the spot where the pious Louis was supposed to have expired. It is now finished, and rises on an eminence between the ruins of Carthage and the hill of Byrsa. The year after its erection, a white marble statue of the King was placed over the altar, modelled after the one at St. Denis.

CHAPTER XXII.

Influence of the Crusades on the Manners of Christendom—
Prejudices uprooted—Slow improvement of the nobles—Bad
education—Origin of family names, and heraldic emblems—
Impetus to Trade—Valuable discoveries—Silken stuffs—
Sugar—Windmills—Glass—Natural History and other sci-
ences—Their improvement—Introduction of plants and
flowers—The troubadours—Tournaments—Founding of Con-
vents—The Story of Frotemond.

ALTHOUGH the Holy Wars exercised little influence over the manners of the fierce Western Warriors, many of whom had no other object than their own aggrandisement, yet it opened for their martial spirits a more noble road to glory. It spiritualised the souls of the more pious, and made them feel that war was intended for a higher purpose than to gratify gross and material tastes. Still these distant expeditions did considerable service to the general cause of humanity. The soldiers of the Cross learnt to

suffer privations without murmuring, and to exercise patience and prudence.

By carrying away so many thousands from their native country, the different classes were brought more together. Prejudices were uprooted, and the pride of rank often forgotten. It was impossible that so many persons, all animated with the desire of defeating the enemies of their faith, should be quite insensible to the feelings of brotherly love. Yet the manners of the nobility improved but slowly. The study of letters never entered into the education of a gentleman of the middle ages. If he learnt the use of the sword, to follow the chase, and to manage his horse with skill, his accomplishments were considered complete; and, accordingly, in the character of a knight of that period there was a strange mixture of fanatical devotion, fierce valour, and sincere piety.

It was at the period of the first Crusade that the custom of using family names arose. As it was absolutely necessary in these immense concourses of persons that each knight should have a particular title,

most of them adopted that of their domains. As we have already stated, heraldic emblems date also from the same period. On their return from Palestine, the Barons, to perpetuate the memory of their exploits, had the banners under which they had fought hung in a conspicuous part of their castles. An arch, or a battlement, signified that a bridge or tower had been defended by the warrior. A helmet, or a suit of armour, proved that an enemy had been vanquished: the motto was to explain the emblems. These indications of the prowess of the knights were embroidered by the ladies of the family on the hangings of the chambers, the furniture, and the clothes. From these circumstances sprang the practice of having family arms.

The Crusades favoured the progress of the middle classes by the impetus they gave to trade. The large cities became centres of commerce, and luxury extended to all ranks. The effeminate life which the knights led in the East gave rise to new wants, and the merchants, hitherto despised, acquired more consideration, and formed a connecting link between

Europe and Asia. Silken stuffs, spices, and perfumes, although known in the reign of Charlemagne, were at the time of the Crusades found only in the palaces of kings, or the castles of the proud barons. Among the valuable discoveries brought to the West by the pilgrims, may be mentioned the weaving of silken fabrics, a superior method of colouring stuffs and cotton cloths, and the art of extracting sugar from the cane.

Some writers assert that windmills were unknown in Europe before that period. As it had been discovered that the sand found in the neighbourhood of Tyre, when used in the fabrication of glass, brought it to greater perfection, that luxury was much more common in the East than in other parts of the world. The Venetians were said to have learnt from the Orientals the method of manufacturing those beautiful articles in glass so celebrated in the middle ages. Natural history also profited much by the Holy Wars. The Memluks of Egypt sent to Louis IX. a large elephant as a present, which he afterwards gave to the King of England. Some greyhounds which he

obtained there he brought with him to France. The ambassadors of Egypt also presented to the King of Sicily a giraffe, the first animal of this kind which was ever seen in modern Europe.

Many of the other sciences also made rapid progress; among others, the art of war, history, and geography, in which the ignorance of the rustic people was so great that they spoke of Paris as a distant country, while in the capital, Provence was an unknown region. If their ignorance of their own country was great, their knowledge of foreign lands was still less. In the twelfth century only one historian, Jacques de Vitri, ever mentioned the Pyramids of Egypt; and Joinville, in his memoirs, gravely remarks that many trees of the terrestrial paradise, bore ginger, cinnamon, and cloves, which the soldiers of the Cross drew out of the waters of the Nile, whither they were brought by the winds.

Plants and slips of trees were carried in the pilgrims' scrips to Europe. These being given to neighbours and friends, were transplanted from garden to

garden, and in process of time, spread over different countries. Beautiful specimens of wheat were brought from Constantinople ; and the damson, now so common, was introduced from Damascus by the Duke of Anjou. No cottager, especially in France, is ignorant of the use of shalots, which were introduced by the Crusaders from Ascalon.

The aspect of so many different countries ; the observation of new and varied manners ; and the comparison of a multitude of customs ; extended the ideas of the people, and uprooted a great many errors. But this amelioration in the habits of the people proceeded very slowly, and many of these benefits were not felt till after the conclusion of the Holy Wars.

The first attempts at extempore poetry were made about this time. The Crusaders, who returned from Palestine, visited the different Palaces in Europe, to carry news to the inmates of their absent friends in the East. These travelling poets often related in verse the valorous deeds they had witnessed. They were called troubadours. Tournaments also came then into fashion. The Crusaders very much favoured the

power and aggrandizement of the monks. A great number of convents and monasteries were founded with the wealth of their disciples. The fathers of the church, who not only governed the consciences of their kings, but often presided over their counsels, were many of them cruel and austere to their penitents, as the following instance, although taken from an earlier period of French history, will exemplify.

Frotemond was the second son of one of the most illustrious families of Brittany. When his father died, a dispute arose about the division of the property. His maternal uncle, a wealthy priest, took the part of a younger brother. This interference so enraged Frotemond, that he flew on his uncle and brother and killed them both. Torn by remorse, he with some of his followers, who had witnessed the deed, presented himself before Lothaire, then King of France, and confessing his guilt, asked the advice of his sovereign. A counsel of bishops was called, and the culprit being placed in the midst of them, the unrelenting priests caused his arms to be bound with iron chains, and a girdle of the same material tight-

ened round his waist. His attendants were also bound, but with less severity. Frotemond, covered with ashes, and wrapped in a winding sheet, was ordered to march over Palestine. He set out on his journey, followed by faithful companions, and in due time arrived at Jerusalem.

He then crossed the desert, and soon reached the banks of the Nile. He was once nearly killed by the Saracens, who, stripping him naked, left him for dead. After penetrating through the deserts of Africa, and visiting Carthage, he made his way back to Rome with his body fearfully emaciated, and his feet covered with wounds. The Pope advised him to return to the Holy Land, as he did not think his penitence sufficient. He then performed a second journey, and remained some time on the shores of the Red Sea, lived three years in a grotto on Mount Sinai, visited Armenia, and beheld the mountain where Noah's ark had rested after the Deluge. Having endured dreadful suffering, he again returned to Rome, whence, having received absolution from Pope Benedict, he went back to his native place

in Brittany, where he found his elder brother dead.

He then retired to a monastery, where he was kindly treated by the monks. But he was in a dying condition; the chain had eaten into his flesh, and he was unable to stand. But his hour of deliverance was at hand. He died a short time after, pitied and regretted by his pious brethren.

The persons who reaped least benefit from the Crusades were the serfs. The Pope had decided that no Christian, whatever might be his condition, should be prevented from taking the cross. But although these men became part of Christ's militia, they were not admitted to the rights and privileges of a free peasantry. Of the crowds who went to Palestine, very few returned. The greater part perished in misery.

The most fatal result of the Crusades was the sanguinary spirit they introduced among the Christians, quite at variance with the precepts of Christ. The barbarities exercised against the Jews and Mussulmans were, in many cases, the cause of the failure

of the enterprise. It must be remembered, however, that among the Christian soldiers there were many high examples of pure and disinterested piety. But the best proof a nation can give of its superior civilization and the high tone of its religious feelings is to respect virtue and to encourage all those arts which tend to raise the intellect and soften the manners of the people.

CHAPTER XXIII.

St. Jean D'Acre—Description—Extravagant behaviour of the Knights and Princes—The Sultan of Cairo threatens the city—Insults to the Muslims—Real cause of the rupture—Death of the Sultan—Curious dying request—Siege of Acre—Enormous war engines—A truce—Stupidity of the inhabitants—Curious stratagem—Attack of the Fort St. Antoine—Cowardice of the King of Cyprus—His flight—Fana-ticism of the camp followers of the Muslims—A living path—Last efforts of the Christians—The Patriarch's prayer—Conduct of the Nuns of St. Claire—Massacre of the women—Generosity of the Patriarch—Falls a victim to his goodness—Melancholy sight—Noble defence of the Templars—Last struggle for Palestine.

AFTER the seventh and last Crusade, St. Jean D'Acre in 1289 became the refuge of the Latin Christians. This city, which had remained neutral during the recent disasters, had then the reputation of being the most flourishing in the East. It was adorned with fountains, aqueducts, and superb edifices, pro-

tected by a strong fortress and stupendous wall, with high battlements, towers on the land side, and a broad and deep ditch, with strong ramparts, defending it from the sea. The houses, which were built of square stones, were of equal height, and had terraced roofs. The interiors of the better sort were ornamented with paintings and lighted by glass windows, then considered a great luxury.

Over many of the public promenades, awnings of transparent silk or stuff were spread to shelter the walkers from the heat of the sun. As most of the ships of the West touched at Acre, it was much frequented by merchants of all nations, and owing to the continual influx of strangers the population had greatly increased. If the inhabitants had been true patriots, the city could never have been taken by the Saracens. But they were for the most part composed of a concourse of foreigners, traders, and pilgrims, who, as the sea was open to them, could take flight with their wealth on the least rumours of an invasion. The King of Jerusalem, the princes of Antioch and Galileæ, the Duke of Cæsarea, the

Counts of Tripoli and Jaffa, the ambassadors of England, France, and Cyprus, the patriarch, the legate of the pope, the military orders, the Genoese, the Armenians, Turks, and a crowd of others, had each their different quarters, their own magistrates, and laws independent of each other.

Each faubourg was like a separate city, with its own manners, language, and interests. Thus it was a matter of difficulty to establish order and discipline in a place where so many masters reigned, whose quarrels rivalled those of the Roses. The King of Jerusalem and many of the princes walked on the public promenades, wearing golden crowns, and their baldrics studded with jewels, and covered with gold and silver ornaments.

Each nation brought into Acre its different vices. This state of things fostered effeminacy and idleness. Even the clergy did not entirely escape the contagion. After the conquest of Tripoli by the sultan of Cairo, he had threatened Acre, but at the solicitation of the inhabitants, he had accepted a truce for two years, two months, two weeks, two days, and two

hours. But the pope's legate disapproving of it, insulted the Muslim merchants who came to dispose of their goods at Acre. The military orders wishing to make reparation, were threatened by this insolent priest with excommunication, if they presumed to have the least intercourse with the Muslims.

But another circumstance was said to have been the immediate cause of the rupture with the Saracens. A Mussulman, who had committed a crime against hospitality, was found with the partner of his guilt in a garden outside the city, and they were there immolated to the vengeance of an outraged husband. A general rising took place among the Muslims, who murdered every Christian who fell in their way.

This event gave the Sultan an excuse for commencing hostilities, but he was suddenly seized with a fatal sickness, which, for a time, deferred the design. On his death bed he sent for his son and his principal emirs, and made them take a solemn oath that they would not give him the rites of sepulture until they had conquered the city of Acre. The oath was taken, and in a short time the Sultan Khelil arrived

before the place at the head of a numerous army. The troops covered a space of many leagues, from the shores of the sea to the foot of the mountains.

To construct war engines, the cedars of Lebanon and the oaks which covered the mountains of Nablous fell under the axe of the infidels. The number of engines, when finished, amounted to three hundred. There was one among them that is said to have required a hundred waggons to carry the separate pieces to the place of its destination. These formidable preparations threw the city into consternation, and the Grand Master of the Templars, despairing of being able to hold out against such numbers, tried to renew the truce.

The Sultan consented, on condition that each inhabitant should pay a Venetian dinar, but the populace opposed this treaty, and said that the Templars were going over to the infidels. The siege now began with vigour. The Sultan caused three hundred camels to be ranged on the plain; on each animal was seated a tall Syrian, with a drum before him. All these instruments being beaten at the

same time, made a frightful clamour, which filled the inhabitants with dismay, as they knew not the cause of the noise.

As the Muslims rushed to the conflict their appearance was imposing. Advancing with their golden shields on their arms, with their glittering lances raised, they appeared like a moving forest. The principal attack was directed against the gate and tower of St. Antony, to the east of the city, which was considered the weakest point. This fort was defended by the King of Cyprus and a number of his soldiers, who fought with so much spirit that at the close of day the besiegers were repulsed.

The King, more occupied however with his own safety than the glory of the knights, under pretence of giving his soldiers a little repose, entreated the members of the Teutonic order to take his place. Then under cover of darkness, he, with his four thousand soldiers, embarked in their vessels and sailed away. At the news of this cowardly desertion, the military orders were filled with surprise and in-

dignation, but they had no time to spend in useless anger.

The Saracens were advancing towards the abandoned tower. They immediately began to fill the ditch with stones, earth, and the dead bodies of the horses. The Muslim army was generally followed by a crowd of fanatics, whose idea of religion consisted in suffering the most painful privations, and to be ready to die for the advancement of El Islam. When ordered by the Sultan to assist in filling the ditch, they immediately jumped in, and it was over this living path that the Muslims reached the foot of the rampart.

As all hope of saving the city appeared lost, the Christians made what preparations they could for the defence of the interior. The entrances to the streets were barricaded—piles of stones were carried by the women and children, and boiling oil and pitch were prepared. But on the eighteenth of May, 1291, a day fatal for the Christians, the conflict was renewed. The Grand Master of the Templars was killed by an arrow, and the Grand Master of the Knights of St. John was dangerously wounded.

While a dreadful massacre was going on in the ramparts, the mournful voice of the patriarch was heard imploring succour from above. "Surround us, oh God!" said he, "with a rampart man cannot destroy, and overshadow us with the ægis of Thy power." Soon the news spread that the Muslims had entered the city. The Christian warriors who had defended the fort could not resist the shocks of the enemy, and fled into the streets, imploring the assistance of the inhabitants. A shower of stones immediately fell from the tops of the houses. Chains were extended to prevent the cavalry of the enemy from advancing, but all was to no purpose. The breaches were entered, and the city was in the power of the conquerors. A number of inhabitants who had taken refuge in the churches were stifled by the flames. The monasteries and convents were invaded, and their occupants either killed or taken as slaves.

The Lady Abbess of the convent of St. Claire, when she heard that the Saracens had entered Acre, assembled her nuns, and thus addressed them :—

“My dear daughters, in this unhappy crisis we cannot hope to escape. The gates of the city are guarded by the Saracens, and the streets are filled by their troops. You have all heard, no doubt, that most men are attracted by beauty of person. God has endowed you all with this dangerous gift ; let us destroy it, and thus escape a fate worse than death. I will set you the example.”

Saying these words, she mutilated herself in a shocking manner, and the nuns imitated her. When the Saracens entered and perceived this frightful spectacle, they massacred the whole of these innocent women. When all hope was abandoned, the patriarch was dragged by his friends to the seashore. This generous old man complained bitterly of being separated from his flock. Although he embarked, he would not set sail until all the unhappy fugitives had followed him. The vessel being overloaded, sank, and this faithful priest fell a victim to his generosity.

The sea was stormy, and the shore presented a melancholy sight. On one side was heard a mother

calling for her child, or husbands for their wives or sons. Many noble women were so frightened by their situation, that they offered to become the wives of the common sailors, and endow them with their wealth, providing they landed them safely at Cyprus.

The castle of the Templars was now the only place of refuge. The Sultan having agreed to a capitulation, three hundred Muslims were sent to see it executed. A number of women had taken refuge in the Grand Master's tower. The ambassadors insulted the fugitives, and this violation of the treaty so exasperated the small body of Christians remaining, that they fell on the barbarians and killed every one of them.

The Sultan immediately besieged the tower, and the Templars defended it for many days. But the place had been undermined during the former attack, and at the moment the Mohammedan troops succeeded in mounting the wall, it fell with a crash, burying besiegers and besieged in its ruins. Of five hundred knights who maintained so courageously the defence of Acre, only ten escaped. This was the

last struggle of the Christians and Muslims in Palestine. The grottoes of Lebanon, and the mountains of Judea—the cells of Syria and Mount Carmel—the solitudes of the Nile, all lost their pious guests, and resounded no more with the accents of prayer. Crowds of pilgrims were soon seen arriving at the Italian ports, who, as they begged charity of the faithful, related, with tears, the last sorrows of the Christians.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Military orders fly to Cyprus—The Knights of St. John leave for Rhodes, and the Templars for the North of Europe—Excite the enmity of Philip the Fair—The Devil's Bargain—The Forest of St. Jean D'Angely—Accusations against the Templars—Their character—Manners—Their castles—Great power—Assemblage of the States-General—Character of Philip Le Bel—Infamous conduct of the Treasurer—The People rise—Many put to death—The Templars accused of inciting the revolt—Noble conduct of the King of Arragon—Tortures—Burning of the Knights over slow fires—John De Molay Grand Master of the Templars—His venerable appearance—Is burnt over a slow fire—His declaration—Anecdote—Fortitude of the sufferers—Wealth made over to the Knights of St. John.

THE remains of the three military orders took refuge in the island of Cyprus, where the king gave them an asylum at Limisso. The Grand Master of the Knights of St. John, to prevent the total extinction of his order, sent to the different cities of Europe,

commanding the members to assemble at Limisso. Scarcely had these orders arrived in Europe, when the knights were immediately in motion. They quitted their country, their posts, and the houses of their relations. Old and young ran into the seaport towns, and in a very short time a great number arrived in the ports of Cyprus.

But they had not been there long before the king began to tyrannize over them, and the Grand Master, with the permission of the Pope, fixed on the island of Rhodes as a permanent residence. The Templars, after leaving Cyprus, retired to Sicily, and from thence proceeded to the north of Europe, where their power quickly grew formidable.

In 1312, France was the scene of a barbarous act of injustice against these brave men. Philip the Fair had promised, after the death of Benedict XI., in 1305, to obtain the Popedom for Cardinal Bertrand de Goth, provided he would perform an important service for him. This contract, which was afterwards called the Devil's Bargain, was arranged by the two delinquents in the forest of Saintonge, near St. Jean D'Angely.

The service required was the extinction of the order of the Knights Templars. Bertrand was made Pope under the title of Clement V., and the process against the knights shortly afterwards commenced. Their power had excited the jealousy of Philip, and their riches his avarice.

The growth of their power and their wealth had, during the lapse of time, greatly relaxed the severity of the order, and many scandalous abuses crept in. It is not to be wondered at if among so large a body of men some, taking advantage of the licence and corruption of the age, committed gross errors and even crimes. Their accusers, however, as usually is the case, went too far in their charges, so that by their own statements it was easy to confute them.

They accused the knights of sorcery, infidelity, and murder. Like the rest of their fellow men, they were susceptible of human passions, and the very nature of their enterprises laid them open to temptation. But the Templar who had been drawn aside from his duty to commit some wild excess, would, at the news of a sudden calamity, a phenomenon in the

heavens, or the warning voice of the clergy, melt into tears, and suddenly become submissive and penitent. These men, however, must have possessed more than common strength of mind to enable them to endure the fatigues and privations they suffered in their struggles in the East.

But the long mission of the Crusades, and the sight of the Holy Sepulchre rescued by their best blood, had taught these intrepid men the value of human grandeur. With the Valley of the Shadow of Death constantly before their eyes, the soldiers of the Cross and the peaceful inhabitants of the desert were animated by the same spirit, both ready to lay down their lives for the good cause.

In times of peace the Templar retired to his fortified castle, which was generally situated on a superb site on the top of a craggy mountain, bristling with rocks and traversed by gloomy ravines and frightful precipices. The village at the foot, inhabited by the vassals, was built in the form of a crescent. Three ditches, running parallel with each other, surrounded the stronghold, half castle, half monastery, and were

traversed by drawbridges. The enormous gate was covered with boars' and wolves' heads. Each side was flanked by a tower, and over the entrance was a guard room, which commanded the country for miles. Such a look-out was necessary for fear of a surprise.

Inside the walls, which were always several feet thick, was a square court containing cisterns, fountains, &c. To the right and left were stables and sheds for cattle, farmyards, and buildings for the domestics. As the knights and their retainers formed a numerous body, everything necessary for their consumption was always kept in store in case of a siege. Beneath were prisons, cellars, and provision vaults. The enormous hall was pannelled with oak, and hung with banners and spoils taken in battle. The architecture was sombre and heavy, and the furniture massy but beautifully carved. The lords of these feudal palaces were men of family, and educated according to the fashion of those barbarous ages, without any reference to literary acquirements. Despising the ignoble occupation of a monastic life,

they spent much of their leisure in tournaments, hunting, festivals, and the pleasures of the table.

The dreadful punishments and persecutions to which the order was subjected have excited in modern times general indignation and compassion. No doubt, many individuals carried with them the corruptions with which the Crusaders were sometimes charged, and had offended religion and morals by their disorderly conduct. But the error they committed was abandoning the East and renouncing the first intentions of the institution.

Their active and enterprising spirit led them to form in the north of Europe a power which made established governments fear them. This was the true reason why they were pursued with savage vengeance by crowned heads and their satellites. It was policy and not justice that persecuted them. But the immediate cause of their destruction was the grasping avarice of Philip le Bel, King of France. This unscrupulous tyrant, being at that time the most powerful monarch in Europe, wished to place his son on the throne of Jerusalem, and coveted

their wealth to aggrandize him. Without legal proofs, and on no better authority than that of two recreant knights, who had been imprisoned by their order for their vices, he entered a protest against them, and caused the whole of the Templars who resided in his kingdom to be arrested on the same day.

In 1309, he convoked the States-General at Tours, to deliberate on the process against them. The assembly consisted of the noble and ignoble. This he considered a prudent measure, as by asking the opinion of all ranks, he might obtain praise for his impartiality. At this meeting the council adjudged the Templars worthy of death, confiscated their estates, and those who had the good fortune to be able to fly, they excommunicated.

Some crowned heads are not tyrannical exclusively for their own advantage. They have some idea of benefiting their subjects, and make use of despotism as a means. Others, on the contrary, have only self in view. They plan no scheme for bettering the condition of men, and only seek in power an instrument

to gratify their selfish and petty personalities. Such a man was Philip le Bel. In religion, he was either coldly indifferent, or grossly superstitious. His cardinal virtues were pride, avarice, and thirst for vengeance. It is said that he put the wives of his three sons in prison, and flayed alive some persons whom he suspected to be their lovers.

After the decision of the Council of Tours, he sent to Pope Clement V. to complain of the Templars. Without making any inquiry, this mitred bigot threw all those in his kingdom into prison, and delivering them over to the terrors of the inquisition, seized on all their wealth. He also sent two Cardinals to Paris to publish a bull approving of what the king had done. As is generally the case with tyrannical sovereigns, Philip had rapacious and inhuman ministers. Among the most powerful was Euguarrand de Margny, his treasurer, and his adviser in all his perfidious schemes. He levied vexatious taxes on the already overburdened people, mixed with alloy the gold and silver coin, and after they were put in circulation, refused to take them back again.

Although systematic oppression had nearly degraded the people into slaves, they rebelled, pillaged, and destroyed the house of the treasurer, and committed other disorders. Many were imprisoned, and the ringleaders hung. The Templars were suspected of having favoured this mutiny, and the king, who never forgot an injury, cherished the remembrance of this one.

This happened the year before the process ; but Philip had also another cause of complaint. In his quarrel with Boniface, the knights had espoused the Pope's cause, and furnished him with men and money to carry on the war. The King of Arragon, when urged by Philip to persecute the Templars, replied that he must first prove them guilty ; but the popular indignation was so great, that the knights, to save themselves from being torn to pieces, shut themselves up in fortresses.

On this being represented to the king as an act of rebellion, he marched against one of them. But perceiving his majesty, the knight in command surrendered, only demanding to have a fair trial. The

King of Arragon, however, admiring his intrepid conduct, said he would take the whole order under his protection, and forbade any one to molest them under heavy penalties, at the same time declaring he was ready to receive any information against them supported by proof.

With the year 1312, the real persecutions commenced. The rack, and other tortures, soon overcame the courage of the more feeble. They confessed their guilt, and accused their order; but no sooner were they released than they recanted, admitting however, the justice of their punishment for having publicly accused their brethren. Others of those unhappy victims, formed in a more vigorous mould, protested against confessions extorted from men under the influence of such terrible physical agonies. These courageous persons died under the hand of the executioner, loudly proclaiming their innocence.

The baffled and furious tyrant immediately ordered more than a hundred of these great soldiers to be burnt over a slow fire, and when he perceived that the heroism of these martyrs made a deep impression

on the spectators, he endeavoured to overcome their stoicism by fresh tortures. The Grand Master of the Templars, John de Molay, and Grey, brother to the Prince of Dauphiny, both at that time fighting gallantly against the Turks, were summoned to Paris by Philip. He soon presented himself at court with his friend, followed by sixty of his order.

Molay was at that time about fifty-four years of age. His figure was tall and commanding. He wore the white robe of peace, which fell to his feet, over his heart was stitched an eight-pointed cross, his head was covered with a high cap, and he held in his hand the mystic staff of his order. The king received him in gloomy silence, and commanded his guards to conduct him to prison.

When brought before his judges he was urged to confess his crimes "against religion and his majesty." He replied, that although he knew he was a great sinner, he was not conscious of having offended the king. On being pressed to implicate his order, and on a promise of pardon being held out to him, he said, that as he preferred death to dishonour, he

would not accuse innocent men. Finding him inflexible, his judges, who were creatures of Philip, condemned him to be burnt, together with his brethren, over a slow fire.

When conveyed to the place of execution, which was on the open space before the Church of Nôtre Dame, the offer of pardon was renewed, provided he would avow his crimes. But he indignantly refused, and turning to the king, who was present, addressed him thus :—

“ As I hope to appear shortly before a more merciful tribunal, the last act of my life shall be one of justice. I protest the innocence of myself and my brethren, and I rely on that Power that can read the heart, for mercy. With these sentiments in my breast, I render up my soul to Him who gave it.”

So saying, he immediately stepped up into the clear space prepared for him before the stake, and suffered himself to be chained to it without flinching. His friend, Guy, was placed at his side. The chroniclers of the period say, that in the midst of his torments, Molay cited the King and the Pope before

their Maker within a year and a day. By a curious coincidence, these persons died within the stated period.

Boccaccio relates that his father, who was a merchant residing at Paris, and who was present at this tragedy, spoke in enthusiastic terms of the constancy of the Grand Master. He died, he said, like a true servant of the Cross. The King of England, following the example of his majesty of France, cruelly persecuted the Templars in his dominions. Those who escaped dispersed themselves in the different convents in Europe, but the order was never restored. Their wealth was made over to the Knights of St. John, with the exception of the lands situated in Spain.

The revenues of the latter were applied to the defence of that country against the Moors. But Philip seized the greater part of their possessions on the pretence of defraying the expenses of the process, and the Knights of St. John had great trouble in obtaining the inheritance of their murdered brethren.

The "quartier Temple" derived its name from an

establishment of the Templars which existed in that part of Paris in 1147. The building stood about half a mile from the city wall, near one of the fortified gates in the old enclosure erected by Philip Augustus. The structure was at first only a simple monastery, but as the power and wealth of the Templars increased, the necessity of defence arose, and the tower was erected which six centuries later became the prison of Louis XVII. and his queen. The temple formed a large square, with a tower rising in the midst, and a turret at each corner. Within the enclosure was a number of houses, which let for a very high rent, the place being a sanctuary for murderers, robbers, conscripts, and debtors of all classes, and these found shelter there up to the Revolution. When it came into the possession of the Knights of St. John, they built a magnificent palace, and if report speak true the convivial parties held there rivalled those of the Palais Royale under the Regency.

CHAPTER XXV.

Rhodes—Description of it—The Colossus—Siege of the city—The knights tire of the conflict—Determination of Villaret—Gives the enemy battle—Drives them from the open field and resumes the siege—Capture of the city—Reduction of neighbouring islands—Osman—Besieges the city—Is driven off—Effeminacy of the knights—The story of the crocodile and the knight—Conduct of the Grand Master.

THE island of Rhodes is situated in the Carpathian sea about twenty miles from the continent. It took its name probably from the great number of roses formerly cultivated there, but in remote antiquity it was styled the Isle of Serpents, from the quantity of these reptiles found in it. It was so celebrated for its wines, that the Romans would only allow them to be used at their sacrifices; and the climate of this delightful spot is so lovely, that no day passes without being blessed by the sun's rays.

The Rhodians had the reputation of being the first people who sacrificed to Minerva; and Jupiter, to reward their piety to his daughter, overshadowed the island with a golden cloud, from which fell fertilising showers.

The buildings of the city of Rhodes were magnificent—the harbour was convenient; and the slopes of the mountains were covered with delightful gardens, vineyards, and fruitful orchards. The circumference of the island was about a hundred and fifty miles. On the ends of two rocks that form the harbour, the feet of the colossal bronze statue formerly stood. Ships in full sail could pass between its legs, and it was in antiquity considered one of the wonders of the world.

When everything was prepared, the knights and their troops embarked, set sail for Rhodes, and landed on the island, without encountering much opposition, with war engines and immense stores of provisions. But they were not suffered to take possession of the city of Rhodes without difficulty. The Greek Emperor sent powerful reinforcements to the

assistance of the governor, and the Saracens landed a number of troops. Thus the Grand Master, who was beseiging Rhodes, found himself in his turn besieged by a two-fold enemy, who, as far as possible, cut off their supplies.

The siege continued four years, during which time many of the knights, impatient of the fatigue of war, left for the West, and the Grand Master found himself obliged to carry on operations with a small body of knights and the remnant of the army. But Villaret, the administrator of the order of St. John, succeeded in overcoming all obstacles. He borrowed money from the Venetian bankers, and with this assistance paid his old troops and raised new.

When he had given them sufficient time for repose, he went out of his entrenchments and offered the enemy battle.

The slaughter was great on both sides. The Grand Master lost many of his knights, but the Greeks, who could not withstand their obstinate bravery, fled, and the Saracens following their example, gained the coast, embarked in their vessels, and carried

the news of the defeat to the islands of the Archipelago.

Relieved from their presence, the Grand Master, Villaret, prosecuted the siege with ardour. After an obstinate resistance the garrison surrendered, and from that period the Hospitallers took the title of the Knights of Rhodes. Eight or nine small islands in the neighbourhood soon submitted to his authority, and the soldiers of the Cross were taking a little repose after having repaired the fortifications so shattered by a long siege, when a formidable enemy came to disturb their tranquillity. Osman, a branch of the family of the Turkish Sultan of that name, then reigned over a part of Bithynia, a province of Asia. This prince took under his protection the corsairs and pirates, who had, in concert with the Greeks, attacked the knights on the island of Rhodes.

With the aid of these lawless men this chief determined to drive the knights out of the island. He sailed to the place, and landing his numerous army, began immediately to besiege the city. The walls

were scarcely repaired, but experience had taught the Grand Master that the best means of defence in a besieged city were the valour and courage of the besieged. The Turks lost a great part of their army, and Osman, so fortunate in his other enterprises, was obliged to raise the siege and leave the island.

The conquest of Rhodes, and the acquisition of the wealth of the Templars, had raised the Knights of St. John to a degree of grandeur only to be compared to that of the most powerful sovereigns. But this prosperity, so advantageous in a position purely secular, weakened the influence of the religious order. The younger part of the knights became effeminate, and spent their time in degrading excesses. Vilaret, dazzled with the glory he had acquired by his conquests, had not strength of mind to resist the flattery of the crowd of sycophants by which he was surrounded, and took no precaution for the future. He was accused of misapplying the funds of the order. Fearing for his life he left the capital, on the pretence of a hunting party, and shut himself up in the fortress of Laudo, situated in

the neighbourhood, until the interference of the Pope reinstated him in his office.

In all histories there is a certain mixture of fable, and as a specimen of the myths with which the Knights of St. John loved to adorn their annals, we introduce the following singular narrative. About this time an order was issued by the Grand Master to prevent the knights, on the penalty of being deprived of their honours, to attack an enormous serpent or crocodile which had for a long time infested the island. It was said that this ferocious beast had devoured several of the inhabitants.

The lair of this dreaded animal was a grotto situated on the edge of a morass, at the foot of the mountain of St. Sophia, about two miles from Rhodes. Sheep, cows, and horses, were said to have been seized and devoured as they approached the water to drink. Many of the knights had left the city in the hope of destroying the animal, but had never returned. As the use of firearms had not become general, and the skin of the monster was covered with scales, neither arrows nor darts could

reach him. All the knights had resolved to obey the mandate of the Grand Master, with the exception of one named Gozon, who was determined to rid the island of this scourge, or perish in the attempt.

For this purpose, he obtained leave of his chiefs, and retired to his domains in Provence. He had understood that there were no scales on the crocodile's belly; and, accordingly, he made, in wood, a model of the beast, and imitated his colour by painting. When this was ready, he trained two young dogs to run at his command and throw themselves under the belly of the frightful animal. At the same time he pretended to strike at it with his lance.

Gozon employed several months in perfecting his plan. He then returned to Rhodes, and going to the spot, hid his arms in a hollow near a chapel built on the top of the mountain. He was accompanied by two confidential servants. After he had entered the chapel and implored a blessing on his undertaking, he completely armed himself, and ordered his attendants to remain at some distance to witness the combat, and in case of his death, to

return to their country. But if he should succeed in wounding the monster, they were to run to his assistance.

He then rode down the mountain. At the sound of his horse's feet, and the barking of the dogs, the monster rushed out of his den with open jaws and eyes sparkling with rage. The knight struck at him with his lance, when his horse, terrified at the hissing and peculiar smell of the animal, refused to advance, and springing on one side, threw his rider, whose destruction seemed inevitable. But regaining his feet, he, with the assistance of his faithful dogs, attacked his formidable enemy. With one lash of his tail, the knight was felled to the ground. But the dogs, remembering their lessons, flew at the animal's belly, which they lacerated in a frightful manner. Gozon, on witnessing the success of his stratagem, plunged his sword into its vulnerable part. Torrents of blood flowed, and the serpent, making a last effort, rolled over on his assailant. The assistants rushed forward, and with great difficulty the knight was rescued from his perilous situa-

tion. He had fainted, but soon recovering, had the pleasure of seeing his enemy prostrate at his feet.

The news of the death of the serpent spread like lightning over Rhodes. A number of the inhabitants ran to the mountain, who conducted the knight home in a litter. When brought into the presence of the Grand Master, he received him with a darkened brow, and asked him if he was ignorant of the penalty attached to his disobedience. Without listening to any explanation, or attending to the entreaties of the knights, he sent Gozon to prison; the Grand Master thinking that such a breach of discipline might be prejudicial to the interests of the order. He also stripped him of his knight's dress, and his privileges—a punishment Gozon felt worse than death. But the Grand Master, after he had satisfied the ends of justice, released the brave knight, reinstated him in his honours, and overwhelmed him with kindness. But his highest reward was the gratitude of the inhabitants of Rhodes; and the monster's head was nailed over one of the gates of the city as a monument of Gozon's victory.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Arming of a fleet—Tamerlane—Besieges Smyrna—Takes the city—The white flag, the red flag, and the black flag—Peter D'Aubuisson—Mohammed the Great—Sends spies into Rhodes—Preparations for resistance—Appearance of the Turkish fleet—The German engineer—Attack on the Tower of St. Nicolas—The spy—Progress of the siege—The floating bridge—An English sailor saves the place—Defeat of the Muslims—Dreadful scene—Execution of the spy—Courage of Aubuisson—The Turks take the Jews' quarter—Hand to hand combat—Entire rout of the Muslims—Death and character of Aubuisson.

AFTER this period, Rhodes enjoyed, for some time, profound peace. But its security was fatal to the cause of religion. The fleet was neglected; the knights deserted their posts; and his Holiness the Pope, on learning that the pilgrims were left without defences, and the order living in great luxury, com-

manded the Grand Master to man six galleys at his own expense, and joining them to those already in the fort, send them to repel the attacks of the Barbarians.

The order was obeyed, and the fleet put under the command of a Genoese captain, who, more attentive to his own interest than the glory of the knights, occupied himself with traffic, and the ships were soon filled with merchandise. When the news of this reached Rhodes, the captain quickly lost his post, and was succeeded by General Jean Biandra, a Knight of the Order.

This commander fulfilled his duty so faithfully that the island was, for some time, free from the attacks of its enemies. Tamerlane, Grand Khan of the Tartars, in 1399, being unable to attack Rhodes, besieged Smyrna, then in the possession of the knights. But annoyed at the slowness of the siege, he demanded permission, in 1401, to place his standard on the walls. This proposition was treated with contempt. The Tartar, irritated at their refusal, made a furious assault, and in spite of their brave resistance, the

city was taken by storm, and, according to general custom, all the inhabitants were put to the sword.

Three days before he entered the city, he displayed on the end of a lance, a white flag, to signify he was ready to treat with the besieged. On the second, a red flag took the place of the symbol of peace, to point out to his refractory enemies that delay would cost them the lives of their officers and all the garrison. But on the third day, the ominous black flag floated over the tent of the barbarian, as a signal that no mercy was to be expected.

During the carnage, however, many of the knights contrived to escape over the walls, and precipitating themselves into the sea, gained their ships, and immediately set sail for Rhodes. The year 1476 was rendered memorable by the election of Peter D'Aubuisson, Grand Prior of Auvergne, who for some years had been the sole support of the order.

Mohammed the Great, who had succeeded his father, had for some time conceived the project of besieging Rhodes. For this purpose he sent spies into the island to observe the strength of the city, the

number of the garrison, &c. But his projects being discovered, the Sultan despatched ambassadors, feigning to treat for peace. But D'Aubuisson, understanding the ruse, consented to a truce for three months, in order to give time for preparation. As soon as the envoys had left the island, he appointed four generals, each of whom had the guard of a quarter assigned to him. He caused the country houses, gardens, and orchards to be destroyed, the trees felled, the villages to be burnt, and all the inhabitants to take shelter inside the walls. The harvest was reaped, and every description of food for man and beast brought into the city.

Mohammed was not long before he made known his projects against Rhodes. He was encouraged in his designs by Michael Paleologus, a renegade Greek. He had in his pay also a German engineer, who had visited Rhodes, and taken an exact plan of the city and its environs. On the 1st of April the Sultan's fleet left Gallipoli, and in a very short time appeared in sight of Rhodes. It consisted of a hundred and sixty large ships, besides transport vessels, feluccas,

and galleys. They were manned by a hundred thousand men. The capital of Rhodes was situated on the borders of the sea on the slope of a hill, at that time covered with orange groves, pomegranate-trees, and beautiful vineyards. The place was surrounded by double walls, fortified at intervals by battlemented towers. These were strengthened in the interior by a rampart, and outside by a broad and deep ditch. The city had two ports, the entrance of one was defended by the tower of St. Nicolas, built at the end of a mole which ran into the sea about three hundred feet. The galleys and smaller vessels were kept there, and the other was filled with the large ones, and defended by the towers of St. John and St. Michael.

George Frappen, the German engineer, advised the Pacha to attack the tower of St. Nicolas.

“Once,” said he, “master of that stronghold, you will soon enter the city in triumph.”

His counsel was approved of, and three enormous pieces of artillery commenced a destructive fire on the tower.

The Grand Master raised a counter battery in the garden of the Auvergne quarter, which poured forth tremendous volleys. But this was only a prelude to the horrible thunder which roared forth from the fleet when the Pasha opened all his artillery upon the place. The German engineer, who wished to join artifice to open strength, and who desired to gain information with respect to the weak parts of the fortification, with the consent of the Turkish general, presented himself at the edge of the ditch in a suppliant posture, in the character of a deserter from the enemy's camp. He entreated the sentinel to open the gates, and having been allowed to enter, he was conducted to the Grand Master.

Frappen had a tall and commanding figure and a handsome countenance, but under an ingenuous exterior hid the cunning and address of a traitor. In order to gain his confidence, he gave the Grand Master some important hints relative to the defence of the city. But D'Aubuisson, who did not wish to run any risk, desired his officers to listen to

his advice, but at the same time to observe him narrowly. The Grand Master, who knew that the salvation of Rhodes depended on the preservation of fort St. Nicolas, garrisoned it with a chosen body of knights, and observing that the enemy would encounter little difficulty in climbing the end of the mole, he threw into the sea planks of wood full of iron nails and short spikes. He also placed at the foot of the rock firepots which would burn the Turkish vessels if they approached too near.

A body of French and Spanish knights placed themselves in the ditch to defend the town on that side. After these precautions had been taken, the Administrator of the Order entered the tower and awaited the event. A narrow neck of land separated the tower from the camp of the infidels, and to attack it, it was necessary to cross a small arm of the sea. For this purpose, a bridge was constructed by an ingenious Turkish engineer, which would reach from the church of St. Antony to the tower. Having attached one end of a thick cable to the bridge, he passed the other through the ring of an anchor sunk

near the rock, and hoped by this means to draw over the whole structure.

But an English sailor, named Jervis Rogers, who was by chance walking near the spot, saw the whole of this manœuvre, and when the engineer departed, he plunged into the sea. Untying the cable he left it on the shore, drew up the anchor, and carried it to the Grand Master, who rewarded him liberally for his bravery and adroitness. On the next morning, when the Turks attempted to advance their bridge, they saw their stratagem had been detected and rendered useless.

But this disappointment did not discourage the Muslims. By supporting the bridge on dismantled boats, and towing them over during the night, they brought it to the edge of the mole. While many of the soldiers by means of this passage gained the foot of the tower, the light boats landed on the other side a chosen body of Turks, who had flattered themselves they would be able to surprise the Christians. But D'Aubuisson, who had foreseen this second attack, after reinforcing the garrison, lined the walls with a nu-

merous body of musketeers and formidable artillery. On hearing the noise made by the enemy in reaching the mole, he poured such a furious discharge on them, that he killed numbers. But the bridge and galleys soon brought reinforcements. The combat was long and bloody. Many of those who succeeded in reaching the breach were killed without quarter.

The son-in-law of Mohammed, a brave and intrepid warrior, disputed the ground inch by inch, until he was left nearly alone. He fought behind a rampart of the dead bodies of his soldiers, and after killing several of the knights with his own hand, fell covered with wounds. The conflict at sea was not less terrible. The fire-pots burnt the Turkish galleys, and the cries from the crews of those which were in flames—the smoke and roaring of the cannon—the groans of the wounded and dying, and the horrors of darkness, did not relax for a moment the courage of the combatants.

When day appeared, the Grand Master perceived the floating bridge covered with soldiers coming to rescue their comrades. He pointed his artillery

with such good effect, that an immense number were killed, and the others, in spite of the prayers and entreaties of their officers abandoned, the attack and took refuge in their vessels. A dreadful scene now presented itself; the water was covered with dead bodies, arrows, turbans, and the still flaming fragments of the galleys. Breaches had been made in the walls in many parts, and the fortifications were opened on all sides. In this almost hopeless state, the knights who had the charge of the German engineer, conducted him to the breach, and showing him the ruined tower, the tottering walls, and the half-filled ditch, asked him whether in this season of peril he could give them any advice. On pretence of alarming the enemy, he fired some random shots, which, instead of doing any service, drew the attention of the Muslims. He was immediately suspected, and on being put to the torture, acknowledged that he had entered the city with the intention of delivering it up to the Mobammedans. He was then taken out upon the ramparts, and executed in sight of the enemy.

The knights, who had began to murmur at the useless waste of human life, were commanded to appear before D'Aubuisson, who told them they were at liberty to leave Rhodes. "But," continued he, with a severe countenance, "if you remain here, never talk of surrender. If you do, I will put all of you to death." At this firm and courageous conduct the malcontents returned to their duty. On the morning of the twenty-seventh of June, a little before sunrise, a body of Turks mounted in silence the ramparts, and made themselves masters of the Jews' quarter, now in a hopeless state of ruin.

The sentinels, overpowered with fatigue, had fallen asleep. Proud of their success, the Muslims planted their standard on the walls, and a reinforcement having arrived, they prepared to enter the city. Perceiving the greatness of the danger, the Grand Master, unfurling the banner of his religion, and turning to the knights, cried out, "Follow me, my brethren! let us fight for our faith, and the defence of Rhodes, or be buried under its ruins." He rushed, followed by his comrades, to the breach, and,

to his surprise, saw it in the possession of five hundred Muslims. As the houses in that part of the city were low, the ramparts could only be reached by the aid of steps cut in the stones. But these were filled up with broken masonry. The Grand Master, seizing a ladder, mounted, in spite of the furious attempts of the enemy to repulse him. He was followed by the knights, who contrived to reach the ramparts, climbing on their hands and knees. This dreadful conflict endured for hours; the Grand Master, wounded and covered with blood, was many times dragged to the ground, and his faithful knights, fearing for his life, entreated him to leave the scene.

But the brave man, in answer to their prayers, said:—"Let us die here, my dear brethren; where can we lose our lives more gloriously?" This courageous speech animated the knights with new ardour, and the Mussulmans, believing him to be more than human, took to flight, killing one another in their terror and confusion. In vain the Pasha tried to re-assure them; they all fled, and the general was glad to take refuge in his tent.

When Mohammed heard of this defeat, he flew into a violent passion, and had his generals and officers been present, he would, without doubt, have strangled them all. But he determined to put himself at the head of another army, and sail to besiege Rhodes. On his way death put a stop to his enterprise. He was attacked by a violent fever, and died at a small house in Bithynia.

The Grand Master, after he had been relieved of the enemy, tried to restore discipline among his troops, and sent away the Jews from the island, who were ruining the people by their extortions. He forbade his knights to use rich stuffs of various colours in their habits, and likewise all golden ornaments. But although he commenced repairing the fortifications, the ruins that surrounded him caused him to fall into a state of melancholy. The disunion among the knights, and the conduct of the court of Rome in disposing of the rich dignities of the order without consulting him, added to his distress. He fell ill, and in a few days expired. Thus died, in 1502, at the age of eighty, Peter D'Aubuisson,

Grand Master of Rhodes, one of the greatest warriors of his time. He was loved and respected by his knights ; was the friend of the poor ; the sword and buckler of Christianity, as much distinguished by his solid piety as by his inflexible courage.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Suleiman sends an army against Rhodes—The Turks land—Incessant conflicts—Arrival of the Sultan in person—The Muslims assault the city—Blow up the English bastion—The Grand Master's courage—Fury of the Turkish General—Obstinate valour of the Christians—Anecdote of the two Pachas—The successful Spy—A Traitor—Discovery of his baseness—His trial, sentence, and execution—Curious ceremonies—Taking of the Isolated Tower—The silence of death—Terms of the treaty.

FOR many years the island was the theatre of numerous battles, though the Turks had never been able to penetrate into the city, when Suleiman the Magnificent, having become master of Belgrade, turned his attention towards Rhodes. He gave the conduct of his land forces to the Pacha Mustafa, his favourite and brother-in-law, and the Pacha Ahmed, a skilful engineer, was to direct the siege works. He also placed a very old commander named Pacha Peri, who

was in his confidence, to preside over the former, who were younger officers.

They landed, in 1522, on the other side of the island, about six miles from the city. The fleet consisted of four hundred sail; the army, of a hundred and forty thousand men. When all had disembarked, the pioneers commenced cutting a road for the artillery. The Christians, in their frequent sorties, greatly harassed the labourers, and the fire from the city made great havoc in the trenches. The sword finished what the artillery spared.

No day passed without a number of the Turks being cut to pieces. The Muslim soldiers, accustomed to found their hopes of success on the fortunes of the first conflict, foreboded ill of the event of the siege. By the prudence of the Grand Master, the island appeared deserted. No provision for man or beast could be found, nor was there a human being to be seen. The Turkish soldiers were confined to the camp through fear of ambuscades, as bands of Christians were often hid in solitary places. A war so useless and painful, excited the disgust and often

the murmurs, of both officers and men. The Pacha Peri, alarmed at this state of things, wrote to the Sultan, informing him that his presence alone could extirpate the seeds of rebellion, and reanimate the courage of his troops.

He soon arrived on the island, where he was received with salvos of artillery, the music of drums, and other military instruments. He was accompanied by fifty thousand men. The soldiers and pioneers, by order of the generals, employed themselves for many days in transporting earth and stones, with which they raised a battery between the towers of Spain and Auvergne, opposite the Italian bastion. As this place was very much exposed to the cannon of the city, a great number of pioneers lost their lives. But Mustafa made no scruple of sacrificing the lives of these miserable men to gain his ends. Two immense mounds of earth, ten feet higher than the walls, soon rose, which commanded the whole city.

The German forts were first attacked, and the miners blew up the English bastion. So violent was the effect, that it threw down several yards of the

wall, and the ruins filled up the ditch. The Grand Master, who was in a neighbouring church imploring that aid from Heaven which was refused him on earth, heard the horrible crash, and rose from his knees immediately. The priest was in the act of pronouncing these words—"Lord come to our aid." "I accept the augury," cried the Grand Master, and turning to some old knights who had accompanied him, added, "Come, my brothers, follow me; let us die, if necessary, in the defence of our holy faith."

He rushed out, pike in hand, mixed with the enemy, threw down or killed all that resisted him, snatched away their ensigns, and soon regained the bastion. The general, Mustafa, who was in the trench, and saw the consternation and flight of his soldiers, rushed forth, sword in hand, and killed the fugitive Turks, who thus learnt that there was less safety near their general than on the breach.

Ashamed and frightened, the soldiers returned to the attack; but overwhelmed with the volley of musketry, fire pots, and hand grenades, they again quickly turned their backs, and found that death

from the hands of the furious Pacha which they feared to encounter on the walls. No day passed without an attack either on the bastion or the fortifications. The obstinate valour of the inhabitants of Rhodes was not easily subdued. Priests, old men, nuns, and even children, repulsed the enemy with stones, burning sulphur, and boiling oil; and weary, feeble women fought gallantly by the sides of their husbands.

On the occasion of the furious attack made on the Spanish fort by a body of Janissaries, the Christians fought so desperately that the Turks were repulsed, and Suleiman, to save their honour, sounded a retreat, after having left on the breach, or at the foot of the ramparts, fifteen thousand men. Furious at the bad success of his enterprise, the Sultan ordered Mustafa, who had counselled the attack, to be shot by his own archers. The army was already drawn out to witness his death, and the culprit bound to the fatal tree, when the Pacha Peri, who knew when the Sultan had recovered his temper he would not be sorry to be spared this stain on his honour, went and

threw himself at his feet to ask pardon for his companion. But he ought to have known, from his own experience, that lions are seldom tamed.

Suleiman, who was not master of himself, jealous of this interference with his will, and astonished that any one in his empire could be found bold enough to stand between him and his anger, immediately commanded the unlucky Peri to be placed at the side of Mustafa. The other Pachas, in order to soften this ferocious despot, knelt before him ; and the Sultan, having in some measure relented, pardoned both the culprits, but he would never again see Mustafa. On pretence of business, he sent him to a distant employment.

Despairing of taking the city, Suleiman was preparing to raise the siege, when an Albanian soldier, who had been in Rhodes in the character of a spy, informed him that nearly all the knights were either killed or wounded, and that it was impossible they could long hold out.

This information determined him to remain the whole winter before Rhodes. For this purpose he

caused a house to be constructed on a hillock in the neighbourhood. But if Religion, in the persons of the knights, had so many brave defenders, she nourished in her bosom a serpent who had no hesitation in sacrificing the interests of his order to his private revenge. This traitor was the Chancellor Amaral. The servant of this knight had been seen at unseasonable hours with a bow in his hand in the neighbourhood of the Auvergne fort. He was watched, and was seen to place a letter on the end of an arrow, and shoot it into the enemy's camp.

When put to the torture, he betrayed his accomplice. Amaral had informed the Turkish General where the city was weakest, and given him other information to their disadvantage. The cause of his enmity was supposed to be in not having been chosen Grand Master instead of Villiers de L'Isle Adam. The servant was hung; and on the 30th October, less than two months before the capitulation, the Chancellor was brought into the Church of St. John to receive his sentence.

The walls and columns were hung with black

cloth, and the Grand Master, although severely wounded, was seated in his chair of state. The knights of the order stood in their stalls, dressed in their richest costume, with drawn swords in their hands. Numerous empty seats attested the number of the fallen, whose banners and corselets hung on the walls. The stall belonging to the criminal was covered with black cloth, and his standard trailed on the ground, his arms being also reversed.

The Brethren scarcely recovered from their wounds, filled the body of the church, their countenances turned in the direction of the criminal, who was kneeling before an open coffin. His head was shaved, and at a distance his spurs and sword broken, were laid on a cushion. He had just received his sentence, and was to be beheaded, while his right hand was cut off. The executioner, a negro slave, was standing near, armed with a formidable scimitar.

On the ringing of a bell, the Grand Master, laying his sword on the altar, began the service for the dead, accompanied at intervals by the melancholy chaunt

of the monks. After all was ended, the condemned knight was conducted by his guards to the Eastern gate, where, after he had been despoiled of his chancellor's robe and had witnessed his corselet being broken by an axe, the remainder of the sentence was executed, and his head placed on a pike in sight of the enemy.

But all the efforts of the knights were in vain. The succours which had been demanded from the West had not arrived, and after much deliberation, a truce of three days was asked for and granted. At the end of the stipulated time, a further delay was demanded, but instead of complying, the Turks, assaulting the city, at length overpowered the knights. During the heat of the action, twenty of these devoted men had shut themselves up in an isolated tower, determining to defend it to the last, and sell their lives as dearly as possible.

This stronghold guarded an easy entrance to the city, and many lives had been there sacrificed on both sides. The enemy had taken possession of the Grand Master's palace; the Mussulman fleet block-

aded the port, and all hope was lost, when a little band of monks, who had escaped the carnage under cover of night, were hiding in a cavern near the shore. They were waiting for a vessel to convey them to Europe. By the light of the moon they perceived several Turkish galleys glide cautiously along the beach and land their crews, who placed ladders against the battlements.

Soon after, the wild yells of the besiegers, the cries of the surprised garrison, the shrieks of the dying, and the war-shouts of the brave few who were for a moment able to withstand this furious onset, rose loud into the air. A death-like silence shortly succeeded, and at break of day the standard of the Cross was replaced by a horse's tail mounted on a pike. Seeing all hope lost, the whole of the inhabitants of Rhodes came in a body, and begged the Grand Master to open negotiation with the Sultan.

He consented with regret, and in a very short time signed a treaty in which were the following articles. That the churches were not to be profaned

—that the inhabitants should not be obliged to deliver up the children as captives—that they should be free to exercise the Christian religion—that no imposts should be levied on them for five years—that those who wished to go out of the city should have liberty to do so—that if the Grand Master and his knights had not sufficient vessels to take them away from the island, they were to be found by the Turks, and that twelve days should be allowed for the completion of the treaty. They were permitted to carry away with them the holy relics, their ornaments, furniture, &c.; their cannons, arms, and galleys were to be given up to the Turks, and to facilitate the execution of this treaty, the Muslim camp was removed some miles.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The knights leave Rhodes—Present aspect of the island—The city as it is—The coffee houses—Eternal smokers—Beautiful fruits—Veiled women—A motley group—The Street of the Knights—Ignorance of the inhabitants—The tower of St. Nicolas—The church of St. John—The palace of the Grand Master—The Auberge—The City of the Dead—A funereal army—The tomb of the Santon—The Frank quarter—Ruse—Ruins of ancient Rhodes—The castle of the solitary—Beautiful view—No mementos of the past—Exports—Resuscitation of commerce.

THE Grand Master, accompanied by the *débris* of his army, left the island. It was a melancholy sight to see the knights abandon a spot where they had flourished two hundred and eighty years. The aspect of Rhodes in the present day is very different from what it was when occupied by the order of St. John. Round or square towers rise on every side, some having the pointed roofs of the middle ages,

but the greater part terminating in terraces, where the Eastern women assemble every evening, to enjoy the beauty of the Oriental night.

The pier is lined with coffee-houses having long wooden benches before the doors, where repose, during the greater part of the day, numbers of Turks and Greeks. Before these eternal smokers, sparkles the bright expanse of waters, bearing on its bosom the light boats of the Levant, laden with vegetables, water melons, and other fruits, which the sailors bring on shore and sell on the quay.

Around these delicate luxuries stand veiled women, dressed in tunics of various colours. Flat-faced negroes with their heads enveloped in scarlet cloth ; Jews who glide among the crowd without touching them ; Greeks with their audacious countenances and chattering tongues ; soldiers in their hot and uncomfortable uniform ; Turks with their graceful dresses and flowing beards ; all these, with half-naked children basking in the sun, form together a motley and singular group.

The first street which strikes the eye on entering

Rhodes, is that of the knights, so called from its having been inhabited by them. It is steep and deserted, and covered with earth, grass, and loose stones. An archway leads to another dark, winding street, with sculptured gates ornamented with escutcheons, and having a cross over every door. The houses resemble fortresses, black and square. In their vast and neglected courts grow tall and luxuriant weeds, with a few aged trees overgrown with moss and ivy.

The spacious saloons are silent as the tomb, and the windows and doors are open to the winds of heaven. But their fronts are still in good preservation, and are covered with the arms of the different knights who dwelt in them. Their appearance is as desolate as if they had never been inhabited since the time of the siege. This street traverses the city, one end terminating at the church of St. John, the other opposite the Turkish mosque. As the arms and cross of Aubuisson predominate, the probability is that a great part of the city was built during the period he was Grand Master.

But among so many objects which recal heroic actions, the curious traveller will be disappointed in finding he can get no information from the inhabitants of Rhodes. The nobles who dwelt in these superb palaces appear not to have left any descendants. Their history terminated with them. If you question the Turk, he will answer that he has heard that they were found in the city, and that his countrymen drove them out. They have even forgotten in their indifference to take down the cross which still seems to defy them, and their idleness has preserved intact the warlike appearance of the place which it possessed at the time of the knights.

Although the quays and ramparts are in a neglected state, the beautiful tower of St. Nicolas is still standing. The city, which is hidden in groves of cyprus and fig-trees, is overlooked by verdant hills, and amid the golden cupolas of the Turkish mosques, float the flags of the different consuls. The church of St. John of Rhodes is not to be compared with that of Malta. Although these monkish war-

riors could wield the trowel in one hand and the sword in another, they never in their hours of leisure erected a temple worthy of the Lord. But this unadorned edifice, without sculptured trophies to tell of departed glory, makes more impression on the mind than that most superb building, although profaned by conquest. The Knights of Malta had painters, and sculptors, and architects brought from Italy to construct their beautiful church. Their predecessors of Rhodes, on the contrary, always subject to the attacks of the Turks from the first hour of their occupation of the island, could only raise a building which differed little from a private dwelling. The birds fly in and out, and there is nothing to distinguish its exterior but a broad and high façade, with a very large window, which, from neglect, is falling in ruins.

The pavement has been taken up by the Turks in search of treasure. The church is nearly empty, and it seems to have been abandoned by all parties. A few verses of the Koran written on the walls, and a pulpit for the imam, surrounded by a mat spread for

the convenience of the "true believers," will show that it has been used as a mosque.

The ruins of the palace of the Grand Master are at the top of the street, near the fortifications. This castle, which commanded a view of the city, the sea, and the surrounding country, has fallen out into the court, in the midst of which rises a shattered wall and crumbling towers. Rubbish encumbers the apartments, and the pillars and arches of the gallery, covered with ivy, serve as a shelter for the bird of night. From this palace runs a narrow street leading to the Turkish quarter, near which stands a heavy-looking building. This edifice is the auberge where the knights, on their first occupation of Rhodes, dined together. But, at a later period, when their chief employment was war, when they preferred wielding the sword to dressing the wounded and healing the sick, the old discipline relaxed, and the wealthy knights built houses for their own occupation.

There were, originally, eight of these taverns; one for each nation. Outside the city, is the spot where

the hundred and sixty thousand men were interred, whom the conquest of Rhodes cost Suleiman. They appear to have been buried in haste, as thousands of stones, high and low, some covered with verses of the Koran, others with rudely sculptured portions, point out the resting places of these fierce Osmanlis.

Amidst the tombs which surround the city, rise, shaded by groves of old plantain trees, several cupolas, under which repose the Aga and his janissaries. The cactus, the rose tree, and the wild mulberry, grow under the protecting shade of these beautiful trees.

On all sides, as far as the eye can reach, we behold this funereal army, whose courage once threatened the old walls now thickly ploughed with bullets, and where shine, at intervals, the escutcheons of nobles from the West. Enormous mortars and large-mouthed cannons rest upon the ramparts. On a narrow neck of land near this spot, rises the tomb of a Santon, shaded by a rich grove of cypresses, and close beside it are seen the sepulchres of those persons whom the

Porte has exiled to Rhodes, when it was not found convenient to cut off their heads.

At a short distance from this solitary spot is built the Frank quarter, inhabited by European families, the consuls, invalids who leave the city to breathe the fresh air, sailors, and the owners of the different coffee houses. The poor Greek population of Rhodes cultivate the land, though in a slovenly manner. After the evacuation of the city by the knights, no Christian was allowed to sleep inside the walls; the gates were closed at sunset, and at the present day they are not suffered to purchase any property there. But the law is often evaded by the Christians, who contrive to get their wives to purchase the estate they wish to possess.

The ruins of ancient Rhodes are situated about four leagues in the interior. To reach them it is necessary to mount a rough path, which winds round the side of the mountain between huge blocks of stone. On reaching the summit, you find an old feudal tower surrounded by palm groves. Afterwards the traveller descends to a plain covered by the most

beautiful flowers, spreading out before him like the promised land. In the valley the traces are still preserved of an ancient road, not far from which rises the tower of a feudal baron, now inhabited by a Turkish lord. He has no companion in this dismantled tower, and his history is unknown; but, probably, he has been disappointed, or foiled, in some ambitious project.

The rest of the road lies through a fertile country covered with vineyards and beautiful gardens. The path winding between hedges of sweet briar, figs, and the cactus, till at length are perceived the ruins of Rhodes—a mere mass of fallen masonry, with a few trees growing among the rubbish. The only thing in preservation, is a beautiful small chapel of gothic architecture, evidently built by the knights. Among these heaps of ruins, no traces are seen of the temples consecrated to Bacchus, or to the other gods of antiquity, which were once adorned with superb ornaments.

From the summit of the mountain a magnificent view presents itself. Towards the East, rises Mount

Ida, clothed with beautiful woods, and glittering with foaming cascades and running streams. Towards the South, lies Cyprus, with its groves of orange and citron trees; and, in the distance, runs the chain of Mount Taurus, covered with eternal snows.

But although the aspect of nature is rich and lovely, there is nothing in the island to remind you of the glorious past. With the flight of the knights, its fame departed. Although the Turks have thinned the superb forests, groves of olives and mastic trees grow without cultivation on the hills, and the valleys are clothed with wild and luxuriant vegetation.

The exports of Rhodes consist of wood for building, fruit, olive oil, very fine sponges, and wine which is exceedingly good, considering that the vineyards are suffered to grow wild. In antiquity, the orange, citrons, figs, and grapes, were considered of superior quality. But there are no signs of the prosperity Rhodes enjoyed when under the shelter of the Christian Cross. The island has no magnificence except what nature has given it. A few steam packets

and merchant ships stop there ; and, perhaps, the intercourse of strangers, which is greatly on the increase, may communicate a fresh impetus to its commerce.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The knights wander for years—Proceed to Malta—Description of the place—Naval expeditions—Perino De Ponte—Barbarossa—The knights assist the Tunisians—Anecdote—The tapestried portraits—Dragat the Corsair—The knights drive the Turks from Mahdia—The Muslims appear before Malta—Cruel design—Is rejected—The words of the Pacha—A reinforcement of six men!—Flight of the Turks.

WHEN the knights left Rhodes, they landed on the Neapolitan shore, not far from the spot where Æneas, according to Virgil, disembarked with the remnant of his brave Trojans. After wandering about for several years, permission was given them by Charles V. to take possession of Malta, provided they defended it from the attacks of the infidels; the only tribute required being the present of a falcon every year.

In 1530, when they landed, they found the island

very barren, the sandstone rocks being only covered with a thin stratum of soil. Still it produced figs, melons, oranges, and a great quantity of honey, but extremely little grain. Some of these articles the inhabitants exchanged with other countries for corn. Water and wood were scarce, consequently at the time of the arrival of the knights it was but thinly inhabited, and possessed few defences. The fort of St. Angelo protecting the harbour, which afforded good anchorage for ships; the City Notible, now Citta Vecchia, about six miles inland, and a few scattered villages, composed the whole of the inhabited spots.

On disembarking, the Grand Master took possession of the castle of St. Angelo, but he found the accommodations there very mean, and his knights were obliged to lodge in fishermen's huts. Three days after, they entered the city, and in a short time were masters of the whole island, together with the islet of Gozo. Their first care, after establishing their authority, was to provide suitable accommodation, and finding Malta had no other defences than

the castle, which was much exposed on all sides, they were obliged to content themselves for the present, as their treasury was much exhausted, with throwing up a strong wall around their habitations.

After visiting several neighbouring islands, subduing some, and putting others in a state of defence, the Grand Master, on his return to Malta, fitted out a fleet, and sailed with his knights on several expeditions, in most of which he was successful. He then occupied himself in repairing the old fortifications and raising new ones, and sent to the different cities in Europe, commanding all the dispersed knights to assemble at Malta.

L'Isle Adam, afflicted by some furious disputes which arose among the members of the different orders, and grieved at the persecutions to which he was subjected, fell sick, and died on the eighteenth of August, 1534. He was a man possessed of great firmness, and a kind and gentle disposition.

He was succeeded by Perino De Ponte, a soldier of severe and austere manners, who at first refused the dignity, but on learning that the famous Bar-

barossa was besieging Tunis and threatening Tripoli, he changed his mind, and accepted the honour. He then sent powerful reinforcements to join those which had been thrown on the African coast by the Emperor Charles V. The united army attacked and routed the forces of Barbarossa, who immediately after made preparations for blowing up a fort, in which, among a number of Christian prisoners, was Paul Simeonie, a knight of St. John.

This man prevailed, by large bribes, on the jailer, a renegade, to take off his chains, and assist him in doing the same for his companions. These men, bursting open the armoury, provided themselves with weapons and massacred all they found in their way. On learning this event, Barbarossa fled; and the knights, after having been overwhelmed with presents, returned to Malta. The Grand Master, De Ponte, only retained his dignity one year, and was succeeded by Didier de Tolon de St. Jolle, who had been one of the most devoted defenders of Rhodes.

The first use he made of his elevation was to cause a magnificent piece of tapestry to be worked in silk

and gold, to represent the portraits of all the Grand Masters, copied from paintings he had brought with him from Rhodes. When this splendid work was finished, after consecrating it, he placed it in the principal church in the city. For a long time the Knights of Malta enjoyed great prosperity. They took many valuable prizes at sea, and drove away numerous bands of corsairs which infested the shores of the island and Sicily.

In the midst of these successes, the Grand Master, on hearing that Barbarossa was preparing to attack Tripoli, sent ambassadors to the Emperor to represent to him the undefended state of the place; but he obtained nothing but vain promises. Upon hearing that Draget—a renowned corsair, who had succeeded Barbarossa, killed in the battle of Tremecen by the Spaniards, in the command of the fleet—had seized upon Africa or Mahdia, a fortified place situated between Tripoli and Tunis, he sent Doria, an inexperienced general, to drive him from that city.

He was joined by a body of Maltese knights under

the direction of the Bailli of Sanglia. These brave men, finding it difficult to reach the breach already made by Doria's troops, waded up to their necks in water, and gaining the wall, after a desperate struggle, the place fell into the hands of the Christians. They found in the city, besides seven thousand slaves of both sexes, an immense treasure, consisting of every description of rich merchandise—gold, silver, and precious stones.

Draget, furious at this loss, persuaded Soleiman that the Christians had violated the treaty entered into with him at Rhodes, and, by well-directed presents among the courtiers, induced him to enter into his quarrel with the knights. It was not long before a powerful fleet appeared in sight of Malta. It consisted of a hundred and sixty ships of the line, besides transports, galleys, and long boats. The Pacha Sinam was general, and his lieutenants, Draget and Valaris. The arrival of this formidable armada spread consternation among the inhabitants of Malta. The villages were deserted. Some of the inhabitants fled to the rocks, others to the town at

the foot of the castle of St. Angelo, but the greater part advanced towards the Citta Vecchia.

In a short time the road was covered with men, women, and children, followed by mules and asses carrying their baggage ; but on their arrival at the city it was discovered that no accommodation could be found for so large a multitude. Most of them were consequently obliged to live in the streets or public places, exposed to the scorching heat of the sun. This, combined with the scarcity of water, gave rise to a frightful infectious disorder, which destroyed great numbers. In this extremity a council of the inhabitants was called, in which it was deliberated whether they were not justified in turning out the useless crowd, and leaving them to the mercy of the Turks. But Christian feeling gained ascendancy over this barbarous scheme.

When the fleet arrived in sight of the island, a body of troops was drawn up on the beach to oppose their landing. Others placing themselves in ambuscade at the foot of Mount Scabrus, fired with deadly aim at the ships. Sinam, surprised at this reception

from an enemy he had hoped to find unprepared, menaced them all with destruction. But the knights, content with their advantage, retired : when Sinam, followed by his officers, mounted the hill, and perceived the castle of St. Angelo perched on the pinnacle of a rock and the fortified town below, he said in an angry tone to Draget, "Is this the place you have represented to me as so easy to be vanquished ? The royal eagle could not have chosen a spot more wild and inaccessible to build her nest on." Draget, to excuse himself, remarked, that could the cannon be brought to bear on the fortress, it would be destroyed.

The Pacha was of a different opinion, and immediately turned his attention towards the Citta Vecchia. But, owing to the steep and rocky nature of the ground, there was a great difficulty in drawing up artillery. The soldiers, spreading themselves over the island, committed great devastation, and when arrived at the city, they met with a fierce resistance from the governor. But he wanted both soldiers and officers to command them. He contrived, during the night,

to dispatch a messenger to the castle, explaining his position, and desiring the Grand Master to send assistance in troops, and a brother of the order called Ville Gagnon, to conduct them. This knight, who was much respected by the people, after vainly endeavouring to persuade the Grand Master to send reinforcements, departed with six French knights, his friends.

They contrived to reach the walls before day, when after throwing themselves on the bare backs of some horses which were grazing in the ditch, they crossed over and were drawn up. The tumultuous shouts, and the repeated discharge of musketry, soon informed the Pacha that assistance had arrived, and a letter from the Viceroy of Sicily had been intercepted, announcing to the Grand Master that the Emperor was on his way to their assistance with a powerful army. The Pacha, alarmed at this prospect, convened a council of war, at which it was determined to raise the siege; and, therefore, with all possible speed, they re-embarked, and weighed anchor from the island.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Turks pillage Gozo—Their treachery—Cowardice of the Calabrians at Tripoli—The city capitulates—Mutual terms—The Grand Master punishes others to excuse himself—Intercepts letters—Justice half obtained—Building of Fort St. Elmo—Message from Queen Elizabeth—Messengers sent to England—The Governor of Tripoli set at liberty—Terrific storm—Galleys overturned—Drowning of officers and soldiers, &c.—Curious anecdote—Generosity of Sangle, the new Grand Master—Valette is raised to be administrator—Rich prizes—The Grand Cause—The Sultan's vow—Spies sent to Malta in the guise of fishermen—Description of St. Elmo and the harbour—Numbers of the Christian army—The Turkish fleet appears—The Muslims attack St. Elmo—A messenger sent by night to Sicily—Critical situation.

THE Pacha, however, fearing for his head, did not steer homewards, but sailed for Tripoli. On his way, to compensate his soldiers for their disappointment at Malta, he allowed them to ravage Gozo. The governor, a weak and imprudent man, far from taking advantage of the courageous disposition of

the inhabitants, stipulated only for his own life and liberty, leaving them to make the best bargain they could.

But after pillaging the island, the Pacha retained him prisoner, together with five hundred captives of both sexes, and sailed direct for Tripoli. The governor of this place—a brave man—at first defended it with great firmness; but the slaves refusing to repair the breach, and the Calabrians surrounding him sword in hand, swore they would kill him on the spot if he did not immediately capitulate. A treaty was entered into; but, in spite of all this, the governor and garrison were put in irons. The French ambassador, who was in the Turkish camp, obtained the liberty of the general and some old French knights, and ransomed the younger ones out of his own purse. He promised, in return for some subjects of Charles, whom the Turks had in their power, to obtain the freedom of all the Muslims of distinction who were captives in Malta.

When the governor of Tripoli presented himself before the Grand Master, he was received coldly by

the knight, who well knew that the loss of Tripoli was entirely owing to his negligence and avarice. He brought him and several of the knights to trial, and the judge, a creature whom he had bribed, condemned the Marshal to imprisonment in a horrible dungeon. The only person who dared to intercede for him was Ville-gagnon. The King of France, on hearing those rumours, sent a letter to the Grand Master, to inquire into them. An answer was immediately written by the council at Malta, in which full justice was done to the governor.

The Grand Master, however, privately desired the secretary to withhold it. But Ville-gagnon had the courage to unravel all these intrigues. He exposed the conduct of the unrighteous judge, who immediately lost his office. Another letter was ordered to be dispatched ; but this having been also intercepted, a third was written, which the Grand Master dared not refuse to transmit. When order was restored, the knights occupied themselves in increasing the fortifications. A formidable castle was erected on Mount Scabrus, called Fort St. Elmo, which commanded

the harbour. A number of rich Christians and wealthy knights consecrated their fortunes to a work so important—the welfare of the order.

An event happened about this time very beneficial to the English knights. A British vessel entered the port bearing a letter from Queen Elizabeth, to the effect, that God having placed her on the throne of her ancestors, she had resolved, for the sake of her conscience, to restore all the wealth, of which the injustice of her father, Henry VIII., and her brother, Edward VI., had deprived them. The Grand Master and the Council immediately despatched a letter to the Queen, thanking her for her generosity, and commander Montferrat was sent to England to settle this important matter with the government.

Although the Governor of Tripoli expiated his fault by a long imprisonment, he was set at liberty after the death of the Grand Master, by his successor, Claude de Sangle; but he was not restored to his honours until Valette, an old and experienced knight, became the administrator of the order.

Malta, which was becoming every day more flou-

rishing, was visited on the 23rd September, 1553, by a violent storm, which began about seven in the evening. This hurricane sank several vessels, stranded others, and split galleys and boats into fragments. Four of them were turned over, so that their keels appeared above the water. A great number of officers, seamen, and soldiers, were either drowned or crushed by this deplorable accident. Most of the houses were, with their inhabitants, overwhelmed by the violence of the tempest. The castle of St. Angelo was shattered, and a lofty tree, to which the standard of religion was attached, was uprooted and carried to the distance of a mile. The violence of the wind, the torrents of rain, and the angry waves which dashed and raged against the rocks, or rose in mountains of foam, threatened the entire destruction of Malta.

But in less than half-an-hour from its commencement the wind died away, the rain ceased, the heavens became clear, the sun shone brilliantly, the angry billows were stilled; and had it not been for the ruined houses, the fallen steeples, the dismantled ships, and the water covered with fragments

of boats, no one would have supposed such a calamity had happened. More than six hundred persons, officers, knights, soldiers, and galley slaves perished. Next morning, as the Grand Master was walking on the beach, hoping to render some assistance ; he heard a strange noise proceeding from an overturned galley. On his causing some of the planks to be raised, a monkey, chattering and shivering with cold, jumped out. After this animal came several knights, who had been up to their chins in water the whole of the night, holding by the beam with scarcely room to breathe.

The Grand Master set the example of furnishing money out of his private store to repair the disasters caused by the storm, and many wealthy Christians generously assisted him. The post of first administrator becoming vacant by the death of Saugle, he was succeeded by Commander Valette. This knight had never left the island since he had taken the habit and cross of the order. He was a man of sound principle, and was admired by his comrades for his firm and determined courage.

About this time the knights brought several prizes into the harbour of Malta, which greatly added to their prosperity. Among the rest was an enormous merchantman, laden with a rich cargo of Eastern treasures, and defended by twenty large brass cannon, a number of smaller ones, and a body of artillerymen, besides three hundred janissaries. It belonged to the Kislir Aga, chief of the Black Eunuchs, the ready minister of his master's vices.

On hearing of this heavy loss, the Sultan vowed by his beard he would extirpate the whole race of knights. He sent several engineers to Malta in the guise of fishermen, to gain information as to the state of the island and the fortifications. Having drawn up the result of their examination, the Sultan sent it to his general, Mustapha, but advised him to do nothing without the advice of his lieutenant, Draget.

The fort of St. Elmo was situated on a tongue of land which runs out into the sea. This fortress defended the two ports ; while on another strip of land, running parallel with the former, called the Peninsula

of Sangle, the Bailli had constructed a fort named after himself. All the vessels belonging to the knights were moored in the creek, and defended from without by a large iron boom supported by empty hogsheads and cross beams.

The Grand Master, on a careful review of his forces, found he had nearly seven hundred knights, besides eight thousand five hundred soldiers. A body of the former were sent to garrison the fortress of St. Elmo, besides a company of Spanish infantry, commanded by Juan De Lacerda.

On the eighteenth of May the fleet of the Turks arrived before the rocks of Malta. It consisted of a hundred and fifty-nine galleys, besides galliots and other vessels, manned by thirty thousand foot soldiers, and a great number of janissaries. Many transports followed, laden with provisions and arms. At a council of war it was determined by the Muslims to assault the fort of St. Elmo, which was accordingly done. But the knights made so furious and determined a resistance, that the enemy were repulsed with loss.

The attack, however, was not given up. Owing to the stony nature of the ground, they had much difficulty in throwing up their entrenchments, and the firing from the fort greatly impeded their work. A communication was kept up with the Grand Master by means of light boats which passed along the creek without the knowledge of the enemy.

In the course of one night the Administrator contrived to despatch a messenger to the Viceroy of Sicily, requesting prompt assistance. He promised that before the fifteenth of June a powerful army should appear before Malta. No day passed without a dreadful conflict taking place. But the little band of valorous knights who defended St. Elmo were not to be easily subdued. The sentinels, overcome by fatigue, often yielded to sleep, and were murdered at their posts. The walls were open in many places, and though the Turks had not yet been able to enter the fort, its situation was becoming every moment more critical.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A new engine of war—Draget is wounded—Is supposed to be dead—Reinforcements—Kept back by treachery—Constancy of the knights—Taking of the tower—Anecdote—Words of the Turkish general—Massacres—Horrible cruelty—The Sicilians land—The Turks attack St. Angelo—The Stockade—Fight in the water—The Muslims are driven off—Fresh attack on the Castle—Massacre of the wounded by the Christians—The Pacha is overwhelmed with rage—Landing of the Viceroy of Sicily with fresh troops—Entire defeat of the Turkish army—Its flight—Loss of its artillery—Malta in safety.

IN this desperate situation the Grand Master invented a new kind of warfare. He steeped circles of light wood covered with wool in boiling oil, spirits, and other inflammable matter. When these were set on fire and thrown among the Turks, they caused great destruction ; several soldiers were caught at once and

burnt to death, or in their agony threw themselves into the water and were drowned.

During the heat of the siege, Draget, who was always at the post of danger, was one day walking with the Pacha outside the intrenchments, accompanied by a Sangiac ; he was struck on the ear by a fragment of a stone, which had been broken in several pieces by a cannon ball discharged from the fort. The Sangiac, who stood by his side, was killed on the spot. Draget, who had fainted, was supposed to be dead, but the general, not wishing to discourage his men, placed a covering over him, and had him conveyed to his tent. He then returned to the intrenchments as if nothing had happened.

In the meantime, the Viceroy of Sicily sent a small squadron, commanded by Don Alvaro de Sande, a creature of his own. He gave him strict orders that should he find the fort had been taken by the Turks, he was to return immediately, without landing his men ; but Alvaro, under pretence of contrary winds, kept at a distance, and though the siege of St. Elmo occupied from the first of June to the

seventeenth July, it was at length subdued. The wounded knights and soldiers were during the day carried secretly across the harbour to the castle of St. Angelo, where they were placed under the care of the Grand Master.

With the prospect of death before their eyes, the brave defenders of the fort had fought with unrivalled courage. Though wounded and unable to stand, they sat near the ramparts and threw stones and fire-works among the Turks. Although the garrison was reduced to sixty men, they still made their enemies tremble; and this extraordinary and obstinate siege only ended with the death of the last knight, when the Turks had razed the wall to the rock on which it was built.

When they entered the fort in triumph, an officer ran to Draget's tent to carry him the news. When he arrived, the corsair was speechless and expiring, but he raised his hand in thankfulness, and died a few moments after. He was a brave man, and in humanity would have put to shame the natives of many a more civilized country.

When the Pacha entered the Fort of St. Elmo, he was surprised at the diminutiveness of the place which had so long baffled his efforts. "If the son," said he, "has cost us so many brave soldiers, what will the father do?" This barbarian, after mutilating the bodies of the yet living knights in a shocking manner, tied them to planks, which, when thrown into the sea, carried them to the foot of the castle. The Grand Master, to retaliate, slew all the Turkish captives, and shot their heads into the camp of the enemy.

In the meantime the Captain of the Viceroy's fleet, who had as yet kept aloof, when he perceived that the contest was likely to turn against the Christians, approached the island and landed two knights to gain information. These men, when they returned, brought the false news that the fort still held out, and by timely assistance, might yet be saved. On hearing this, the knights and soldiers who were on board insisted on being landed, and under cover of a thick fog, entered the town unperceived by the enemy.

But the Christians were surrounded on all sides.

The enemy were masters of the fort, and his next project was to assault the castle of St. Angelo. They could not attack the fort from outside the boom without being exposed to the fire from the castle. It was, therefore, agreed to have an immense number of boats carried by the Christian slaves and the crews of the galleys across the neck of land. But a Turkish officer, a Christian and a Greek by birth, touched by remorse, went over to the knights and informed them of the project. His name was Lascaris, born of an illustrious house, which gave many emperors to the East.

The Grand Master immediately ordered a stockade to be formed of stakes driven into the water, and fastened together by iron chains and pieces of sailcloth. This work was performed during the night, and on the morning of the ninth day it was finished. When the Pacha perceived it, he ordered a number of men who could swim to destroy this defence with their hatchets. But the Maltese soldiers, who could also swim well, soon encountered the Turks, holding their swords between their teeth, and entirely naked.

They speedily drove the enemy from one spot, killed many, and the others had great difficulty in reaching the shore. But the Pacha persisted in lowering the boats, which were manned by three thousand men. This flotilla, which nearly covered the harbour, advanced to the sound of kettle drums to the foot of Mount Scabrus. It was preceded by a long boat filled with Mohammedan priests, some of whom chaunted prayers imploring the protection of their prophet; while others from open books read denunciations against the Christians.

But they miscalculated their means. When attempting to place planks from the stockade to the beach, they were found too short, and the volley of musketry poured from the castle forced them to abandon the attack, though not before a number of their boats had been sunk, and many of their men killed. Still they disembarked at a more easy landing place, near the Fort St. Michael, where the battle continued with uninterrupted fury for five days. To the astonishment of his soldiers, just as they believed victory certain, the Pacha sounded a retreat.

The Governor of the Citta Vecchia, an old and experienced officer, having discovered from the top of the walls that the Tower of St. Michael was on fire, and believing the besieged must be hard pressed, was determined to make a diversion in their favour. For this purpose he sent a body of cavalry out of the town, each carrying a foot soldier behind him, with the knights De Lugny and Vertura at their head.

He left his infantry in ambuscade near a village in the neighbourhood, and marched to the fountain of Marza, where the Pacha had encamped his sick and wounded. Perceiving their guards to be absent on the hills, witnessing the combat, he dismounted with his cavalry, and murdered all these defenceless people. The surprise and tumult of so unexpected an attack, and the flight of those who were able to escape, spread a general horror through the Turkish camp. The fugitives circulated a report that a formidable reinforcement had arrived from Sicily.

This rumour soon reached the ears of the Pacha, who, although an experienced general, allowed himself to be deceived. He sounded a retreat, rallied his

troops, and placing himself at their head, marched to the camp of the sick, whence loud cries had proceeded. An ominous silence now prevailed; De Lugny, having executed the orders of his commander, had returned to the city with his companions. When the Pacha arrived at the Fountain of Marza, and perceived the ground strewed with the dead and dying, he was overwhelmed with rage and shame, and would certainly have returned to the attack of St. Michael, had not his officers represented that as night had closed in, it was necessary to give his troops a little repose.

Meanwhile the Viceroy of Sicily landed with a reinforcement of four thousand men, who entrenched themselves on a lofty hill surrounded by precipitous defiles, and quite inaccessible to all attacks of the enemy. The Pacha made many attempts upon their position. The Sicilians, however, proving more than a match for the Muslims, he thought it best to sound a retreat, and effected it with great difficulty, since the Christians sallying forth turned the retreat into a rout, and he was glad to escape to his ships with

the remnant of his men and the loss of his whole artillery.

The Turkish general had here the mortification to perceive the Standard of the Cross waving triumphantly over the ruins of St. Elmo. After the flight of the enemy the Sicilians were conducted to the Grand Master, who, together with the members of his order, welcomed them as the saviours of the island. Yet the state of the place was melancholy. The walls and fortifications had been destroyed—the inhabitants were without stores, and the powder magazines were empty. The countenances of all were pale and disfigured, the knights covered with wounds, their beards and hair neglected, and their clothes dirty and in disorder, as if they had not undressed for months. All this presented a sad picture, but Malta was saved.

CHAPTER XXXII.

St. Elmo rebuilt—Valette lays the first stone of a new city—His death—Improvements—Election of a German Grand Master—Treason—Message of the French general—Treachery of Napoleon—Massacre of the Knights—The Night Council—A treaty—Napoleon treats their rights with scorn—Dispersion of the order—Paul of Russia takes the title of Grand Master—Malta as it is—Scene in the harbour—Vaulted passages—The city of Valetta—Promenades on the roofs—Animated street scene—Palace of the Grand Master—Church of St. John—Its magnificence—Anecdote—The keys of Rhodes—Handsome women—The Maltese nobility—The tombs of the governors—the Granaries—the Catacombs—Climate—Barrenness rendered fertile—Industry of the Maltese—Produce of the island—Monopoly—The Boschetta—Inscription—The falconry—The Isle of Calypso—Miniature mountains, valleys, and vineyards—The Governor's garden—Description by a recent traveller—A joke—Lovely terraces of verdure—The thirsty wilderness—Delightful flowers—The grotto—The silent city—The Citta Vecchia like other cities, except in its freedom from all sound—A fat slumberous priest—Antiquities—Lovely women.

WHEN relieved from the enemy, Valette employed

himself in raising other fortifications in place of those which the Turks had destroyed. He formed the project of rebuilding St. Elmo, and also of founding a new city, defended by all the fortifications which art could invent. In order to complete this great work, he sent to demand aid from the Kings of France, Spain, and Portugal, who quickly responded to his appeal.

He immediately sent to Italy for architects, engineers, and workmen, and after having made the necessary plans, this prince, dressed in his habits of ceremony, went, accompanied by the council and all his company of knights, to Mount Scabrus, where he laid the first stone of the new city, in 1566.

On the nineteenth of July in the same year, the Grand Master was struck by a *coup de soleil* as he was returning from hunting. After lingering some time, he died on the twenty-first of August. He was beloved and regretted both by his order and the inhabitants of Malta, to whom his loss was irreparable. He was buried in the church of St. John, from which

he was removed to Notre Dame de la Victoire in the new city.

For many years no event of any consequence occurred, though improvements were constantly made. The fort of St. Elmo was rebuilt, and arsenals and other buildings erected. In 1797, Honspech was elected Grand Master. He was the first German knight who had ever risen to the dignity. In this year the Republic of France, contemplating an expedition to Egypt, judged it would be necessary to the success of their projects to possess Malta. Treason was resorted to, and a conspiracy was formed among the malcontents to deliver up the island to the French, in which the Grand Master was suspected, though wrongly, to have joined.

On the sixteenth of June, 1798, a fleet, under the orders of Bonaparte, escorting a convoy of three hundred merchant ships, which were conveying an army of 40,000 men, besides large parks of artillery, appeared before Malta. He proposed that they should cede some of their forts to them. The knights replied that they could not admit the whole army,

but that a boat belonging to each vessel might enter and take water. As to the forts, the Grand Master imagined he had not understood the message.

Without any more parley, Napoleon landed his forces, and invaded this friendly port. On meeting the militia, who had been sent to escort the men belonging to the boats, they were desired instantly to retire to their villages. The knights and their commander were seized, bound, and conveyed to the vessels. At the first news of the invasion all the inhabitants of the island took refuge in the arsenal, but the French officers persuading the people that the knights had betrayed them, they rose and massacred a number of them in cold blood.

The night which followed these deeds of horror was frightful : the death cry resounded from all sides, and the booming of the cannon was heard every instant. Many friendly guards, who paraded the streets in vain endeavours to restore peace, were shot down. The Grand Master, and those of his council who had escaped, had assembled in the palace. A profound grief was engraven on their countenances.

They considered their position with horror, since they were not even allowed to die with glory.

Suddenly a shout was heard : a troop of the rebels forced the gates, and filling the chamber with loud cries, demanded of the Grand Master, if he wished to save the city, to send a message to the French general, to inquire the reason of such an infringement of the laws of nations. This desire was complied with, and one of his attendants was despatched to ask a parley. The French drew up a treaty, which was signed by four of the principal inhabitants, but when it was presented to the Grand Master he recoiled from it with horror, saying he could not sanction so iniquitous a deed.

Napoleon however, who required the island for military purposes, treated the rights of the order with scorn, and the unhappy knights, who had in truth outlived the necessity for their existence as a body, were scattered through the countries of Christendom, and never more regained their power. After the occupation of Malta by the French, Paul of Russia protected the order, and took the title of

Grand Master. On the first of January, 1799, the standard of St. John floated over the bastion of the admiralty of St. Petersburg.

Although the aspect of Malta is very different from what it was at the time of the knights, the approach to it is very striking. When a steamer comes puffing and splashing into the harbour, a number of small boats, elegantly formed, and painted in bright colours, rowed by watermen in white jackets and red sashes, quit the quay and surround the ship. These men, with their olive complexions and bright eyes, who dispute with each other in guttural and lively language, in spite of the unsparing application of the rope's end, seize the passengers and their baggage and quickly convey them to the shore.

The quays are narrow, and to reach the city, which appears above your head, it is necessary to pass under a number of paved and vaulted passages, cross a drawbridge, and mount a long flight of broad stone steps, where, at intervals, appears an English functionary dressed in a stiff red uniform. Arriving at the top, you enter a busy animated street. In the

city of Valetta there is a curious mixture of European and Eastern features. Being built on the slope of a rocky hill, its streets are steep, and many of them resemble flights of steps.

The inhabitants, to compensate for want of space, have formed an extensive promenade on the roofs of the houses, which are all terraced. They are of equal height, and painted in bright colours. There is a singular appearance of English luxury and Italian misery. The shops, which are elegant, are occupied by tailors from London, perfumers and milliners from Paris, Greek coffee house keepers, besides numerous other traders, who all live in great harmony.

The streets are always crowded. The Maltese lady, gracefully covered with her black mantle, elbows the tall and elegant Englishwoman, with her light hair and fair complexion. Half naked Maltese sailors, officers in full uniform, Levantines in their Eastern costume, merchants of all nations, and brilliant equipages, mix together without distinction.

There are several superior hotels in the town. The palace of the Grand Master, a square heavy-looking

building, contains many good pictures and splendid tapestries. It is now converted into the government house. In the arsenal the arms and armour left by the knights have been elegantly arranged by the chief engineer. The building being very old, the rooms required support, and Colonel Whitmore contrived, by placing wooden props at regular distances, and covering them with pikes and pislots, to give them the appearance of elegant columns.

The Church of St. John, with its vaulted roof, its golden decorations, crimson drapery, and exquisitely carved pulpits, is superb. The pavement is entirely composed of marble, porphyry, lapis laguli, and a number of other valuable stones, which represent in rich mosaic work the arms and ensigns of those knights whose names they were intended to commemorate. The Chapel of the Madonna is surrounded by a silver railing. This rich ornament was saved from the rapacity of the French by the ingenuity of a Maltese priest, who when he heard they were expected to invade the island, painted it black, giving it the appearance of wood.

But the most curious relic preserved in the church is a bunch of old rusty keys, said to be those of Rhodes, which the Grand Master brought away with him. The palaces of the Knights of St. John do credit to the taste and magnificence of their former owners. Several of them are turned into barracks, others into inns, and one of the largest, situated on a small islet, is converted into a lazaretto.

The Maltese women are, generally, very handsome, and the black silk scarf worn over the head gives them an elegant appearance. The nobility of the island are both poor and proud, and live for the most part in their battlemented palaces in solitary grandeur. The fortifications of Valetta are of extraordinary strength. Many of them, cut in the solid rock, are a hundred and fifty feet high. On different parts of the ramparts are erected tombs to the memory of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, the Marquis of Hastings, Sir Thomas Maitland, and others. A profusion of geraniums, and other gay blossoms, makes the spot appear less gloomy.

As there is not sufficient corn grown in the island

for the consumption of the inhabitants, there is no restriction on its importation. It is kept in large cavities cut in the rock, narrow like a bottle at top and spreading out below. It is said that there are three hundred and sixty-five of these, and that one of the great round stones by which the mouth is closed is removed every day in the year. Sicily, once the granary of Europe, does not supply Malta at present. Great quantities of corn are brought from Egypt. The catacombs, formerly supposed to have been places of concealment for the early Christians, and said to have been fifteen miles in extent, possess little interest. Persons are said to have been lost in their dark and intricate passages. The sides are hollowed out as receptacles for the dead.

The private houses in Valetta are all built in the Eastern fashion, opening on courts filled with flowers and odoriferous shrubs, and airy galleries surround each floor. The climate of Malta is beautiful. Showers and heavy clouds are very rare. Frost is so seldom seen that its appearance is supposed to foretell a public calamity. The island, originally so

barren, has been by the force of industry rendered extremely fertile. In many places the Maltese have, with incredible labour and expense, brought earth from Sicily, which they spread over the barren rock. These artificial gardens are most of them very luxuriant, beautiful fruit and flowers being reared there.

But this process can only be employed by the rich, the poorer inhabitants having neither money nor ships. But they are ingenious and industrious. Having drawn the plan of a garden, or field, they raise, by means of iron bars, square pieces of rock resembling paving stones, taking care to collect the small particles of earth found in the crevices, which, mixed with the dust of the rock, is spread over the ground about a foot and a half in thickness. This, after being exposed to the influence of the wind and sun for a year, is ploughed by a simple machine drawn by oxen or asses. The raised stones are used for walls round these primitive gardens, and great part of the island being covered with them, gives it a very singular appearance. But beautiful fruit, particularly melons, good vegetables, and abundance of cotton,

are grown there. The fig, olive, and pomegranate trees, rising above the walls, give these spots a very romantic aspect. The red orange, said to be produced by grafting the bud of the pomegranate on the orange, is grown at Malta. Very few are exported. The inhabitants of the island, not having sufficient for their own use, are supplied from Sicily. Numerous boats are seen every morning to enter the harbour laden with the most delicious fruits, particularly strawberries, fine vegetables, and ice from Mount Etna. There is a monopoly at Malta of the trade in this article; but the person who undertakes to supply it is subject to a heavy fine for every hour he leaves the inhabitants without this luxury, thought to be necessary to the preservation of health in hot climates.

The Boschetta, an old hunting lodge, once belonging to the knights, is situated at the other end of the island, in a valley cut in the rock, in which, filled with artificial earth, grow beautiful orange trees. The building is heavy and square, but in its spacious and silent halls the knights were wont to relax them-

selves after the fatigues of war. Over the principal door is the following inscription : " Hoc curæ cedant loco." It has no date.

In the time of the knights, herds of deer were kept for the chase, and at the termination of the valley, which is nearly a mile long, there are the ruins of a small house, said to be the falconry. From the terrace of the edifice, a superb view can be obtained of the whole of Malta and the adjacent island. On the left appears Gozzo, considered still more barren than Malta. This island, supposed by Fenelon to be the celebrated one of Calypso, was then a suitable abode for a goddess, with its miniature mountains, lovely valleys, murmuring cascades, fertile gardens and vineyards, all comprised in the compass of a few miles.

A short distance from Valetta is situated the governor's garden, the most beautiful spot in the island. "When we had ridden about two miles and a half," says Mr. St. John, in his "There and Back Again," "our guide inquired if we would like to see a garden? This sounded like a joke; and I looked into his face to discover whether he was in jest or

earnest. He was as grave as a crocodile ; so we bade him lead the way to the paradise of dust, being fully persuaded there existed nothing else in Malta. For some time we went on descending, winding, twisting, and hobbling, as mules are used to do when going down a rough flight of steps. Patience at length brought us to a high wall, where we dismounted, and were conducted by our Maltese Hermes into a sort of elysium. The reader of course remembers the gardens of Irem, which, in the 'Tales of the Ramadhan,' I have endeavoured to describe in the story of the Phantom Camel. We now beheld the same thing in miniature. A slight enclosure of grey stones separated the white desert without from the green paradise within. Trees, shrubs, and flowers, planted in delightful terraces, conducted the eye to the bottom of a deep ravine, where there was a long sweep of delicious shade. The traveller in the Sahara will remember with what delight he has seated himself beneath the shelter of some vast rock in the thirsty wilderness, screened from the blazing sun, and fanned by breezes of inexpressible softness.

Though almost as fond as a salamander of heat, I confess I experienced the most exquisite sensations in strolling through the odoriferous shrubs down towards the bottom of the valley. All sorts of sweet-scented flowers seemed to fling up their fragrance around us as we passed. Among others, there were the stock, gilliflower, the pink, and the carnation, redolent of England, of home, and of boyish hours. At the bottom of the garden there was a beautiful fountain, over which a part of the rock arched like a grotto. The water gushed forth from a dark fissure, and fell splashing into a long artificial basin, which supplied the refreshing moisture that had converted loose dust into a fertile soil, covered the rocks around with plants and trees, and created a spot of unfading verdure in the midst of barrenness and desolation."

The old city of the knights is a solemn and silent place. The houses are handsome, and the palaces are magnificent, but the streets are in many places overgrown with grass. "Standing on a breezy eminence," says Mr. St. John, "there is generally at

Citta Vecchia some movement in the atmosphere, whose invisible currents as they float round church towers and ruined palaces, shook the dilapidated casements, and made one imagine oneself in a ruined city. As far as the eye could at first perceive, all human life had in fact been drained out of it; but when we entered the yard, of what must, I suppose, by courtesy, be called an inn, the clatter of our mules' hoofs upon the stones, with a loud shout thrice repeated from our Valetta guide, roused a number of lazy stable boys, who rolled out of a quantity of straw at the bottom of the yard like so many fat maggots out of a cheese. * * * * Upon what in the Citta Vecchia should I dwell? It contains churches, inns, and private houses, with a sprinkling of small, formal gardens, like most other cities. But it is not in any of these that you are to seek for its characteristics. It looks like a nest of grasshoppers that have forgotten how to chirp. It almost seems in my memory as if we had never heard a sound there save what we uttered ourselves, as we expressed our astonishment at its silence. Yet I remember there

was an old priest, a fat impersonation of ease and indolence, who contrived to gossip a little in a slumberous way about the history and antiquities of the place to which, poor man, he attached some importance. What he said resembled the annals of the Lophagi. People there will hardly give themselves the trouble to come into the world, or when they have been admitted involuntarily, and by chance, to go out of it. It is a place in which we might doze on for ever

‘The world forgetting, by the world forgot.’

“Yet if there are any pretty women in Malta, it is in Citta Vecchia. Nowhere in the East could you find larger, darker, or more loving eyes. To say they were impassioned, would be to give a wrong idea of them—they are calm, placid, serene, like an Egyptian night. There is an intense composure in the countenance, as if no emotion had ever stirred it.”

THE END.

